

The Chronicles
of the
Caledonian Society
of London

1961-1967



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FOUNDED IN THE YEAR 1837

1961 - 1967

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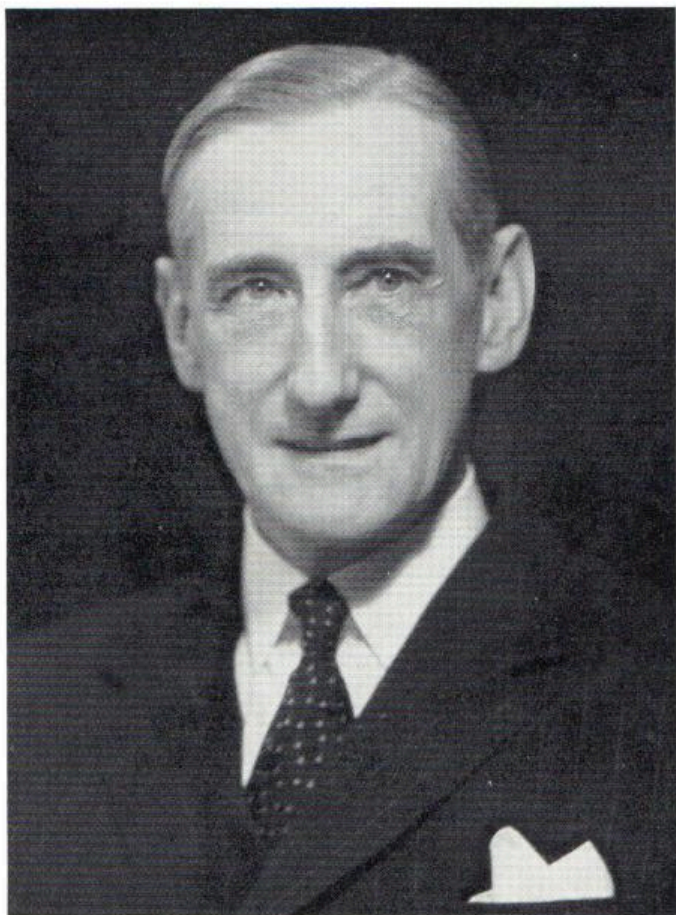
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THOMAS M. MUNRO
President 1961-1962

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CHAPTER I

1961-1962: *President*, THOMAS M. MUNRO

FOR the second time in six years, a native of Ross and Cromarty occupies the Chair. Thomas McAllan Munro, whose birthplace is Tain, is only the fourth banker in over fifty years to become the Society's President. When it is remembered that in the past twenty years the number of Members following the banking profession has far exceeded that of any other calling, it is surprising that more have not attained the high office of President.

President T. M. Munro entered the service of the British Linen Bank in 1913. On reaching military age during the first World War, he immediately enrolled for service with the Forces and it was towards the end of 1919 that he returned to civilian life. His banking experience was thereafter enlarged by service in the Bank's principal Offices at Perth, Dundee, Glasgow and London. When he retired in 1961, he had spent thirty-six years south of the Border, the last ten years as Manager of the London West End Branch. Although he held this important and responsible appointment he found time to involve himself in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation of which he is a member of the Committee of Management and of the Finance Subcommittee.

In addition, he has given good service to the Presbyterian Church of England. He has been an Elder of Trinity Presbyterian Church at Wimbledon since 1938 and was Church Treasurer from 1939 until 1950 when he was appointed to the General Assembly to be Convenor of its Treasureship Committee, the Church's principal committee for Finance

and Investment. Having held that office and that of Chairman of the Presbyterian Church of England Trust for the full permissible period of nine years, he retired in 1959, but is still an active member of the Committee and the Trust.

President Munro is an ardent and enthusiastic Scot who returns regularly to the Highlands of his youth to renew old friendships and to restore his vitality.

On Thursday 16th November, 1961, the new President T. M. Munro took the chair at the Council and General Meetings at the Hotel Rembrandt, Thurloe Place, South Kensington. The business included the award to the Honorary Historian, Bro. Caledonian W. M. Miller of the gold badge of the Society, for his services to the Society, an honour which the Honorary Historian acknowledged with deep appreciation. At these meetings it was also decided to apply in the purchase of a pipe banner, the gift of £100 received from the sons of the late Past President James Thomson, F.R.S.E. in memory of their father. On one side of this banner would be embroidered the crest of the Society and on the other that of the Thomson family.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner following the business meetings, the President introduced Capt. John MacLeod, T.D., M.P. who had kindly agreed to give a Sentiment on

THE FUTURE OF THE HIGHLANDS

He said: On looking through the Chronicles of your Society I feel humble indeed when I note the names of previous speakers who have moved this Address.

When Mr. Munro asked me to choose my subject I thought – we have heard so much about the past history of Scotland and the exploits of her distinguished sons; so, Gentlemen, if you will bear with me, I should like to speak about the future of the Highlands.

I hope that I shall speak to you tonight as a Highlander, and that my views will be shared by those, whatever their political beliefs, who have the interests of Scotland at heart, looking at the Highlands from an objective point of view, and trusting that I may stimulate some food for thought.

My subject is, of course, too vast to deal with in great detail – but I thought the best thing is to try and give you some idea of what is going on and something of the development that is taking place, or should take place.

We in the Highlands don't want you to become sentimental over us, but we hope you will agree that our problems need special treatment. I say that because, for a thousand years, the Highlands were cut off from the rest of Scotland. In those years they had their own culture, traditions and

language, besides being an area virtually devoid of communications: also, in a recent book on Culloiden by John Prebble, he points out that from that date 'began a sickness from which Scotland and the Highlands in particular never recovered; its economic consequences emptied the Highlands of people'. The effect is still felt today.

We are apt to forget that in talking about the Highlands we are dealing with 47% of Scotland, and it is serious to note that in a recent census taken, every Highland County, with the exception of Caithness, has shown a decline in population since as recently as 1950.

Shortly after the war, a body called the Highland Advisory Panel was set up. The Chairman is the eminent Scottish Judge, Lord Cameron, and in addition there are the Highland Members of Parliament, representatives from all Highland County Councils, a Trades Union representative, representatives from the Scottish Council (Development and Industry), the Crofters Commission, and other bodies, together with Civil Servants from St. Andrew's House, and their advisers.

In my view this is a unique body of people to assemble in one room. The Panel break up into various groups – agriculture, trade, and so on: and between meetings they gather the vital information concerning their particular group from various areas throughout the Highlands after visiting Local Authorities and other interested parties, in many cases on the spot. They then produce papers which are discussed and sifted out at Panel Meetings, when advice is then given to the Secretary of State in, I think, as an unbiased way as possible, by this cross-section of the community.

First of course, we must provide more permanent employment. In Scotland, as in the rest of the country, we must have a greater distribution of industry and unless we are to have great barren wastes, we must build up a more balanced economy. The Highlands have their part to play – if we allow them to do so.

It is interesting to note why Caithness has increased in population. The reason is because of the Dounreay Experimental Research Establishment where, as you know, there is a major experimental programme connected with the development of a fast breeder reactor for the economic production of electricity. Research of nuclear reactor materials is also carried out, and on an adjacent site is the construction

of the Admiralty's prototype submarine installation, including reactor and machinery. So you see the establishment of one enterprise leads to another. The most advanced work in science and engineering is going on there.

Men and women from the Highlands have made good in all parts of the world and have contributed much to its wellbeing. There can be no doubt that, given the opportunities, they would do the same in their own country.

You will remember the Highlander's prayer —

'Oh that the peats would cut themselves;
And the fish would jump on the shore;
And that you and I might lie in our beds
This day and for evermore'.

That may have been so when the opportunities were absent.

But it is interesting to note that recently there was a National competition amongst apprentices from Atomic Plants all over the country, and that a baker's son from Wick, with no industrial background whatsoever, came within a point of winning.

Again we see the same theme through the development of Hydro-Electricity schemes. The north of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board continues to create new records year by year in their generation and sales of electricity. Besides, the Board have produced roads and other amenities, and Social Services which the Highlands would not otherwise have had. Again, one enterprise leads to another.

I know a firm of contractors in Ross-shire which now plays an important part in constructional work, not only in Scotland but throughout the country, which was built up to its present size almost entirely by the opportunities it got from employment in Hydro schemes. The head of that firm recently praised his labour by pointing out that he had the most reliable workmen in the country.

Incidentally, in building a new bridge of substantial proportions over the River Ness, the job was finished before schedule, without employing one man on Sunday work, which says much for the type of labour employed.

Tribute must be paid to the work of the Forestry Commission. By the provision of parks and the amenities within the parks, they have helped to open up the Highlands. The Highlands are being opened up today, but too slowly. In the

Western Highlands we have some of the finest scenery of its kind for sheer rugged grandeur, that could be found anywhere in the world. Too many of these areas are closed to the tourist through lack of a through-road scheme. The tourist industry has developed and is leaving much needed hard cash in areas which would find it difficult to get it in any other way. Here again we find the same story of one enterprise building around another. The crofting townships have smartened up their houses and gardens and there is new life and movement in the area. A few small industries are developing to sell goods to the tourist.

Again, in this sphere the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation is helping with many holiday training courses – ski-ing, mountaineering, pony trekking, angling instruction, to mention only a few. The Highlands welcome those from the cities and industrial areas to help them find physical and mental invigoration and refreshment.

However, one of the greatest contributions that the Highlands can make to the national effort is through the large amount of land that is capable of reclamation. There are thousands of acres which could be, and are being, reclaimed for agriculture, and the development of modern machinery and the advancement of science and research has greatly facilitated the possibilities.

I would just like to mention a most miraculous work in this sphere that has been carried out in the Island of Lewis. Here again we see the same theme of the Highlander able to work out his own solution in his own way if he is given the necessary finance and opportunities to do so. New pastures have virtually been created by the crofter on many acres of land which was nothing more than heather and scrub, by surface seeding and by the orderly and sustained methods of regeneration, and the use of fertilisers to maintain a good source of grass, with the obvious advantages – they now have better summer grazing, more feed for the winter, and more and better stock can be carried on what was – here is my point – once unproductive ground.

Although we hear of many demands made from the Highlands – and, goodness knows there are many problems still to be solved and much development to be carried out, if we are to see the Highlands play their part in a National effort of which they are capable – a lot is going on as I have mentioned, in the public sector, but there is also, of course,

through private enterprise much being done. The Local Employment Act is playing its part. In my own area there is the revival of the Strathpeffer Spa, and although it was a great blow when Invergordon was closed as a naval base, a new distillery is at present under construction by a private firm, and we can only hope that this magnificent harbour will be put to greater use in future. Inverness and Fort William have developed new industries.

It is ridiculous to talk about the Highlands being remote. Nowhere in this small island of ours is remote, with the tremendous developments in modern transport and communication that are taking place throughout the world. One can go across to America in two and a half hours. An executive, for example, can leave London in the morning, do a day's work in his office in the North of Scotland, and return the same evening, and I am sure that many of those present who live in dormitory suburbs find it takes longer to get to the city than I would flying from London to Inverness.

Recently a group representing the Highland Panel paid a visit to Norway to examine certain problems of rural areas in Norway, particularly those concerning transport and industrial development, visiting districts which are in many ways comparable to the central Highland and to the West Coast of Scotland. Whilst conditions are not exactly parallel, there seem to be a number of ways in which this country can learn and profit from Norwegian experience. If any substantial industrial development were to take place in the Highlands, it is essential that railway lines must be retained, and in Norway railways are being extended. The word 'impossible' did not seem to be in their vocabulary, and even one firm importing wood was found to be selling furniture to Harrods in London. This shows what can be done. The group were impressed by the vigorous way of life and the manner in which the Local Authorities, even the smallest, were able to tackle their own financial and industrial problems. They were impressed by the close relationship between the central and the local authorities; the comprehensive system of financial aid for development, which took the form of tax relief or loans at low interest rates, and of guarantees from both local and central authorities.

Here is an example, as I said at the beginning, of how the representatives concerned will prepare a more detailed paper which can then be examined by the Panel. I feel that

with this new stimulus there may well be a break through in our Highland problems, and of course one of the main factors must be greater co-operation among the bodies interested in Highland affairs, so that we can find new leadership and co-operation within our Highland townships.

Too many of the leaders and more enterprising men and women have left. Gentlemen, it is not such a bad thing for people to go and see a bit of the world, providing they would come back again and we in Scotland and the Highlands have sold and we are still selling our brains and manpower. Surely we have the right to demand a return.

Your Society I feel can help. If you hear of anybody wanting to develop their business or open up new enterprises, tell them not to neglect looking at the possible potential which they could find in the Highlands. Through the Scottish Office and the Board of Trade many facilities are available, and let us not forget that every successful enterprise, however small, leads and we hope will lead on to greater things.

The Sentiment was received with loud applause and the President thanked Capt. McLeod for the excellent address he had given the members.

A WELCOME TO OUR GUESTS

In proposing the toast of 'Our Guests', Bro. Caledonian W. Alexander Law, O.B.E., F.R.C.S., said—

It is a great honour and a great privilege to propose the Toast of our welcome Guests, but I hope I am not like one of my Doctor friends, who having an important speech to make, prepared copious notes for weeks beforehand. On the day in question, having studied his notes at breakfast, he set off on his rounds, leaving the notes on a table in the hall. His wife seeing the Doctor's usual scrawl, thought they were just prescriptions, so promptly sent them off to the Chemist. The Doctor returned at lunch time, was horrified to find the notes missing and immediately upbraided his wife. Just then the door bell rang, and there was the Chemist's boy carrying a large bottle—the label on it in large print read 'Eye Wash'! (Laughter).

My remarks I trust will not be taken in the same light, as I know all the Members of the Caledonian Society of London desire to offer our Guests the friendliest and warmest hospitality possible. Without them it would be hard to imagine a Caledonian Society Dinner.

We are not like the high society lady who was giving a debutante's dance, and being short of male guests, wrote a letter to a nearby American Regiment inviting six Officers. She made one stipulation—that they must not be Jews. The great day came and the butler announced the six American Guests, but imagine the lady's consternation at seeing six coloured Officers. She hesitated, and then murmured something about

there being a mistake. 'Oh no,' replied the Officer-in-Charge 'Colonel Goldberg never makes mistakes!' (Laughter).

It is not possible for me to mention by name all the honoured Guests we have with us tonight, but I would like to tell you something about some of them. We have all very much enjoyed the Sentiment so ably given by Captain John MacLeod, Member of Parliament for Ross and Cromarty. He clearly knows 'The Highlands'. He lives in Inverness-shire. Amongst his onerous and important duties is his membership of the Highlands and Islands Advisory Panel. (Applause)

The London Scottish are receiving a toast for themselves, but we would specially like to welcome the new Commanding Officer—Lieut. Colonel R. T. S. MacPherson, M.C., T.D., Colonel A. T. Law, D.S.O., T.D. and Major David Ord, M.B.E., TD.

There would be something wrong if we had no bankers amongst our Guests, and I would like to mention two. Mr. Brian F. Macdona is a guest of the President. He is General Manager of Barclays Bank D.C.O., and has promised to give the Sentiment at our December Meeting. The President must feel that there are not enough bankers in the Society, and has therefore called up reserves to provide moral support. Mr. Hugh P. Crosbie, M.C., comes from Girvan and has recently succeeded our late Brother Caledonian, James R. Chalmers, as Manager of the National Commercial Bank of Scotland, Nicholas Lane Office.

You will be glad to know that the spiritual side is well represented by the Rev. A. L. Macarthur, M.A., M.Litt., who is General Secretary of the Presbyterian Church of England. He, too, is a guest of the President.

My own guest, Mr. Leonard Boden, is the well-known portrait painter, and at present holds the arduous office of Chairman of the Chelsea Arts Society. He and I met some 40 years ago, being two Scottish boys who wore the kilt at an English Preparatory School. He studied Art in Glasgow, and his portraits of The Queen and Prince Philip are renowned. I understand that at the present time he has ten Royal portraits in hand, so Scotland can indeed be proud of him.

We give a very warm welcome to the new Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation Mr. A. D. Mitchell. No doubt we will be seeing more of him in due course.

Representatives of Scottish Societies whom we are pleased to see include Mr. A. F. Robertson, Honorary Secretary of the Burns Club of London, Mr. A. J. Morrison, President of the Chelmsford and District Scottish Association, and Mr. C. White, Social Secretary of the Leytonstone and District Scottish Association.

We are also delighted to have Mr. J. Mackie with us this evening. He is Chairman of Seager, Evans & Co. Ltd.

Finally, we give a very hearty welcome to Sir Francis Low, who is to respond to this Toast. He has spent much of his life in India and is Honorary Secretary of the East India Association. This Aberdonian was educated at Robert Gordon's College and joined the Aberdeen Free Press in 1910. Even the press is free in Aberdeen! Serving in the 1914-18 war he was commissioned into the 4th Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders in 1916 and served in the Middle East, later becoming a Staff Officer in Intelligence. After being the chief reporter of the Aberdeen Free Press, he later became editor of *The Times of India*, and led the

Indian Delegation to the 6th Imperial Press Conference in London in 1946. Besides taking a very active part in various Clubs in Bombay, he is also very interested in the Y.M.C.A. and the Boys Brigade, having been Chairman of the Committee of Management, The Indian Students Union and Hotel (Y.M.C.A.) and President of the London District of the Boys Brigade. He is therefore a very energetic individual and is doing a great deal for young people. More men of his calibre would help to put an end to the present scourge of juvenile delinquency. (Applause)

SCOTS IN THE EAST

Sir Francis Low, acknowledging the Toast on behalf of the Guests, referred to the debt which the Eastern Countries owed to Scotsmen. In administration there were the Marquis of Linlithgow and Sir John Colville, later Lord Clydesmuir. In commerce many of the great firms in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras owed their origin and success to Scots. In shipping and banking the same conditions applied. It was admitted that those who built these businesses did well themselves but they laid the foundation on which the administrative and economic success of those countries rests today. In India the Government, the administration, the army communications, and business were now in the hands of Indians and Pakistanis who were largely trained by British people, among whom Scotsmen played a very large part. They were pioneers and that pioneering spirit will continue among our people of today and tomorrow. Scotsmen could look back with legitimate pride on the part their countrymen played in the development of the great new Commonwealth countries of the East. (Loud applause)

OUR REGIMENT "THE SCOTTISH"

The Toast of the London Scottish Regiment was submitted by the President, who in the course of his remarks stressed the Society's historical link with the Regiment. Its record in three wars could be judged by the decorations and honours won by its members, including three Victoria Crosses, twenty-two Distinguished Service Orders, seventy-one Military Crosses, two hundred and fifty one Distinguished Conduct Medals, Military Medals and Meritorious Service Medals and many other awards.

The Society was proud of its close association with this great Regiment and proud of their achievements. (Applause)

* * *

Bro. Caledonian Donald Fraser sang with great acceptance to his fellow members 'Mary Morison,' 'A Scottish Soldier,' 'O My Love's like a red, red rose,' and 'Afton Water.' Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., with his customary efficiency, tastefully accompanied the singer.

On this occasion the pipe music was provided by Pipe Sergeants W. Ferguson and D. Milner of the London Scottish. The former carried the banner of the Toronto Scottish and the latter that of the City of Aberdeen. They played 'Loch Duich,' 'Murdo Mackenzie of Torridon,' 'The Caledonian Canal,' 'The Grey Bob' and 'Cock o' the North.'

After Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., the Society's Officer 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) and the National Anthem.

* * *

After the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, on Thursday, 14th December, 1961, President T. M. Munro read a letter from the Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation. This letter expressed the warm thanks of the Charity for the contribution amounting to £695 received in response to the President's Appeal on the occasion of the Corporation's 296th Anniversary Festival.

The President then invited Mr. Brian F. Macdona to give his Sentiment on

A BANKER LOOKS AT AFRICA

The Sentiment was as follows: —

In this company I must declare by own status — unequivocally — and confess that, despite my name, I do not have the honour to be a Scot. My 'Mac' is Irish — my forbears came from that feckless and improvident island which, over the centuries, has exported most of its good things to Scotland — such as the Gaelic, the bagpipes and Christianity — and whisky. I have not perhaps ranked these in their strict order of importance.

But, no doubt a Gaelic name persuaded some ignorant Sassenach to admit me in 1917 to study the art and mystery of banking.

In those days — more than 44 years ago — most of the leading bankers in London were Scots. Since then the clans have spread further afield. Three hundred years ago John Cleveland wrote: 'Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom, not forced him to wander but confined him home.' Eight years ago I spent a month in Australia; at the end of my stay I was asked what was my outstanding impression. After reflection, I said it was the fact that nearly all the top bankers I had met were Scots. My friend, an 'Orstrylian' said, somewhat ruefully: 'Ah, feller, but our worst pest is rabbuts.'

Having thus, perhaps imprudently, cocked a snook at my fellow Celts — all no doubt more respectable than I — I owe it to you, Mr. Chairman, no longer to let down our shared profession by exhibiting a sense of flippancy which, in your

country, might well cause me to be described as 'a wee bit irresponsible.'

You and I, Sir, can agree that although we bankers may be regarded by others as being 'the abominable no-men' we are, perhaps, not too bad at looking at all sorts of things – even if we don't always touch them after we have looked at them. And so you have suggested that some 35 years of living in, or visiting, Africa should have qualified me to take a view of that continent and to project it to this present company. I fear for your judgment. The years may have taught me 'to look' but they have also taught me how little I understand of what I see.

What picture can I show to you all? It will, of a certainty, be a 'moving' picture – there is nothing static about this Africa of 1961. And it will be colourful. But, as a first task, let me try to capture a few 'stills' and project them to you as snapshots of the place which Africa has in the world picture of today.

The first snapshot is one of age. Africa is both the oldest and the youngest of the continents – the oldest because it was the seat of, or the neighbour to, most of the ancient civilisations. Nineteen hundred years ago Pliny the Elder produced that wisecrack which has served countless speakers throughout the centuries: 'Out of Africa there is always something new.' It was a blinding glimpse of the obvious. Africa was the country of the unknown into which men went in search of new products, new animals, new materials. And everything they brought back – those that did come back – was new. But Africa is also the youngest continent because it has been the last to be opened up. Exploration in Africa has always been difficult. In every continent the rivers have been the 'High Streets' up which the first explorers have passed. But in Africa most of the rivers are so short and 'steep to' as to be virtually unnavigable – and the few large rivers – the Nile, the Niger, the Congo and the Zambesi – are all badly impeded by rapids or cataracts or sand-bars which have severely hindered and handicapped navigators. And it is only in the last century that much real attempt has been made to open up 'the dark continent'. Remember, it is only 100 years since David Livingstone made his journeys; it is 100 years since Speke and Burton discovered the source of the Nile; it is only 75 years since Gordon was murdered in Khartoum and the Sudan went down into

twilight; and it is only 65 years since Cecil Rhodes was at the height of his power.

And the second snapshot is one of size. Africa is nearly four times the size of the U.S.A.: it is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the size of all the Russias. There are rather more Africans in this world than there are Russians – say 200/250 millions of them – no doubt these are trifling figures when compared with the teeming hordes of China and India but let us remember that the continent is only now awakening from the stagnation of centuries as medical, veterinary and agricultural skills release it from diseases and pests which have killed and crippled and starved its peoples.

And the third snapshot is one of progress – progress along the road from rags to riches. Africa has aptly been called 'The continent which God kept in reserve'. But her riches are becoming essential to the growing demands of the outside world. In the last few decades the reserves have been opened up. Already she provides 90% of the free world's diamonds, 60% of its gold, two-thirds of its cocoa and palm products – and surely more than a good half of its headaches. But she still has far to go. Five-sixths of the whole continent are under-developed. In fact, only in the three Southernmost territories of South Africa, the Federation of Rhodesia and part of Katanga has any reasonable scale of an industrialised economy been achieved. For the rest – some countries have not yet moved either far or fast – others are progressing well along the road towards a balanced economy. But on the whole and measured in terms of Western Europe, North America and Australia – little progress has yet been made. For example, the great width of tropical Africa has probably 120 or 130 millions out of Africa's total of 200/250 millions. These 120 million are greatly dependent upon the exports of seven or eight agricultural commodities and half a dozen minerals to provide all their overseas spending money without which none of the machinery, the tools, the trucks, the manufactures and all the other things which are essential to development can be acquired. To take one example – Nigeria, which has the largest population in the Commonwealth after India, Pakistan and these islands – the biggest population of any country in Africa – its *total* exports amount to about £4 a head per annum. You, when you smoke just one cigarette a day, are using up *this* country's resources of overseas spending money at the same

rate – £4 a year – as Nigerians have to spend on *everything* they import.

So much for the 'stills', my snapshots of a continent that is old and vast and awakening from slumber, a country which is no longer dark; the darkest thing about Africa has always been our ignorance of it.

Now let me turn to the moving picture. I could title it: 'The continent in a hurry', the words used to me about Nigeria by the Premier of its Eastern Region. All the jargon of the cinema could be employed – 'sensational' 'terrific', 'gigantic', 'dramatic', 'colourful', certainly the last and not always 'glorious technicolour'.

Africa is on the move, both economically and politically. This is not the place for an economic discourse: anyway I am no economist. To tell the truth, I seldom understand the breed and I comfort myself with the thought that if all the economists of the City of London were laid out head to tail in one long line starting at the Bank of England, they and the line would assuredly reach to no conclusion whatsoever. Let me leave the moving picture of economic growth with the statement that although progress has been great the overall standard of living is still far below what one could wish.

But it is the speed of *political* development which is so notable. When I first went to Africa more than 34 years ago, the number of independent countries was three – Egypt, Liberia and Ethiopia, all the others had some type of control from or connection with, a European metropolitan power. Now, in less than 35 years, it is easier to count those countries which are still *not* independent than the 29 which *are*. And, so far as Britain is concerned, it is our proclaimed policy that all our former colonial territories, except England over which Scotland will continue to keep a firm hold, shall move steadily forward to independence. It is a matter of timing and it is a complex problem only in those territories where races other than Africans have settled – in Kenya, the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and the Republic of South Africa, misleadingly called 'the multi-racial countries', as if the whole of Africa is not multi-racial. But I must not pursue that red herring.

How are the new boys doing, now they are on their own? Can they 'carry their corn'? Some can; some find it more difficult. There is no time tonight to look at and talk about

all the newly independent countries of Africa. I shall pick out three, the Sudan, Ghana and Nigeria, as samples of countries which have, so to speak, been given the keys of their own front doors in the last five years.

The Sudan, of course, never was a colony. For fifty years it was a condominium – a joint administration by Britain and Egypt – an odd arrangement which, however, not only worked well but provided the Sudan with fifty years of the best government which any part of Africa has ever enjoyed. That may seem a bold claim, but the records speak for themselves. Remember the old Sudan Civil Service contained some of the salt of the earth. They were chosen primarily for their character and intellectual ability; but perhaps sometimes their prowess at games may have had some influence; in fact, the wits have called the service 'The Government of the blacks by the blues'. However that may be, the members of the Sudan Civil Service trained up their eventual successors from the outset and since 1956, those successors have been in the saddle, and are now firmly seated. They no longer hold the reins with uncertain fingers or spend time wondering what their British predecessors would have done. They know what they want. They are committed to the greater and rapid development of a country about which it is said: 'When Allah made the Sudan he laughed.' It must have been a wry laugh for it is a cruel country – the northern third is a desert in which rain is almost unknown and the greater part of the southern third a green sponge of swamp. It is a country in which cotton is the 'white gold' of wealth, 60% of the country's exports.

Thirty-five years ago a vast agricultural experiment was started in the Sudan, the Gezira Scheme. Over the years it has proved to be the greatest success in the co-operation of Government with capital and labour that Africa, and possibly the whole world, has ever seen. It was thought up in Kitchener's Day; it was built in Geoffrey Archer's Day; it has now been vastly increased in General Abboud's Day; and man is having the laugh over Allah. Democracy on anything like the Westminster pattern lasted about two years and was then supplanted by a military autocracy which is now losing its popularity to some extent but is unlikely to be supplanted for some years to come. But although the pace of progress may have slowed down in the last few years, and indeed the way of life being followed may not be quite that on the

original chart, none the less the country is going ahead steadily and soberly. Big developments are planned to put hundreds of thousands more acres under crops, to bring more water to more land, the dream of every man who lives in the Nile Valley. So much for my first sample—vintage 1956—a sound wine.

My second sample is Ghana, formerly the Gold Coast, the first of the British West African colonies to gain its independence. The name 'Kwame' means 'Saturday's child' and the old jingle said 'Saturday's child works hard for his living'. I feel sure that Doctor Kwame Nkrumah, the President of Ghana, would agree. Ghana is another country with too many of its eggs in one basket—the eggs are chocolate eggs—and too many of its politicians in one prison—the politicians are the opposition. Ghana produces about one quarter of the world's cocoa and this represents 60% of her total exports. In the good years for cocoa, big cash reserves were built up, but these have been sadly dissipated since independence was achieved in 1957 and a spending spree commenced. Now cocoa fetches little more than one-third of what it did in 1954, the bills are coming in and have to be paid. Democracy à la Westminster has slipped more than a little and looks like slipping a lot further.

The recent visit of the Queen has done so much to generate a better atmosphere between this country and Ghana. From her first speech when she used the words 'your exciting country' until her last when she spoke of Ghana as 'the senior African member in the Commonwealth', Her Majesty never put a foot wrong. We must salute the Poet Laureate when he wrote last week of the Queen:

"To have observed, to have encouraged this
New Hope for Man beneath the blinding sun,
How shall word tell the wonder that it is
Whether as greatness seen or greatness done?"

So much for my second sample—the vintage of 1957—a wine still to be proven.

Thirdly, Nigeria, the big boy of Africa, a lusty, cheerful country bursting at the seams with people, in fact, there are more people in Nigeria than in Canada, Australia and South Africa put together. It is a country in a hurry. It is out to raise its standard of living by all means in its power and one way

in which it feels that this can be done is by quickening the speed of industrialisation. One great and growing asset which will help to provide the money for this great task is the oil which, after many years of prospecting and development, is now flowing down pipelines to the tankers at Bonny and is producing, in exchange, a nice flow of royalties into the coffers of government. Nigeria has many sound and shrewd men in the seats of government. The Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafewa Balewa, is a man of destiny. And there are other Ministers, both Federal and Regional, who would add lustre to any government in the world. I am a 'bull' on Nigeria. You will not need to be reminded of the fact that the last two British Governors-General who were the architects and engineers of the country's independence were a Macpherson and a Robertson—Nigeria is not alone in thinking that there are times when a double Scots does something for you. And that is my third sample, bottled in 1960—a sound spirit.

But I must add a fourth and say one word about that latest African country to be born from out of the womb of Commonwealth—Tanganyika—the 29th independent country in Africa, independent at midnight last Friday, a country which has triumphed over tragedies and handicaps which had retarded her development so much that few would have foreseen that she would be the first of the East African territories to achieve political independence. Once a German Colony, she came under British administration only as the consequence of a European war. Now she has chosen to join the British Commonwealth which her Prime Minister has described as: 'stronger than treaties, less selfish than alliances, less restrictive than any other association'. May we prove him right. The vintage of 1961 is still a young wine, but it is a sweet one and bids fair to mature well.

I wish there were time to do justice not only to the four areas which I have touched on so lightly but to all the other fascinating countries in Africa which are hurrying along the road of progress towards a fully developed economy. In some the pace is too slow: the good Lord has not spread out His gifts in equal portions: accidents of climate and geography have presented insuperable difficulties: deserts will not blossom as a rose without the application of water: swamps cannot always be drained or controlled. In some other countries, the pace has been too fast: too much has been attempted too quickly: first things have not always been placed first:

money has been wasted on non-essentials. It was a rule of the British colonial system that a country could only have the services for which it could afford to pay. This seemed to most of us, Scots or Sassenachs, a sound enough principle to follow, but it is a darned unfashionable one in this year of grace, 1961.

So much for Africa's present: what of the future? In looking ahead tonight I will hazard no guesses at political changes in Africa. I gave my crystal ball away many years ago, it always let me down. I will give you only a brief catalogue of some of the great developments—economic developments—which should take place in the next decade.

In Egypt, the High Dam—Nasser's pyramid—should be finished and a vast lake, 400 miles long, will then conserve the water which is so desperately wanted in that overcrowded land. You will remember the schoolboy who wrote that Egypt is cultivated by irritation. That lad was something of a seer.

In the Sudan, the Roseires and Khass-el-Girba dams should be finished and vast new lands should be producing crops where they have hitherto produced nothing better than sandstorms.

In Kenya (at present the land of fear) the Swynnerton plan for better African farming should have increased, perhaps ten fold, the cash income of hundreds of thousands of small farmers.

In Uganda, it is quite possible that a second dam across the Nile may have been started.

In Tanganyika, the waters of the Rufiji River may perhaps have been harnessed and controlled.

In Rhodesia, the power potential of the Kariba Dam should have been doubled.

In Ghana, the Volta River Scheme will, it is to be hoped, have been completed.

In Nigeria, the oilfield may well have become the second biggest producer in the Commonwealth.

Most of these great schemes, you will notice, feature the harnessing of water power. Africa is said to have 40% of the water-power resources of the whole world, and to have only 1% of them developed at present. It is amusing to think that those same swift-rapid-beset rivers which were so troublesome to the early explorers (how David Livingstone hated their cataracts and waterfalls), and which held up for so long the

development of Africa, are now that they can be harnessed, to prove one of the greatest sources of wealth and power.

I have tried to present to you, objectively, I hope, a picture, or perhaps a series of snapshots, of Africa as I see it today. So many here tonight are Scots, a race which (after the Irish of course) has supplied some of the greatest of the British colonists. To all those men and women who have gone out from these islands to work in Africa I want to pay a tribute tonight. Whether they be civil servants, missionaries, settlers, doctors, vets, traders or merely bankers, they have made most of Africa's countries into what they are today. They must be given the credit, as they will assuredly be given the blame, for all that has been done or left undone. British colonialism, I use the term in its widest sense, has brought to millions of people a higher standard of living and a wider view of what life should be.

Let me take you back to the racecourse at Lagos in Nigeria on that midnight before independence on 30th September, 1960, less than fifteen months ago. Outlined in the floodlights was the huge white staff with the Union Jack flying in a gentle tropical breeze. The thousands who packed the stands and the racecourse itself came to their feet as the Governor General and the Prime Minister walked together to the saluting dais. They turned to face the flag as the chords of 'God Save the Queen' rang out for the last time. It will never be publicly played again in Nigeria except as a personal courtesy to a visiting member of the Royal Family. A great shout of 'Last time' arose, and then the Nigerians began to sing the words, with a fervour and sincerity never previously heard. Slowly the flag went down and, with a touch of genius for which Nigerians and British alike were grateful, the lights snapped out and none saw the old flag actually fall. Seconds later the floodlights blazed on again and there was the simple, dignified green and white flag of Nigeria streaming from the flagstaff, and all was goodwill and cheers and handshakes. Nowhere was there tension or bitterness. Next morning the Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar, made a memorable speech which may well be quoted for as long as will be some of the utterances of Lincoln and Sir Winston. He thanked the British, the missionaries, traders, government and commercial officials, bankers and others for all their help in past years. And then he spoke of the British peoples association with Nigerians: '... first as masters, then as leaders, finally as partners ... but

always as friends'. That, gentlemen, was what one African thought of the servants of British colonialism.

Soon, very soon now, we shall be burying that word 'Colonialism'. Let us see that it has an honourable funeral and not a felon's grave. And we might well set up a headstone to all those Scots and Englishmen and Irish, and write thereon those words of Sir Abubakar: 'They came first as masters, then as leaders, finally as partners—but always as friends' and I would add those words which are to be found on the memorial of Sir Christopher When in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral: 'If you seek a monument, look all around you.'

Mr. Macdona was loudly applauded when he finished his Sentiment and the President expressed to him the appreciation of the members.

OUR BANKER GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian H. J. G. Samuel, who was entrusted with the toast of 'Our Guests', said during his speech—

I understand that we have with us some fifty-three guests this evening. We welcome them in accordance with the traditions of our Society, but, what I do not understand quite so clearly, is that having wine and dined them, we then go on in somewhat sinister and medieval fashion to propose their health!

To digress a bit on misunderstandings and their consequences, may I tell a tale which I heard told by the Bishop of Coventry. It concerns a Bishop who was travelling in the United States of America. Before leaving this country he had been carefully instructed to take special heed about what he said to the Press. On arriving at New York he was greeted by photographers and reporters, and, one of the first questions he was asked was—'Do you propose to visit night clubs in New York?' The Bishop reflected, thought this was rather dangerous and then answered somewhat evasively, 'Are there any night clubs in New York?' Imagine his consternation on reading the headlines in the papers the following morning, 'Bishop's first question on arrival—Are there any night clubs in New York?'

Now to the business of my toast. I am armed with a somewhat formidable list of names given to me by our Secretary. As expected on an occasion like this, our banking members have been reinforced by a galaxy of guests, well known in banking circles, and no doubt eager to lend their support to our chief guest, Mr. Brian F. Macdona, General Manager of Barclay's Bank D.C.O. Mr. Macdona has travelled far, and settled down in strange places and we have greatly benefitted from his experiences this evening. Mr. Macdona has evidently the wanderlust of the Scot, although he claims no direct Scottish connection.

Mr. Macdona joined Barclays Bank, we do not know when, and have no intention of embarrassing him on that score, but it was not long before he was seconded to Barclays Bank D.C.O. as an Inspector, subsequently going to East Africa, and rising to local Director, a post which he held in many parts of that troubled continent before returning to London and a higher appointment. His services and experience

are much in demand. He is Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Royal Africa Society, he is Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Royal Commonwealth Society, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and the Institute of Bankers. Mr. Macdona is a Freeman of the City of London and a liveryman of the Scriveners Company. We are indeed honoured and delighted that he has been able to be with us this evening as our principal guest.

We are also very pleased to welcome from Barclays Bank Ltd and Barclays Bank D.C.O., Mr. Harold Scott-Webb, Mr. A. E. Griffiths, Mr. Alan F. Mallory, and also Mr. R. Hyde, the Manager of Barclays Bank, Ilford. Of the Scottish Banks we have with us this evening, Mr. Hugh P. Crosby, M.C., Manager of the National Commercial Bank of Scotland, and his Assistant Manager, Mr. E. C. Glennie. And I wonder if I may be permitted to add in a more sober moment of reflection that we also have with us The Chief of the River Police, Mr. C. L. McDonough, G.M.

We are particularly pleased to welcome His Worship, the Mayor of Ilford, Councillor Owen Waters, J.P., and his colleague, Councillor E. R. Earey, J.P.

We also have Mr. Leonard Juniper, Past Master of the Poulterers Company (City Livery) and President of the National Federation of the Poultry Trades; Mr. R. J. Minney, novelist, biographer, playwright and film producer and Mr. F. E. Crozier, Financial Secretary of the Presbyterian Church of England.

We are also very pleased to welcome once again the Rev. Arthur L. MacArthur, M.A., M.Litt., who will respond to this toast. Mr. MacArthur is a son of the Manse, born in the N.E. of England, and whose grandfather was a Scot. He was already an ordained Minister when war broke out in 1939 and served with the Y.M.C.A. in France; in 1960 he was the Minister of a large and active congregation in North Shields, when he was appointed to post of General Secretary of the Presbyterian Church of England.

In this highly responsible position he has followed a succession of eminent churchmen, and he is meeting the heavy demands of his office with his customary ease and composure. He has already served as a convener of the Church's Inter-Church Relations Committee, and in that capacity has been the Church's Ambassador to America, Switzerland, Italy and France. (Applause)

MIXED ANCESTRY

In responding to this toast the Rev. A. L. MacArthur, M.A., M.Litt., in the course of his remarks said:

I find myself in some embarrassment in such a gathering as this because my ancestry is mixed. On one side I am a MacArthur—now I confess to a good deal of ignorance about our tribal history. The clan books for what they are worth, portray us as a very ancient clan and seem indeed to suggest one cause of our long survival. We appear to have held the chieftainship of the clan Campbell for four centuries, and lest that arouse strange passions—hostile passions, in any of your breasts, let me hasten to add that they also record that we were hereditary pipers to the Macdonalds. We evidently survived by sitting on the fence. (Laughter)

Now, if so, it may be of interest that on my other side—the distaff side, I derive at least in part from Scotland but on this side, from the Borders, and Redpaths and Mortons are amongst my forbears. Now the blood which the Redpaths shed upon their tracks was largely Scottish blood. So in some sense I have to sit on the border fence. No doubt in the end it all adds up to the same thing—the Border reiver gathered what he could on Peacocks principal

The mountain sheep are sweeter
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.

When he had gathered in the harvest of his courage and his lawlessness he sat down in his stronghold to contemplate his gains until one dark night the men from further north came and took them all away. Mind you, the Scot did not always win the day. I spent last Easter in the stately home of the Riddleys (now a boys' prep. school) and recalled their boast that they never hung less than nine men at once and kept the other candidates in their dungeons till the number was complete. (Laughter)

Certainly, I am a borderer by birth and the border hills are still my idea of heaven. The greatest of all the border fences was a wall built of old by the hands of Roman mercenaries who must have shivered in the wild winds—and all to failure at the last. The wall was built to keep the Scots out and this gathering is proof that it was the greatest engineering failure in history. (Laughter)

But neither can a borderer forget that once the Scots get in they seldom want to get out. I was minister once in Alnwick in Northumberland, and there the A.1. crosses the Lion Bridge beneath the walls of the Percy Castle. On the Bridge is the same Percy Lion that you see on the top of Syon House—its tail as straight as a broomshank. Now it is surely tradition, that the Lion wags its tail every time a Scot goes home to his native land to live. In 7 years I crossed that bridge times without number, but always the tail was ramrod straight. (Laughter). However, the traffic was not all to the south. It is said that when the Angles landed on the shores of England the obtuse angles moved south and the acute ones went north. (Laughter) Certain it is that Angles or Saxons held all the coasts of that Northumbrian kingdom from the Humber to the Forth, and that it was a Northumbrian king that founded Scotland's capital. Indeed half Scot though I am, I wonder sometimes what all this nationalism adds up to. In the days of Columba the whole of Strathclyde was occupied by Britons of Welsh stock. The whole of the Lothians and south of the border was Anglo-Saxon land, the Picts, strange and unknown race with a strange tongue, held all the north-east till they met the Norsemen coming across the Pentlands to Sutherland. All that belonged to the Scots was Dalriada and the Scots had come from Ireland. (Laughter)

So as a guest of mixed breeding, I am indeed honoured to reply to this toast and grateful with all my companions for your wonderful hospitality and, somewhat wild Caledonian honours. Let us all put

mere nationalism behind us for all our blood is mixed now, and let us go on to work for the day when man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a' that. (Applause)

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Bro. Caledonian W. A. Tweedie, a new member, was received by the President.

The musical part of the programme was provided by Mr. Kenneth Atkinson who sang 'Draw the Sword, Scotland', 'May Ain Hoose' and 'Bonnie Dundee', accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., our accomplished pianist.

On this occasion the piping selections, given as usual by Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., were as follows: 'MacKenzie's Farewell to Strathglass', 'The Market Place of Inverness', 'The Piper o' Drummond' and 'Loch Maree' and the Society's Strathspey.

An interesting and enjoyable evening ended with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

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President T. M. Munro was in the Chair at the business meetings held on 18th January 1962 at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington.

NEW PIPE BANNER

It was reported that the new pipe banner bearing the crests of the Society and of the Thomson family would cost about £85. It was decided that from the balance of the £100 gift made to the Society by Past President J. C. Thomson and his brother William, two blocks should be made so that a reproduction of the pipe banner could appear in the Chronicles.

GIFT TO CALEDONIAN SCHOOLS

It was agreed that the Society should donate a chair to the Royal Caledonian Schools for use in their new Assembly Hall.

At the Little Dinner following the business meetings the principal attraction was a Sentiment on Robert Burns.

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

The President, having proposed the loyal toasts, introduced Sir John Ritchie, C.B., Chief Veterinary Officer to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, a graduate of Edinburgh University and a keen student of Robert Burns. Sir John, who was received with applause, said:

You have done me the very great honour, an honour of which any Scotsman must be proud, in asking me to propose the Immortal Memory; but I am conscious of my inability to do this adequately or even competently because I can claim no scholarship in the works of Robert Burns. I think, however, I can claim in common I hope, with all of you here, a deep regard for the man and a real love of his poetry. This is my only qualification to speak tonight.

The fact that on the anniversary of his birth we still gather to celebrate the event and to honour the memory of Robert Burns is surely sufficient testimony to the worth of the man and the abiding value of his work. For it is just over two centuries since he was born to a poverty stricken but hard working couple who were hopefully embarked on a small farm in Ayrshire. Here we are then, met together this evening, as Scotsmen are about this time all over the world, honouring our national poet who over this long span of years still serves to bind us together. He had himself some foretaste of this, for you will remember that towards the end of his life he sensed it and said, 'I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present'. And isn't it remarkable that this should be so, when we reflect that outside very narrow specialised circles so few are remembered by the many. As Charles Murray put it at the time of Burns' centenary:

Whiles as the feathered ages flee,
Time sets the hour-glass on his knee
An' ilka name baith great and wee
Shaks thro' his sieve;
Syne sadly wags his pow to see
The few that live.

But there are infinite reasons why Burns is remembered and why tonight it is the *immortal* memory I ask you to honour.

In the first place Burns wrote in the Scots idiom, though not in the vernacular of any particular locality, at a time when there was some danger that the Scottish dialect might perish and when it was of importance that it be re-asserted along with the claim of Scotland to national existence. Indeed the Scottish tongue has quite often been in like danger.

Then his writings were for the whole of Scotland, not as I have said in any vernacular and not confined to any circumscribed locality. When we think of Burns, it is as a Scottish poet and as a national poet representing the whole of the Scottish people and appealing to all of them alike. All others are much more local and appeal especially to the folk of some particular spot—like Murray with the Vale of Alford and Benachie, 'Yon is the Howe and this the Hill' or the anonymous yearner for the north—'O gin I were a doo, etc.'—or like a much less literate man, who, wounded in the first World War reached hospital in England and when asked

where he was wounded, expressed his preference for his own piece of homeland in his reply, 'Just aboot fifty mile on the Rothiemurchus side o' Bagdad'. There may be many local claims to a special kinship with Burns in Ayr and Dumfries or even in my own north east—for his roots are in that part of Scotland whence his father, William Burnes, held south from the Mearns to settle in Ayrshire, yet his versatility is such that all Scotsmen come within his sphere.

There is little doubt that a great deal of poetry passes right over the heads of some folks because it is vague and remote and abstract and hardly understandable—but not Burns. The simplicity, sincerity and tenderness of his work has a universal appeal and brings poetry within the compass of any man. He often expresses, and with an unequalled grace, so much that one feels deeply, and could never hope to say. And so we are all in his debt.

So here was a simple country man who wrote poetry of such quality and beauty that we read his poems and sing his songs and enjoy them and meet to honour him so long after his death. He was not a man of wide education in the accepted sense, but his genius with his background of experience of men and affairs, and I believe especially his intimate association with nature, inspired him to write poetry which has little to match it from any British pen.

I have said he was not widely educated in the accepted sense, and that is true, but he was not by any means uneducated. His father indeed took every opportunity open to him to see that his sons, and particularly his eldest, were given the education which the locality afforded. It may be that Burns was fortunate in Murdoch, one of his earliest teachers, who took such a keen interest in him and was himself a man of character. His mother, too, with her fund of song and story had a tremendous influence in his early years and may indeed have started that taste for song which he brought to such perfect fruition in later years. But the most important feature was probably that he was anxious to learn, and the sound foundation, particularly in English, based on the degree of self-education which he laboriously acquired, compares favourably with the early specialization which is thrust by our modern conditions and competitions upon the youth of today. A lot of them are awfu' weel educated—wi' nae sense!

So many great men of different ages have to be described as having had an unconventional education that it seems to me

that it cannot be chance that so frequently the comparatively uneducated man or the man of unorthodox education, provided he strives hard for knowledge, eventually succeeds beyond all likelihood. I noticed recently that a man who had no university education, but had an urge at a certain stage to enter a university says: 'But now I pity undergraduates when I see what frivolous lives so many of them lead in the midst of precious fleeting opportunity. After all a man's life must be nailed to a cross, either of thought or action. Without work there is no play.' That statement was made by Winston Churchill, who had no university education, yet I suppose it would not be an overstatement if I said he has had a reasonably successful career. (Laughter).

We know from what has been told us by his contemporaries that Burns was not only a great poet but that he would have shone in any walk of life, as indeed he did shine brightly when coming straight from his Ayrshire farm, he was launched into the brilliant society of Edinburgh. You remember that Sir Walter Scott, then a growing lad, met him and later said of him: 'I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information more perfectly free from either the reality or affectation of embarrassment.' Surely this is a remarkable observation on a man fresh from the ploughtail and cast into such company without introduction or sponsor.

Many of his poems show his great sympathy for all living things and some were inspired by the most trivial incidents; he has no time for the suppressor or the hypocrite as his comments on contemporary affairs so obviously show. How extremely refreshing it would be to have such commentary on current affairs today, for there are Holy Willies and Hornbrooks now as then. You remember possibly the poem—The Inventory—which he wrote in reply to his loved and honoured, much respected friend Aitken, to whom, incidentally, he inscribed the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. Aitken was the surveyor of windows, carriages, etc., for the district and had ordered Burns to send a return of his horses, servants and wheel carriages and to state whether he was a bachelor or a married man and to give the number of his children. He describes his horses and carriages thus:

Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
An auld wheel barrow, mair for token,

Ae leg, an' baith the trams, are broken;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mother burnt the trin'le

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise;
 A guadsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davock hauds the nowte in fother.

I ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
 An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;

Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contended,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted,
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess.

These days there is so much criticism of the number and kind of forms that farmers are asked to complete—the blank forms fill them with alarm—but this is nothing compared with what they fill into the forms which come to sere the soul of the civil servant. What a treat it would be to get an odd one completed in such a racy way.

Again, death and Dr. Hornbrook makes me wonder if there might not have been some comment on our modern medicos as, for instance, a verse or two to describe the occasion when two doctors were in consultation and concluded that if another injection of penicillin brought no better response they would have to *examine* the patient.

Burns wrote only one tale in verse, Tam o'Shanter, but as John Buchan has said, it is the best since Chaucer. It might be said that I was brought up on Tam o'Shanter, for I went to Kirk each Sunday to this tune; the auld beadle who rang the bell never timed his ringing but kept it going while he recited his favourite poem.

When comparing him with Shakespeare, Ivor Brown speaks of the 'Burns wonder, though not of the scale of the Shakespeare wonder, and the reason of it is simply that both men give satisfaction all round by superb articulation of the common stuff of the human heart.' And as Edwin Muir put it so well: 'Burns is a myth evolved by the popular imagination, a communal poetic creation. He is a Protean figure; we can all shape him to our own likeness, for a myth is endlessly adaptable; so that to the respectable this secondary Burns is a decent man; to the Rabelaisian, bawdy; to the sentimentalist, sentimental;

to the Socialist, a revolutionary; to the Nationalist, a patriot; to the religious, pious; to the self-made man, self-made; to the drinker, a drinker. He has the semi-miraculous power of making any Scotsman, whether generous or canny, sentimental or prosaic, religious or profane, more wholeheartedly himself than he could have been without assistance; and in that way perhaps more human. He is comforting, a necessary figure; as comforting as the tatties and herring and as necessary as the whisky whose odours rise in a sort of incense to his memory every 25th of January. He greases our wheels; we could not roll on our way so comfortably but for him; and it is impossible to judge impartially a convenient appliance to which we have grown accustomed.'

Shall we deal at all with the questions of Burns' private life—his love affairs, for as his brother tells us, he saw a goddess in every girl he approached and had many love affairs, some guilty enough—his intemperate habits in his later life when he drank too much but never otherwise than for conviviality and good fellowship with his many cronies for whom he was so obviously and understandably an idol? If we must, let us remember the conditions of his day and age as a background to his temperament.

The tremendous improvements in agriculture which marked the 18th century were but lately begun. The runrig system had just been replaced by new systems of tenure, and without this change no improvements could have been effected. It was only recently that it was possible to grow the crops which would keep the livestock in food throughout the winter, and not one of the modern labour-saving devices was yet available, for indeed it is astonishing to think with all the facilities that exist today we are still pressing for further labour-saving appliances while in Burns' time there was nothing to take the tears and the toil and the sweat out of the farm labourer's day.

As Burns said, 'Poets are such outré beings, so much the children of wayward fancy, and capricious whim, that I believe the world generally allows them a larger latitude in the laws of propriety, than the sober sons of judgment and prudence.'

We must remember too that the faults of a man of genius will certainly have come down to us, perhaps even in an exaggerated form, and certainly so compared with the squalid sins of lesser men which are forgotten as readily as the nonentities

who committed them, and it may be as well not to forget, as Lord Rosebery said on the occasion of the centenary of Burns' death in that remarkable tribute he paid to the poet, that 'none will be turned to dissipation by Burns' example: he paid too dearly for it.' It may have been part of the price of his immortality. No! Let us remember all the versatility and glory of his poetic genius, and that he has done for Scotland what perhaps no other poet has done for his country. (Loud applause.)

The Sentiment was listened to with close attention and the toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

GUESTS CONTRIBUTE TO HOSPITALITY

Past President J. Murray Napier, O.B.E., in submitting the toast of the guests reminded the Members that their guests must always be distinguished and emphasised that all had passed that test tonight. The guests were largely responsible for the success of our Little Dinners, and greatly contributed to the hospitality we were dispensing. He continued—

But that hospitality must be appropriate to the occasion. Not like the gentleman whom Edward Burt describes and who lived near him whose hospitality was almost without bounds. He pressed on them champagne in large goblets or full of any other wine, so that few go away sober at any time and for the greatest part of his guests, in the conclusion they cannot go at all.

An International Commission of Jurists held in Delhi in 1959 issued a report in which it was stated that an independent judiciary is an indispensable requisite of a free society. We have been blest here in that respect and to the attainment of that status this country owes a tremendous debt to the bar from whom our judges are chosen. In Mr. Justice Baker who is responding to this toast we have one who has taken part in that great work, and we would welcome him not only for himself but also for that great body of judges whose presence adds prestige to the English Court.

Mr. Napier also expressed the Members' pleasure at the attendance of Sir John Ritchie, C.B., whose Sentiment they had so much enjoyed. In addition, he welcomed the Rev. Dr. Moffett, the Rev. Ian R. N. Miller, the Rev. James Lawson, Mr. Anthony M. Blyth, Mr. John A. Hunsworth and Mr. J. C. H. Ireland—all of whom they were happy to entertain. (Applause)

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A CIRCUMSPECT REPLY

On the invitation of the President, The Hon. Sir George Baker, O.B.E., Q.C., responded to the toast of the guests in these words—

There is a very curious procedure in the law where in the course of some trials there comes a time when the Judge, after discussion with Counsel, turns to the jury and says 'Members of the jury, on my direction you must find this prisoner "not guilty", because I rule there

is not enough evidence or is no evidence against him'. Well, the jury have usually been sitting there and have what is colloquially known as 'rumbled' the prisoner by this time. (Laughter) However, they are always glad to oblige the Old Gentleman, particularly if it means they will get away early, but at that moment the Clerk of Assize, or the Clerk of the Peace, stands up and says 'Now, will one of you stand up as foreman and, on the instructions of my Lord, and his direction, return the verdict of "not guilty"'. So they all look round at each other and then the Clerk of Assize points to one and says 'Now you, Sir, stand up as foreman and say "not guilty" on the direction of my Lord.' So this wretched man stands up and says 'not guilty' and then come the critical words 'and that is the verdict of you all?' He looks round his fellows and they all start to whisper and then he gets desperate and says 'Yes'.

Well, I may say tonight, on behalf of the guests, that there is no question of any doubt about your verdict. The verdict is a unanimous one and includes sincere thanks for your hospitality, the good food, the excellent drink, the splendid company, and to you Mr. Murray Napier, our gratitude for the kind things which you have said about my fellow guests and about myself. I don't have to do as a client of mine once did—this was in my early days and it was a rather difficult case—and I said to him 'Well, Mr. Finkelbaum, what are you going to say about so and so?' His reply rather flabbergasted me, it was 'Say, I say whatever you tell me to say, I say vatever vins the case'. (Laughter) The case for the guests needs no winning.

There are two numbered among the guests tonight of whom perhaps, surprisngly, even the Judge, to put it in the colloquial, is 'feartie', my Bank Manager and my Minister. (Laughter)

I am racing to get the Minister out of the way. (Laughter) It wasn't Ian Miller who was sleeping peacefully in his bed one night when there was a cry outside 'Minister, Minister'. So the Minister got out of his bed—it was about 2 o'clock in the morning—and he said 'Sandy, what is it?'. 'Minister, I canna sleep'. 'Oh! awa Sandy, it's no me ye'r wanting; its the doctor, awa to the doctor'. 'No, Minister, it's no that. I canna sleep for thinking of the awfu' schisms in the kirk of God'. 'Oh! Sandy, that's a very rare sentiment, but awa hame and come back after four tomorrow and we'll talk it over, and Sandy, when ye come tomorrow, see that you're sober'. 'Minister, it's no use, for when I'm sober I dinna give a darn about the schisms'. (Laughter)

Perhaps among the guests tonight I ought to include the spirit of Robert Burns. He would, I think, undoubtedly have been a guest and not a Member because in one of my treasured possessions, the 1808 Kilmarnock Edition of the 'Collected Works and Sayings of Burns' there appears as an introduction to one of the parts, 'Observations, thoughts, songs, scraps of poetry, etc. by Robert Burns; a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping it, but was, however, a man of some sense'. Well, he would not have commended himself to Mr. Anderson, my Bank Manager, nor do I think he would probably have survived your Rule 21. 'If a Receiving Order in Bankruptcy be made against any Member, he shall *ipso facto*, cease to be a Member of the Society, but the Council shall have power to reinstate him, on such terms as it may decide'. (Laughter)

Burns hadn't a great love of lawyers. He might perhaps have taken a better view of the Scots lawyers than of the English, just as it may be that some take a better view of the Scots Law than the English Law, but I am happy to be able to report to you that no less than four of my brother judges on the High Court bench at the present time are Scotsmen. In addition, the Lord Chancellor is a Scotsman, and when he interviewed me he asked if I was willing to take an appointment, as is done before it is put forward to Her Majesty, and indicated that any Scot would be strengthening the English judiciary. (Laughter)

Now, I have one complaint about my work at the present time and it is this. I'm sitting for the time being in the Probate Divorce and Admiralty Division, and next door to me just now, in the next door court, one of my fellow judges is trying a case in Admiralty. Although he is a greater expert—indeed at one time he was a ship's Captain—he has three Trinity Brethren to sit as assessors to help him. Now, there am I next door, I know nothing at all about women and I'm trying divorce. (Laughter) I have long thought that it would be proper for divorce judges to have assessors to sit with them, females perhaps, but who better than Robert Burns? I might even be able to get my judgments written in verse! You see, a divorce judge isn't supposed to know anything at all, can't even have judicial knowledge. So you see, Mr. President, we have to go very circumspectly and I think I know what that word means because in my early days I heard one of these famous old Scottish sermons, now unhappily rare, which ran something like this. Our text for this morning is from the Book of Deuteronomy. At the eleventh chapter, the twelfth verse, you will find written the words 'They encompassed the wall circumspectly'. Brethren, before we go on to consider the theological aspect of this text let us tak' a wee homely illustration of tha long word 'circumspectly'. There was once a man, it doesna' matter whether he was a black man or a white man or a yellow man, he was a man all the same. Brethren, that man had a garden, it doesn't matter whether it was a flower garden or a vegetable garden or a tattie garden, it was a garden all the same. Around his garden to keep out the evilly disposed, what did he do but build a great big wall, a stone wall, a wooden wall, a brick wall, it was a wall all the same. In the middle of the night, it doesna' matter whether it was a starry night, or a moonlight night or a bad night, it was a night all the same, there came a wee bit cat; doesna' matter whether it was a tom cat, a manx cat or a tabby cat, it was a cat all the same. Now on top of his wall he had put wee bits of broken bottles, soda water bottles, ginger beer bottles or whisky bottles, they were bottles all the same. Brethren, can you no picture to yourselves that wee bit pussy putting his wee bit feet in atween the bits of broken bottles—there was a cat that was walking circumspectly. (Loud Laughter) The children's hymn is No. 622 'Do no sinful action'. (Laughter)

Now I was rather horrified when I looked up the correspondence that I had with you Mr President, and I saw that I was expected to speak for fifteen minutes. I know very well that you, as well as any other audience that has to appear before me as judge, is always hoping for a few short sentences and no more, (laughter) and I think that if I do otherwise it would be a breach of your Rule 2, that there should be the promotion of good fellowship tonight. Sir John, even your two

doctors with their penicillin would be able to diagnose the health of a lawyer. I am told in medical circles that it's simple and infallible—if his mouth is shut he's dead. I am not dead but it's time my mouth was shut, and on behalf of the guests here tonight—thank you! (Applause)

* * *

Two new members, Bro. Caledonians The Rev. J. Fraser McLuskey, M.C., B.D., Minister of St. Columba's Church, and D. M. Kennedy were received by the President.

Mr. Donald Campbell, who possessed a splendid bass voice, sang 'Ye Banks and Braes', 'The Deil's awa' with the Exciseman', 'Craigie-burn Wood', 'My Love is but a lassie yet' and 'Duncan Gray'. He was accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., in his usual efficient manner.

The selections of Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., were 'Cabar Feidh', 'Thick lies the Mist on Yonder Hill', 'Hey! Ho! My Bonnie Lass', 'I hae a Wife o' My Ain' and the Society's Strathspey.

Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem ended a memorable evening.

* * *

At the business meetings held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, on 15th February, 1962, President T. M. Munro occupied the Chair. The death on 28th February of Bro. Caledonian William G. Gray was reported. The Honorary Secretary intimated that the sympathy of the Council and Members had been conveyed to Mrs. Gray and her family. Past President John M. Swan paid a warm tribute to the memory of Bro. Caledonian Gray.

It was agreed that, at the President's discretion, an annual toast (to which there would be no reply) should be proposed to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

When the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner following the business meetings, the President reminded the Members that this month marked the completion of 125 years of the Society's existence. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of a century and a quarter, the Society continued to fulfil its principal objects—the promoting of good fellowship amongst Scots in London and the support of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

In calling on Mr. H. B. Boyne to deliver his Sentiment

SOME SECRETARIES OF STATE

the President stated that Mr. Boyne had for many years been political correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* and that last year he had been elected Chairman of the Parliamentary Press Gallery. He was therefore well qualified in the subject on which he had chosen to speak tonight.

Mr. Boyne, who was received with applause, said—

One of the many things which enhanced my pleasure on the only previous occasion I have had the honour of dining

with you, was your choice of the word 'Sentiment' for what is known in less percipient company as an address. This appealed to me because, out of long and bitter experience as a reporter. I am convinced that anyone who wants to listen to a speech after a good dinner has little regard for either the speaker's intelligence or his own digestion.

But to indulge in a Sentiment is something else again. All Scots are sentimental, in the sense of Henry Mackenzie's 'Man of Feeling', and Highlanders like you, Mr President, and myself perhaps most of all. So you will bear with me, I hope, if I attempt to share with you some of the feelings I have formed for a succession of Scotland's Ministers, the Secretaries of State.

Entirely because I happened to become a journalist, earning my living in Inverness, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow and London, I have come into contact with all fourteen who have borne that title since it was first conferred in 1926.

You will be relieved to hear that I have no intention of inflicting upon you a character-study of each and every one. But it may be of some interest to the older ones among you—my contemporary fuddy-duddies, shall I say—just to run through the names: The late Sir John Gilmour, the late Willie Adamson, Viscount Thurso (formerly Sir Archie Sinclair), the late Sir Godfrey Collins, the late Walter Elliot, the late Lord Clydesmuir (formerly Sir John Colville), Ernest Brown, Tom Johnston, the Earl of Rosebery, the late Joe Westwood, Arthur Woodburn, the late Hector McNeil, Viscount Findhorn (formerly James Stuart), and Jack MacLay, who has held office continuously since 1957.

To my mind, it is an illustrious roll, and one that would compare favourably in talent, and certainly in industry, with that of any other Cabinet post over the same period. This prompts me to wonder whether young Scotsmen interested in politics sufficiently appreciate that they are at a distinct advantage, from the viewpoint of gaining office, over those whose parents have been less discriminating about birthplace and upbringing.

There are now under the aegis of the Scottish Office seven ministerial posts, and in recent times, because Scotland has largely re-acquired its national identity, it has become almost unthinkable that anyone without a Scottish background should be appointed to any of them. Even if you leave out the two Law Offices—because they must be filled by advocates—

and allow for the fact that the Minister of State is usually a peer (he can, of course, be made one for the purpose), this means that at least four Government posts, including a seat in the Cabinet, are always open to Scotland's 71 M.P.s.

Practically speaking, they are open to something like half that number at a time, according to which party happens to be in power, so the ratio of hits to misses is no worse than about one in nine.

In addition, Scots are as liable as Englishmen or Welshmen, and a good deal more liable than Ulstermen, to be chosen for other posts in the Government; for example, look at Viscount Kilsmuir, Lord Home, Iain MacLeod, Lord John Hope, Lord Dundee, Lord Perth, Hugh Fraser (I mean the scion of the House of Lovat, not the founder of the House of Fraser), Niall Macpherson, John George; or, for that matter, the Prime Minister.

All in all, I should say the young Scottish politician has a pretty good 'each way' chance of advancement. And if I may be sententious instead of sentimental for a moment, I hope you will occasionally impress upon young Scotsmen and Scotswomen that politics, despite all the mud thrown at that despised calling through the ages, is a noble pursuit well worthy of their serious attention.

I am convinced that there is no better or quicker way of advancing Scotland's interests than getting the best of her men and women, irrespective of party, to represent her in Parliament.

However, I am straying away from Dover House, that little bit of Scotland in Whitehall. Incidentally, to call Scotland's London headquarters Dover House, while the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police is called Scotland Yard, is typical of authority's unfairness to strangers and taxi-drivers. I know that it is one of the architectural gems of London, with all sorts of historic associations to justify its name, but I still think it ought to be called 'Scottish House'; or, if that is too reminiscent of a tartan emporium, why not 'Caledonian House'?

What does its principal occupant, the Secretary of State, do for his 'munificent' salary of £5,750 a year (£1,250 less, by the way, than that of his No. 1 civil servant)?

I am reminded that when James Stuart was Secretary of State under Winston Churchill, who, you may remember, made a temporary cut in ministerial salaries *pour encourager*

les autres, he was asked by someone if he really thought he earned his £4,000 a year.

'I don't know about earning it,' James replied, 'but I know I bloody well spend it.'

Apropos of this, he once told me that when he was acting as a sort of combined P.P.S. and A.D.C. to Churchill, then 'in the wilderness', he accompanied him in a taxi from his flat in Ashley Gardens to the dentist. The fare was three and ninepence, and neither of them had enough money on him to pay. I always think it is one of the signs of sublime aristocratic self-confidence to be able to wander about London without visible means of support.

To return to the Secretary of State, quite literally he does everything from reprieving a murderer to answering letters from Americans asking where they can get haggis or malt whisky.

One fact which long experience of Scottish affairs has taught me is that he gets the blame for everything that goes wrong in Scotland, and the credit for nothing that goes right. For instance, I wonder if the countless thousands of Scots who daily note progress on the Forth road bridge and the Whiteinch tunnel ever give a thought to James Stuart and Jack Maclay, who had to labour hard and long to get these projects through the Cabinet. And though the inception of the great North of Scotland hydro-electric schemes is rightly associated with the name of Tom Johnston, I doubt if it is sufficiently realised that his successors at the Scottish Office have had to wage a constant battle for the prodigal amount of finance needed for their development. In my opinion, this is at least one field in which the Secretaries of State have secured 'most favoured nation' treatment for Scotland. No wonder it used to be said at the Treasury that they ran to take in the cat's milk and hide the coal-scuttle whenever they heard the Scottish Office coming.

I think everyone who has been Secretary of State since the War would agree that he is the busiest Minister in the Cabinet—not excluding the Prime Minister. Mr. Macmillan would certainly not claim that he works any harder than Jack Maclay. In fact, he assured me a few months after taking office that he found the job of Prime Minister less arduous than any of the departmental posts he had held. 'You have more time to think,' he explained. 'Your work really amounts to little more than exercising your judgment. There is not so

much sheer drudgery about it. And in the last resort, you are responsible only to the Queen.'

The Secretary for Scotland, on the other hand, is constantly trying to catch up with the unforgiving minute—in both senses of that word. He has his full share in the collective responsibility of the Cabinet, which means an average of two meetings a week plus several committees. He regularly has to answer a most formidable list of questions in the House. Because Scotland always figures prominently in the legislative programme, he has to take part in more debates, both on the Floor and Upstairs, than most other Ministers. And he is frequently in the train or plane between London and Scotland, where he is greatly in demand to meet deputations, carry out extensive tours, and discharge, sometimes in personal attendance on the Queen, the functions implied in the proud designation, 'One of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State'. For he is not only the 'Viceroy of Scotland, but a State Secretary, authorised to act, if need be, for any of the other six.

What makes the job so peculiarly arduous and time-consuming is that the Secretary of State does for Scotland the work distributed in England and Wales among eight Ministers—Lord Chancellor, Home Secretary, Agriculture and Fisheries, Health, Education, Housing and Local Government, Power, and Transport; plus some parts of other portfolios, such as Trade, Labour, and Aviation. I wonder what Daniel Defoe would have thought of this catalogue. Some 250 years ago, soon after the Act of Union, the chronicler of Alexander Selkirk was arguing that the appointment of a Secretary only preserved the 'separateness' of Scotland. The office, according to him, had already become 'the centre of the hungry solicitations natural to . . . a poor, craving and importunate people.'

I know some English Ministers, particularly in the neighbourhood of Great George Street, who would still be inclined to say 'Hear, hear' to that.

The Scottish Office as we know it to-day was conceived by the Liberals and delivered by the Conservatives, who have a natural talent for midwifery where political ideas are concerned.

It was Lord Rosebery, the present Earl's father, who finally persuaded Gladstone that a full Secretaryship for Scotland was required. Though Salisbury succeeded Gladstone in

1885, before the necessary bill could become law, his Government adopted Rosebery's measure.

And so we come down, through a gradually broadening process of administrative devolution, to the establishment of the full-ranking Secretaryship of State in 1926, the creation of a division of the Scottish Office in Edinburgh in 1935, and the opening of St. Andrew's House as Scotland's major headquarters in 1939. Since then the heart and centre of the Scottish Office have been on Calton Hill, not in Whitehall.

Dover House has become a kind of advance command post, used primarily for liaison with other Government departments and to facilitate the Parliamentary business of Scottish Ministers.

I would now like to turn to personal reminiscence of some of those gentlemen.

The first I got to know fairly well was Willie Adamson, to whom Ramsay MacDonald entrusted the Scottish Office in both minority Labour Governments. This old collier from Fife, one of the finest exemplars of Scotland's true nobility I have ever known, ought to have finished up in the House of Lords. In 1929 it was Ramsay's intention to send him there as titular Secretary of State, with Tom Johnston doing most of the real work in the Commons. Tom was willing and so was Willie.

But when he asked permission to tell his wife and son, Ramsay exclaimed: 'Your son? Your son? I didn't know you had a son. We'll have to call the whole thing off. I make it a rule not to create peers who have heirs to inherit their titles.' Poor Willie should have lived on, like Davie Kirkwood, to the more enlightened times of Earl Attlee.

Willie was none of your ram-stam, revolutionary Socialists, reckless of precedent and the public purse. If there was a song in his heart, it was 'Bide a wee.' His caution in answering Parliamentary questions became almost proverbial.

Only the other day Mr. D. N. Chester, Warden of Nuffield College, Oxford, whose new book on 'Questions in the House' has had such an excellent reception, was reminding me of this. He cited the classic instance of Willie's treatment of supplementaries: 'that he would give the matter due consideration'. Everybody thought he was floored when one tormentor countered this by asking: 'Will the Rt. Hon. Gentleman, after he has added due consideration to the due

consideration he has previously promised, give due consideration to the advisability of answering the question?’

Willie was not a whit perturbed; ‘I will give the point raised by the Hon. Member due consideration,’ he solemnly replied.

I mentioned just now Tom Johnston, the one-time fire-brand editor of ‘Forward’ and lampoonist of ‘Our Noble Families’ who has become Scotland’s most revered Elder Statesman. I suppose most people would reckon him the greatest Secretary of State of our generation, perhaps of all time. But Tom would be the first to admit that his great achievements were considerably eased by the climate of opinion in which they were carried out.

The wisest thing he ever did was to accept, early in 1941, Winston Churchill’s invitation to ‘make history instead of writing it.’ By joining the Coalition Government he was able to put into practice his ideal of non-partisan political co-operation for Scottish national ends.

In war-time it was possible, without any surrender of principle on either side, to take normally contentious issues outside the area of party strife. For instance, the immense concept of a non-profitmaking public corporation to harness Highland locks and rivers for electricity, cutting across many private interests and traditional prejudices, was practically unopposed. It reached the Statute Book without a division in either House—the first time, I believe, that any major Scottish measure had done so since the Reform Bill of 1832.

Tom Johnston’s political acumen lay in his idea of forming a ‘Council of State’, composed of all living ex-Secretaries for Scotland irrespective of party. Having secured Winston’s promise to look kindly upon any project on which they were unanimous, he was home and dry. His was the driving force, but I know he would wish to share the credit with his five co-adjutors. Two of them, Lord Thurso and Mr. Ernest Brown, are still alive, though now out of public life.

My happiest memory of Archie Sinclair was when he drove me, a callow young reporter on *The Inverness Courier*, all over the far North in the last stages of Lloyd George’s ‘Land’s End to John o’ Groats’ campaign. He was a Fangio in his little Fiat, a charming host, and, for my money, the handsomest man Scotland ever sent to Westminster.

As for Ernest Brown, his greatest claims to fame among journalists were his stentorian voice and extreme rapidity of

speech. As an old chief of mine used to say, he was 'hellish fluent'. But if you could not always keep up with him in shorthand, you could invariably hear him. The story is told of Baldwin passing his room one day and inquiring, 'Who is Ernest shouting at?' 'He's talking to Scotland,' someone explained. 'Why doesn't he use the telephone?' asked Baldwin innocently. Brown, a Devonian, was the last English politician to be given the Scottish Office, and Lord Rosebery's brief spell in the Caretaker Government of 1945 was the last Secretaryship for Scotland outside the Commons.

It is almost inconceivable to me, given the present trend of Scottish opinion, that either of these things could ever happen again. But in view of Harold Macmillan's inspired choice of Lord Home for the Foreign Office one cannot be quite certain.

Another of Tom Johnston's Council of State was Walter Elliot, whose premature death was one of the great griefs of my time in the Commons. I think it was Michael Foot, that savagely brilliant pamphleteer, who dubbed Walter 'Yesterday's Man of To-morrow.' It is true that he never attained in politics the heights of which he was capable. The very top of the greasy pole, as Disraeli called it, was not beyond his reach. If he fell short of the highest expectations, it was not through any lack of natural gifts: rather it was because of his over-endowment of talent and the careless generosity with which he diffused it.

I wrote recently, in *The Daily Telegraph*, about Westminster's constant search for ideas. Ten minutes' conversation with Walter Elliot would yield half-a-dozen of them. All you had to do was listen. When he and Will Darling were together—and Will, by the way, would in my opinion have made a most stimulating Secretary of State—it was a feast of wit and reason.

Perhaps Walter's favourite story was the one that linked him with Tom Johnston. It was about the English army that crossed the Border and put the Scots to flight, taking their horses, cattle and sheep with them but leaving one small girl behind. She proved a model prisoner-of-war, refusing to answer a single question. In desperation the Chaplain was produced to try and wheedle some information out of her. 'Surely there are some Christians here?' he asked benignly. 'Nane hereabouts,' replied the wee lass, 'only Johnstons and

Elliot's.' I wonder if Walter, rest his soul, told that one to St. Peter.

Among those whom one might call the 'contemporary' Secretaries of State, in the sense that they are still more or less active in politics, I doubt whether justice has been done to Arthur Woodburn. He was slung out of office after two or three years by Lord Attlee, a Prime Minister who could be absolutely ruthless when internal stresses of Cabinet-making seemed to make a change convenient. But Arthur has remained, to his great credit, an extremely loyal member of his party, never stooping, like some foxy little contemporaries, to spoil the vines of leadership, and always putting the interests of his country and of humanity above every personal consideration.

The present system of partial devolution of Scottish business in the House of Commons, by which the Grand Committee, almost a Scottish Parliament, is busy for most of the session with Scottish Bills and Estimates, owes much to procedural reforms introduced by Arthur Woodburn. He helped to steer Scotland's ship of state through waters which, at that time, were made very choppy by a breeze of almost chauvinistic nationalism.

His enthusiasm for health and hygiene had its share in the largely successful drive to eradicate tuberculosis, a scourge of Scotland. He was also personally responsible, against obdurate opposition in high places, for initiating Scotland's own medical research organisation. And he saved Glen Affric from a contractor who planned to denude it of trees. For that alone I think we can grant him honourable mention.

Arthur's successor, Hector McNeil, was rather a close friend of mine, with the same journalistic background. Indeed, he always remained a journalist. Not very long before his untimely death I met him in the Lobby one night and congratulated him on a brilliant obituary sketch of Vyshinsky, his old adversary at the United Nations, which had appeared in *The Daily Express* that morning. He was delighted. 'You know,' he said, 'I believe I could still earn my corn in newspapers. I wrote that piece, about 1100 words, in just under 50 minutes from the moment the Express rang up. Sheila (his wife) dictated it over the telephone page by page.'

Only a few months later, with almost equal haste, I was writing his own obituary. News of his death in New York had reached us during a Labour Party conference. Because of the

downfall of the second Attlee Government, Hector was not at the Scottish Office long enough to impress it, as they say, with his own 'image'. But his eager, questing spirit, his readiness to 'try anything once', were a tonic. Had he lived to see the return of Labour to power (assuming, indeed, that any of us do), I don't think the Scottish Office would have been the top of the tree for him. More than any other Secretary of State in my time, except perhaps Walter Elliot or Lord Thurso, the world was his footstool. He would assuredly have become Foreign Secretary, and possibly Prime Minister.

As I near the end of what has been for me rather a sentimental journey, you are entitled to ask me whom I consider the best Secretary of State I have known. My personal favourite is the one who stayed the course longest—James Stuart; five and a half years in office, and the longer he stayed the better he was liked by the House, by the Press Gallery, and most of all by the Scottish Office itself. James, if he will forgive me, is a card—a court card. His air of elegant bewilderment is deceptive. In fact he possesses one of the shrewdest minds in politics, and he knew the House of Commons as few men in our turbulent generation have known it. He also loved it, in a way that I somehow think he will never come to love the Lords.

One night about 10.30 Jack Browne, then his P.P.S. and now Lord Craigton, Minister of State, joined me in the Lobby and said, with amused irritation, 'Really, James is impossible—I've just seen him in the Smoking Room.' 'Well, what about it?' I asked. 'That's surely a very natural place for him to be.' 'In the ordinary way, yes,' Jack admitted. 'But I went to endless trouble to-day to get him a pair from 7 p.m., and now I find he's never left the building.' The fact is, the aristocratic Conservative James Stuart was happiest in the most democratic, non-partisan place in the House.

He was not only Churchill's most trusted crony—he was the crony of every Member who came up to his own standards of decency and good-fellowship. It was not for nothing that Winston's acute sense of history dictated the choice of 'a Stuart for Scotland'. James was one of the most influential men in that Cabinet, and was, I fancy, closer to the ear of the Prime Minister than any other member of it. That was why Scotland did so well under his stewardship, which saw the planting of many seeds only now coming to fruition. And as any senior

Civil Servant who dealt with him will tell you, he always knew his own mind.

When the Opposition battered him at the Despatch Box I used to remember, as I daresay he did, the old sergeant-major's maxim: 'Right or wrong, stand still!' A former Chief Whip, head of the 'Silent Service', he simply hated speaking in the House, or indeed anywhere in public. He once wrote me a note excusing himself from a lunch appointment because the business had been unexpectedly changed and he had to 'wind up' on a Scottish bill that night. 'To tell you the truth,' he said, 'When I have a speech to make I am fit company for neither man nor beast. I get labour pains—although, as you know only too well, they are not in my case evidence of an interesting condition.'

As time went on, the House came to relish James's speeches, largely for the bland, self-deprecating way he had with interrupters. He developed self-criticism to the point where everybody was constrained to take his side. He was the only Scottish Minister in my time who had English and foreign correspondents (should I have said 'other' foreign correspondents?) flocking into the Gallery for pleasure.

His successor, Mr. Jack MacLay, now well into his sixth year, bids fair to surpass James's record length of service as Secretary of State. He is also maintaining, sometimes at the cost of great physical strain, the extremely high standard of industry and judgment which the office demands.

The 'Sentiment' I offer you, Mr. President and gentlemen, is that no Prime Minister will ever be free from what Walpole and Duncan Forbes of Culloden concurred in calling the 'nuisance' of a Scots Secretary.

And let the Scottish Office—and here I quote Sir David Milne, one of the ablest Permanent Secretaries—be ready, ay ready 'to bark, and if need be to bite, when it senses danger to Scottish interests'.

The President expressed appreciation of a most enlightening and interesting Sentiment, for which the Members, by their loud and prolonged applause, had indicated their gratitude.

THE HOSPITALITY OF THE CELTS

Past President Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., who was entrusted with the toast of the Guests, complimented Mr. H. B. Boyne on his excellent Sentiment to which they had all listened with pleasure. He then, in a most amusing speech, welcomed a number of other guests, including Mr. Duncan McIntyre, who had given the Society no fewer than three

Sentiments, Sir John Tait who had responded to the toast of the Guests on at least three occasions, Rev. L. O. Williams, B.A., an old friend, Rev. Norman Birnie, M.A., a graduate of Aberdeen University whose first charge was Bannockburn, Dr. T. B. Dunn, a Consulting Physician and a native of Stirling, and Mr. Alexander M. Wallace, B.A., Barrister-at-Law, a native of Edinburgh and Vice-Chairman of the Directors of the Royal Caledonian Schools, who was responding to the toast.

Sir George, in referring to the Celts concluded his speech with these words:—

Everywhere the etiquette of precedence and hospitality was observed. Seating at the feast was according to rank and prowess. Strangers were fed before their business was inquired, and everyone had his appropriate joint of meat. In Ireland it was a leg of pork for a king, a haunch for a queen and the boar's head for a charioteer.

A similar system obtained on the Continent and Athenaeus says that the thigh went to the best man present. He also noted with approval their cleanly if voracious way of eating, but added that the refinements of the banquet lay in the musical and oral contributions.

He hoped that the Society had not failed to equal the etiquette of the Celts! (Applause)

THE PRESSURE TO CONFORM

In the course of his reply to the toast Mr. Alexander M. Wallace said—

During the admirable speech to which we have just listened it occurred to me that one of the features of modern living in this country today is what I might call the pressure to conform. You see it almost everywhere. One's only got to think of our entertainment and consider the effect of television—you see it there. You see it in politics. Where now is the really independent Member of Parliament that we used to know and admire a few decades ago? And you see it in big business. Are not takeovers, consolidations, with us on every hand and are not things getting a bit monolithic there?—pressure to conform. And lastly, do you not see it in the world at large? Think of the terrific pressures to which the world is subjected in this atomic age. I need not enlarge upon them, they are only too painfully obvious to us all.

The author of the Sentiment tonight said very truly that Scots people are sentimentalists, and of course, all of us know that that is right, but that is not the only quality we Scots have, because those who are here tonight and very particularly your guests, know that another essential quality of the Scot is his delight in convivial hospitality. Now, I know that all my fellow guests for whom I am speaking, will most cordially agree with me when I say that we have enjoyed that quality of yours to the full on this most delightful occasion. (Applause)

Bro. Caledonian R. L. McMurtrie, a new Member, was received by the President.

The musical programme was provided by Mr. D. McConnachie who sang 'McGregor's Gathering', 'Bonnie Strathyre', 'Scotland Yet' and

'The Bonnie Lass of Ballochmyle'. Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., in his usual efficient manner, accompanied the singer.

On this occasion the Pipe Major gave the following selection—'The Highland Regiment at Tel-el-Kabir,' 'Climbing Duniquaich,' 'General Stewart of Garth,' 'Graig Millar Castle' and the Society's Strathspey.

A most entertaining evening ended with Auld Lyng Syne and the National Anthem.

* * *

The usual business meetings were held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington on 15th March, 1962, when President T. M. Munro occupied the Chair. The only important business was the election of a new member, Sir James Miller, D.L., J.P., LL.D., who was Lord Provost of Edinburgh from 1951 to 1954 and is now an Alderman of the City of London.

When the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner following the business meetings, the President invited the Rev. H. Burns Jamieson, H.C.F., M.A., Minister of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Wimbledon to deliver his Sentiment on

MINISTERIAL MISADVENTURES

After some introductory remarks, Mr. Burns Jamieson said:

First of all we have to deal with folk. That creates for a Minister, a constant interest because there is nothing quite so absorbing as folk, but it also demands from a Minister a great love of humanity. We deal with folks at all the important moments of their lives. We are sometimes called in naturally, at other times by the three-wheelers. We are brought in at the three points in their life when they come to be baptised, when they get married and when they die—three times they are certain to be on wheels. (Laughter.)

Weddings are a constant source of difficulty and hazard for a Minister. It even starts when they get on to the seemingly unimportant job of choosing the hymns. I remember when I was at Ealing the organist came to me and said, 'Here's another couple who are trying to break away from the tum, tum te tum—they want the Water Music to come in to—and I've had to go and buy it'—she wasn't very pleased about that, —'and they want the Eriskay Love Lilt to go out to'. I asked them why they wanted the Water Music and do you know why they had made the poor organist go and buy it?—because it happened to be Boat-Race Day—for no other reason! (Loud Laughter.) And then, when the end of the service came—you see how daft people can be—they tried to walk out in a dignified way to the Eriskay Love Lilt. It is difficult to roll down

the aisle with dignity, having hiccups every fourth step. (Laughter.)

I think probably my most exciting adventure or misadventure as regards a wedding, was one August when I was in Ealing. A neighbouring Minister was going on holiday and I was available to take a wedding for him on the Saturday of August Bank Holiday. I said, 'Can you tell me anything about them?' 'No!' he replied, 'I have never seen them before and I don't know why they have come to us to get married'. I was furious when I discovered that that was the day on which Sweethouse was running the six miles, or three miles I forget which, at White City and I wanted to see this race. Well, we went off, the family and some friends, to the White City and saw the seven mile walk, and then realising that I could just get back, if everything went right, to see the flying Dutchman run his race, I made my way to the church. But the Registrar hadn't arrived. When I saw the party I was a bit worried. It was the time of the broad shoulders and the barrow boys and it really was the best bunch of those I had ever seen. I asked them if they wanted any hymns—no they didn't know any hymns; they wouldn't have any hymns. The organist was there. He played right through his repertoire and came down and said 'I don't know any more; what'll I do?' I said 'Start again, away back up to the organ and get on with it.' He said 'I'm jolly well going to charge my full fee; it's Bank Holiday and I'm spending it here.' I said 'All right, you charge your full fee—we'll see about it afterwards.'

Well, we got through the wedding and they all went into the vestry. The Registrar was there. He filled up his forms and issued the marriage certificate and then said 'Now, what about fees?' He got his, and I said to the church officer 'What's the organist's fee?' He replied 'Two guineas'. So the best man put his hand into his hip pocket, this lad, and drew out a wad of notes such as I have never seen in my life. He pulled off a couple, gave them to the church officer, took out a handful of silver, found a florin and gave it to him. The Registrar had come out too. He asked the church officer what was the Minister's fee in this church, and he said a guinea. Well, I stuck my neck out, because I was a bit fed up—I knew I had missed the race by this time—so I said 'Well, I have heard of places where the man who plays you up the aisle and down the aisle is twice as important as the man who marries you and where the music is twice as important as the actual wedding service,

but I never thought I'd land up in one'. This young lad of nineteen looked at me, listened to all this, and then solemnly put his hand in his hip pocket, took out a wad of notes, pulled out one, put his wad back and took out his handful of silver, found a shilling, and handing it to me said 'If I were you I'd learn to play the organ before the next wedding, Chum'. (Loud Laughter.)

Weddings are all very well, but what I can't understand as a Presbyterian Minister, is how we ever get anybody to marry—at least from our own congregations—because Scotsmen are so shy and inhibited about expressing themselves. How a retiring Scotsman ever gets to the point of saying 'Will you?' beats me. One chap I knew solved it. He was very fond of a lass in Glasgow. He used to take her on Saturday afternoons to the streets where the shops were shut, and look at the windows. He found that she responded and re-acted rather nicely and he thought he would go a stage further because he really wanted to get a wee bit nearer to her. So they went to Queen Street Station and there he spent the afternoon—this was before they had platform tickets—going on to every platform where a train was leaving. He had noticed that when the guard blew his whistle and waved his flag, folk took hold of the person they were saying goodbye to and kissed them. So he spent the afternoon taking this lass on the platforms from which the trains were leaving, and when the guard blew his whistle and waved the flag he gave her a kiss. He was getting on like a fire when a porter came up to him and said 'Eh, ma man, if I were you I wad awa down to the subway, there's a train there every twa minutes'. (Laughter.)

Then there is this hazard of doing things in public. Every service is a hazard. We have a children's service which is properly called 'Promotion Service'—it is more commonly known as 'Commotion Service', the sort of service where everything can go wrong. Of course, things can go wrong even before you get into the church. There is such a thing as a beadle and, well, I don't want to add to the stories about beattles, so many stories have been told about them. But the one I think I like best is about a very well known Minister in Scotland who was a huge man. He went to preach somewhere and the beadle was helping him on with his gown. The beadle sort of whipped his belt on his front and said 'Hang on to that end, I'll be roond in a minute' (Laughter). Well, that's not the sort of remark to put you at your ease as you are going into church.

Hymns of course are notorious pitfalls. You may not believe this, I wouldn't have believed it if it hadn't actually happened to me last year. I went down to preach at a well known public school in the West Country and I couldn't keep a straight face when they announced the hymn immediately before I was to preach. It was, 'Christian seek not yet repose' (Laughter)—and the hymn after the sermon was, 'Awake, awake my Soul'. (Laughter)

I would like to get on to what was a real misadventure in my life. This happened about 1936 when some fellows in my congregation on Tyneside said that the Territorial Army was an awfully nice social institution and would I not come and be their Chaplain. It was the 50th Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers—a fine lot of chaps who had a camp each year and a dance in the winter. I said 'Yes'. Little did I know that in three years the army would be completely different, not a social thing any more. I became the Church of Scotland Chaplain for the whole of the 50th Division and I was attached to the Green Howards, a Yorkshire regiment. We had two Presbyterians—the two worst privates in the whole battalion—they were maybe only two but by Jove! I had my work cut out for the whole war. We went off to France in January, 1940.

We returned to England after Dunkirk and we reformed, and I suppose because there wasn't a 51st to send reinforcements to, or at that stage we were short of second line people, they sent a whole detachment of Camerons and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders to the 50th Division, the Durham Light Infantry and the Green Howards. So my proper congregation went up quite a bit and I enjoyed meeting them. We went out then and did a tour of the Middle East, the desert, then over to Cyprus, then the Holy Land and back to the desert, and then into the bag on the 1st June, the glorious 1st June, 1942, three weeks before Tobruk fell and there began what many people might call a misadventure. But like many other things in life which we look on as misadventures when they happen, I look back on it as one of the greatest adventures, and one of the best things that happened to me in the whole of my life. For a year in Italy and for two years in Germany, I was able to minister in P.O.W. camps. In Italy I found only a small group of Presbyterians in the camp I was in, in the South of Italy, but we had one Elder who was from New Zealand and so we were able to have a session. We did

everything as it should be and we had a Communion Service, and then, of course, as always happens in the army, just when everything gets set, somebody decides to move someone. So they moved this New Zealander away, but I had a fellow there who I thought would make a good elder. He was a member of St. Giles in Edinburgh, and in a wee bedroom in this prison camp the eight occupants cleared their beds out and we turned it into a chapel for the day. I ordained this friend in prison as an elder of the church. It is interesting that in the year immediately after the war I was able to be in St. Giles when he was inducted—he didn't have to be ordained—as a Member of the Session of St. Giles Cathedral.

Then we were taken to Germany and there we really found a big group in the camp. I was the senior Chaplain and had twenty-two Chaplains under me. Now if you can think of a penal award that's it. There were about 1,000 prisoners and included in the twenty-two Chaplains were two Dutch Reformed, four Roman Catholics, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians. Each elder had two huts as his 'district'. We had Communion cards printed and we had certificates printed for those who joined in the profession of faith. We kept records of Sessions in Minutes and all the rest of it and all those records are now in the Record Department of the Church of Scotland.

That was a very real experience and one of the most interesting, one of the most worth-while that could befall anybody. I learned an awful lot about men and I learned an awful lot about myself in that period. The whole thing finished up at a place near Munich, where the Americans were attacking in that area. We were forgathering for the service that Sunday morning when suddenly bullets started flying about. We were not very well versed in handling bullets by this time, after three years, some of them after five years, and the bullets started flying across the Parade where we were going to have church. We disappeared into slit trenches and the Session clerk who was a fellow I had ordained in Italy, popped his head up and said 'Shall we postpone the service?' and got down again. 'No,' I said, 'We'll cancel it' and we never had it because we were out of prison very soon after.

Finally, you have heard of the sons of the Manse and so on. I have a son, but I've also a daughter. When she was very wee there was one Sunday in Ealing, in the midst of a prayer which she thought had gone on long enough and I happened

to stop for breath. A small childish voice from the Manse pew said loudly and quite definitely, 'Amen'. If she were here to-night she would have said it long ago. (Applause).

In expressing the members' thanks to Mr. Burns Jamieson, the President said that they had listened to a most humorous Sentiment, worthy of the speaker's high standards and of those of the Society.

GREAT JOY TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS

In proposing the toast of the Guests, Past President James R. Steele said—

The London Ayrshire Society has as its motto:

'The social, friendly, honest man;
What'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan
And none but he.'

These lines taken from Robert Burns' 'Second Epistle to Lapraik' may well be applied to members of the Caledonian Society who derive much pleasure in entertaining their guests and look upon it as one of the great joys of life. Socially the members do their best to extend those courtesies and fulfil the duties that are due from the host to the guest. New members are impressed by the friendly atmosphere and realise that there is good reason for members referring to each other as 'Brother Caledonians.' I hope that our guests have been conscious of the feeling of brotherhood extended to them as well as the warmth of our welcome. Whether Highlander or Lowlander, Aberdonian or Ayrshireman, all members claim to be honest men.

Past President Steele then endorsed the President's tribute to Mr. Burns Jamieson for his amusing and informative sentiment. He also welcomed a large number of guests including Mr. Henry J. Brewis, Member of Parliament for Galloway, Mr. Martin T. Flett, C.B. President of the Orkney and Shetland Society of London, and Deputy Under Secretary of State for Air, Capt. Geoffrey Wilson, C.B.E., R.N., (retired) Arthur F. Wallace, D.F.C., and Mr. Robert McEwan, who was responding to the toast of the guests. The latter, Past President Steele said, was a barrister, adopted last month as Unionist candidate for East Edinburgh, an expert in the law relating to monopolies and collaborator, with Lord Hailsham in 'Hailsham and McEwan on Monopolies, restrictive trade practices and retail price maintenance.' It was indeed a great pleasure to have the company of Mr. McEwan. (Applause)

CHARACTERISTICS OF SCOTS

In replying to the Guests' toast, Mr. Robert McEwan, after some preliminary observations, which included facetious remarks about his brothers, who were providing the musical programme, continued—
I would like to recall to you one incident which occurred not long ago in the City of Edinburgh. This takes us north to a football match which ended, as football matches sometimes tend to do, in a fight in which the principal missiles happened to be beer bottles. While this was going on, the attendants were trying to clear the ground. One of the attendants found a wee man under one of the benches cowering terrified and

unwilling to remove himself, and this attendant who had been in the war, remembering what used to be said about bombs and bullets and so on, said 'Come along, out you get, remember that the one that's going to hit you has your name on it,' and the wee man replied 'That's just the trouble, my name is McEwen.' (Laughter) I am sorry to say that my family can't claim to have any connection with that glorious liquid, but after all, Gentlemen, what's in a name? I remember when I was at the University that there was a student there—I think he was a Siamese—whose name was Apostrophe-H and this gave rise to some considerable trouble as you can imagine, among his friends and tutors as to what to call him. Eventually, one of the Dons who happened to have a friend at the Siamese Embassy, wrote to his friend and asked him what the answer to this difficulty was, and he received a reply which ran as follow. 'In Siamese, H when preceded by an apostrophe, is silent.' (Laughter)

However, it's not names that matter so much, it is knowing who people are and one can drop terrible bricks by not knowing. There's a particularly deplorable example of this, which arose in the Middle East recently when a great Sheik or Sultan gave an immense party for a number of his wives, concubines, friends and relations and visitors from all round. He didn't know everybody there, of course. He was a man of somewhat amorous disposition and during the progress of this feast his eyes happened to light upon a particularly pretty girl sitting right on the other side of the tent. He made his way over to her and engaged her in conversation of an increasingly intimate character and ended up by proposing to her, asking her to marry him, and she drew herself up with some hauteur and said, 'Well, I don't think my father would approve of that.' 'Why?' he asked, 'who is your father?' and she replied, 'You are!' (Laughter)

I have been trying to think of the characteristics which our countrymen display which make this kind of a gathering such a very enjoyable occasion for us all. I think perhaps one is a certain lack of formality and independence and not caring about the forms among legalistic and law-abiding English which we find around us. A Scotsman in London reminds one of the answer given by a Highland Crofter on one of those green agricultural forms when you are asked what your holding is, in which he inscribed the words, 'A small piece of land surrounded by regulations.'

Another characteristic I think, is a certain readiness to admit one's mistakes, a readiness not to be indignant when you are caught out. We are not, I think, like the lady who was heard at the end of the argument with her husband, saying 'I may have my faults but being wrong isn't one of them!' (Laughter)

Another example of what I mean—and this perhaps might appeal to the first speaker to whom I listened with very great interest—the small boy who had been required to do some divinity questions on the Old Testament, and he came back in a state of great rage having been given nought out of ten and had protested to his friends—How could he know that Dan and Beersheba were rivers, of course he had thought they were husband and wife like Sodom and Gomorrah! (Laughter)

I would like just to point out that I haven't committed the cardinal errors of either choosing a subject or of sticking to the point. I know

that these are both the two extra deadly sins. Gentlemen, I think with that I had better close, once again thanking you on behalf of myself and all the guests for a very highly enjoyable evening. (Applause)

TOAST TO HONORARY OFFICE BEARERS

In proposing the toast of the Honorary Office Bearers, the President reminded the members that the occasion was a special one, because in accordance with a recent resolution, the gold badge of the Society—our highest honour—was to be presented to Brother Caledonian William McCallum Miller.

The President then outlined the long service to the Society of Brother Caledonian Miller, viz. Honorary Treasurer from 1940 to 1945, Honorary Secretary from 1945 to 1960 and Honorary Historian from 1957 to date, and paid a warm tribute to the efficient and enthusiastic manner in which he had at all times discharged his duties.

To the other Honorary Office Bearers, Bro. Caledonians Robert Jardine, C. A., Hon. Treasurer, James H. Robertson, C.A., Hon. Auditor and George Deans, Hon. Secretary, the President expressed the members' gratitude.

When the toast had been drunk the President presented the gold badge of the Society to Bro. Caledonian W. M. Miller who acknowledged the President's generous tribute to all the Honorary Office Bearers, and added—'I am sure, Brother Caledonians that you will acquit me of affectation when I say that it is not without emotion that I have received this expression of your goodwill and regard. I am touched by your consideration and honoured by your generous action. Only once before in the long history of the Society, has the gold badge been presented to anyone other than a President and in that case it was given to the senior member. While I have not yet reached that stage, I am fast approaching it. I have served the Society for over twenty years and I have been glad of that privilege. I shall treasure this visible evidence of your valuation of my services and remember with gratitude the elegant manner in which you have recognised those services.'

* * *

Bro. Caledonian Robert Millar, C.B.E., a new Member was received by the President.

The musical programme was given by Mr. Rory and Mr. Alex McEwen, who made a welcome return, and whose contribution was greatly appreciated by the audience. Accompanying themselves on their guitars they sang, 'Lum Hat wantin' a Croon,' 'The Day we went to Rothesay,' 'Johnnie Lad,' 'Bonnie Ship the Diamond' and other songs.

On this occasion the selections of Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., were 'The Balmoral Highlanders,' 'Sandy King's Breeks,' 'The Mason's Apron' and 'Dark Lowers the Night,' and the Society's Strathspey.

The happy and interesting evening finished with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem. The piano accompaniment was provided by Bro. Caledonian the Rev. J. Fraser McLuskey, M.C., B.D.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL—1962

The social side of a successful season ended with the Annual Festival.

held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, on Thursday 12th April, 1962. There was a large attendance of Caledonians, their wives and friends, who were received by the President and Mrs. Munro.

SIR WILLIAM DUTHIE ON THE SOCIETY

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President invited the principal guest, Sir William Duthie, O.B.E., M.P. for Banffshire, to propose the toast of the Society.

Sir William referred first to the aims of the Society, particularly its charitable objects, which he emphasised had been scrupulously observed. He also reminded his listeners that in 1859 the Society had taken a leading part in the formation of the London Scottish Regiment. Continuing he said:

As an old Gordon Highlander I can claim slight foster father interests, as the London Scottish are a sept of the Gordon Highlanders. We in the Gordons feel like the Scottish father of ten sons who is being congratulated on his family by the Minister. 'Fine loons,' said the Father, 'never any worry tae their mither or me, in fact never had tae lift my haun tae them except in self defence.'

Sir William ended his speech with these words: While Commonwealth bonds are being put to new strains and stresses, eyes are turned to the Motherland. There is a great coalescing force of Scottish loyalty and in very truth a ready echo is found in all Scottish hearts to that lovely stanza in the Canadian Boat Song—

'From the lone shieling of the misty Islands
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides'

The toast, acknowledged by the President, was drunk with great enthusiasm.

THE GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian William Millar, the Vice-President, in submitting the toast of the Guests, welcomed Sir William Duthie—not a stranger to the Members—Capt. J. D. and Mrs. Mansfield-Robinson, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Montgomerie and Mr. Lockie who was replying to the toast, the last three all former colleagues of the President. Of Mr. Lockie the Vice-President said, I have known Mr. Lockie and known of his good works for over thirty years and it is a pleasure to see him once again

and to know that he has brought Mrs. Lockie with him. I should like to highlight the fact that he has been Charles Bruce Lecturer in Banking at Edinburgh University since 1946 so that he can solve any technical problems in banking for you, but I doubt if he has the answer to the perennial one of how to get an overdraft. To all our banking friends we say, 'May your customers always live within their means even though they have to borrow money to do so'. Early in his business life Mr. Lockie qualified as a Bachelor of Law at Edinburgh University and if he requires any support this evening he will find it in Mr. John H. Gibson, a Scot from Falkirk and Legal Secretary to the Lord Advocate.

After referring to a number of other guests Mr. Millar continued: Some of our other guests may be Scotsmen married to English wives. Some may be foreigners from England married to Scots lassies and so trying to acquire or achieve a distinction which they missed at birth. It has been said that the prime exports of Scotland are pretty girls and whisky. If any of the men present have sampled the pretty girls in matrimony and the whisky in profusion, then they must consider themselves lucky. I reversed the process and I don't like whisky either. My wife is going to reply for the Ladies. I hope you will like her. I wish I did, although our relations have not reached the stage of Mr. and Mrs. Long who parted because they couldn't get 'along'. (Laughter).

Having given the males somewhat summary treatment, I must concentrate on the lassies. Do you enjoy concentrating on women? I do but my powers of concentration do not appear to be as sustained as they once were. Perhaps they were overworked in my younger days! Do you ever pause to consider why or how you chose your wife, or what might be more interesting still, why she married you? I know a Butcher who, before he became engaged, measured the estimated cost of the wedding celebrations against the weight of his prospective bride. It came out at 1/11½d per lb., including subsidy, which he thought was quite cheap for the proposed exercise. (Laughter).

It was Matthew Arnold who wrote of the 'Englishman's heaven sent privilege of doing as he likes'. Should he not have added—'By kind permission of the Scots'? I don't know about that but on behalf of the Caledonian Society of London I should like to take this opportunity of paying a tribute to the kindly and tolerant English folk amongst whom we live.

The Scots in their time have been accused of many things, but no-one, so far as I know, while sober, has ever attributed to them the redeeming virtue of tolerance. But we hope you see in us at this Festival some of our better characteristics, and pleasure in entertaining our friends I would put high on the list. Some of you will remember that whimsical musical fantasy, 'Brigadoon'. Do you recall the Scottish parent in it whose daughter was about to be married? He desired the hospitality to be on a generous but not on a philanthropic scale. (Knowing the Highlands of Scotland I imagine he meant about one bottle per head). I hope our hospitality tonight has been adequate but not embarrassing. However, if any of our guests do feel a sense of embarrassment, the bar outside will be open after the President declares the official proceedings closed. You may then detect some effusiveness and responsiveness amongst your hosts which has not been visible so far. (Applause).

REPLY FOR THE LADIES

Mrs. William Millar, wife of the Vice-President in her reply to the toast, said: I am, I fear, getting too old for this job, as without glasses I cannot read notes, and with them can only see a horrid blur around me, within which there may or may not be a few people listening—most disconcerting. However, it is a simple and pleasurable task to thank you all for your kind hospitality.

It is frequently suggested by speakers at Ladies' Festivals that they are to some extent a peace offering, and gentle blackmail for the future. Gentlemen, we know that next winter you will all be missing again on each third Thursday of the month. It is said, 'A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men'. Not that the Members of the Caledonian Society of London would be flattered at having their activities described as nonsense. However, do not worry. Your wives approve of your 'little bits of nonsense' in the form of eating and drinking, but beyond that you proceed at your peril, and assuredly all approve of the worthy objects for which this Society was formed and continues its existence.

As for the Toast, Mr. Vice-President, I again encounter a difficulty. You see, I know, having been told so for nearly thirty years, that I am hopeless and helpless, idle and ignorant, extravagant and extraordinary. The nearest my husband can get to a compliment is something like, 'Oh you will do. I

could have done much better for myself, but I suppose you are not bad for your age'. (Laughter).

However, in this Company the large majority of the ladies, if not Scots, are at least married to them and will realise that when a Scotsman can bring himself to make us pretty speeches he must really mean it.

It is true that I am one of the kindly and tolerant folk amongst whom you Barbarians from the North live and perpetuate some of your tribal customs which we have seen to-night.

Mr. President, I too, though but a 'Puir English Body', am very sincere when I say how much I personally have enjoyed this evening, and I am sure each one of the ladies would wish me to say 'Thank you for having us'. (Applause).

CHANGING FASHIONS

Mr. John H. Lockie, B.L., who also responded to the toast of the Guests, said:

It has always been a great pleasure to me to visit London. I have come here since an early age and my first visit as a small boy was somewhat memorable and stands out to me rather vividly. I was staying in a large London hotel with my father and mother and, whether it was due to the barbarous custom of the time or because my father was a Naval Officer, I was dressed in what was known as a sailor suit. I had long baggy trousers, I had a blouse, I had a cap upon which I wore rather proudly a gold-lettered band with the words, 'H.M.S. Fish-guard', but above all I had a white lanyard at the end of which was attached a whistle.

Now, it had not escaped my observant eye that a gentleman, more gaudily dressed than I, who stood outside the hotel, also had a whistle and that with this whistle he did some rather wonderful things with taxi cabs, and so one day, escaping the eagle eye of my parents, I stood on the edge of the pavement—I rather think it was Piccadilly—and blew my whistle with rather electrifying results. A taxi cab ground to a halt in front of us, one dashed up from the rear and one did a U turn. Well, after those who participated in this minor battle had sorted themselves out and the more-or-less-victor had been declared, he was, to say the least of it, chagrined to find that his services were not required at all and in the resultant dispute, his references to small boys, particularly small boys in sailor suits and particularly small boys in sailor suits

with whistles, were so extreme that my mother felt that something must be done and so the next family photographs which appeared, show me to be dressed in a kilt; so the result of my first visit to London was that I acquired a kilt! (Laughter)

I don't know whether that was quite the end of that memorable visit. As I have told you, my father was a Naval Officer and he was actually proceeding from a ship to a shore establishment. Now there are certain precautions which Naval Officers in these circumstances take with regard to excisable liquor and one of the last acts of father before he left his ship was to acquire two bottles of whisky. He had them in his top coat and could not find any better place to put them than, as it were, to stuff them into mother's trunk before he battened it down. I do not know whether he intended to surprise mother, but if so he succeeded beyond his wildest expectations because, when the trunk was opened, the bottles were broken and Pandora's box had nothing on mother's trunk because of the spirits which exuded from it. Well, there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and on various pleas, one of which was that she would be unable to speak to anyone from a snotty to an Admiral without a glassy look coming into their eye, father was induced to buy mother a lot of new clothes and also to propitiate her to some extent by taking her to the theatre.

While this last-mentioned operation was being conducted I was left in the care of the chambermaid and whether the chambermaid was not up to her duties or what, I don't know—in any case I wakened and possibly I wanted a drink of water or something—we needn't go into details—in any case I wanted my mother and I set off to find her along the long corridors of the hotel, exuding, of course, strongly of whisky. Now, I have told you that I was somewhat barbarously clad during the day. I have to add here that I was somewhat barbarously clad in the evening as well, because I wore a garment known as a 'goonie' and for good measure I think the goonie was a good foot longer than I was, and the reports which my mother received of my emulating Wee Willie Winkie and traipsing about the corridors of the hotel with the goonie, sort of gathered up in front of me, were such that she immediately hastened out and purchased me a pair of pyjamas. (Laughter). The upshot of my first visit to London, therefore, was that I ceased to wear my trousers during the day and I took to

wearing them at night! I was indeed beginning to grow up and life was never quite the same again.

Indeed in another respect life was soon never quite the same because one of the reasons why we were in London was that my father was being despatched by the Lords High Commissioners of the Admiralty to what they considered the last outpost of Christian civilization—he was being sent to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there to superintend—or to assist in superintending—on behalf of the Admiralty, the fitting out of a monitor known as 'H.M.S. Glatton'. Well, the 'Glatton' was fitted out and commissioned and she sailed away and father sailed with her, but 'Glatton' never came back and father never came back either! Now, I haven't come here to pull a long face or to cry misery. My life, so far as it has been, has been a very happy one and, since this is your Ladies' Night, I think I might as well confess here and now, that this has been due entirely to ladies, because during the first half of my life I was very well looked after by my mother and during the second half I am being very well looked after by my wife—who shares the pleasure of being here tonight.

And yet I do not feel that it is inappropriate that one who lost a parent in the cause of freedom should come from the land where freedom is held so highly, to thank the members of this Society for what they do to preserve, through the auspices of the Royal Scottish Corporation, the integrity of their Scottish brethren who have fallen on evil days and to keep burning brightly the beacon of freedom, which is education, in what they do for the younger members through the Royal Caledonian Schools. If I may be permitted, I should like to thank you on behalf of your fellow countrymen for this great work.

What a pleasant way you have of carrying out your duties through functions such as this, and inviting guests to attend them. I am sure that all who are here this evening owe a three-fold debt of gratitude, first of all to the Society, as I have already said, for what it does; to the individual members who have invited us here as their particular guests, and last of all to Mr. Millar for the very able manner in which he proposed the Toast to the guests.

Mr. President, members of the Caledonian Society, may I conclude by saying that it has been a great comfort to your guests to be with you this evening and that you afforded us much pleasure. (Applause).

At this stage in the proceedings the Past Presidents filed past and saluted the President, congratulating him on the success of his year of office. Immediate Past President James Aitken was then presented with the gold badge of the Society.

TOAST TO THE PRESIDENT

Past President Dr. D. Macrae Stewart, M.A., proposed the toast of the President, and in the course of his speech said: 'It is a pleasant duty and a great honour and a privilege to be given the opportunity of proposing the health of our President and to me it is a particularly pleasing duty, for our President and I are fellow Celts: we come from the same Highland County of Ross-shire; we speak with the same accent and we share the same profound love for our beautiful native hills and glens.'

President T. M. Munro has attained distinction in his professional life and only recently retired from the very responsible position as Manager of his Bank's London West End Branch. As an indication of the esteem and respect in which he was held, this appreciation appeared in the Scottish Bankers Magazine of February, 1960; 'His ease and charm of manner are allied to a wide knowledge of banking and sound judgement and an unfailing helpfulness, and he is excellently equipped for the position which he now holds.' As a churchman, he has given and continues to give sterling service not only in his local church at Wimbledon but also in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England.

During his membership of our Society, President Munro has fully undertaken the responsibilities of membership, having been actively involved in the administration of the Royal Scottish Corporation and in his support of the Royal Caledonian Schools. His year of office as our President has been one of unqualified success. He has presided with skill, tact and unfailing humour over our Council and Committee Meetings and our monthly dinners, and has invited to our dinners, men of eminence in various walks of life. We have listened with keen appreciation and great enjoyment to sentiments of very great interest and of very high literary merit and we have been entertained by brilliant and very witty after-dinner speakers. He has devoted himself whole-heartedly to the duties of the Presidency and he has maintained a standard in keeping with the great traditions of his exalted office. (Applause)

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY

The President in his response to the toast said: I very cordially thank Past President Dr. Macrae Stewart for the charming manner in which he has proposed my health, and all of you for the exceedingly kind way in which you received it.

My first reaction is that in his kindness he let me off lightly. When I heard that it was a member of the medical profession to whom this traditional duty was entrusted, I thought that this must be a 'post mortem' on the President. I comforted myself by thinking that perhaps the poor victim (meaning myself) might not really be dead but be in a condition of suspended animation, not exactly living, not exactly dead—a sort of medicated survival—at the end of an exhausting year of Office.

Instead of all that, our medical friend, true to his noble profession, has given me new life—a boost by way of a very flattering tonic. The trouble is that my wife, 'the critic on the hearth,' is present and though I may be only too ready to lap it all up, she will hae' her doots and I feel I shall be suitably deflated before the end of the evening.

Having to respond to this Toast I recall to mind the story of the husband who was not fond of his wife's sister. This caused a good deal of distress to the wife and she often spoke to him about it. One day she pled with him to promise that when she died, he would allow her sister to attend her funeral in the same carriage as himself. 'Very well,' he replied reluctantly, 'I agree, but, mind you, it will spoil my day.' (Laughter)

While the thought of having to reply to this Toast didn't actually spoil my day I did wonder what medicine had been prepared for me.

As I come to the close of a very enjoyable season I should like to thank the Past Presidents and all other Brother Caledonians for the loyal support and friendship which they so kindly extended to me and I wish to thank, not least, our very worthy Honorary Secretary, Brother Caledonian George Deans. He has most diligently and most capably attended to the arrangements for our social evenings including the arrangements for tonight. (Applause)

* * *

During the evening the new Pipe banner, provided from the generous donation to the Society from Past President J. C. Thomson and his brother, Mr. W. Thomson in memory of their late father, Past President James Thomson, was displayed. Made at the Royal College of Needlework, the banner bears on one side the crest of the Thomson family with their motto, 'Ne cede arduis' (Do not give in to difficulties) and on the other side the crest of the Society. The banner was greatly admired.

The musical programme was given by Mr. William Dickie who was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Dickie. He sang, amongst other songs, 'Lizzie Lindsay,' 'Oh gin, I were a baron's heir,' 'Mary Morison' and 'Willie's gane to Melville Castle.'

The Pipe Major's selections were 'The Highland Wedding,' 'Because he was a Bonnie Lad,' 'Lord MacDonald,' 'Hearken my Love' and the Society's strathspey.

The evening, which was an outstanding success, ended with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem, both accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING—1962

On 1st November, 1962, the Annual General Meeting was held at the Society's Headquarters, with President T. M. Munro in the Chair.

In view of the highly satisfactory financial statement, it was resolved that the Society's donations to the Royal Scottish Corporation and to the Royal Caledonian Schools, each be increased to £150.

Eight candidates were elected to membership of the Society.

Bro. Caledonian Robert Jardine submitted his resignation as Hon. Treasurer, which was accepted with regret. A resolution acknowledging

his outstanding service covering a period of ten years, was passed with acclamation.

On demitting office, the President expressed his appreciation of the loyal support given to him and welcomed his successor, Vice President William Millar, whom he invested with the insignia of the Presidency.

President William Millar acknowledged the honour which the Society had conferred upon him and after paying tribute to the success of the previous session, announced that, in recognition of his services, the Gold Badge of the Society was awarded to immediate Past President T. M. Munro.

The following Bro. Caledonians were elected to office for the ensuing session:

Alister G. MacDonald (Vice-President); George Deans (Hon. Secretary); R. Y. Kennedy (Hon. Treasurer); James H. Robertson (Hon. Auditor) and W. M. Miller (Hon. Historian), and, by appointment to the Council, H. R. Stewart Hunter, Robert Jardine, Robert Leitch, Lt. Col. F. W. McGuinness and J. T. Moore.

CHAPTER II

1962-1963: *President, WILLIAM MILLAR*

IN Part I of the first volume of the Society's Chronicles covering the period from 1837 to 1890, no information is given about the birth place of the Presidents, or Chairmen as they were originally called. For this reason, while it cannot be claimed that a native of Dumfriesshire has never previously held the high office of President, it can be asserted that until William Millar, born near the village of Ecclefechan, was this year elected to the Chair, the county of Dumfriesshire had not figured in our Presidential records for at least 72 years.

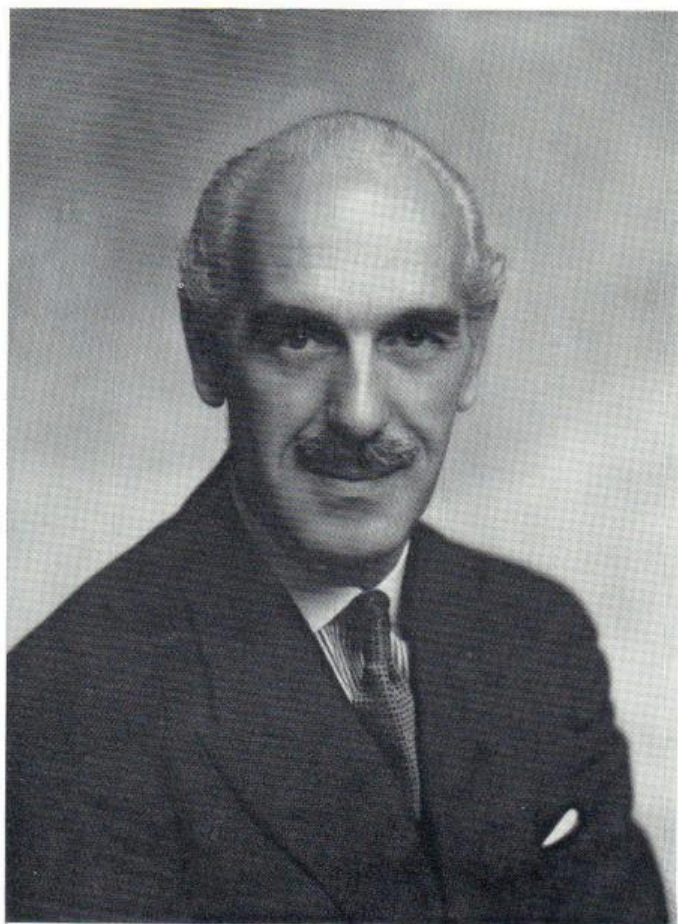
Although the county of Mr. Millar's birth is not one to which any previous President can be traced, the same cannot be said of his profession — banking. His immediate predecessor and the President in 1959-60 also followed that profession.

Mr. Millar joined the staff of the Annan Savings Bank after leaving Annan Academy in 1920. That Institution holds a notable place amongst Savings Banks, since through its absorption of the Ruthwell Savings Bank founded by Dr. Henry Duncan in 1810, it can claim to be the oldest in the country. A few months later Mr. Millar joined the Commercial Bank of Scotland. During his service at its Annan Branch he frequently attended the sub-office at Gretna Green and on many occasions was invited to act as a witness at the irregular marriages which took place over the anvil at the adjacent smithy.

In 1926 Mr. Millar was moved to Pitlochry as Accountant and three years later was transferred to Head Office in Edinburgh where for the next 17 years he was a member of the Inspection Staff. In 1946 he was appointed as the first Staff Manager of the bank, taking over at the same time the duties of Treasurer and Clerk to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

It was in 1948 that he moved to London where he is now 'Assistant General Manager in London' of the National Commercial Bank of Scotland—in other words the Senior London Official. He is also on the London Committee of the Scottish Council (Development and Industry).

Mr. Millar takes a practical interest in the Scout Movement in Surrey. As a Vice-President and Trustee of the London Dumfriesshire Association he maintains a close link with his native county. He also takes



WILLIAM MILLAR
President 1962-1963

an active part in the administration of the Royal Scottish Corporation of which he is a member of the Committee of Management.

When William Millar was elected President of the Society we were confident of a successful year. From past experience we know that he is an excellent raconteur and a polished after-dinner speaker. Apart from the occasions on which he had proposed the toast of the guests, he delivered on 16th February, 1956 a Sentiment on 'The Scot in Lombard Street.' These examples of his oratory were sufficient to assure us that we can count on an interesting, instructive and amusing session.

* * *

At the first Little Dinner of the session, held on 8th November, 1962 at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, a large company welcomed the new President, William Millar. After the loyal toasts had been drunk, the President introduced Mr. Hugh P. Barker, who then delivered his sentiment—

THE DYNAMICS OF A CHANGING SOCIETY

When an Englishman who is enjoying the hospitality of his friends from Scotland is invited to address them, it is a time-honoured gambit for him to claim some attenuated association with your country, by birth or education. I will start by disclaiming any such intention. I am 100% an Englishman, and in origin from Yorkshire. But as I pronounce this declaration of independence, a doubt crosses my mind, for I have read that a thousand years or more ago, your hirsute ancestors who, then as you now, cross the Border in search of plunder, were known to penetrate as far south as the Trent. Who shall say what took place in the damp meadows of my native county which may have caused the Yorkshireman of today to exhibit a certain community of likeness with the Scots, in sharing at least some of his virtues.

When my old friend, Mr. Millar invited me here, he told me I could talk about what I liked, so I elected to put to you some thoughts about the dynamics of the modern world, or to put it less pretentiously, about the pace and inertia of change.

There are, of course, two kinds of inertia—there is the static inertia which impedes change, and there is the dynamic inertia of change itself, which demolishes the obstacle before it. The first of these inertias is comprised by the attitude of our fathers, the second by the vision of our sons. We stand uneasily between.

Now I would like to start by suggesting to you that the primary ills of society, both moral and material, arise from

the inability of the current generation to comprehend and react to change. Until quite recent years, the pace of change has been comprehensible and a man would pass his declining years in the same kind of society in which he started. Now all this has changed in a brutal and explosive fashion. It is of course, commonplace that these bewildering changes originate in the impact of new scientific knowledge, and in the stream of invention, which has passed from a trickle to a river and a river to a torrent, within a century.

It is worth looking for a moment at the reason why such an outburst took place, and why it can in no sense be regarded as a historical oddity of fading significance like the renaissance. The reason is that scientific knowledge is the only kind of knowledge which accumulates and in which each generation can climb immediately upon the shoulders of the preceding one. This is not true of the humanities, or of the arts, or theology or of philosophy. It is this compound interest effect which gives the modern world its explosive characteristic, for now each year sees a quantum of change which would have taken five years in the 1930's and perhaps twenty years of the last century, and the pace is accelerating. Society is not well fitted to cope with this. It is like a rigid crust of earth, thinly overlaid on a volcanic potentiality, and this potentiality erupts at random through the crust of human society because the crust is neither strong enough to contain, nor flexible enough to release the pressures.

Just as society seems unfitted to adapt itself to the changing future, we as individuals are almost equally unfitted. We, all of us, suffer from the delusion that we can see ahead. Perhaps our conceit in this regard is a reflection of the performance of our physical eye, for if you take your menu card and hold it in front of you at such a distance that you can see at one and the same moment with perfect clarity both edges of the card, you will see that the process of looking ahead with your eyes only subtends something like 15° of angle, or less than one-tenth of the span which faces you. It is a humbling thought that our mental outlooks are equally constrained—we cannot gaze into the future. We only peer at it like little boys at a keyhole.

So much for the general reflections, and now I would like to talk at large about the effects of these explosive changes upon industry, upon investment (for in a company of Scotsmen it would be discourteous to omit this), upon politics and upon human affairs—an ambitious programme.

Firstly, let us talk about industry. It is becoming clearer with every issue of the morning paper that industry is in a state of transformation.

In my judgment, the corporate form of two thirds of all industry will change in the next 20 years and may well appear unrecognisably different from the pattern today. The first problem for any firm today is to survive, for prosperity and survival are in the long term, synonymous. The key to survival is a quick reaction, and this speed of reaction is of much greater significance than financial strength as it is conventionally measured. An ability to shoot cunningly ahead of the bird is more important than the calibre of the gun. It is also very obvious that there are far too many separate industrial enterprises in Britain but natural selection is operating rapidly, and will operate more rapidly in the years to come.

Industry is an exciting and nerve-racking place in these days, and certainly if any industry is neither exciting nor nerve-racking, it is doomed to an early death. Stability in the narrow Victorian sense, has nowadays a grave-yard quality.

This leads me naturally to talk for a moment about investment, and I can imagine no greater hazard than for a Sassenach to talk to Scotsmen on such a subject, but may I try out a few ideas on you.

In a world which changes so rapidly, many traditional accounting devices by which profitability and prospects are measured have ceased to be realistic, and some accounting attitudes are positively dangerous. It was once said by an unseemly vulgarian, that an accountant with his face to the past, presents another part of his anatomy to the future, but I have no quarrel with accountants as such, in fact I wish that they were able to extend the scope of their techniques to point the future of an enterprise more clearly than they now can. For example: Today the conception of obsolescence transcends the conception of depreciation, and consequently one should look very askance indeed at any industry which has a low ratio between the value of the goods it sells and the total investment in the operation. I will explain what I mean. Today it is easily possible for the total *raison d'être* of an industry to become obsolete and this long before its assets have been depreciated. The inability of the accounting tool to embrace these factors, results that great blocks of capital will one day be lost in the older industries, by being stranded unrequited on the seashore of the balance sheet. Surely the reason why

many of the most astute business minds are nowadays applied to retailing is that it gives them that financial mobility which, to take the opposite extreme, British Railways so sadly lack. There, for example, is a business which can only turn over its assets every four or five years. It is a curious reflection that the Electricity Supply industry, now towards the peak of its prosperity, with a seemingly impregnable product, is quite likely to be the British Railways of the year 2,000 and for the same fundamental reason—its capital turns over so slowly that it is excessively vulnerable to basic technological change.

I suppose that the only real certainty for guiding investment is that there will be a continuous increase in the quantity of human leisure for, it is probable then that the ability of industry to convert raw materials into goods will, within a finite period, be limited by the quantity of raw material available for conversion, and the ability of markets to absorb the output of automated factories. What will men do with their leisure when the 40 hour week becomes the 30? Answer that and your financial future is assured.

I wonder how all these reflections bear upon the problem of Scotland. I think that your industrial problem is a grave one, and I do not think it will solve itself if left to itself. I see a certain parallel between the situation of Scotland and that of Canada. Canada is a country 3,000 miles wide by, industrially speaking, 100 miles thick, adhering to the frontier of an economic Goliath. As a natural consequence, a breeze of change in the U.S.A. becomes a gust in Canada. Canada has not found yet a way to live a stable economic life alongside her powerful neighbour.

Leaving aside the obvious political and other differences, the situation of Scotland seems to me somewhat similar. A minor recession in England becomes a major one in Scotland. Scotland lacks not only the industrial diversity to cushion shock, but by an unhappy coincidence of history, her primary skills and industries have less relative significance than formerly. Perhaps the answer to this problem is to achieve much greater integration between Scotland and England and by integration I mean the integration of attitudes. There is no doubt that to many Englishmen, Scotland is another place and to Scotsmen the Englishmen are 'they'. All this is harmless enough in itself but it now begins to hurt. Birmingham, Durham or Hull have an order of reality to the English Industrialist which Kilmarnock and Aberdeen lack. Obviously

geography plays a great part in this. I believe that a significant contribution to the problem is being made by the British Railways for when the London-Midland electrified line is completed and when, as I dare hope, fast and powerful electric trains pass up through Carlisle to Glasgow, there will be a feeling of propinquity which the aeroplane curiously enough, does not engender. I do not know whether you feel the same way, but I travel about the world a great deal and to me the world seems a large and not a smaller place when you fly over it. But to return to Scotland. It does seem to me that your problem will not be solved unless the Government decides that it really *must* be and the public accept the compulsions which the word 'must' will automatically imply. The drift to the South must be arrested and the centripetal tendency of industry to aggregate on top of its markets, must be reversed. It is really a disgrace to us all that the Russians are succeeding in Siberia where we are failing in Scotland.

Now let us talk about politics for a moment. It has been said that politicians are straw men pushed hither and yon by the winds of democracy. This may be true, but I wish instead that they could be blown more by the winds of change. I wonder what the historians of the future will think of the political conundrums of today. How will they comprehend, let alone explain, the predominant Anglo-American urge to merge the economy of the United Kingdom with the European mainland for the broad reason that the United Kingdom is not a long-term viable operation. Yet with every passing month they encourage the creation of fragmented national minuscules which, for their first argument to be true, must be destined for ever-more to poverty and subsidy, and perhaps at a later stage another phase of domination by the strong. These two points of view seem to be quite inconsistent. It is the current fashion to say that political freedom is the first pre-requisite of national self-respect. If that be true of Uganda, might it not also be true of Britain? As a business man, I am wholly in favour of the Common Market, but I sometimes wonder whether we are not all of us, like caricatures of ageing soldiers going into battle to fight yesterday's war tomorrow. We have got so accustomed to the thought that in our home affairs economic maximisation is everything that no-one ever considers the possibility that the best form of society may deliberately, not be an economically maximised one. Supposing that we could maintain a superior social

system at a price of working another five hours a week? That price might well be worth paying.

Maybe the western world is destined to pass through a phase when the gross national product is no longer the accepted yardstick of national achievement. Man after all does not live by bread alone, and there are many signs indeed which suggest today that, having never had it so good, our emotional livers will not take it.

Finally, about people. It has been said so many times that I will not now enlarge upon the self-evident fact, that great masses of the people in this country are lost and unhappy, and like the children we are, we express our unhappiness by neurotic and anti-social behaviour, much of it connected with work. Perhaps the reason for this was expressed in the most penetrating observation of the American sociologist Elton Mayo, in answer to the question, 'What makes a man work' replied 'A man works to achieve a situation he respects in a society which he understands'. I believe this observation to be a truth of classical proportions. In large areas of human effort we have failed to create a respect for work and we have created a society the objectives of which are incomprehensible beyond a level of narrow self-interest.

Perhaps it will be that the historians of the future will see in the political conflicts of our times not a valid struggle between two divergent but rational approaches to human affairs, but instead as a brawl between the basically greedy and the basically envious.

Mr. Chairman, all this sounds a bit depressing but I am not depressed because I feel very firmly, that some kind of moral revival is gathering force in the world and that our present phase of material indigestion will pass quite quickly. Luxuries which may mildly corrupt men of our generation will not corrupt our children. I very frequently have the opportunity of talking on level terms to teenagers and I would assert that taken as a whole and through the classes, they are a much better lot than we were. They are much better educated, they are less ingenuous and in a real sense I think their moral standards are higher. So let us leave it to them, after all it's all theirs quite soon.

Mr. Barker resumed his seat amid great applause and the President expressed to him the warm thanks of the members.

THE GUESTS

The toast of the guests was entrusted to Past President J. C. Thomson, M.B.E., T.D., who, in the course of his remarks, said—

Since I have been in the Society, I have been ruled by three different Secretaries and I can assure everybody who may not yet have come into official contact with our present Secretary that his rapier-like rule is every bit as effective as the strong-arm rule of his predecessors. He gave me certain instructions regarding the Toast this evening and told me not to worry.

This reminds me of the story of Solomon, who lay tossing in his bed one night unable to sleep, and his wife said to him, 'What is the matter, Solomon? Why cannot you get to sleep?' He said, 'It is terrible, Rebecca! I owe Benjamin £1,000 I have got to pay him tomorrow and I have not got the money to do it.' Rebecca said nothing but slipped out of bed and came back a few minutes later. He said, 'Where have you been?' She said, 'I have been telephoning Benjamin. I have told him that you cannot pay him tomorrow so now he is doing the worrying, you go to sleep!' (Laughter)

Our guests here are more than welcome. That, in fact, is one of the objects of this Society, to make our guests at home, in a Scottish atmosphere. Of course, hospitality can be overdone. There was a very popular little postman in Argyll recently who sickened and became ill. He went into hospital but nobody could find out what was the matter with him. Eventually, after much diligent searching somebody asked him exactly what he did during his daily rounds. It transpired that nearly everybody in the glens asked him in for a cup of tea, and when it came to the point it was found that he drank no less than 47 cups of tea a day. He was suffering from tannic poisoning.

Well now, we this evening do not have time to offer you 47 cups of tea, nor, let us assure you, have we any wish to do so, and now to our chief guests.

It is, of course, impossible to mention all our welcome guests by name and we think that is well understood. I am going to restrict myself therefore to mentioning only two or three, and this will be the general pattern in future. We do, of course, give a special welcome to Officers of fellow Caledonian or Scottish Societies, and overseas friends here this evening.

Specially, however, we have guests from the London Scottish Regiment. They are represented tonight particularly by two old friends of many of us here. I refer, first of all, to Major David Ord (hear, hear) who is one of the best known and best liked members of the Regiment. It is he who keeps the background going. It is he who helps to make 59 Buckingham Gate a home-from-home to all London Scots, and without his quiet effective work the Regimental Association would not be the force it is.

Representing, if I may put it this way, the active side of the Battalion, we have Col. John MacGregor taking the place of Col. Tommy McPherson, who is unfortunately unable to represent the Battalion tonight. Col. MacGregor himself has a distinguished war record and was responsible for bringing the Battalion up to more than the minimum strength required during the days two or three years ago when the reorganisation of the Territorial Army put the fate of the London

Scottish into the balance. Our success in recruiting then owes a tremendous amount to the force of his personality and to his drive. We are very glad to see him here tonight, representing the Battalion.

Finally, we come to the guest of the evening, Mr. G. J. Gollin. He is a brilliant scientist and has only just retired from being the head of the Technical Fuel-Oil Department in Shell. Everybody knows that between the wars, Shell was one of the firms into which it was extremely difficult to get and anybody who reaches the top in that vast organisation is a man indeed. I am told also that Mr. Gollin is a District Commissioner for the Boy Scouts in Surrey and is a great friend of Past President Murray Napier, a fact which speaks for itself. He is also a Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Gardeners and I cannot help wondering whether he has ever been able to exercise any privileges that he may have as a Freeman of the City of London. I also ask myself if, with his special knowledge, whether in fact in his garden the flowers that bloom in the Spring perhaps come out in March!

So Mr. Gollin, on behalf of the Caledonian Society of London I welcome you and all your fellow guests here tonight. (Applause)

GUEST'S LEFT HANDED CALEDONIAN HONOURS

In reply to the toast of the guests, Mr. G. J. Gollin said:

Although it is the first time I have been called upon to speak at one of your dinners, it is by no means the first time that I have been a guest here and I feel that I am becoming really expert in this Caledonian Honours business—I've got it pat, only I do it left-handed. (Laughter)

I shall never cease to wonder at the fluency—or would you as a Banker, Sir, call it fluidity—of your Piper.

In my travels which have been somewhat extensive, I have found that wherever I went, the natives have an extraordinary admiration for all things Scotch. You can show them a Guard's Band and it leaves them unmoved, but bring on the kilt and the pibroch and they are fairly pixilated.

As an example of this I would quote the true case of a colleague of mine in Paris who came on a business trip to London and while there visited a famous establishment in Knightsbridge—the B.B.C. doesn't allow me to mention any names—and there bought his 12 year-old daughter a beautiful outfit, kilt, cap, stilleto(!) — the whole lot (laughter). Some months later he sent me a photograph of the child rigged up—I thought the effect was rather enchanting—but even in Paris I don't think you would get away with wearing the sporran on the left hip. (Laughter)

Some time ago your President intimated to me that when he reached his exalted position he would ask me to dine with him and would ask me, I think he said, to sing for my supper. This brought back very vivid memories when some years ago, as an official guest, I was invited to dine with one of the great Corporations of Glasgow—I won't mention which, but it was a great company, and I think the proceedings started about 6 o'clock in the evening, and I was getting very nervous at 11, when we were about half-way through the speeches and the toasts. Soon after 11, I had to confess to the Chairman of the evening that my sleeper would not wait for me and he announced my impending departure, and to my surprise and pleasure the whole company rose and as I walked

sedately from the hall they all sang 'Will ye no come back again.' I was terribly touched, but my pleasure was turned to horror when they stopped me at the door and said, 'Now you have just got to sing one verse and say Yes, I will come back again.' I had to explain to them all that my branch of the family doesn't sing, and I was terribly frightened that your President might require me to do something of that kind tonight!

I am scared stiff of your President because when he takes the chair in our village he always says, 'Come on, make it snappy.' He holds the all Surrey record for running the longest meeting in the shortest time, nobody can come within 20 minutes of him, so I am making it snappy. On behalf of all my fellow guests I would thank you for the splendid fare you have given us, for your Caledonian hospitality which gives a particular flavour to your revels. Though I can't sing it I would say most emphatically that we have all enjoyed it very much and hope we are going to be asked again. (Applause)

LONDON SCOTTISH REGIMENT

The toast of the London Scottish was submitted by the President who referred to the formation in 1859 of the Regiment by the Society and the Highland Society of London. He emphasised that the close link with this Society had been maintained and reminded members that no fewer than three London Scots had in the past few years occupied the office of President.

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Two new members, Bro. Caledonians Ronald M. Baird and Sir James Miller, D.L., LL.D., were received by the President.

Mr. Alasdair MacRae, accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., sang 'The Skye Fishers' Song,' 'Corn Rigs' and 'Gin I were a Baron's heir.'

Pipe Major L. V. N. de Laspée (carrying the pipe banner of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother) and Pipe Sergeant W. Ferguson (carrying the pipe banner of the City of Glasgow) played 'Scotland the Brave' 'The Shepherd's Crook,' 'Colonel MacLeod' and 'Glen Caladh Castle.'

An enjoyable evening ended with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

* * *

At the business meetings held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, on 20th December, 1962, with President William Millar in the Chair, six applicants were elected members of the Society.

At the Little Dinner following the President gave the loyal toasts.

SCOTLAND'S ECONOMY

In introducing Mr. J. N. Toothill, C.B.E., the author of the evening's Sentiment, 'Scotland's Economy' the President reminded members that some years ago Lord Polwarth, Chairman of the Scottish Council, had talked to the Society about the work of that Council and the state of industry in Scotland. Tonight's guest was a Vice-President of that body, so that if Lord Polwarth used the 'Authorised Version' Mr. Toothill was providing the 'Revised Version.' Continuing the President said:

I cannot catalogue all Mr. Toothill's appointments, but I might refer to his membership of the National Economic Development Council (commonly known as NEDDY), his Chairmanship of the Scottish Advisory Council for Civil Aviation, his membership of the Equipment Group of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors and his appointment as a Governor of the College of Aeronautics at Cranfield.

In brief, his accomplishments terrify me—a simple soul who understands not the things in which he specialises. Dangerous fellows those who mess about in the realms of mechanisation, automation, electronics and nuclear fission. Have you heard about Frederick Worms who did just that very thing? Listen to this 'Odd Ode'—

This is the tale of Frederick Worms
Whose parents weren't on speaking terms.
So when Fred wrote to Santa Claus
He wrote in duplicate because
One went to Dad and one to Mum;
Each asked for some plutonium.
So Frederick's father and his mother,
Without consulting one another,
Each bought a lump of largish size,
Intending it for a surprise.
These met in Freddy's stocking and
Laid waste some ten square miles of land.

Learn from this tale of nuclear fission,
Not to mix science with superstition.

Tonight we are not to hear tales of nuclear fission, nor are we to mix science with superstition, but we are to hear of something topical—it could not be more so—it affects every one of us—'Scotland's Economy'.

Mr. Toothill who was received with applause, said:—

It is indeed an honour to be asked to give the Sentiment tonight.

The basic picture is that of a static, if not declining, economy: the level of unemployment has been consistently double that of the United Kingdom average since the war; 25,000 people emigrate every year; the number of higher paid posts is fewer than in the rest of the country, and the rate of growth of industrial production in the later 50's was only a quarter of the U.K.'s average, which was itself low by European standards.

The causes suggested to the Committee were:

1. Investment and credit
2. Cost of transport of goods
3. Poor labour relations
4. Lower salaries of executives
5. Bad Management.

We did not find that any one of these was of major importance.

The evidence of bank lending stood up very well indeed and we couldn't find one Company in the hundreds we questioned who had been handicapped by finance, although one or two had to 'shop' round different Banks before they were satisfied.

The cost of transport of goods was a handicap if the product sold at less than £200 a ton. At £500 a ton (motor cars) it was important, but usually offset by other factors. In the sample of companies investigated 26% found the extra transport cost more than 10%: 37% found the problem to exist but to be less than 1%: another 26% found no difference, and 11% found it lower. One of course has to bear in mind that a number of products are much higher than this. I have one that sells at £750,000 a ton!

Working days lost through strikes was worse than in England, even after extracting such industries as shipbuilding and mining. Even so, there was only half-a-day lost per employee in Scotland because of strikes.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce carried out a wide ranging survey of executive salaries up to the age of 40, and the result showed that a man in Scotland made a certain salary level a year later than his counterpart in the rest of the country.

It is always possible to point to companies which are not well managed, but if poor management was responsible for Scotland's plight, then it must also be true of Belgium, St. Nazaire, and the southern areas of France; the New England states of the U.S.A., and conversely all the bright people must live around London, and managerial efficiency must decline as one goes north and west from that area. Despite the age of many Scottish industries, if one compared like with like one would find little evidence to support this view.

There was a certain amount of evidence from non Scottish firms that the supply of houses and the variety was not to their liking. The amenities, architecture and layout of some areas was thought to be poor by southern standards.

The most important point that emerged from the review was that in the whole of the country two-thirds of the total growth in employment was taking place in a relatively small number of industries; in fact those industries in the 1950's which employed less than 20% of the whole.

The National Institute of Economic and Social Research had shown that there was very close co-relation between industrial growth and research and development both in this country and in the United States. Scotland employs 3% of the total scientists and engineers, whereas we have a population of approximately 5,000,000, which is 10% of the whole. This wasn't because Scottish employers used fewer scientists than similar industries elsewhere, but it was because of the industrial MIX—in other words we have too *many* of the *older* and too *few* of the *New*.

I would like, therefore, during the rest of the time at my disposal to talk about some of the characteristics of modern industry.

The industrial revolution was a power revolution—a steam power revolution—based on coal. The growth of employment took place around the coal fields, particularly if they were associated with iron ore, ports and the new railway system.

However, there were a number of significant happenings towards the end of the last century. The electricity industry came into being providing the means of using power away from the energy source, and this also helped the development of electronics, communications and other purposes. The internal combustion engine was invented and alongside all these new things was the growth of new materials and synthetic chemicals.

In addition we had an increasing wealth in the nation capable of purchasing new and complicated products. There was a large agricultural population, but the old industrial field was made up of coal mines, steel works, shipbuilding, steam locomotive manufacturing, domestic products, such as bicycles, mangles, sewing machines, furniture, etc., all tied to the sites of basic raw materials, or serving the new industrial workers.

The new is infinitely more varied, light structures calling for less but more varieties of steel per product, electric power stations, chemical plants, light alloys, aeroplanes, telephone equipment, television sets, motor cars, and washing machines. Very few of these products that have grown up in this century are tied to the raw materials and consequently the old areas.

The location of the newer industries is not random, but they have tended to centre themselves around London, and I would like to talk about this, with particular reference to the engineering industry.

Firstly, there are two main types of industry: (1) that producing capital goods, e.g. machinery, electrical power and distribution plant, aircraft, typewriters, etc.; and (2) those making domestic products, motor cars, television sets and washing machines.

There are, of course, some border-line cases, typewriters for instance are bought by industry in the main, but are also sold domestically.

The electrical industry in the early days of this century was very largely foreign owned. Siemens, now English Electric, came from Germany. Metropolitan-Vickers at Trafford Park, were originally British Westinghouse. British Thomson Houston at Rugby until the early 1930's was jointly owned by the G.E. of America. Babcock & Wilcox were also American. Parsons which came into the electrical industry by the way of marine turbines, the G.E.C., Crompton Parkinson and Ferranti were the main British firms. It is interesting to note that apart from Babcock & Wilcox at Renfrew, the Americans settled in a line between New York and London via Liverpool.

Marconi couldn't obtain finance in Italy, so his mother who was a Miss O'Brien before her marriage, sent him to see his uncles, one of whom was Director of the Great Eastern Railway, hence a site at Chelmsford. His early contracts came from the British Post Office and the Admiralty, from this followed the B.B.C. In this way the technology built up round London with the help of engineers from Marconi and transmissions from Writtle and 2 Savoy Hill. If one adds the market potential of the area it is easy to see the reason for the growth of the electronic industry around London.

Aircraft—another of the newer industries—is dependent on orders from the Government and the nationalised Airlines, and again its location is influenced by the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough and the Ministry of Aviation in London.

Motor cars were originally produced by a considerable number of engineering companies, but the whole structure of the industry changed in the 20's to an assembly of components produced by specialist companies and sustained by a volume market. These techniques are now common to all the production of domestic appliances, they require a mass market and specialist suppliers near at hand, in the main because of the direct human communications necessary between market

information (design and production) and the suppliers of the components and sub-assemblies.

In all this the flow of ideas and the contribution of foreign firms play an important part.

One must be exposed to business, and modern industry is likely to grow where there is the stimulus of the market and where orders can best be obtained for the technological advanced products. The amount of research and development expenditure for this is high, and the only people who seem to have the money to finance these in the early stages are the Government, the Post Office and the nationalised industries. At the same time it is important to learn quickly of the advances being made in the world, and it is preferable to be near the specialist suppliers, and to be able to attract the necessary skills and engineering knowhow. A Company in the newer and growth industries will look at these siting problems in the light of the factors I have mentioned which are peculiar to their own circumstances. They would not necessarily expect everything to be right, but on the other hand everything must not be wrong.

How does Scotland stand therefore on modern requirements?

Communications are more difficult—those with the United States, thanks to Prestwick, have been good in post-war years, and it is interesting to note that the Americans used to come in through Merseyside, then through Southampton to London, but more recently they have come into the West of Scotland, ably assisted by my friends at the Scottish Council. Communications to the Midlands of England are poor, those to London fair to good, but those to Europe poor.

The market centre is probably about 300 miles away, the skills of the workpeople need up-grading—you can see therefore that there is formidable task ahead.

Why therefore do we believe that with these handicaps—and they are handicaps—it is possible to change the MIX of industry, to have more of the GROWING to balance the DECLINING.

Firstly, it is only a marginal problem—we are talking about 1% to 2% more industrial jobs a year. If we could attract companies in strong growth industries we could solve the problem in five years.

It also seems to us that the increasing congestion in the south-east will force up wages and cost of housing. Increasing

standards of living will bring more cars, more congestion and people will have to go further and further away from the towns to find relaxation. At the same time long distance transport is becoming easier. Flying time between Glasgow and Brussels should not be much over an hour—blind landing has been possible for some time. I think that as soon as air transport becomes more reliable and with a higher frequency, people will realise that it is just as easy to operate from Scotland, and that their total travelling time in a week, although more concentrated, will be less than living outside London, and that they may have in consequence the ability to enjoy themselves in a fuller manner. (Loud applause.)

The President expressed to Mr. Toothill the thanks of the Members who drank a toast to 'The Author of the Sentiment'.

A WELCOME TO OUR GUESTS

This toast was entrusted to Brother Caledonian A. R. C. Fleming, who in the course of his speech, said—

We have many guests here—too many to mention individually, even if I were allowed to do so, so if I mention one or two it does not mean that all our other guests are not equally welcome.

I should like to mention in the first place the St. Andrew's Society of London which is represented by its Chief, Mr. J. T. Ferries. We warmly bid you welcome, Sir.

Next there is Sir Leonard Paton who, in addition to his Chairmanship of Harrisons & Crosfield Ltd—surely a whole-time occupation in itself—is also Chairman of the London Committee of the Scottish Council (Development and Industry). You will recall that Sir Leonard is to talk to us on 21st February on the subject of 'The Scot in the Plantation Industry' and that this will be illustrated by a colour film—a new departure, I think, in the history of this Society. We look forward to welcoming him then, just as we welcome him now.

You, Mr. President, have already spoken about the fine Sentiment given to us by Mr. Toothill, so I shall say no more, except that his story about fishing reminds me of one in another branch of sport that I heard last night for the first time. It is rather a sad little tale.

A Scottish laird wanted to engage an assistant keeper and he advertised the position widely in various newspapers, including, somewhat surprisingly, *The Evening Standard*. Among the replies was one from an English Public School boy and the laird so liked his application that he arranged for him to come for interview, all expenses paid. In spite of the fact that the applicant was completely ignorant of everything relating to the job, he was engaged, subject to the approval of the head keeper. He also liked him and he was duly engaged and was told the scope of his duties which were that he should report every morning, collect his gun, go out on his beat and shoot any game that he might see. He impressed on him that the game was not for himself but for the people in the 'big hoose'. On the first

morning he duly went out on his beat and whilst walking around he suddenly saw a glamorous blonde arise from the bracken. Somewhat taken aback, he said to her 'Are you game?' Looking at his Old Etonian tie and his well-trimmed moustache, she replied 'Sure, I'm game!' So he shot her! (Laughter)

Now we come to Mr. Frank Webster whose name will be coupled with this toast. He has been with us on quite a number of occasions. He is an Honorary Member of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners. He is a director of Ashby & Horner Ltd. who are engaged in so many building schemes, particularly in the City area. Perhaps some people might prefer to draw a discreet veil over this activity, but it is all a matter of individual taste. His early years were spent in Ceylon and he built so many bungalows there for tea planters that he was known in that area as 'Bungalow Bill'. (Laughter)

SCOTTISH HOSPITALITY PRAISED

In response to the toast of the Guests Mr. Webster said:—

When your President so kindly invited me to share this pleasant evening with him, he said 'Like Tommy Tucker you must sing for your supper'. Well, I only hope young Tucker enjoyed his singing as much as I appreciate the privilege of thanking you on behalf of your guests for your delightful hospitality this evening.

I have often been among your guests when my immediate host was my friend, and indeed the friend of most of us here this evening, the late William Will.

Though I have but the remotest, even if any real claim to Scottish ancestry, I have enjoyed many, many happy associations with Scotland and as the warmth of Scottish hospitality had shed its glow on so many of these occasions, I would like this evening to tell you of some of them.

My first glimpse of things Scottish, if I may put it that way, except of course the porridge, was when as a boy I was captivated by the beauty of a small statue standing in a park near our home beyond Liverpool.

It was of a beautiful young Scotswoman, a humble figure with a shawl over her head, and wearing a simple frock, and without shoes or stockings. And her identity? This was enshrined in those four lovely lines of Robert Burns:—

'The golden hours on angels wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary'.

Poor Mary Campbell, through her you see I first became acquainted with the works of Robert Burns—that was 1912.

In 1915 and World War 1, as a midshipman, the first ship I was appointed to was one of the 10th Cruiser Squadron, and she was coaling at Loch Ewe at that time. I was instructed to travel from Devonport to Achnasheen where I would be met and taken to Aultbea. Never will I forget that April afternoon as I was taken in an old model 'T' Ford westward through the Highlands along the shores of Loch Maree and down to Aultbea—the crisp air, the blue

sky, the spring sunshine, the snow on the mountain caps, the roads clear.

It was while serving in that ship that I first became acquainted with Scottish hospitality. We used to put in to Loch Ewe at regular intervals for fuel. Coal from colliers made fast alongside, and then a day to stretch our legs on shore. Again, never will I forget those teas which the farmers on those very small farms used to entertain us to, with such gracious hospitality.

It was only after several of these little tea parties that we thought out a way of showing our appreciation of the kind hospitality of these farmers, and many a half pound tin of ship's tobacco, bearing the label 'Not to be handed, given away, or otherwise disposed of contrary to King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions' found its way to those farmsteads.

In 1924 I joined a Scottish Company here in the City and went to Ceylon for them where 90% of my business was with the Scottish tea planters on their fine estates there, the backbone of Ceylon's economy. Mr. Menzies the Prime Minister of Australia once stated, 'Scotsmen make first rate citizens of the country of their adoption'. How right he was. The story of the disaster which overtook their coffee plantations and with their backs to the wall, how those fine men such as the late Joseph Fraser started all over again and planted up tea is indeed an epic.

The kindly hospitality and the help as a young and inexperienced structural and building engineer often making mistakes, which I received from those Scottish planters, had to be experienced to be believed.

1930 and a climax was reached in my happy association with Scotland when I took unto myself a wife, whose maiden name was Morrison, and so it is our son and daughter have a good measure of Scottish blood in their veins.

It was but a few hours after our marriage that my wife and I encountered a somewhat unique example of Scottish consideration for the moral welfare of young people. We had elected to spend the first night of our married life together at the Braid Hills Hotel in Edinburgh, whither we duly repaired. Now I made two mistakes. I was the proud husband of a beautiful young wife, and perhaps a little too self-assured and moreover, I used the pronoun, 'I' when I should have said *we*.

As the receptionist, an elderly spinster approached, I said 'May I have a double room for tonight please?' And looking at me with a disapproving glint in her eye she replied, 'You can have two single rooms'. Thus rebuked, we fled and so it was we spent the first night of our married life together in the North British Hotel.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, I am departing from the subject of Scottish hospitality. Recently I came across this extract from the diary of one John Taylor, Sailor of London, who travelled extensively from London through England and into Scotland during the early part of the 17th century, and mostly I believe, on his flat feet. He gives this picture of Scottish hospitality at an inn at Cockburnspath—

'So that night he brought me to a place called Cockburnspath, where we lodged at an inn the like of which, I dare say, is not in

any of His Majesty's dominions. And for to show my thankfulness to Master William Arnot and his wife, the owners thereof, I must explain their bountiful entertainment of guests, which is this. Suppose ten, fifteen, or twenty men and horses come to lodge at their house, the man shall have flesh, tame and wild fowl, fish, with all variety of good cheer, good lodging, and welcome; the horses shall want neither hay nor provender, and at the morning at their departure the reckoning is just nothing.

This is the worthy gentleman's use, his chief delight being only to give strangers entertainment gratis.'

Mr. President and Gentlemen, you have given your guests the pleasure this evening of delightful and interesting company, delicious food and choice wines. What more could man desire?

May I thank you very much indeed for your charming hospitality, and for the privilege of our being your guests this evening. (Applause)

APPEAL FOR ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION

In reporting the result of his appeal for the Royal Scottish Corporation, the President said:—

One of the first duties the President of the Caledonian Society has to undertake in his year of office is to frame the Annual Appeal on behalf of the Royal Scottish Corporation, which we send to all our Members. I am delighted to be able to tell you that this year's total has reached the magnificent figure of £1,050 and that sum will be further increased in the next week or two. I have a letter dated 12th December from Mr. Richardson, Secretary of the Corporation, expressing their warmest thanks and appreciation for this splendid effort—and it is a splendid effort indeed. May I add my own thanks for your response.

The President then submitted the toast 'The Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools' which was drunk with enthusiasm.

The following new members were received by the President: John A. Brooks, W. McGregor Crawford, Dr. T. B. Dunn, W. Kerr Hill, Sidney H. Mearns and A. F. Robertson.

Mr Kenneth Atkinson who had entertained the Members on a previous occasion, provided the musical part of the programme. He sang 'The March of the Cameron Men', 'The Wee Wee German Lairdie' and 'Bonnie Strathyre' in which he was tastefully accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M.

The Pipe Major's selection was composed of 'The 93rds Farewell to Edinburgh', 'Strathconnon', 'Connon Bridge', 'The Crusaders', and the Strathspey 'The Caledonian Society of London'. The singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem ended a successful evening.

* * *

President William Millar occupied the Chair at the Council and General Meetings held on 17th January 1963 at the Hotel Rembrandt, Thurloe Place, S.W.7. Resolutions were passed amending the Rules of the Society to provide that the financial year will in future end on 30th April.

The death of Past President John R. Aldridge on 29th December 1962 was reported and the deep sense of loss sustained by the Society was placed on record. Past President James R. Steele paid a warm tribute to the memory of Past President Aldridge.

It was also reported and recorded with deep regret, that on 6th January 1963, Bro. Caledonian W. A. Bailey, J.P., the oldest Member of the Society had died.

Two applicants for membership were duly elected to the Society.

At the Little Dinner following the business meeting, after the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President in introducing Mr Norman H. Woolley stressed the latter's wide knowledge of Burns and called on him to give his Sentiment:

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

Mr. Woolley, who was received with applause, said:—

I am honoured to have the privilege and pleasure this evening of addressing you. I know that most of you have heard numerous orations by many well known Burns' scholars, and as you have heard a few minutes ago, Lord Boothby should have been addressing you this evening. That grand orator with such a delightful stentorian voice and irresistible sense of humour. However, that may be a pleasure in store for some future occasion.

You have also heard that he has gone to Moscow with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. They are having a rare honour in as far as I understand the Orchestra will play in the Kremlin, and I do hope that while Lord Boothby is there he will take the opportunity of expounding some of the works of Burns—for the Russians, mark you, are great admirers of the poet and indeed placed his effigy on their postage stamps during the bicentenary. I feel that if Burns had had his way, emblazoned on those postage stamps would have been those few words of his—

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn"

Of course, Scotland has very ancient ties with Russia as at one time, many years ago, St. Andrew was also their patron Saint. That may not be very generally known, but I think if you look up your books of reference you will find the information is quite accurate.

It is almost 204 years ago since the birth of the poet, but it is a subject which is ever-green, and that is proved without any measure of doubt by the growing multitude of admirers

throughout the world. Many of his writings have been translated into no fewer than 22 foreign tongues, and speaking of admirers of his reminded me of a story told to me by a late President of the Burns Federation regarding the old lady who was taken to hospital at Ayr. She was rather ill and as an extra precaution she was asked what religion she followed. She replied without the slightest hesitation, 'I am a follower of Rabbie Burns.' (Laughter.)

Now as most of you know, Burns was born in the direst straits of poverty and it was a spectre of want which was at his elbow and haunted him throughout life.

It is not my intention, and of this many of you will be pleased, to give a long historical dissertation, but rather a short appreciation of the man. Notwithstanding the desperately frugal and difficult life which he led, coupled with very indifferent health and recurring moods of depression, I think one could say that within those limits his boyhood was a happy one, principally through the influence of greatly loved parents and in particular a highly respected and esteemed father who exerted his limited powers to the utmost for the mental improvement and general education of his children. The enthusiastic encouragement he received from his younger brother Gilbert was another most important factor. He had the very ready and ever-ready ear for his brother's outpourings and that very necessary word of encouragement in many of those darkest hours. Strangely enough, in their youth, Gilbert was the more apt scholar with a more exuberant and gayer temperament, but with Robert it was as with the stillness of deep waters, there was something about him which was uncanny and enigmatic. He was born to be great. In manhood his manner was strongly expressive of conscious genius, but lacking in vanity, affectation or arrogance. In appearance he was strong and robust and notwithstanding underlying weaknesses, was renowned for many great feats of strength on the fairground, which of course, perhaps is not surprising for one who had been so dexterous with the plough at the early age of 13. His features are described as being more massive than those presented in Naismith's picture, which most of you have no doubt seen, but it was his eyes which forcibly indicated his poetical character and temperament and when engaged in conversation to which he warmed, they literally glowed. Sir Walter Scott noted this most outstanding

feature and he said 'I never saw such eyes in another head and I have met the most distinguished men of my time'.

Burns was a lover of nature, nothing was too lowly to escape his attention. He had a profound feeling for his fellow creatures, he wrote of the things he saw and of his various experiences and perhaps one might say that many of his works were based on the text of his own failings. He had that extraordinary power of making his characters live and interesting with his clear graphic descriptive touches and piercing emphasis of thought.

Consider for a moment the oft repeated, yes the very oft repeated address to the little insignificant field mouse whose nest he turned over with the plough. The descriptiveness of those lines is so vivid, aye you can almost see the wee mouse scampering awa'. And then, of course, the innate wisdom in those lines so missed by those who are so forgetful of today, those who think they are the Lords of tomorrow, and yet are so ignorant of its most material circumstances that they do not know what it will bring forth, or, indeed, whether they may live to see it.

'But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.'

Or a few lines from his address to the more insignificant louse, inspired, no doubt, by its unauthorised wanderings over someone's finery who was sitting so jacious in the kirk, and so applicable to the vain who are hide-bound by hypocrisy and meanness which he intensely abhorred—

'O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion.'

And even the little mountain daisy which suffered likewise from his ploughshare—

'Wee modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;

For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power
 'Thou bonnie gem.'

Burns had a tremendous struggle throughout life for independence, independence which so befitted his nature, but that independence with a modicum of means was to elude him always. It appeared, after the publication of some of his works in Kilmarnock and Edinburgh, that fortune would smile on him and his future might be assured, but his cup of bitterness was to be filled to overflowing and he must have thought betimes of some of his own words in that respect—

'To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honour;
 Not for to hide it in the hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.'

For it's not what door of Fortune's palace shall we enter, but what door does she open to us. I feel sure that you are all most appreciative of the benefits of independence.

He was always an avid reader; his desire for information was absolutely insatiable; his knowledge of men and matters was most comprehensive; he was absolutely brilliant in conversation and his company was in constant demand. He associated with the noblest in the land and with the lowliest of his fellow creatures. He was equally at home with both, and was loth to deny anyone his companionship and that, perhaps, was his undoing. It is, however, to the undying shame of the then ruling powers of Scotland that no general or unified move was made to obtain official or tangible recognition of such outstanding and openly acknowledged qualities of genius of one who had the power to raise his country to the heights of patriotic fervour. His morals were, of course, brought under review, and I am afraid often in a very narrow and unkind light. There were many Holy Willies about then and I am afraid there are quite a few about today. (Laughter.)

He did not, however, sail under false colours: he did not deny his strong and deep affection for the opposite sex. Many are the songs and poems he wrote eulogising the fair sex, and perhaps they may be summed up in one short quotation:

'Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Or perhaps one verse from 'Ae Fond Kiss' explains it in another way—

'Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.'

No man ever suffered greater remorse of conscience for his misdeeds for he broke many lofty resolutions, but the carping criticism levelled at him roused a bitterness he could not contain and inspired many epigrams which were to cause him deep pangs of regret. It was his habit to scrawl verses and epigrams on the window panes of the Inns he visited, and the various houses, and it is recorded that he was so mortified by some of his writings that he later smashed the glass on which they had been inscribed.

His address to the unco' guid displays a very strong measure of venom, but in the following few lines one can also sense that appeal for understanding, understanding which he so sorely needed—

'O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebours' fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.'

And there are many things he rued. There is little doubt he committed many indiscretions, but most of those lurid stories of debauchery are grossly exaggerated tales which gather grime with the telling.

It is, perhaps, the Dumfries period of his life from which many of such accounts emanate. He was then engaged in the very lowly duties of an Excise-man, for which he received the princely sum of £50 a year, and those duties often caused him to travel some 200 miles on horseback in a week—a sorrowful waste of such mighty genius. He had high hopes, of course, of reaching the office of supervisor, or collector which might have brought him in some £200 to £1,000 a year which would have given him very much greater time for his literary efforts, but that was not to be. His supervisor, Mr. Findlater, records that he saw more of Burns from the time of his arrival in Dumfries than any other person, and he never witnessed anything like the enormities with which he has since been charged. His letter writing and lyrics at this time were also most prolific, the production of lyrical melody of such quality and quantity is without parallel and most certainly not the product of a drink sodden brain. Out of this vast collection of songs I mention but one and that has been sung in every quarter of the globe, 'Auld Lang Syne'. The melody of 'Auld Lang Syne' was adopted for the National Anthem of the Maldiv Islands, previously a Crown Colony of small islands 400 miles south-east of Ceylon.

Carlisle said of Burns that his copious effusions were but a fragment of what was in him, and I think we too can regret today that it was not possible for that vast reservoir to be burst open to wider vistas.

His married life with his Bonny Jean Armour was turbulent and, apart from the horror of poverty, was undoubtedly happy. She was the ideal companion having readily adapted herself to his waywardness with almost maternal regard and tolerance. It is so easy to be uncharitable, it is so easy to criticize and condemn, but those who would besmirch his memory would do well to consider if they themselves are above reproach. I will conclude with a few well known words, so much our thoughts today, so much our hopes of tomorrow and so characteristic of the man—

'Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be, for a' that.'

Mr. President, Brother Caledonians, Gentlemen, I ask you to be upstanding and drink a toast to the 'Immortal Memory'.

The Toast was honoured with enthusiasm and the Speaker warmly applauded. In thanking Mr. Woolley, the President referred to the sincerity and conviction with which he had delivered such a heart warming Immortal Memory.

AN EDINBURGH MEMBER WELCOMES THE GUESTS

In submitting this Toast, Bro. Caledonian Alastair A. M. Fisher said: I welcome the opportunity of proposing the Toast and heartily agree that it is time an Edinburgh man's voice was again heard at these gatherings, for we are often deaved with the tongues of Glaswegians, Paisley Buddies, Highlanders and Aberdonians, and even one from Ecclefechan. We seldom have the privilege of hearing the pure cultured tones of Scotia's Capital. (Laughter) It is a great pleasure to submit this Toast for, contrary to some opinions, one thing we Scots all enjoy is offering hospitality.

Our President has already introduced the Author of the Sentiment this evening, Mr. Norman H. Woolley and I would only add our thanks for your most sincere and stirring Sentiment. Our enjoyment must be apparent from the enthusiastic response of the company for we Scots are often said to be dour and have a deep-rooted distrust of effusiveness or gush—like the Deeside woman who had listened the whole evening to Sir Harry Lauder's jokes and patter without a hint of a smile. Next day however, she confided to a friend, 'He's a great comic—it was all I could dae to keep frae laughin' (Laughter)

I extend a welcome to Mr. F. Rutherglen and Mr. R. N. Robertson, Past President and Vice President respectively of the Ilford & District Scottish Association. And now, last but by no means least, I refer to Mr F. W. Arnold who has undertaken to reply on behalf of all of our Guests.

Mr. Arnold is a well known figure in the City of London. He is the Chief Executive Officer of the Union Discount Company of London, the largest discount house in the world and also Chairman of the London Discount Market. He is known to his friends as, 'Fearless Fred' but whether this is a reputation gained during his service in the Royal Air Force during the last war or applies to his courage in the discount market, we do not know.

To all of our Guests we would say that we hope you have had an enjoyable evening and, if this is your first visit, we hope it will be the forerunner of many. (Applause)

A DEBT TO SCOTS

In the course of his reply on behalf of the Guests, Mr. Arnold, after thanking Bro. Caledonian Fisher for proposing the Toast, continued: That great English Essayist, Charles Lamb (I think it was in 'Essays of Elia') wrote, 'I have been trying all my life to like Scotsmen but I have had to give up the attempt in despair.' (Laughter) What an unfortunate man! he certainly never attended a dinner of any forerunner of the Caledonian Society of London, nor could he have been as fortunate as I have been in knowing people from North of the Border.

After the first World War, my superiors felt they wanted some more steam in the Company and obtained the services of a new leader from one of the overseas banks—the most enormous Scotsman you ever saw.

Early on I remember saying, paraphrasing the Duke of Wellington, 'I don't know what he does to the Customers, but by God he terrifies me.' (Laughter) I recollect an early encounter with him when I had the temerity to complain about the meagreness of the pay rise given me. He looked at me and said, 'You know, I can't afford to pay Officers' wages to Corporals.' (Laughter) Strange as it may seem, I was delighted as I had hitherto regarded myself as a Private and here I was promoted to Corporal, albeit acting and unpaid. However, over the years he melted and we became quite good friends. He had a wonderful sense of urgency in our particular business and taught me a great deal.

Mr. President, you have the great honour and distinction of leading this vigorous Society and long may it flourish. Thank you for honouring me with the task of replying to the Toast and for the excellent hospitality and warm friendship extended to all your Guests this evening. (Applause)

NEW MEMBERS

Four new Members were introduced by their sponsors to the President. They were Bro. Caledonians H. G. Rae, O.B.E., B.L., John F. Robertson, J. O. Robson and G. L. Webster. After the Toast to, 'The New Members', the President emphasised the obligations as well as the privileges of membership of the Society and went on to report that the magnificent sum of £1,105 had been donated by the Society and Members in response to his appeal for the Royal Scottish Corporation.

Accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, Bro. Caledonian Donald Fraser sang, 'Mary Morison', 'Of a' the Airts' and 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose'. Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave as his selection, 'Campbell's Farewell to Redcastle', 'Climbing Duniquaich', 'Col. Stewart of Garth' and 'The Sweet Maid of Glendaruel' and, of course, the strathspey, 'The Caledonian Society of London.' Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem wound up a happy programme.

* * *

Prior to the Little Dinner held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington on Thursday, 21st February, 1963, the usual business meetings were held, the President in the Chair.

At these meetings two new Members were elected and the resignation of Bro. Caledonian Councillor John R. Hannay was accepted with regret.

THE SENTIMENT—AN INNOVATION

At the Little Dinner, when the Members had honoured the loyal toasts, the President explained that the Sentiment tonight would take an unusual form. The Sentiment entitled,

'THE SCOT IN THE PLANTATION INDUSTRY'

would be presented as a colour film with a comprehensive commentary and later Sir Leonard Paton, C.B.E., M.C., who had made himself responsible for the feature, would supplement the film commentary. The film was then shown. It illustrated the clearing of the jungle, the

planting, harvesting, manufacture and dispatch of the produce from rubber, oil palms, cocoanuts and tea, the whole procedure from beginning to end. It was a fascinating film greatly appreciated by the audience.

Later in introducing Sir Leonard Paton to the Members, the President referred to some of the former's activities—until recently Chairman and now a Director of Harrisons & Crosfield, Plywood Controller and Deputy Timber Controller, Commercial Managing Director of the U.K. Commercial Corporation (both of these during the second World War), an original member of the Dollar Exports Council, Chairman of the British Shippers Council and most important of all, at the present time Chairman of the London Committee of the Scottish Council of Industry.

Sir Leonard then addressed the Members and their Guests, and during his speech said—

If I hadn't read in the papers the last few days that your President had had very high advancement in the National Commercial Bank, and if he hadn't been a colleague of mine on the Scottish Council in London, I should have thought he was no banker at all to judge by the awful exaggeration he has been using the last few minutes!

The next thing I would like to tell you is the idea of showing the film was his, not mine, but I approved of it since it seemed to me that the film you saw was the complete answer to what I read here 'The Scot in the Plantation Industry', and because everybody you saw in that film, except two, is a Scot. It wasn't by design, it was just coincidental.

I thought maybe it would interest you if I told you why the Scot had gravitated into the plantation industry rather than to tell you what he did there, and then I had the most ghastly misgivings because I realised I was going to sit with George Campbell here, who was the Chairman of MacKinnon, MacKenzie & Co, and I've got Sir John Tait over there, who knows more about the East, I suppose, than most of us and still I thought 'I'll take a chance'.

The plantations in the East are mostly tea, rubber and palm oil. Tea originally was eaten, it wasn't drunk. How it came to be drunk was that all the water supply in China was the big rivers, and the big rivers, as well as being the water supply, were the refuse disposal. As the old junks went down, the taste of the water wasn't all that good, and so there was a hunt round to see what could improve the taste of the water, and the tea bush came into its own when it was found near the rivers there. That was found to give a better flavour.

(Laughter.) Well, originally when it was found to be a beverage, it was taken around by a Coolie with a pole having a big demi-john at each end, and he would tip it into your mouth for a small sum. So it became of interest to the shippers who were travelling there and going about their affairs in the world. The clippers used to go out once a year and they had a super-cargo and had somebody to manage who not only had an interest in the general adventure, but was allowed to take out certain goods with him.

Right away back there is the beginning of the sort of two-way trade that really has made London the undisputed leader of at least half the world, not only in trading, but in banking and insurance and all the ancillaries that go to make up a commercial community. Now, these super-cargoes were from Glasgow and Dundee and Aberdeen, and when the ships stopped in Ceylon or in Sumatra to get water and fruit, and so on, they thought, 'Well, this is a kindlier climate; I wonder if the tea would grow here'. So they took the seed from China and they planted it in Sumatra, Java and Ceylon. That was the beginning of the industry in these countries. Now with every single one of these remember that it's the British who brought this into these new countries. When you hear people talk about the exploitation of the East by the West, just remember, whether it is tea, rubber or palm oil, we brought it into these countries.

Well, when they started to plant these estates with the tea seed they brought from China, they'd got to get somebody to look after it; they'd got to watch the investment; who better than a younger brother or a friend of the family, somebody you knew and whose background was familiar, and so there gradually became a drift towards the East in the plantation industry, beginning with tea.

Now tea was the first of them all and still has the plenary position. Rubber was introduced into the East, again by the British. Seeds were brought from Brazil, they were brought to Kew and they lived. Then some were taken out to Ceylon and to Malaya. They found Malaya had the most wonderful climate for it and Malaya became, as you saw earlier, a natural home for rubber.

The same thing happened with palm oil, but all these estates as they grew and matured had need of additional supplies. So again, you got machinery brought out to produce the

tea, or the rubber, and again you got another fillip to the development of, what I call, the two-way trade. Now, as the tea estates matured you got another problem—the problem of quality. I did mention that the clippers only went once a year, and if the quality wasn't quite right there wasn't a thing to do about it; you'd just got to wait until next year. So if two years were wrong and sometimes two years were wrong, there were requests, 'Go out and see if you can't do something about it'. And when the tea people went out from this country to do something about it and got the quality right and prepared to come home, the people there said, 'For Goodness sake don't go home, we'll be away back were we started; stay and help us to produce the tea that will please the people at home'. Thus you have the beginnings of the great merchant businesses of the East and you find Scottish industry and Scottish commerce really coming into its own. That's the time when you begin to find the great familiar names in Scotland—Andrew Yule, MacKinnon Mackenzie. The first one that was a nearly historical figure was James Mackay—he later became Lord Inchcape.

Well, now, I don't think after seeing the film I should talk a great deal more. All I'd like to say is that a tradition grew up and today I think it's true that the finest passport you can carry to the East is a good Scots tongue.

Somehow the Scot has a faculty for getting on with these coloured people. He never asks you to do a job that he can't do himself; he never expects you to kow-tow to him because he's never been known to kow-tow to anybody himself. He seems to be able to get more into a pint pot in the way of good relations and good natured constructive service from these Easterns that they are normally willing to give. Today the tradition lives on. Conditions are different; living conditions are very much better than they used to be. The Scot was a success because he had been used to 'thole', he had had to put up with something and he had been nudged out by the old folk because the purse was too short and the family too long. Now we are up against the problems of nationalism—if you are black you can run a black country even if you can't sign your name. You saw in my film nothing but Scots, only two Sassenachs in the whole place. The inscrutable Chinese was not a representative of Moscow, he was the Chairman's typist (laughter). But, that being so, I think you can be proud of the young Scot today who is taking his place in the East, just

as you can be proud of the history that the Yules and Inchcapes and so on have handed down to us today. (Applause.)

GUESTS' TOAST

In submitting the toast of the Guests, Brother Caledonian W. A. D. Neish expressed the pleasure of the Members at the presence of a large number of friends. He continued:—

This extraordinary weather has prevented several other guests from attending. It would therefore seem appropriate to embrace in this toast to our Guests some mention of those absent friends but I do hope the Guests assembled here tonight have not found the wine waiter to be in that category.

We trust you have found our festive board to your satisfaction and our company entertaining. We, for our part, thank you for coming and hope you will come again.

It is customary for the proposer of this toast to give the company some indication of the various professions represented and it always seems to be that we are overwhelmed with Bankers, Lawyers and Accountants. It may be that this pattern is established because they are always watching each other.

We also have with us representatives of the various Scottish Societies and I would like to mention Mr W. Cameron-Thomson who is President of the Ruislip Caledonian Society.

We are indeed indebted to Mr. R. A. C. Cobley who has agreed to reply on behalf of his fellow Guests. Mr Cobley who is a colleague of Sir Leonard Paton has not only stepped into this breach at the eleventh hour to respond to this toast, but has also done excellent preliminary work in connection with the film show tonight. (Applause)

SCOTS WHO COLONISED FINCHLEY

In his reply to the toast Mr. Cobley said—I think Mr. Neish might have made it quite clear that I am not in any way an after-dinner speaker, but I really am delighted to be able to thank the President and the Society on behalf of myself and my fellow Guests. I have had much Scottish hospitality in my day; I'm an expert at receiving hospitality from the Scots. (Laughter) I cannot conceal from you that three out of my four grandparents were, in fact, pure Scots. They were first generation settlers in England, they colonised Finchley actually (laughter) and they were so well known in Finchley as a source of, shall we say, an authoritative source of Scottish law that it is said that Dickens consulted them when he wished to put anything about Scotland into any of his books. I personally am not a great student of Dickens, but I have been unable to trace any reference to Scotland in any of Dicken's books. (Laughter) Be that as it may, when it comes to discussing matters of being invited to Scottish feasts the English quarter of me, the calculating, crafty English quarter, always counsels me to take full advantage of my English name and not to be a host but to be a guest. I have found it a most satisfactory procedure to follow. (Laughter)

Sir Leonard told you about the Scots in the Far East and I don't know whether he really conveyed to you the depth and strength and

concentration of Scots in the Far East. When I first went to Sumatra—it was in the 30's—I was, I think, one of two English employees of Harrisons for the previous 20 years. The entire European population on the British side was Scottish and they were really most confused about this introduction of two Englishmen into their society. Wherever we went we heard sort of intelligible or unintelligible remarks—'What do Harrisons think they're doing sending people like you out here.' (Laughter) This was really rather disconcerting to two young Englishmen trying to make their way in a foreign country where their compatriots appeared to be hostile as well. (Laughter) So we worked out a stratagem and after a while we replied to these remarks. We said, 'Well, confidentially, Old Man', in our best English accent, 'confidentially, Old Man, we heard in London that they were sending out a better type of man to the Far East.' (Laughter) Strangely enough this went down well: they thought it was funny (laughter) and we were accepted.

A great feature of life in the Far East is the feasts and entertainment on St. Andrew's Day. I believe St. Andrew is not taken quite so seriously in the British Isles as he is in the Far East, but I can vouch for it that wherever you go, whether small towns, large towns, mud hut, encampment, St. Andrew is revered and honoured and his day is undoubtedly the major social event in the calendar. (Hear, hear). The smaller number of Scots, the smaller the place, the bigger the entertainment. (Laughter) Perhaps an example of this is that I myself was seriously misled for quite a long time. We were given at these St. Andrew's feasts a dish called haggis. Now this dish in those days, as served to me, was a soup plate in which was a pint maybe or a pint and a quarter possibly of whisky in which was floating a few grains of barley and rice, mixed meats and some greasy scum on the top, so I not unnaturally thought the haggis was a soup (laughter) This is quite a true story—and when I came home after the war, I was offered, or rather I saw on a menu card the word 'haggis', I ordered this thing and the man brought me a plate with a pile of what looked like rather inferior mince and I said 'No, no,' I said, 'Take this away' and he said 'This is first-class haggis, Sir, this comes from Perth.' I said, 'I know better than that my man, haggis is a soup—take this away and bring me some soup.' (Laughter)

After some further observations, Mr. Cobley concluded his speech amid great applause.

NEW MEMBERS

The President then received five new Members as follows:— Bro. Caledonians J. D. J. Keswick, Lt-Col. John D. McGregor, M.C., W. Patrick MacLagan, Alex. A. Pow and Sir John Tait.

The musical programme was provided by Mr D. McConnachie who, accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., sang 'Mary of Argyle' and 'The Hiking Song'.

For his pipe selections Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., played 'John Bain MacKenzie', 'Highland Mary', 'The Last Pint' and 'The Scottish Horse' and later 'The Caledonian Society of London' Strathpey.

A most interesting and enjoyable evening ended with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem.

* * *

On Thursday, 21st March, 1963, the fifth of the 1962-1963 series of meetings of the Society was held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, under the Presidency of William Millar.

At the general meeting the deaths of three members, Bro. Caledonian, W. P. Keith, M.V.O., Alexander Robertson and Donald Munro were reported. Appropriate resolutions were adopted. Two new members were admitted—Sir Leonard Paton, C.B.E., M.C. and Duncan W. McIntyre.

"THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURE"

At the Little Dinner, President William Millar, having given the loyal toasts, introduced Mr. Alastair, M. Dunnett, editor of *The Scotsman*, and called upon him to give his Sentiment "The Scottish Adventure".

Mr. Dunnett, after some preliminary remarks, said

I stand here, Chairman, with diffidence in the company of merchant princes, including so many people who make London a going concern, and I have to salute one or two English visitors also—these are the people who don't know who the Duke of Rothesay is. (Laughter.) They sit here surrounded by Scots, a predicament all too common in their professional lives. I'm sorry I can't relieve their minds, because so far as I can see, canvassing quickly around the company, I am not the only one going back. (Laughter.) I'll be on that train tonight but it's too much to expect a re-immigration move north. My fellow Scots are patriots but they're no daft. (Laughter.) It is a well-known fact, well, theory anyway, that it is the best Scots who immigrate. This theory is put about by just such a company as this (laughter) not by the native Scots at all.

I thank you anyway, President, for your very pleasant and cordial introduction. How different from the formalities of our Capital ! ! Shortly after I came to Edinburgh to take over the editorship of *The Scotsman* a small committee of the Rotary Club called on me and invited me—indeed summoned me (laughter) to speak to their gathering. This is one of Edinburgh's ways of screening intruders. You may know the Rotary people in Edinburgh meet at 1 o'clock every Thursday, have a lunch and a talk—not a Sentiment, that would be betraying an emotion. (Laughter.) You can always tell an Edinburgh man anywhere in the world by the fact that when he hears a gun go off he looks at his watch (laughter)

and you can tell an Edinburgh rotarian by the fact that when he hears a gun go off he starts eating. At any rate for this ordeal I prepared a grave address which seemed to me only fitting and as I was getting my thoughts in order just before the meeting started, a friend came up behind me and whispered, 'Now nothing serious, all they want is a few funny stories and away by 2 o'clock ! ! (Laughter.) When he had introduced me the Chairman sat down, held me so that I could not rise, and whispered in my ear, 'Now, no heavy stuff, just a few good jokes, and for goodness sake don't keep them later than 2 o'clock'. Well, this is far from the advice I got when prosecuting my task of editing *The Scotsman*. Not long after that time I met the Prime Minister, who got his new job about the same time as I did, and he said to me, 'What is it you're doing—are you Editor of *The Scotsman*?' I admitted it and he said 'My God' in a tone of a man who is not feeling well, 'I have got my worries but yours is a job with real trouble.' (Laughter.)

I thought we might, with your indulgence, have a look at some thoughts of Scotland as a going concern, especially these days and in terms of the people who stay and work there, who by staying and working there give meaning to a gathering like this and to the whole world brotherhood of Scots. This is to me a very personal doctrine 'God gave all men all earth to love and since our hearts are small ordained for each, one spot to prove beloved over all'. I find it in Scotland and in this adventure a surprise always round the corner. In the early days of the war about the spring of 1940, I was doing some official work generously called intelligence. You may remember that the man power shortage was so difficult, they were finding honest work even for journalists. I had to do once or twice what a Clydebank colleague of mine in the same undertaking called 'a wee job for the Foreign Office', and on this occasion it was to take a party of Bulgarians round Scotland. Now these Bulgarians had been sent by their Government, then under tremendous pressure by the Nazis, to throw in their lot with the Hitler element. As we know, they didn't manage to hold out, but there was a strong feeling in Bulgaria that they might be able to resist. They sent here an official Government mission to see what our war effort was and to see if it might be true, as the Nazis said, that we weren't up to any war preparations at all. So we took them about the factories and down the Clyde where there was a tremendous

great fleet being built, every yard was full of new battleships of all sizes. They admitted 'We've not really anything like this in Bulgaria, but we're the greatest agricultural country in Europe—our agriculture is unsurpassed'. So then we took them to the great carse lands of the East and the rich meadows of the Forth and showed them stock farms and the tremendous and still, I think, unrivalled mechanisation of these enterprises. This was also breath-taking and they said, 'Well we admit we've never really seen anything like this, this is tremendous, you could feed yourselves for many many years'. We took them then to Blair Drummond Castle for a certain reason and as we were driving along the roads of Stirling we talked about the agriculture we had seen. One of them said 'But you know in Bulgaria, the vines; there's nothing like them in the world, the French vines nowhere, no other country in the world has the tremendous vines of Bulgaria'. So I said 'Would you like to see the biggest vine in the world?' and they replied 'Yes, where is it?' It was a shame to take their money. (Laughter.) I said 'It's in this village here—we'll just stop and have a look at it'. We were driving through Kippen at the time and we went in to see the greatest, the largest vine, in the world. They bought some enormous bunches of grapes to take to Blair Drummond Castle where Lady Drummond Hay, herself a Bulgarian, was living. Who should be there in residence, but General Sir Ian Hamilton, then about 92, I think. As we sat with him at dinner that night that great old scholar cavalier had never been more brilliant, more dazzling, more astonishing in his adventures and excitements. He knew one of the Bulgarians through an acquaintanceship with his father, a Bulgarian General attached to the Dardanelles expedition. This is what one means, this is the kind of place that Scotland really is. There's always a fresh and new surprise and I think it's probably induced by an attitude of mind. It demands, I think, a preparedness for some things that we're not awfully good at in Scotland, especially a preparedness to help and commend each other, the God-given gift of generosity and encouragement. We're not very good at doing other than sometimes finding fault with fellow Scots and so often the Scottish effort. We tend to cancel each other out. It's marvellous and sad in many ways how history pairs off into people. There's a John Knox and there's a Mary Stuart, brilliant people in their own

field—cancelling each other out, making negative the tremendous effort and contribution each could make. For every Argyll there's a Montrose, for every MacIntyre there's a Dollan. Well, one generation of Scots broke through this and I'm very interested in how they did it.

This was the time of what we now call the 'Golden Age', towards the end of the 18th century when Edinburgh filled up with scholars, poets, writers, artists and philosophers. It didn't really fill up, they were there already but suddenly they were seen. One of them said 'I can go down the High Street of Edinburgh and shake 50 men of genius by the hand'. Who said they were men of genius? They said it themselves (laughter) like the Caledonian Scots, a great piece of obvious and original propaganda and they backed each other up—the first and only time in Scottish history. They threw all their endeavours together and created in that obscure and half forgotten town a platform of an intellectual alliance that staggered Europe and destroyed for ever the damnable heresy that we can't find room in Scotland for all our own brains. And think of the kind of conditions they had, people deprived of their parliament, abandoned by their Monarch, the law never less compassionate, the church never more bigoted. For some reason they all turned round and went together in the same direction and we're all living on their reputation still.

I know that Hume and Ramsay and Scott and Adam Smith are great people in anyone's terms, but they came out of a seed bed deliberately prepared for just this kind of effort and if we could find out how to do it now nothing would be impossible. I have spent a lot of my life looking for dour Scots and do you know I can't find any. I know a lot of dour Englishmen and a terrible lot of dour Frenchmen, but I don't really know any dour Scots. And, by the same token I don't know very many canny Scots because it's characteristic of Scotland and it's still going on, perhaps in pockets; perhaps not enough of people taking great flings with fortune. You can't be outnumbered 8 to 1 and not do this and of course you make a lot of mistakes, but it's an attitude like this that makes a setting for such adventures as the Edinburgh Festival. Who could have thought at that time when we'd really accepted that everything was second-rate and going to stay that way—who'd have thought that an elderly Edinburgh lawyer would suddenly see the point of the kind of break through that was

possible at that time. This is the thing that's in the Scottish air, I'm sure of it.

I like to take visitors to Edinburgh when I am showing them round, to a place that's not on the list of things officially visited—down to the West Princes Street Gardens. Just beyond the floral clock you will find, half dug in the embankment of earth, three summer houses with children playing about them, people sitting in them. If you look closely you will realise you have never seen such strongly built summer houses, built of beautiful handsomely shaped stone ashlars, beautifully formed with pillars in the front, enormously thick and with a concrete roof that would stop a bomb, and was intended to stop bombs. These were quickly flung up bomb shelters in public places. But even in the struggle and difficulty and rush and agonies of these times, there was a moment just to think of what lay beyond the war, to remember that they'd been through all this before and people go on after wars. And there was time to create things which now have babies in prams in them and children playing and old people sitting. Oh, I know we are all terribly clever these days. We know the kind of things we do badly, but there are some good things that happen. Thank God!

There are quite a lot of things happening in Scotland. This month in Scotland we've been remembering the Covenanters because it was in March they signed the Covenant. I was even dragged along to Greyfriars church to wag my paw in a pulpit. Well, I thought I'd better do it once—it's not only the Caledonian Society that are devils for punishment. There was a captive audience for me at Greyfriars kirk full of Presbyterians. (Laughter.) I went because of an invention that the Covenanters made—it wasn't entirely new, but they showed in tremendous difficulties that it could work. It was the freedom of the conscience and it made it possible for me to be there and speak to them and for all of us to speak, discuss and print what we think is right. Speaking as one personally engaged in the terrible search for truth, I don't know a greater freedom. They got it for us and for all mankind. These Covenanters were severe men, but they lived in severe times and they were ready to die for it. I suppose they would have preferred to read poetry rather than to take to the moors, but they gained almost on their own terms the freedom that belongs to us all. They gained it so thoroughly that I think we believe we've got it for keeps, we have got this permanently.

But it may not be so! I myself think there is a real danger that it may not be so. Moreover, they were regarded as people who destroyed beauty; they were ignorant clods; they had no culture; they should have gone quietly.

That is the kind of generalisation I often hear from people who return home for holidays and go back again; coming to see me and say, 'All your hotels in Scotland are lousy and when the hell are you going to do something about the roads and why don't you stop girning'. Well, Scotland at least once in every century has to make a kind of decision the Covenanters had to make in a big way, they had to decide whether they were going to choose culture or freedom. They always chose freedom and I am not sorry about it, and when I look at the countries that are set forth as great refuges and creative centres of liberal art, I see countries that have spent most of their time truckling to tyrants. You may know the dialogue Neil Munro put into the mouth of Lord Auchinleck, the father of James Boswell when that indifferent journalist turned up at Auchinleck's house with his friend Dr. Johnson. These two, Dr. Johnson and Auchinleck, probably very typical examples of their respective races, didn't take long to argue about the Covenanters and about what they stood for. Johnson eventually said, 'Your Covenanters in their zeal to abolish ritual have abolished beauty' and Auchinleck said 'The graves of Cameron and Peden are on the hills behind us, Sir, and their death was beauteous as the rose'.

Well, we have to remember the liberties which were won for us and which we guard with indifference. They were won by these fore-folk it is fashionable to deride for their illiberal attitude. They knew right from wrong, they believed in the dignity of man made in the image of God; they felt that they were part of a divine purpose, that nothing on earth was beyond their powers. And they made the name of Scotland resound! What liberties have we won? I can tell you of plenty we've lost. I can tell you of plenty in my own field, and it's not that I have a liberty to lose, because the freedom of the Press is far too important to leave to a few embattled journalists. The freedom of the Press is something that I and other people like me exercise in your name; whether we do it responsibly or irresponsibly it's done in your name. I myself have reached the stage where I am not prepared to regard Parliament and the elected representatives as the sole judges of what is in the best interests of the State. I seem to see them

year by year abandoning the right to make that historic claim, and it wasn't one of your local London papers that said that first in print.

Well, there are great things doing in Scotland, great endeavour and some of them you have heard at this table. I don't need to go into them in detail, but I readily come to the conclusion that Scotland is the best setting for the work of Scots; the best things that are happening in Scotland are the things we are doing ourselves. I can see ahead an administrative solution to some of our problems, that would solve not only Scotland's problems but the intractable problem of Ireland and make these islands indeed, if we willed it, a United Kingdom, because I don't think we can go on forever expecting the House of Commons to set up new constitutions for Tanganyika, Kenya, Rhodesia and still limp on with monumentally obsolete and inefficient systems running here. You know there's a ray of hope in all this because London's started to get worried about it—that is a great thing.

One thing that has been remarkable for Scotland all these difficult years has been the courage with which London has borne our troubles. (Laughter). All this shouting about the rates—you know it's a terrible thing, we have been through all this in Scotland two or three years ago and there wasn't this shouting, this complaining. It was in these parts that the great cries were raised about the Common Market and the fears that we would be outnumbered and wouldn't have a say. In Scotland you see, we've been at the raw end of a lopsided Common Market for 250 years (laughter) and we've had to try to make it work. Well, what has the London Scot got to do with all this? *You* know best. You have in this company great benevolent works, the charities and social purposes that you pursue. We can in Scotland go on without you. I hope we don't have to, I'd like to think you are going to be at our side in a real sense. I know you give much thought to it and I know you would rather do more than just put a stone on Scotland's cairn once or twice a year. I know that many here are on advisory committees and are a great help in connection with what's going on in Scotland, and others I think, do really influence things that have an impact on this new world we know so well in Scotland. Better than a dozen committees would be just to set up a wee factory somewhere in Scotland, or in some other practical way, to take a stake in a developing

Scotland. How dearly welcomed that would be because anyone who can give employment in Scotland cashes in. This is where education has possibly got its longest tradition and most of us here are products of this tradition. Somebody staked us. I would like to think of gatherings like this as not just nostalgic, but looking forward and not looking back. I would like to see the Scot interested in these things, investing in Scotland because Scotland invested in you. (Applause).

The President expressed to Mr. Dunnett the Members' appreciation of his excellent Sentiment, listened to with deep interest.

WELCOME TO NEW ZEALAND HIGH COMMISSIONER

'Our Guests', always an important toast, was submitted by Past President Col. L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., who after expressing the Members' pleasure at the large number of guests, (considerably outnumbering the hosts) referred to the eloquent Sentiment delivered by Mr Dunnett, welcomed Sir John Macpherson, the Rev J. Miller Scott (the new Minister of Crown Court Church) and Mr. James Paterson, Treasurer of the South East London Scottish Association.

Speaking of the principal Guest, His Excellency Sir Thomas Lachlan McDonald, High Commissioner for New Zealand, Col. Bennett said: This is not the first time we have been honoured in this Society by the presence of a High Commissioner for New Zealand, for in 1947 the much beloved Sir William Jordan attended one of these functions and replied for the Guests.

Bill Jordan, as he was affectionately known not only in New Zealand but in this country, was a Cockney born and bred and proud of it. I can recall at a New Zealand Society Dinner, his telling us that before going out to New Zealand he was a 'Bobby' in the East End of London and that he was the bloke who took the 'Haitch out of Oxtou'.

Sir Thomas is New Zealand born, but comes of good Perthshire stock and Lady MacDonald's forebears hailed from Plocton. His Excellency is a native of Invercargill, that typically Scottish town at the foot of the South Island, where there are almost as many pipe bands as there are sheep and where one finds in the centre of the City, streets bearing the names of Scottish Rivers—Tay, Dee, Esk, Spey and Clyde Street.

Sir Thomas commenced his adult life with the Union Steamship Co. He saw service with the New Zealand Mounted Rifles in the First World War serving in Egypt and Palestine and, on his return, took up farming in Southland, a Province which now exports over three million lambs a year, the majority of which come to this country. No, I am not advertising the excellence of New Zealand lamb, merely stating statistics.

During the Second World War he served with the New Zealand Division in North Africa from 1940-43 and returned to New Zealand with the rank of Captain.

When the National Government assumed office in 1949, Sir Thomas was appointed Minister of Defence and Rehabilitation Minister in

charge of War Pensions and in 1950 he took over the Ministry of Civil Aviation. He has held many other Ministerial posts and undertaken much travel on behalf of the New Zealand Government. During the illness of his Prime Minister, Sir Sydney Holland in 1957, he represented New Zealand at the Prime Ministers' Conference here in London.

Sir Thomas took office as New Zealand High Commissioner in London just over two years ago and in this year's New Year's Honours was appointed a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

We are greatly honoured, Sir, by your presence here tonight, not only for the position you hold as representative of that great little country so closely knit to us by blood and tradition, but we also welcome you for yourself, knowing as we do your love for the land of your forebears and the great interest you have taken in the activities of Scottish affairs in London since taking up your duties in this, the City of our adoption. (Applause)

THE SCOTTISH ADVENTURE IN NEW ZEALAND

In replying to the toast of the Guests, the High Commissioner suggested that if it had not been for the adventurous spirit of the Scots, New Zealand might have been a very different place. The first Scottish settlers established a community at Otago and laid the foundation for the many Scottish groups which followed. He traced their influence on the country particularly the South Island, praised their industry and paid tribute to their success. He continued, it is fine for a New Zealander to come back here to this land to meet Scots, although in this case you are almost ex-patriots like ourselves, but to get back to Scotland and to mark the scenes where his forefathers originated and where they left so many years before. We are great ancestor hunters. A friend named Mathieson, whose New Zealand ancestors came from the Kyle of Lochalsh, was over here some years ago. He took a stroll from Kyle and saw an old man hoeing in a garden. However, the old man beat him to the draw because he looked up and said, 'Hah, come looking for your ancestors I suppose (laughter). This rather nonplussed the man, so he said 'Yes, as a matter of fact I have—are there any Mathiesons around here?' The old fellow rubbed his jaw, ruminated for a while and said 'Aye, there are Mathiesons.' So he'd struck oil in the first dip—they were all Mathiesons round that little village at that time!

Another story that I tell sometimes about ancestor hunters, was told to me by an American Colonel of Scottish descent—a man I met in Jerusalem. He'd come from one of the border areas and he was delighted to get over here. As soon as he could get some leave he dashed up to Scotland, found the village where his people had come from, hunted through the records and found a Mr. and Mrs. of the same name as himself somewhere about 1780 and he thought this was marvellous. However, he thought he had better have another look to see if he could go a little further back and sure enough 40 years before there was a man of the same name as himself, but he was a bachelor! (Laughter) He said this left him with somewhat of a doubt and he wasn't too sure whether this ancestor hunting paid off or not. But there are very strong bonds of sentiment between New Zealand and

Scots. We all love getting back there. I know in my own case I feel a good bit better once I pass Fort William heading north, and the hills up there remind me so much of the hills that our early Scots shepherds encountered when they went out to New Zealand. When I saw the hills the first time I realised just how those old boys who went out there to look after their sheep in the early days, must have felt very much at home, because of the kind of country they were in.

I thank you Mr. President and Members of the Caledonian Society of London for your hospitality tonight. It has been a great privilege to be among you and a very great privilege indeed to hear the Sentiment as expressed by Alister Dunnett—I have heard him speak before on another occasion here in London and I thoroughly enjoyed that too—so I knew when I came along here tonight I was going to get something really worth while. On behalf of your other Guests I thank you very much for all that we have experienced here this evening. (Applause)

THE HONORARY OFFICE-BEARERS

The President, giving the annual vote of thanks to the Honorary Office-bearers, said—

Heading the list for honourable mention is the Secretary, George Deans. If Jeannie Deans was the 'Heart of Midlothian', George Deans is the heart of the Caledonian Society of London. What an efficient officer he is. His thinking starts on the basis that the President is incapable of conducting a meeting of any kind—which, for this year, is true—and all the spadework is done and detail attended to well in advance, despite the tardiness of some of you in returning your acceptance postcards. He also has the great virtue of breaking into hearty laughter at even the feeblest joke from the Presidential Chair, and he has had ample scope for such risibility during my term of office.

Then we have our two Scottish Chartered Accountants. Treasurer R. Y. Kennedy and Auditor James H. Robertson. Did you observe not so long ago in the *Accountants' Journal* an advertisement which read 'Scottish Chartered Accountants in London have vacancies for apprentices. Positions open to English candidates who seek to acquire by diligence what they missed at birth'. Our Honorary Treasurer and Honorary Auditor pass muster on both counts.

I am proposing to say a word about Pipe Major Robertson and Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie on the Ladies Night and I am left with the Honorary Historian, Brother Caledonian William M. Miller. I am not sure if I have used the happiest phraseology in saying 'I am left with him.' It sounds as if no-one else wants him! How untrue that would be—like 'Jenny Bell's treacle,' he is in great demand. (Laughter)

The Honorary Historian is a 'quiet,, forbearing and tolerant man.' I repeat for emphasis—'a quiet, forbearing and tolerant man.' Who said so? Why no less a person than the Honorary Historian himself, (laughter) and, what is more, he had the audacity to commit this entirely false self-assessment to print—Chronicles—(I mean the Caledonian Society 'Chronicles' not the lesser know chapter of that title)—Volume 7, page 35. He ought to call in a second opinion before this disease from which he is suffering kills him! (Laughter)

To all those who in their business have wage demands from Staff, I commend as free from problems our policy towards our Office Bearers. We pay them nothing at all. A friend of mine was approached a day or two ago by an Irishman looking for work. There was no employment available for him and he was obviously in a desperate state—it may be that he had a wife and ten children in Ballybunion. He ultimately softened the heart of my friend by saying—'The little bit of work I do won't be noticed.' The worthy gentlemen I have mentioned do a lot of work and I can assure them that it does not go unnoticed. I give you therefore, with sincerity and enthusiasm the Toast of the 'Honorary Office Bearers.'

In his reply the Honorary Secretary, Bro. Caledonian George Deans, thanked the President for his kind and gracious remarks. He expressed the hope that next session the members would surprise the office-bearers by sending in their subscriptions before they were due, and their dinner cards before the specified date; then it could be said that they were behaving in a manner worthy of the Society.

A new member, Bro. Caledonian Robert Cassels was received by the President.

The musical part of the programme was contributed by the brothers Rory and Alex McEwan who, accompanying themselves on their guitars, sang with great acceptance 'The Diamond,' 'The Sour Mulk Cart,' 'Lum hat wantin' a croon,' 'The day we went to Rothesay O,' 'The wee German Lairdie' and 'The Chastity Belt.'

In the absence through illness of Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. his son James, played the following selections 'The Speed Boat,' 'The Bob o' Fettercairn,' 'Christmas Carousin,' 'The Sweet Maid of Barra' and the Society's Strathspey.

With Bro. Caledonian the Rev. J. Fraser McLuskey, M.C., D.D., at the piano the evening ended with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the 'National Anthem.'

* * *

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL

The Annual Festival or Ladies' Night with President William Millar in the chair, was held, like our other monthly meetings, at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, on Thursday 18th April, 1963.

After an excellent dinner, attended by one of the largest gatherings of recent years, the President submitted the loyal toasts which were heartily pledged with Caledonian Honours.

THE SOCIETY

In giving the toast of 'The Caledonian Society of London,' the President said:

Having had two days at the Cheltenham National Hunt Meeting, I am still think in racing terms. If you will look at your programme you will see the first event of our evening tonight is 'The President's Hurdle'. It is a small field—only one runner—The Caledonian Society of London. It has wintered well, is in good condition and, had there been a larger

entry, would undoubtedly have been an odds-on favourite. In the stud records it is described as 'Aged'—very aged, in fact, for the Caledonian Society of London was born in 1837. That was the year Queen Victoria came to the Throne. No-one who witnessed the founding of the Caledonian Society of London and the accession of Queen Victoria could have been aware of the glorious future that lay ahead of both. Queen Victoria saw the century out. We, like Tennyson's brook, look like going on for ever, perhaps chattering as we go. It may be that our chances of survival are better than ever now that nationalisation is no longer prominent in the Socialist Party doctrine. In this Society we eschew politics and we eschew class distinction—our only discrimination being against non-Scots—but I would ask you how would you react to a situation, if it ever arises, in which the Pipe Major is licensed to appear by the Lord Chamberlain, that his kilt conformed to Board of Trade specifications and that the Ministry of Food had renewed our licence to import haggis. If 'they', whoever 'they' may be, want a revolution on their hands, let them start tampering with Scottish customs and Scotch Whisky.

I am curious to know how this habit of toasting ourselves on Ladies' Night started. It is unusual. Did the Society, somewhere in the uncharted past, run out of friends prepared to do the job for them? It is difficult to eulogise ourselves and retain that inbred modesty which sits so easily on the shoulders of the Scot, despite the great pressures and achievements which encourage self-adulation! But 'here's tae us—wha's like us' is always music to our ears.

We have achievements to look back upon and to act as a spur for the future, but our records, called 'The Chronicles', contain as well much lighter material of historical interest. For example, we know that at the first dinner 12 members sat down—no ladies. We made history in that direction. In far off days our members must have been wise enough to be fond of the girls. 'The wisest man the world e'er saw, he dearly lo'ed the lassies-o.' The Caledonian Society of London was the first body to invite ladies to dinner. Having started the practice, who among us on this night of all nights would dare to say that we pioneered the emancipation of the female and that it has been carried too far?

In 1843 our fortunes must have been at their lowest ebb. A few Englishmen and an Irishman crept in as members.

When this was discovered by the High Priests of the day they reintroduced the caste system and had the untouchables removed. Now you have to have a blood test which must show 70% under proof!

Of more personal interest to me is that in 1842 a member of Council was actually dismissed from the Society for appearing improperly dressed at a dinner—to wit, not wearing the kilt. I must say how grateful I am to the President in 1898 who took a more enlightened and broader view and removed this restriction. My broader view is not quite broad enough to support this particular article of attire!

We share with a number of parents two foster-children, whom we are pledged to help, both older than ourselves: The Royal Scottish Corporation (founded in 1611) and the Royal Caledonian Schools (founded in 1815). I described these two worthy Scottish organisations in a recent appeal I made to you as the 'old and needy' and the 'young and needy' and may I take this opportunity of thanking you for your magnificent response. To the Corporation we have given this year £1,240—a wonderful figure when you consider our membership is limited to 100. While it is too early to assess the response to the Schools Appeal, I may say contributions to date are promising. The final figure will be announced at the Schools Dinner on 9th May when I hope to see a good representation from this Society.

Many of you serve on various Committees of both these bodies and know the grand work they do. We all know too the fine independent spirit of many of the pensioners of the Corporation. They remind one of the old lady who was given £30 by her nephew to mend a hole in the roof of her cottage. To his consternation the hole in the roof remained. She explained that she had put the money aside to provide a decent burial as she would be 'black affrontit' if she had to be buried 'on the Parish'.

The President-Elect may like to note that as part of his duty, when he slips into the Chair, he is expected to do the round of Scottish Society Dinners. I hope I have helped the Scottish economy by consuming more than my fair share of haggis. This delicacy, I may say, should hold no terrors for the President-Elect as quite recently I heard him, at his own County Dinner, trying to explain to the Nepalese Ambassador—whose English was none too good—what the ingredients are. It is bad enough trying to analyse it in English!

Ladies and gentlemen, the Caledonian Society of London is a serious body. Our monthly dinners are the lighter side. We stand square by our intentions, set out in our Constitution. We have tradition. We have a fine record of service. We have certain rituals like the Caledonian Honours which you have already witnessed this evening. At the close of the proceedings you will hear 'Auld Lang Syne' sung as it ought to be sung and not reduced to a rollicking brawl which it so often is, but we have no mystique under the counter. We are a plain, straight-forward body of men.

In 1947, in giving a Sentiment on the History of the Society, the then Honorary Historian, the late Past President William Will, quoted something apt and profound. The words were repeated to you ten years afterwards from this Chair by Dr. Macrae Stewart. They will bear repeating again. They were originally attributed to Robert Hepburn, one of the early members of the Society and President for ten years. Listen to what he said and ponder it. These are his words:—

'We have raised a standard in this metropolis around which men with honest hearts may rally . . . and while doing so, we have not been unmindful of the fatherless or neglectful of the tottering steps of age and infirmity'.

That sentiment has echoed down the ages, has been hearkened to and acted upon. Can we re-echo it? I know we can. I give you the toast—"The Caledonian Society of London". (Applause.)

DEFINITION OF 'HOST' AND 'GUEST'

Vice-President Alister G. MacDonald, in submitting the toast to the Guests explained his difficulty in finding a formula which would enable him to welcome each Guest individually without mentioning the names of more than two. He also described his searches for inspiration in books of reference ranging from dictionaries through the Encyclopaedia Britannica to the Bible.

Since most reference works suggested a relationship between 'Host' and 'Guest' as parasitical, Vice-President MacDonald favoured the Biblical interpretations although that for Host of, "Company of Angels in Heaven" was probably much too flowery to be generally acceptable at such a gathering.

The Vice-President quoted from many works by English poets in an endeavour to impress the Guests, and particularly wives of members, that there was something of culture in the Society's deliberations at the Little Dinners during the season. He then referred to the two guests who had undertaken to reply to the toast. Mrs. Geoffrey Gollin combined all the virtues and the graces, being the mother of four children and also taking a leading part in local authority and community

activities. Mr. Hunsworth as Secretary of the Banking Information Society would find much support in the large number of bankers who are members of this Society.

Vice-President MacDonald warmly welcomed Mrs. Gollin and Mr. Hunsworth together with the scores of other and equally welcome guests who had helped to make this Ladies' Festival Dinner one of the largest gatherings of the Caledonian Society of London for several years. (Applause)

THE FEMININE SLANT

In her reply to the toast of the guests, Mrs. Geoffrey Gollin said—

Like many of you, I do not really care for making a speech and my first reaction was to decline your kind invitation, Mr. President, when you asked me to reply to this toast. From the strength, or as some might say, the pig-headedness of my mixture of Aberdonian and Yorkshire blood, I would have been quite capable of digging my heels in and saying, 'no'. On the other hand, 20 years of living in the softer climate of Surrey, a climate shared by your President and his Lady, and the enjoyment of their friendship weighed the scales in favour of saying, 'Yes.'

I was further ordered to give this speech a feminine slant. That flummoxed me! What is a feminine slant? Is it food? Judging by the lunches that most women eat when on their own, the only interest they have in food is not eating it. I can only say tonight, 'Thank Heaven and our Hosts for a meal for which none of us have had any responsibility whatsoever.'

Could it be dress? Much as I admire the elegance of my fellow lady guests, I cannot help feeling that in this particular gathering the men have equal honours.

Then I thought of the Society and its members and I too, Mr. MacDonald, went to the encyclopaedia. I got thoroughly bogged down in Picts and Scots and Ireland and it turned out like something in the early chapters of '1066 and All That.' So I gave it up. However, you, Mr. President, have already made it abundantly clear that you are a body of fine men with whisky instead of blood. (Laughter)

My earliest memories of a Scot are of my Grandfather, who as a young sandy-haired dominie, came south to teach the uncivilised sons of the Midlands the art of living. After his death, when turning out his possessions I found a small travelling pen and ink bottle, designed to be worn on the waistcoat button. It obviously dated from before the time when perhaps some of you may remember advertisements along the risers of railway staircases which said, 'The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen, they come as a boon and a blessing to men.'

On behalf of the ladies present here tonight, I thank you Mr. MacDonald for the toast you have with such a wealth of literary allusion so felicitously proposed, and members of the Society for the opportunity of making their acquaintance and for their very kind hospitality. (Applause)

THE SOCIETY'S TRIBAL RIGHTS

Mr. John A. Hunsworth who also responded to the toast of the guests, after thanking Mr. MacDonald for his warm welcome and expressing

his pleasure at being invited to attend, continued: I think it is a tribute to the Scots that so many of us Englishmen want to claim Scottish ancestry. I remember when I was at Sandhurst during the war, a number of chaps in my platoon tried to find some ancestor, however remote, so that they could wear the trews or the kilt, and even today practically every Englishman you meet seems to have somewhere or other a Scottish Grandmother. Well, I'm interested because I had two Scottish grandmothers. It provides food for thought, possibly a sociological study. Who came first to England in search of fortune, the Scottish womenfolk or the Scottish male folk? Whichever it was they must have been precursors by many years of this famous North-South movement which we have been hearing so much about lately.

It does us good down here to have this leavening of people from other climes. This Society must be a source of wonder and congratulation to all the guests here tonight—your charitable enterprises, your aims and tribal rights which have been performed tonight. (Laughter) It is amazing always to us what does go on in London. (Laughter) One of your attributes is that entrance is not by competitive examination. I have so many nephews and nieces and godchildren all struggling for these examinations—far worse I'm sure than it was in my time. One is reminded of the little boy who took a friend one day to his home and the guest was very much surprised to see a little old lady sitting in a corner, not doing anything, not talking, not eating, just solemnly reading her Bible. After a little while he asked his friend what was happening. The little boy host replied 'Oh! don't worry about that; that's Granny swotting for her Finals.' (Laughter)

I extend my personal congratulations to this Society because it has so many bankers as members. I feel quite at home tonight. I think if I ever had to do a Sentiment here I would choose something like 'What we owe to the Scots Bankers,' but then 'we' would have to be the English because I am sure no self-respecting Scotsman owes anything to his bankers. That is why they've got to come down here. There is a story told of an American lady who was visiting this country, doing the places, Stratford, Edinburgh, the lot. She went one day into an English churchyard, looked at the tombstones and was rather struck by one on which was the legend, 'Here lies a Banker and an honest Gentleman.' She quickly called over her spouse and pointed out to him this phenomenon, saying, 'Gee, Honey, two men in one grave.' (Laughter)

Mr. Hunsworth concluded by thanking the President and Society for their generous hospitality and abounding conviviality. (Applause)

The toast of 'THE PRESIDENT' was proposed by Past President J. Murray Napier. He thanked President Millar for a most enjoyable year, congratulated him on his easy confidence in the Chair and referred to the stimulating Sentiments he had arranged for our instruction and amusement. He paid tribute to the President's work for the well-being of Scotland as a member of the London Committee of the Scottish Council (Development and Industry). Amongst the President's other activities Mr. Napier mentioned the London Dumfries-shire Association, the Boy Scout Movement in Ashted, Surrey and the Royal Scottish Corporation. He concluded his speech with these words:

And as I come to my peroration and mention Mrs. Millar, let no one think the President's wife is any the less important than the President

himself. We welcome her most heartily to our festive board. We recall with pleasure the speech she made the last time she was here and we hope she may long continue to be present at these gatherings but of course then as the wife of a past President. We would thank you too for not finding some household chores for the President to do on those Thursday nights when he has presided over us. I don't know what she does think of his activities, but he does claim to be a moderate potterer both inside and outside the house. I also gather he looked upon washing up as a war time duty which ceased with the ending of hostilities—there may be some connection with the breaking of bombs and the breaking of china. Perhaps it was less expensive to stop him than to allow him to continue. (Applause)

The President who was received with applause, said: I must congratulate the Proposer of this Toast, Past President Murray Napier on upholding the best traditions of the legal profession which he adorns by making so much of a dry and unrewarding brief.

I take this opportunity also of congratulating myself on two things.

Firstly—I got to the Presidential Chair without forsaking my Anglican faith and becoming an Elder in St. Columba's. (Laughter.) Verily, verily 'twere easier for the camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a non-office bearer in St. Columba's to get to this position. It must be difficult sometimes for some of the Presbyterian members to decide whether they are at a Session Meeting or one of our Caledonian Society Dinners.

Secondly—I have been in torment over Rule 21 of our Constitution, which reads:—

'If a Receiving Order in Bankruptcy be made against any Member, he shall *ipso facto* cease to be a member of the Society, but the Council shall have power to reinstate him, on such terms as it may decide'.

The margin between survival and disgrace has been narrow and I acknowledge my indebtedness to a friendly banker and also to my wife who has supported me with what our numerous C.A. friends call 'Subvention payments' from the housekeeping. I should not like my wife to interpret the phase which I have used—'I acknowledge my indebtedness' as holding out any prospect of early, or even of ultimate, repayment!

But I do acknowledge the unstinted help I have received from you all. Last month we toasted the Honorary Office Bearers. Two of our good friends were missing, Bro. Cale-

donian Robert Eadie and Pipe Major Robertson. Let me thank them now.

I must mention too Dr. McLuskey. One of the nightmares of one's Presidential year is that a speaker may defect at a late hour, and it will give you some idea of the quality of the speakers we have had when I can now tell you that Dr. McLuskey has been held as first reserve. I think the clerical story which fits in to this situation is the one about the country vicar who required some help for a specific church function and could not find a colleague who was available to assist him. In desperation he appealed to the Bishop. That worthy gentleman also drew a blank and to take care of the emergency volunteered to come himself, despite the protests of the vicar that he was much too high-powered for the job on hand. However, the Bishop elected to come and, in introducing him, the vicar said, 'We could have done with a worse speaker but could not find one'. That applies in the most polite terms to Dr. McLuskey, and we are grateful to him for 'bringing his harp to the party' but, unlike Miss Ross who is entertaining us tonight, not being asked to play.

The attainment of this exalted office has not brought me any more respect from my family. Indeed it has been taken more as a sign of old age and approaching senility. Perhaps I am in error in saying 'more respect', because I have never had any. Many of you long suffering husbands may be in the same position. You know the sort of thing that happens. Mother says to the children—'Go down the garden, find out what father is doing and tell him to stop it'. Let me tell those members of my family who are here that in due course they will see some tangible sign of my year of office. Ordinary rank and file members who die are the subject of a letter of sympathy from the Society but Past Presidents get a wreath. It will be my constant endeavour to my dying day to see that that situation arises when flowers are cheap!

To the Members may I express thanks for your wonderful support and for the tactful and sympathetic way in which you are removing me so painlessly from the Presidential Chair. I should explain to the guests that the normal term of office is one year, running from November to November. As soon as I was installed last November, a Resolution was put forward that the year should run to April and this was carried unanimously and with great acclaim. Having had one

look at me, they decided six months was enough and out I go in a week or two.

I shall then hand over to my successor a Society which is, to quote the greatest living Englishman, 'In good heart and in good health'. Like the fencing club, we are always 'looking for new blood', but it has got to be the right group before we accept it.

I ought also to thank my wife for allowing me to be out and about so much during the past Winter. As she is seldom at home, I pay her the compliment in the same manner as the one paid by the author to his wife when he dedicated a book to her and wrote on the fly leaf:—

'I dedicate this book to my wife without whose devoted co-operation it would have been completed in half the time'.

Finally, I should like to thank Past President Murray Napier for the kindly way in which he has proposed this toast and all of you for the enthusiastic manner in which you have endorsed his remarks. (Applause.)

As usual, during the evening, the Past Presidents saluted the President and Mrs. Millar pinned the Society's Gold badge on the coat of the immediate Past President, T. M. Munro.

Miss Anne Ross, accompanying herself on the harp, sang 'The Road to the Isles,' 'The Eriskay Love Lilt,' 'The Northern Lights,' 'Ca' the Ewes' and 'The Tartan for me.' As a harp solo she played a selection of Scottish airs.

Our Officer, Pipe Major J. B. Robertson entertained the audience with 'Balmoral Highlanders,' 'The Orange and Blue,' 'The kilt is my Delight,' 'Loch Duich' and the Society's Strathspey.

'Auld Lang Syne' and The National Anthem ended a highly successful Festival.

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THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

At this meeting, held at the Society's Headquarters on 20th June, 1963, the President, Mr. William Millar, was unable to attend, and the chair was taken by the Vice-President, Alister G. MacDonald, F.R.I.B.A.

The financial statement submitted by the Hon. Treasurer was approved and donations of £50 each were voted to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Mr. Alister G. MacDonald, F.R.I.B.A., was appointed President for the year 1963-64, and on his motion, the immediate past President, Mr. William Millar, was awarded the gold medal of the Society.

Mr. Douglas G. Robertson was appointed Vice-President and the other Honorary Office-bearers were re-elected.

The following were admitted to membership:—Mr. David E. B. Anderson, Mr. Hugh P. Crosbie, M.C., Mr. Sydney M. Gray, Dr. Archibald F. McDonald, The Rev. Ian R. N. Millar, M.A., Mr. Alan F. Robertson, and Mr. Thomas Andrew Williams.

CHAPTER III

1963-1964: *President*, ALISTER GLADSTONE MACDONALD

THE Society's new President was born within the sound of Bow Bells at Lincoln's Inn Fields. His father was James Ramsey MacDonald who came south from Lossiemouth to earn his living and became Prime Minister. Although President MacDonald has spent the greater part of his life in London, he used to spend his summer holidays in Lossiemouth and at one time attended the local school. He left early to join the Friend's Ambulance Unit, serving in France and saw service in the second battle of the Somme in 1916.

Following his war service he became an architectural student at University College, London and about 1925 commenced the professional practice in which he is still very actively engaged. His professional calling has involved him in a wide variety of building projects and in many committees of the Royal Institute of British Architects of which he is a Fellow, and has taken him to many parts of the world.

President MacDonald is active in Scottish affairs in London, having been President of the London Morayshire Club for several years and is very interested in fostering Scottish County Associations. He is a member of the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation.

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On 21st November, 1963 the first business meetings of the New Session were held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, with President Alistair G. MacDonald, F.R.I.B.A., in the Chair.

The death on 8th September, 1963 of Bro. Caledonian Strathearn G. McFarlane, a member since 1957, was reported and noted with deep regret. Mr. Ian Alastair MacLeod was elected to the Society.

At the Little Dinner following the business meetings, after the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President, supported by one of the largest attendances in the history of the Society, invited Viscount Mackintosh of Halifax, D.L., LL.D., to address the company.

A YORKSHIRE MAN LOOKS AT SCOTLAND

Lord Mackintosh first referred to his earlier visits to the



ALISTER GLADSTONE MACDONALD, F.R.I.B.A.
President 1963-1964

Society and his pleasure at being invited to return. He suggested that Yorkshire and Scotland had much in common, moors, coast, dales, glens and in some areas smoke and grime, but admitted that Scotland had all these things in greater measure and on a grander scale. He reminded his listeners that the Trustee Savings Bank was started in Scotland at Ruthwell, in 1810 by the Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, about the same time as the Building Society Movement began in Yorkshire. Both indicated an urge to save. In Scotland the desire was to give the children a good education, an investment which could not be affected by inflation: in Yorkshire the purpose was to own your own house. Scots and Yorkshiremen had other similar qualities and amongst them they had perhaps made a greater contribution to building the Commonwealth than all the other areas of the United Kingdom.

The President expressed to Lord Mackintosh the warm thanks of the Members.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH

In submitting the toast of, 'The London Scottish,' the President spoke of the Regiment's deeds of valour, its splendid benevolent work to past and present Members, and their dependents, and its exceptional *esprit de corps*. This Society, as one of the parents of the Regiment, was proud of its illustrious children, all of whom had turned out to be boys (laughter) and boys of outstanding merit.

The toast was given with great enthusiasm.

IMPORTANT GUESTS

Past President Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., gave a warm welcome to all the guests, mentioning by name many members of the London Scottish; Lord Montgomerie, and Sir Alex Martin. Continuing he said:

Now we come to Lord Boothby, who is to reply to this toast. It is a coincidence that it is exactly 15 years ago that I proposed the toast of the guests and Sir Robert Boothby replied. I criticised him about the Bank of England and got ticked off in his speech. (Laughter) Sir, we welcome you again tonight.

I can't tell you all that Lord Boothby has achieved since I last had the pleasure of toasting his health, but you can see that he has progressed quite a lot; whether he is going to promote himself still higher and leave the House of Lords I couldn't tell you. (Laughter and applause)

LORD BOOTHBY, K.B.E., ON SCOTS AND SCOTLAND

Received with applause, Lord Boothby in the course of his speech said:

Now, Gentlemen, Lord Mackintosh told us that he had come here to please the President, so I might as well be quite frank and tell you that I have come here to please my Bank Manager. (Laughter) I have nothing solid at all except Premium Bonds, the maximum amount. So far I have never had anything out of them. (Laughter)

Now, all I want to tell you tonight is that Scotland's all right. It's not entirely without significance, especially in the presence of our President, that the English have to come to us almost continuously for Prime Ministers (laughter) and they have done it again. The other day I went to the village of Crimmond of which you may have heard from a celebrated Psalm tune. I opened the Secondary School a fortnight ago, which cost £102,000. I never saw such a marvellous set of pupils, they were flourishing, they were intelligent and they were clearly doing well. The spirit is all right. We are apt to moan a bit but I don't think we have any need to. We are still running the whole show—we have been for years—in London, in Edinburgh, in Glasgow, wherever you go and indeed in Canada and the United States.

I had a very rowdy meeting in Chicago in 1945 when they hadn't entirely got over their anti-British feelings. The audience was very rough. I held up my hand and I said: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, you seem to forget one thing—I am not an Englishman. I am a Scotsman and we in Scotland regard you as, on the whole, our best achievement to date.' (Laughter) They were so stricken by that remark that they remained absolutely silent for the remainder of the meeting.

Now, Gentlemen, they tell us that trade and commerce are not doing quite as well as they ought to be in Scotland. Well, that certainly doesn't go for Edinburgh. St. Andrew's Square remains the richest square in the world with more capital per square foot than any other stretch of land, including Wall Street. Then they say that Glasgow's not quite as good as they would like. Well, all I can say is that when I think of Hugh Fraser and Isaac Woolfson I get no sleepless nights. I think they are going to get by (laughter)—somehow or other—just by the skin of their teeth.

And then there are the farmers. I could see nothing wrong with them in Buchan the other day. Blacks were doing fine,

the Angus were doing fine, and I see nothing to prevent the farmer from going on for ever and ever from strength to strength.

Finally, Gentlemen, I come to the fishermen and here I think there is absolutely no doubt at all, that within the course of the next six months we shall get an extension, and a fairly substantial extension, of the fishery limits round our coasts, which will undoubtedly save the inshore fishermen of this country which they well deserve. (Applause) That is the result of the work of two men through the past 40 years, Lord Boothby and Sir William Duthie (laughter) and nobody else deserves any credit at all!

J. M. Barrie wrote a lot of nonsense, but sometimes he talked some sense and sometimes the sense was touched with magic. He said something to the students of St. Andrews University in his rectorial address, which has stuck in my memory. It was, 'You come of a race of men every one of whose names has swept to the ultimate seas.' Now that is true, and I quoted this many years ago to Churchill, who had no great love, and never has had any love for the Scots since they threw him out of Dundee; he never quite forgave us for that. He thought for a long time and then said, 'Well, I have many grudges and grievances against the Scots, but this I am bound to say. With the possible exception of the Jews, no nation of its size has ever had a comparable impact upon the world; that we must admit.' And just look around in London and see what kind of an impact we're having today. Gentlemen, we are all right, we are doing fine and will do better and better. Scotland's all right and Britain will be all right so long as Scotland runs it.

In conclusion I thank you very much on behalf of my fellow guests for a perfectly delightful evening and wish you the very best of luck. (Loud applause)

Ten new members were received by the President, after which the toast of 'The New Members' was drunk.

Bro. Caledonian Donald Fraser who was welcomed by fellow members and guests, sang 'Mary', 'Annie Laurie' and 'The Scottish Soldier.' He was tastefully accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M.

The piping selections were given by Pipe Major L.V.N. de Laspee (who carried the pipe banner of the Queen Mother), Pipe Sergeants W. Ferguson (who carried the banner of the Gordon Highlanders), and Pipe Sergeant D. Milner (who carried the pipe banner of the Toronto Scottish), all of the London Scottish. They played 'Westering Home,'

'Lord Alexander Kennedy,' 'Bob of Fettercairn,' 'The Cock o' the North' and 'Hielan Laddie.'

Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., the Society's officer played the strathspey, 'The Caledonian Society of London.'

'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem ended an enjoyable and hearty evening.

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At the business meetings held on 19th December, 1963, at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, President Alister G. MacDonald was in the Chair.

Two new members were elected, and it was reported that in response to the President's appeal for the Royal Scottish Corporation, the sum of £775 has been raised.

Following the business meetings the President took the Chair at the Little Dinner. When the loyal Toasts had been honoured, the President in introducing the Venerable Archdeacon I. D. Neill, C.B., O.B.E., M.A., recalled that the last time he had heard the Archdeacon speak was in Cyprus when the latter was standing in a pulpit which the President had designed. The Archdeacon, a native of Tipperary had kindly agreed to give the Sentiment on

THE KIRK AND THE PEOPLE

Received with applause, the Archdeacon said:

I thank you for your welcome tonight and I feel most honoured to find myself among you. I was not only pleased to receive your invitation, but I was also deeply touched to be asked to take some part in this evening's proceedings. I felt you had heaped kindness upon kindness in such a way that my mind went back to the occasion when a little Mink found its way through Heaven's Gate and the Mink was received by none other than St. Peter himself. St. Peter looked at it and the Mink rather tended to shrink away; this was too much for it. And St. Peter said, 'Oh! no, no, no, don't shrink away, I'm here to welcome you.' 'What?' said the Mink, 'am I allowed inside Heaven's Gate?' 'Yes,' said St. Peter 'you are indeed; come in and welcome. Moreover, my instructions are that I should ask you what welcoming present you would care to receive.' 'Welcoming present,' said the Mink, 'to be allowed in is more than in my wildest dreams I ever hoped for, but that you should heap kindness upon kindness in this way.' 'Well,' said St. Peter, 'what is it to be?' The Mink replied, 'Well, there is one thing I've often longed for—could I have a little coat made of Jews' skin?' (Laughter)

I heard the story the other day of a certain gentleman who was walking through the courts of Heaven in the garb of an

angel, when whom should he find but a neighbour from earth. He looked upon this much younger neighbour with surprise and with delight. 'My dear So and So, fancy finding you here now, I thought it would be at least 20 or 30 years before we met one another again—how is it that you are here?' 'Oh!' said the newly arrived angel, 'I am surprised too. It was only yesterday that I was travelling on one of the British motorways and my daughter said to me, 'Daddy be an angel—let me drive.' (Laughter)

Now the invitation that you have given to me tonight I feel is really an invitation which is normally reserved for those who have got rich associations with your wonderful country. I, as an Irishman, feel that I cannot in any way claim such a privilege and I say that without disloyalty to my own country. Your invitation reflects Scottish generosity and for that I thank you, because my links with Scotland have not been nearly as deep or as long-lived as I would have liked them to have been. Many of my best friends are Scotsmen and for that I am grateful.

During the earlier part of the war in 1941–42 I found myself soldiering, if that was the right word in those conditions, in the Orkney Islands. That took me through Scotland from time to time and I learned to love everything I had to do with. My brother-in-law had the sense to marry a girl from Mull and I am always rather proud in having a connection with Mull. Myself, I've had some visits to Scotland, and in the course of these privileges which come with one's office, I have found myself in Edinburgh in circumstances which I shall never forget. For a Sassenach and a real heathen to be allowed to talk to the General Assembly—I must say I was scared stiff—was one of the great privileges of my life; and then to have been entertained and actually accommodated at Hollyrood House, that was something for which one has to be extremely grateful—again as an expression of Scottish generosity and not as of one's own deserving. One other link of my recent days I would like to claim if I may. I was very greatly honoured when Dr. Stewart, your Moderator, and his lady accepted an invitation to lunch with me last week in London. I told him I was going to be with you tonight and he said, 'Well, tell them that we lunched together and tell them that I looked up the word 'Moderator' in the Oxford dictionary to find out what I was becoming (laughter) and I discovered that moderator was a mechanical contrivance for the control of the flow of

gas.' (Laughter) Had I known him a little better, as I felt I did afterwards, I would have told him that I had discovered what a Moderator was, from one's recourse to a dictionary, and that was a tranquiliser (Laughter) but I felt just at that juncture it was wiser not to say that.

But you know, one's association with Scotland is far richer and far longer than I have dared to suggest, for 1400 years ago your great country and mine were linked together by a coracle containing one great man with twelve equally great ones in attendance. It is said that when the trans-Atlantic cable was laid across to America, the first message passed across it was that England and America had been joined together by a bond which shall never be broken, Glory to God in the Highest and on earth Peace, Goodwill amongst men. I think that had we had the facilities for sending such messages we might have said it, that time when the coracle arrived at Iona, with a link so forged that would indeed bring glory to God and goodwill amongst men in a very rich and in a very significant way.

I have been teased, as we padres sometimes are; it isn't so much a tradition as a sport—it is called 'padre-baiting' (Laughter) and I have often been quizzed in that my wife is English. I have told those who have quizzed me that I was missionary-hearted and I came to England as a missionary and being as missionary-hearted as I was, I married one of the natives.

Well, now, there again I would like to suggest that in the richness of the contact between Scotland and England, Scotland through the years has proved missionary-hearted, and its missionary—heartedness has been so great and so warm that a marriage has taken place out of which great happiness has been discovered and experienced. It is a rich thing, your missionary-heartedness, sent down to us at the time when the mission from Rome had almost failed; at the time when the old Catholic Church of England had fled and those who could swim had got to Ireland, and those who couldn't had stayed in Wales. At that time when the outlook for the Christianity of England was bleak, it was from Iona that worth came which won the day and we still number amongst our saints in England people associated with Northumbria and with Durham and we number them with gratitude—Aidan and Cuthbert and many others.

But your missionary-heartedness has expressed itself in more than in this way. It has been a great exportation of your

best, where you have shared with the rest of the world and with England and Great Britain in general, those gifts which are peculiarly yours. Commerce—you have brought warmth for the body in tweed, in barleymow, in instant porridge oats which defy the coldest morning. (Laughter) You have brought warmth for the heart, tartans, tartan kilts for Australian ladies and more; you have brought your engineering and your scientific skill and they have reached from the ferry boats for Ganges to Logie Baird of television fame.

I was travelling up to London the other day with the Director of a sort of Research set up, and he said to me that he had been in America recently and somebody had said something to him about T.V. and added, 'Have you got T.V. in England?' (laughter) The Director replied, 'T.V. in England, it was invented on that side of the Atlantic—have you never heard of Logie Baird?' He continued 'You know, we also wear shoes!'

You have exported your culture, your insistence on progress, your social services; Downing Street is not unfamiliar with the Scot no matter which government should happen to be in power, and England has cause to be grateful to the Scot for what he has put into Downing Street. Overseas progress has been dignified by Scottish service and self sacrifice and brains, and Governments overseas as well have been characterised by many a Scottish person whether one goes to New Zealand, to Canada, to East Africa or wherever one goes, and Universities and the medical halls are blessed with Scottish service throughout the world.

I feel it would be hard (and I hope you will allow me to say this)—it would be hard to dissociate such service from a real Christian faith. To one who looks at the Scotsmen from the outside, it is so obvious that the Scottish character and the Christian faith are very closely intertwined. Visits to Edinburgh have left me memories which I hope will last me all my life. I've run the gauntlet of the gaze of John Knox's statue as I went into the General Assembly; I've looked with joy at the statue of Robert Burns, whose simplicity and yet profound understanding of sentiment has enriched the whole world. He has given to us things which we accept without stopping to think whence they came. No regiment accepts new colours without seeing with a gulp in the throat of each on parade and of the spectators, the old colours carried out to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. This morning I was at the passing out parade

of the Officer Cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, and those of you who have seen that parade will know the sense of richness that is brought us, as again Robbie Burns comes to make his contribution when the Company so newly commissioned passes up the steps and out of sight, followed by the Adjutant on his horse.

I will carry away a picture of the seated figure of Walter Scott who lifted the past into the present, who has captured Scottish character in such a rich way that it is immortal. I am sure I am not the only one who would say that here is a field as yet unharvested by television, and a field which I think should be harvested. And my mind goes to the statue of one born 150 years ago this year, one who stands alongside the station in Edinburgh, who seems to be associated with its far flung interests, with its touch of excitement and mystery, adventure and discovery, but one who wasn't motivated so much by curiosity as by Christian concern.

David Livingstone holds in his hand the book which was so dear to him, whose precepts he sought to follow and whose message he interpreted in terms of life. As one looks at him holding out the Bible one's mind goes immediately to the old story of Queen Victoria who was asked by an Indian Prince on one occasion, 'What is the secret of England's greatness?' She got up from her chair and lifting a bible from a table near by her, said, 'This is the secret of England's greatness.' One's mind went back to the last coronation service which one could only see, as I suppose most of us here saw, on television, as the Moderator came forward with the Bible and said to the Monarch at her consecration, 'We present you with this book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom, this is the Royal Law, these are the lively oracles of God.'

I believe that these four statues to which I have briefly referred, say more about the subject of kirk and people than I could ever compass myself in many words. These statues are vibrant, not only with history and tradition, but with challenge. John Knox who said, 'Right for right's sake;' Robbie Burns who reminds us that God has placed the beautiful things in simple places, that they are there for all to enjoy and for the blessing of all as well; Walter Scott who reminds us that there is meaning and dignity in the tensions and the difficulties and the heartbreaks and triumphs of life, and that out of it is born character which is perhaps what God designed; and David Livingstone who reminds us that we are a

people with a heritage, with something rich to share, people of destiny.

And so today as I have been privileged to share with you your fellowship, you have been sharing your skills, your experience and your national heritage. May I remind you what the kirk is? Not only we who are privileged as a sign of our being ministers to wear the cloth, but all of you who claim the name of Christ, that each in his own way and with his own skill, in the sphere of work where God has trusted him, might prove to be the Body of Christ stretching out to the help of others. And, if I may offer you the sentiment tonight, I would say it was compassed in the words of David Livingstone who, being aware of the challenge of all around him and being aware of what he had to offer, uttered in the Senate House at Cambridge, words which have been put into Latin and which have found their place in many places at Cambridge, 'Any-where but backwards.'

Thank you Mr. President and Gentlemen for the privilege of being allowed to join with you, and thank you for your patience.

The loud applause which followed the completion of the Sentiment indicated the deep appreciation of the audience, which was expressed orally by the President.

WELCOME TO GUESTS

In proposing the toast of the guests Bro. Caledonian Ronald M. Baird said:

We have a large gathering of guests with us this evening, and to all we give a very warm welcome. Mark you, I fear that you would not be here tonight nor would there have been a Caledonian Society, if the Romans had erected a Toll Bridge instead of a wall.

On Tuesday night at a meeting, I met an Englishman who is present as a guest tonight. He told me about a Scot in his golf club who volunteered to read the minutes when the Secretary had laryngitis. After he had waded through four pages the Chairman enquired if those present would accept the Minutes as correct. One man replied, 'We have no alternative: none of us understood one word.'

The giver of the Sentiment tonight has already been thanked by our President but I would like to pay my tribute to him as a very welcome guest and say how glad we are to have him here this evening. The Venerable Archdeacon Neill has had a most distinguished career. He has served in many parts of the World in many capacities and in 1957/58 he was Senior Chaplain in S.H.A.P.E. From 1958/60 he was Assistant Chaplain General Middle East Land Forces and is now Chaplain General to the Forces and a Chaplain to Her Majesty The Queen. He is an Irishman and from his Sentiment we readily saw that

he has the traditional sense of humour of his country. His Sentiment on the Kirk and the People was indeed a joy to hear.

The Venerable Archdeacon is well supported by other colleagues and we are delighted to welcome the Rev. C. Y. McGlashan, Principal Chaplain of the Church of Scotland to the R.A.F. and the Rev. Hew McLeod, a New Zealander ordained in the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand.

Mention of these church dignitaries reminds me of the Vicar, who after preaching his first sermon, asked the verger if he had heard any adverse comments. 'Only one' was the reply, 'but as it was from the village idiot you needn't worry. He only repeats what he hears others saying.' (Laughter)

We are also glad to have with us Mr. J. M. Howat, immediate Past President of the London Scottish Bowling Association.

Now I turn to the Rt. Hon. Viscount Stuart of Findhorn, C.H., M.V.O., M.C., who has graced us with his presence tonight and is responding to this Toast. When our Hon. Secretary supplied me with details of his distinguished career, I became slightly despondent in that as I read it I could find no common factor between us. I believe he is a Highlander and I am a Lowlander. He is a Conservative and I was brought up a Liberal. He was educated in England, I in Scotland. He has been an M.P. from 1923-1959; a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury 1935/41; Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury and Government Chief Whip 1941/45; Chief Opposition Whip 1945/48; Secretary of State for Scotland 1951/57. I have been none of those. But at the end I did find one common factor—we had both held high rank in the Royal Scots—In 1918 he was a Brigade Major and in 1932 I was a Lance-Corporal in the O.T.C. at School. (Laughter) At last tonight however we have been united, I to propose the Toast and he to respond to it. Sir, we welcome you to our Dinner.

It has been said that a feast without friends is but a meal. We of the Caledonian Society of London have had a feast tonight. (Applause)

REPLY BY VISCOUNT STUART OF FINDHORN

In the course of his reply to the toast of the Guests, Viscount Stuart of Findhorn, C.H., M.V.O., M.C., said:

I would like to say on behalf of the Guests, and after all the Archdeacon is a Guest, that I think he gave us a very expressive and moving address worthy of a bigger audience, the sort of thing he might launch in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. I was very moved and I think we all were. It is well-known that the Irish can get away with practically anything. I may say that the only reason I am not a good Bridge player, is that I was taught in France in 1916/17 by an Irish Roman Catholic Padre who cheated more beautifully than anybody. (Laughter) He taught me a lot. (Laughter)

On behalf of all the Guests it is my duty and pleasure to thank the Society most sincerely for their generous hospitality and for giving us a very pleasant evening.

I doubt if anybody living has listened to more speeches than I have in Parliament. Sir Winston Churchill was a great man: he always said to me when I was his Chief Whip, that, 'Parliament has made me' and that sort of thing, but of course, Sir Winston didn't listen to all the

speeches; he left me to do most of that and report what was being said, so that he could answer later. While he certainly made better speeches and certainly more speeches, I was the person who had to listen to the speeches so that I am much better at that than at making them.

Many of you here no doubt will remember Sir Robert Horne who sat for Central Glasgow and was Lloyd George's Chancellor of the Exchequer. He came up to Elgin once and he made the best speech for me in my constituency, he got me a better meeting than anybody did in my time. I always remember at the end he thanked them and then said he wouldn't say any more except to tell them the story of the couple who had been courting for a very long time. Eventually, carried away by the beauty of the scene he said, 'Maggie will ye no marry me?' and she said, 'I will Jock.' And then they walked on, nothing developed, nothing happened. After about 20 minutes Maggie couldn't bear it any longer so she said, 'Jock, have you nothing more to say to me?' and he replied, 'No Maggie, I doubt I've said too much already.' (Laughter)

There was a gentleman who had to make his maiden after-dinner speech and he practised it until he was word perfect. When he got home his wife said: 'Well darling, how did it go?' And he replied 'I think I can tell you it was moving, soothing and satisfying.' She enquired 'How do you know all that?' Well, I know it was moving because after the first ten minutes half the audience went out into the bar, and it was obviously soothing because after the second ten minutes the other half were asleep and when I sat down the man opposite to me woke up and said 'Well, we've had enough of that damned fool anyway.' (Laughter) Gentlemen, once again on behalf of the Guests I offer you my sincere thanks. (Applause)

The musical programme was provided by Mr. Kenneth Atkinson who sang 'The Border Ballad', 'Loch Lomon', 'Scotland the Brave', 'Westering Home' and 'Shame on you Gallants', in some of which the audience joined. Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., with his customary distinction, presided at the piano.

The selections of the Society's Pipe Major, J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., were 'The Argyllshire Gathering', 'Dora MacLeod', 'Arnish Light', 'Loch Rannoch' and the Society's Strathspey.

The evening terminated with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

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Under the Chairmanship of President Alister G. MacDonald, the usual monthly meetings were held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington on Thursday, 16th January, 1964.

At the Council Meeting, a short history of the Society, compiled by the Hon. Historian from two Sentiments delivered on 21st February, 1947, and 15th March, 1951, by Past President the late William Will, C.B.E., Honorary Historian from 1925 to 1957, was approved as amended, and the Hon. Secretary was instructed to have it printed for circulation to the Members.

At the General Meeting Mr. Alexander Gordon Mathewson, O.B.E., was elected a Member.

Bro. Caledonian J. Alex. Gemmell, a Member since 1934, presented to the Society, a first volume of the Chronicles, in memory of his grandfather, George Grant, Auditor of the Society in 1885 and member of the Council for many years till his death in 1900, whose daughter (Mr. Gemmell's mother) now aged 101 years is still living, and in memory of Bro. Caledonian Gemmell's father, John Gemmell, a member after the first World War until his death in 1927. For this unique volume, the President expressed the warm thanks of the Members.

During the Little Dinner following the business meetings, Bro. Caledonian David Fulton addressed the Haggis. When the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President introduced Mr. Edmund Ward (who, it was explained, had tasted haggis for the first time) and called on him to give his Sentiment.

THE TRAVELLING TAM O' SHANTER

He said: It seemed to me that when I first thought about this Sentiment, there was a certain advantage in being an Englishman addressing a gathering of distinguished Scotsmen: one could, as it were, have a picture from the outside. As some sort of writer I am perhaps very faintly qualified to talk, since this is January, the month of Robert Burns.

What I'd like to speak about is the Travelling Tam o' Shanter which you could well subtitle 'The Effect of Scottishness.' Now all you gentlemen are Scots so you don't know what it feels like to be outside the arena and subjected to the influences you have disseminated over the centuries. This is the sort of thing the Nuffield Foundation could well sponsor; it's very interesting. (Laughter)

What I want to do is to pin-point it in my own personal case. It has had several advantages to me. First of all my antecedents—I am about tenth generation English and my father was a *spiritual* Aberdonian. (Laughter) He worked there for two years when he was a young man and he regarded it in the way that Launcelot regarded the Grail. On any valued judgment that he made he used this as a yard stick, 'Oh! you should see how they do it in Aberdeen.' This was quite useful because at the age when I was affluent enough to buy my father Christmas presents, he was the simplest man in the world; you bought him whisky. (Laughter) When I became old enough, he bought me whisky—it was as simple as that. When I was quite young he caught me stealing his whisky and reprimanded me. If he had caught me putting water into it he would have beaten me! He would then tell tales of Scotland and Scottish life, Scots people he had known and some of these tales had a far reaching effect on me. I was duly despatched to

Sunday School; I had been singing in choirs. There was a Sunday School concert. I came home with a list of songs and I said to my father, 'They've asked me to sing one of these.' And there were things like 'Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill' and 'Greensleeves.' His finger went immediately to 'Flow Gently Sweet Afton.' 'You'll sing that.'

He remained in Nottingham for most of his life so these are quite small events. As I grew older I went to work and became a journalist. Scotsmen are well represented in journalism; they crop up as Chief Sub-Editors, people like that. I remember being on a fairly large provincial newspaper where the Chief Sub-Editor was a man called Bell. At that time the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies was in the news and I would go along to him and say, 'Here's that lead-filler on Menzies,' and he would scream at me, 'Mingis, you Saxon half-wit!' (Laughter) This was years ago. During the recent Election there was one of those television news affairs programmes, and the television commentator kept talking about Menzies and I found myself screaming at the screen, 'Mingis you Saxon half-wit!' (Laughter)

This man Bell, as I said, was Chief Sub-Editor. The Chief Compositor was another Scotsman also called Bell and they would have frequent arguments in which their comments on language added a good deal to my education. They were known corporately as, 'The Blue Bells of Scotland.' (Laughter) But one remembers them. They would quote Burns at me and I would quote Burns back at them and I went up a little in their estimation and my transgressions would be forgiven to a degree.

I went to Sweden and I met a Renfrewshire boiler maker by the name of Daniel Rafferty Wilson. Boiler making is a hard trade and Daniel had a chest complaint and he had gone to Switzerland. Switzerland was expensive to live in so he graduated to Sweden. I never could find out the reason for this, but he appeared to think that as there was snow in both places the effect on his health would be the same. Now, he was a man who was possessed of a good deal of curiosity and a rather nice baritone voice. He had the regalia, of which he was very proud, and he had this pleasant baritone voice. He would spend summers in Stockholm singing, singing always Scottish airs. He'd then go to Finland for the winter and sing with dance bands, singing always traditional Scottish airs. He was, and deserved to be, an enormous success, and it was not

until I thought about this that I reflected on the complete universality of acceptance of the whole Scottish epos. I worked it out backwards. I wondered what chance a Finn or a Swede in full national costume would have of making a living here. (Laughter) But I can assure you that Daniel Wilson made a good, honest and entertaining living. This is on the level of people who pay admission and want to be entertained, but it works on a deeper level. He would migrate, as I say, from Sweden to Finland and he would always have a good deal of luggage. He'd have a large trunk and this would be packed with gramophone records, which are very cheap in Sweden and very expensive in Finland. (laughter) The ploy would be for Daniel to get a taxi at the very last minute, fall out of this and I would appear from under the trunk and help him up the gangway with it. He would explain to the Custom Officials that this was the raw material necessary for his work, this was his musical heritage, and they would sign anything he produced and wave him through. Again, in reverse, I can't see any British or even Scottish Customs Officials doing this for a Finn or a Swede who landed with a trunk of what he claimed to be a case of his national music.

A little later on I was in Vancouver. I was in the Terminal City Club and I met a man who claimed to be a full blooded Siwash who referred to me, I think with affection, as a 'Lime-juicer.' I've heard the contraction of the phrase 'limey,' but Lime-juicer!—and I'm convinced he meant it affectionately. At the Terminal City Club in Vancouver they have an excellent system whereby you purchase your liquor by the bottle and store it in a locker, so as you come in you give a steward your key, he goes to your locker and brings the bottle out—all the house has to furnish is ice, glasses, things like this. This man who claimed to be a full blooded Siwash said, 'I am glad to see you in Canada, Lime-juicer. I am prepared to tolerate you because you come from next door to Scotland.' (Laughter) But he was drinking Scotch whisky and poured me about a tumbler full, so I think he meant what he was saying.

Now, this is a tradition which I've examined superficially. I read Burns—I like the fact that he liked songs; much of his work is in songs. At the present time I worry a bit about the coinage being debased—your singer this evening, Mr. McConachie, re-assures me; I am not so sure about it, I think its a Mr. McKellar and Mr. Stewart who I am not quite so keen on because I doubt their sources 'The Scottish Soldier'

I believe is based on an Irish air, according to one of my Denmark Street experts. But there is something quite re-assuring about this when, as with Mr. McConachie, the coinage is not debased.

This is a tradition I tried to look into. I look at Burns and I think of the current success of what can be loosely termed Social Realism. In terms of 'man to man' there is the way people speak and it is still literature and there is nothing sordid about it. He was a long way in front of his time in that. You trace the passage of Scottish literature, you had extremist outbursts and you had some splendid prose writers. In my less affluent days I was book-reviewing. I remember reviewing a book by Ian Hamilton entitled *Scotland the Brave* which got me the sack because I insisted on giving the whole column to it, throwing away five books by rather better known people. There was a man called Clifford Hanley who wrote a book called *Dancing in the Streets*—to me the only true account of how it was to grow up in urban Britain. And again, ranging loosely over the subject you try to relate it to a form of history. Why should this quite real coinage of communication, these songs, this hard literate appeal, this sense of identity survive? You think of Montrose, a lost cause, lost nobility, the way decent men spit when they hear the name of Butcher Cumberland; you think of the dark and shameful pages at the end of the last century when poverty and the landlord's bully-boys went through the Highlands like a plague and Scots were flung to the corners of the earth, and you see suddenly that it is essential to maintain this capacity for the romantic gesture, which in a way Burns exemplified. This is all people have left.

In Canada and Australia and various parts of Europe, with Daniel Wilson singing his traditional airs in a Finnish Dance Hall, you have the pride and the capacity for the romantic gesture. I like it best of all in a cutting from *The Daily Telegraph*, July 25th, 1962. You may remember it—it was when they buried Billy Dullerton in Glasgow. He was leader of the largest and most feared gang in Glasgow's razor battles of the 1920's. He was a man of medium build with large ears and a squat nose. They buried him with fruits and flowers and the police had to control the traffic. I like that story—I think Robert Burns would have liked that story. And now, with respect and some sense of my own unfittedness for the occasion,

may I toast the Immortal Memory? I give you, 'Robert Burns, the Man'.

After the toast had been drunk, the members by their loud applause, indicated their appreciation of the Sentiment.

GUESTS—ALL WELCOME

In the course of his speech proposing the toast of the Guests, Bro. Caledonian Duncan W. McIntyre said—

We always ask our guests to excuse us if time allows us to mention by name only a few of the friends who have graced our tables, and though only a representative few will be mentioned, I do assure the others that all are equally welcome, and we trust they are enjoying the Society's hospitality.

I was hoping that some of our Guests tonight might hail from Glasgow or have direct connections with that noble city, just to provide me with an excuse for telling you a nice wee story I heard the other day that shows the wonderful potential to be found in even the meanest Glasgow character.

A teacher in a certain Glasgow School saw a slight trail of smoke coming from the desk of a boy at the back of the class. When he investigated he found that the boy had been smoking. 'What age are you, boy' the teacher asked. 'Ten, Sir, I'll be eleven next month' was the reply. 'A boy of ten smoking' continued the teacher 'you'll be going out with girls next, I suppose.' 'Yes Sir, I was oot wi ane last night' said the boy. 'Oh were you; and what was her name?' 'Well' replied the boy 'I canna remember, I was fu'. (Laughter) I feel sure that that same initiative, that same enterprise, is possessed in abundance by many of our Guests tonight (or have I said the wrong thing?).

Now from the general to the particular. First let me mention Mr. Edmund Ward, distinguished author and dramatist, who has just delighted us with a most original and entertaining Sentiment, eminently topical for this January meeting of the Society. Our President has already spoken of Mr. Ward's many brilliant gifts and qualifications. May I assure him now of our deep gratitude, not only for his Sentiment, but also because he has given us the privilege of his company at table.

We are honoured to have with us tonight Sir Arthur Atkinson Bruce, K.B.E., M.C., a Director of Wallace Bros. & Co. Ltd., and of the Chartered Bank of India. As a one-time Chairman of the Burma Chamber of Commerce, and a present member of Council, London Chamber of Commerce, it is clear that Sir Arthur is a very distinguished figure in his own particular field.

We now come on my list to Mr. Dudley F. Hackett, M.B.E., who is described as 'an Englishman representing Canadian interests in London'. His host of the evening has summed him up as 'a connoisseur of the good things of life'.

Perhaps I might steal a moment here to indulge my own personal conceit by mentioning my particular guest, Mr. Tommy Robertson, so well-known to us Caledonians as the originator and inspiration of the Festival of Scotland in London, that great annual event that means so much to us Scots in the South. I am delighted and proud that he

has been able to be with us tonight, and I hope he is enjoying his evening.

Finally, I come to Mr. Rene McMullen, the Agent-General in London for Alberta, who will respond to this toast. Mr. McMullen is no stranger to these dinners, having performed this self-same duty in 1959. I think he can take it as a measure of the success of his last performance, that tonight we are asking for his encore. And those who heard him on that last occasion, indeed all of us, are eagerly looking forward to his remarks tonight. Coming from a Canadian with Scots, Irish and even French connections, these remarks should be well worth listening to. We are always glad to extend a welcoming hand to our friends from the Commonwealth and, as Scotsmen, more delighted to greet one from Canada, to which great land so many of our forebears found their way, taking with them so much of the Scottish character and the Scottish way of life. (Applause)

APPRECIATION OF BURNS

In responding to the Toast of the Guests Mr. Rene A. McMullen, after thanking his host and the Society for their invitation, said—

One need hardly stress the well-known fact that Scots are a sentimental people. Is it not true that people all over the world are proud of their Scottish ancestry, their Scottish background, the Scottish blood which courses through their veins? Take for instance, the Scot who responded to a hospital appeal for a blood donor for a sick woman. The transfusion was successful, and the patient gave the Scot a purse of fifty pounds. Following a second transfusion, the patient gave him a purse of twenty-five pounds. But after a third transfusion he received a note of thanks, as by then the patient had one hundred per cent Scottish blood in her veins. (Laughter)

I recall a very happy evening with you in 1959 when on a similar occasion I spluttered a few discordant sentences. I marvel at your fortitude in asking me to speak to you again this evening. You know, of course, that Canadians have a great appreciation of Burns. We know that it was Burns' good fortune to be born a Scot; that he loved the Scottish countryside; that he extolled the virtues of his people; that he praised their independence.

Talking of independence, I am reminded of the American who described an Englishman as a man who lives on an island in the North Sea—governed by Scotsmen.

As some of you may know, I come from Alberta, Canada, the major petroleum producing region in the Commonwealth. Not so long ago, a Texas oil man called his colleague in Calgary and asked the Operator to let him know the cost of the call, as soon as he had finished talking. When she told him that the cost would be twenty-three dollars and thirteen cents, the Texan said, 'But, my dear girl, in Texas I could call Hell for that money' whereupon the girl replied in a dulcet Scottish accent, 'Aye, Sir, but of course in Texas that would be a local call'. (Laughter)

'At Hame' in any country, the wandering Scot has the capacity to understand in Burns, the reconciliation of a deep patriotism with a sense of universal brotherhood.

Again this month, across the length and breadth of the world, little people like myself will be trying to fathom the phenomenon of Robert Burns. We know that Burns was a superb artist in the symbolism of words. Abraham Lincoln wrote, 'He never touched a sentiment without carrying it to its ultimate conclusion'. Another American, Oliver Wendell Holmes, gave us one of the finest appreciations of Burns which included these words—

'Till through the cloud of Fortune's wrong
He soared the field of Glory,
But left his land her sweetest song
And earth the saddest story".

(Applause)

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Three new Members were received by the President.

Accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., Mr. D. McConachie sang 'Bonnie Wee Thing', 'The Lass of Ballochmyle', and 'O' A' the Airts'.

Pipe Major J. B. Robertson's selections were 'Macdonald of Glencoe', 'Mrs. Drummond of Perth', 'Lord Macdonald', 'Macdonald of the Isles', and the Society's Strathspey.

An enjoyable evening ended with 'Auld Lang Syne' (the verses of which were sung by four Past Presidents of the Burns Club of London) and the National Anthem.

President Alister G. MacDonald took the Chair at the business meetings held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington, on Thursday, 20th February, 1964.

On the President's suggestion it was decided to express to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, the Society's relief and pleasure at the successful outcome of her recent operation for appendicitis.

A new Member was elected to the Society.

At the Little Dinner following the business meetings, after the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President invited Bro. Caledonian the Rev. J. Fraser McLuskey, M.C., D.D., to give his Sentiment which he had called

TWENTY-FIVE NOT OUT

Dr. McLuskey, who was received with applause, said—I have chosen as the title of my talk tonight 'Twenty-five Not Out'. And I have done this because, quite recently, I completed twenty-five years service in the work of the ordained ministry. This, I know, is not such a very long time and many of you gentlemen who are here tonight can look back over much longer periods in your own chosen, or unavoidable callings. Nevertheless, passing this twenty-fifth milestone does prompt reflection on the way one has travelled and I find myself

thinking of the places in which I have worked, the people with whom I have shared the last quarter of a century.

It happens that my period of service in the ministry falls into two almost equal parts. For approximately half of the time I have worked outside the confines of the normal parish ministry, doing rather different jobs. For the other half I have been minister of a particular congregation of the Church of Scotland.

To think of the outside jobs first, my first appointment was that of Sub-warden in the New College Settlement in Edinburgh. As I think of that piece of work I am back in what we sometimes call, 'the hungry thirties' when unemployment and all its attendant evils were rife in Scotland, as in so many other places. The Settlement in Edinburgh, identified for many of you with the honoured name of Dr. Harry Miller, engaged in a great variety of activities, serving the needs of children, young people and older folk. What a privilege it was to share in the life of that settlement, and to get to know the people whose home was in the Pleasance, which at one time was recognised to be the most overcrowded housing area in Europe. I've often wondered how so many people, living under such appalling conditions, could contrive to lead such fine and worth while lives. Many of the friends I made in those days I remember well and sometimes meet with still.

One of the more colourful characters, whose name was Harry, had the unfortunate habit of celebrating the arrival of his weekly wage packet, not wisely but too well. For longer and shorter periods he was only to a small extent in touch with the world around him. On any occasion when he met me in his inebriated state, his conscience would prick him and he expected to be severely rebuked. I can well remember the night when we ran into one another in one of the Pleasance alleyways. Harry looked at me in a rather shame-faced and apologetic fashion. 'Don't be angry Mr. McLuskey' he said. 'Don't be angry; surely every man is entitled to his kick at the ba' '. (Laughter)

Well, the good folk of the Pleasance didn't get as good a kick as they ought to have done. And we must be thankful for the transformation of our society, since those far off and, in many ways, unhappy days. Thinking of the difficulties of that period may help us to understand some of our present problems in relations between employers and employed.

The memory of those days of insecurity and want and affliction dies hard and accounts for much that may seem today unreasonable in the behaviour of those who enjoy conditions so vastly improved and lives, in comparison, so luxurious. I am thankful indeed, that the conditions we knew in the Pleasance have, in so many cases been swept away. But I am no less thankful for the experience of working there and for the friendships formed and for the lessons learned. It was a good place for a young minister to serve his apprenticeship.

When I left the Pleasance, I acted for a period as secretary to the Student Christian Movement in Scotland. Thereafter I was invited to succeed Dr. A. C. Craig as Chaplain to the University of Glasgow, when he left that post to become secretary of the newly formed British Council of Churches. This was my first real introduction to the west of Scotland. And what a warm and kindly place it is in which to live! My Chief in the University was Sir Hector Hetherington and no University Chaplain could have wished for a kinder or wiser boss. The work there was full of interest, both with the vast number of students and with the members of the University staff. I sometimes find myself thinking of a remark made in my hearing once by the late Professor Gossip. He was preaching at the University service, in the University chapel, and leaning his somewhat scraggy neck out of the pulpit he looked round fiercely upon the distinguished congregation and asked this question: 'What' he said, 'has science done for us?' It was obviously an oratorical question, demanding no answer save that which Professor Gossip went on himself to supply. 'What has science done?' he repeated. 'I'll tell you. All it has done is to make us cleverer devils than we were before.'

Well, science has done much more than that; but science, like education itself, is a two edged sword and can cut both ways. Perhaps you know the story of the two men who were serving a prison sentence and occupying the same cell. The time came when one of them had completed his term and was looking forward to leaving the institution. 'I'll be out tomorrow' he said to his friend. 'I'll be out tomorrow and then its education for me, bags of education: and one day I'll be an embezzler, while you're just a common thief.' (Laughter)

Education is not in itself the answer to our problems. We may be thankful that in Scotland, as in other places, our universities have their places of worship, and that there are ministers to represent the concern of the university that the

Christian faith should be presented to the student body and to those who work and teach there; the concern that those who are trained for the different professions should go out to their various callings, understanding the Christian faith and desirous of leading the Christian life. The Church can have no more vitally important field of evangelism than the university.

While serving in the University of Glasgow as chaplain, I obtained leave of absence to act as an army padre. The war was in progress and Glasgow had already had more than its fair share of the blitz. For the next year or two, like so many others of my own generation, I saw something of the life of the army, both at home and abroad, in the conditions of war. There is no part of my ministry during these twenty-five years, for which I am more grateful. Despite the tragedy and the horror of war, many of you who are here tonight know well the precious comradeship which may be its fruit. You know too the rich opportunities which are given to the army padre to share in the life of his comrades and to minister to them in the extraordinary circumstances which war creates.

It happened that most of my own service was with the Special Air Service Regiment, a force designed for special duties. The Special Air Service Regiment was the creation of a very gallant and distinguished Scotsman, Colonel David Stirling, who conceived the idea of forming such an independent and highly trained force for action against the German army in the deserts of North Africa. When I joined the Regiment it was stationed in Scotland, undergoing training for its role in the invasion of Europe. As you may know, this Regiment was trained in parachute duties. Quite a number of stories, true and apocryphal, are told of parachute work. I remember meeting during the war an American pilot who told me that he was engaged in giving American parachutists practise jumps from his aircraft. He approached one of the soldiers and asked him how many jumps he made. 'I haven't made no jumps' replied the man in a lazy southern drawl. 'I've been pushed sixteen times.' (Laughter) I won't tell you how many times I've been pushed out of one plane or another.

I like the story too, of the small and rather nervous parachutist who jumped as one of a stick of eight. Their jump was supervised by an outsize sergeant-major, who, when he had dispatched the eight men, jumped himself. As he was so

large and heavy he hurtled down to earth more rapidly than the little man he had dispatched earlier. This rather amazed the man in question and when the sergeant-major passed him on the way down, he was heard to mutter in astonishment 'Blimey, I must be going up.' (Laughter) But of course, having jumped you can't fail to come down.

I have had the opportunity of writing of my experiences with the Special Air Service Regiment and particularly of the months we spent together in enemy occupied France behind the German lines. This is not the time to speak in detail of these experiences. I can only say, that in the unusual conditions of guerilla warfare in France the normal work of the ministry was given a rather unique opportunity. Our men were scattered in small groups and as I moved around from one group to another I was impressed by the warmth of their welcome and their obvious desire to take whatever chance there was of worshipping God together. We would gather round our improvised communion table in a clearing in a wood, a field perhaps, or in some farm building: and there we had our little service. Normally everyone came, whatever denomination they belonged to and some belonged to none. I shall never forget these informal and moving acts of worship in enemy occupied France and I believe that all who shared in them remember them too.

I have often thought that the work of the ministry in normal peacetime conditions is really much more difficult for lack of the comradeship which these wartime days provided, for lack of the corporate life which the padre shared with his men; and for lack too, of the difficulties and the fears which united us in those days and which made us so often more conscious of our need of God and our need of one another.

When the war ended I had another glimpse of the army in peacetime conditions. After the war the Army Chaplains' Department had the opportunity of forming its own training centre and depot in the very pleasant surroundings of Bagshot Park in the old home of the Duke of Connaught. I worked there for three years on the staff, helping to conduct training courses for new chaplains and refresher courses for older ones. There, too, we ran Christian Leadership courses for young soldiers, for senior officers, indeed for all forms of army life. No organisation could do more to support the Christian church or to make its work and witness possible than the army. How thankful we ought to be for opportunities given

today to the church in the life of our army. Soldiers in their working time may be set free to attend courses of instruction in the Christian faith. Chaplains are appointed and given every opportunity for their work.

The army abounds in officers and men who are not ashamed to own their Lord and whose Christian influence upon their fellows is strong and enduring. The army chaplaincy continues to provide an important and highly rewarding sphere of service for the Christian minister. I look back with gratitude on my own association with the army, both in days of war and in days of peace.

The work of which I have spoken has occupied almost half of the twenty-five years. Rather more than half of that period has been taken up with the work of the parish ministry. I have left myself almost no time at all to speak of that particular sphere of duty: not because the work of the parish ministry seems to me any less important than the tasks of which I have spoken so far; but because these tasks I have tried to describe, outside the parochial ministry, may not be so familiar to you and therefore be of greater interest.

As minister of a congregation I have so far worked in three different areas. My first congregational charge was in the very delightful setting of Broughty Ferry where I was minister of the East Church and privileged there to follow in the steps of a succession of most distinguished ministers. I had as my predecessors there, Dr. Moffatt, whose translation of the Bible is well known to us, Principal Denny, A. B. Bruce and last but by no means least, Dr. Frank Cairns, gifted preacher and redoubtable churchman. For five happy years we got to know the area of Dundee and looked out over the waters of the Tay day by day, learning to value the friendly and busy community of Dundee and the lovely countryside, so easily explored, lying around it. It was a great joy to minister to quite a small congregation, so that quickly one could get to know every man, woman and child in it.

It was a change to leave Broughty Ferry East Church for a very different congregation in Bearsden, on the outskirts of Glasgow where for five years I was the minister of New Kilpatrick Parish Church. This was an enormous congregation of some 2,400 communicant members, but like Broughty Ferry East, it would be hard to find a friendlier one. Our years in the University in Glasgow had made us familiar with the west and the warm and kindly hearts of its people. A

special interest in New Kilpatrick was the work among the young people, in whom the district abounded. Sunday schools were hundreds strong, Bible Class and Youth Fellowship were by ordinary standard, enormous; and if the quantity of young people was so great, the quality was equally striking. When I hear people talking as they sometimes do, of the faults and failings of young folk nowadays, I wonder if they have met the fine young people I have known and worked with in such congregations as Bearsden. I have never any doubt at all in my own mind that young people today, if given any chance at all, will do as well as young people at any time. They are as good or better than the young folk with whom I grew up. Glasgow is a good place for a minister to work in. Church life is strong and well supported. Even the knowledge that I myself was a native of Edinburgh and a product of its university could not deprive me of the welcome that the West of Scotland people like to give to the stranger in their midst.

From Glasgow and the West of Scotland I came, as you know, just over three years ago to live and work in London and more particularly in St. Columba's. You will not expect me to say much of the life and work of my present congregation. This I must say: that I count it as a very high privilege to have come to this honoured post and to follow in it, men of such gifts and distinction as Dr. Fleming and Dr. Scott. I count myself fortunate to have around me in the work of our Kirk Session such good friends and able colleagues as those who are with us here tonight. We are fortunate in St. Columba's to have wonderful premises. The new church is built not only as a place of worship, but as a well appointed Christian community centre. If the problems are great and our tasks formidable, then our opportunities are equally great and the encouragement granted to us enormous. Certainly in St. Columba's one never feels far from home. Every Sunday and every week, visitors from Scotland and Scotsfolk from all over the world are with us, who remind us that here in the heart of London is a very precious part of the land and of the Church we love.

As I look back over the years of which we have thought tonight I am conscious, of course, how often and how badly I have failed in the high calling which is mine. But in spite of all the failures, I can only say that were I allowed the time over again and the chance to choose I should most certainly

elect to follow the minister's calling. What a privilege it is to preach, to teach, in the name of Christ and in the power of His Spirit. What a privilege to be allowed to share life at its best and at its worst with one's fellow-men and to be admitted into the inmost sanctuaries of their thoughts and feelings, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, their convictions and their questionings. The rewards of the ministry are as rich and as wonderful as the tasks are great and all demanding. I wish you, gentlemen, the joy and the satisfaction in your own work and ways that I have found in mine. And to this Society, in all its concerns and in all its service, I wish great encouragement and continuing prosperity. (Loud applause)

The President expressed the Members' warm thanks to Dr. McLuskey for his illuminating and entertaining Sentiment.

A WELCOME TO ALL GUESTS

The Toast of the Guests was entrusted to Bro. Caledonian Andrew Irving who, after making some introductory remarks, said—

Although Dr. McLuskey, being a Bro. Caledonian is not really included in the toast, I feel that I should add my humble tribute to our President's and thank him for his most excellent Sentiment.

In this connection it is of interest to note that among our guests tonight are the Rev. Hector Dunn from Tasmania, an associate Minister of St. Columba's and the Rev. Neil MacMillen, Assistant Minister, St. Columba's. We welcome these gentlemen but one does get the feeling that Dr. McLuskey has seen to it that his reserves are placed in strategic positions, not a surprising precaution in view of his wartime service with the Special Air Service Regiment.

We have with us tonight a large number of other guests and I am sure it would not be your wish, nor theirs, that I should refer to them individually, but I would like them to know how much we appreciate their presence—after all no one ever has a party without immediately thinking of who can be invited as guests, in fact, guests make the party.

On consulting a dictionary as to the meaning of 'guest', I found that he was 'a visitor received and entertained', and that a visitor, apart from being one who visits (how helpful the dictionary can be) was also, 'one who inspects or examines'. I trust that we, your hosts, have emerged from your inspection and examination with a reasonable number of credits if not distinctions but not too many distinctions however, lest we be tempted to emigrate to America.

We particularly welcome Mr. A. R. Woodard who is replying to this toast. A little research has enabled me to ascertain that Mr. Woodard is not only, like Galsworthy's Mr. Soames, a man of property but also a Solicitor to boot.

He describes his career as mainly 'blood, sweat, toil and tears', but nevertheless he appears to have found time for cricket, tennis and walking. I gather, however, that while there is unfortunately little chance of us seeing his name as the winner of the annual walk to

Brighton race, we may yet see him carrying off some horticultural prize or see a monument to him in the Putney area. (Applause)

* * *

In a facetious speech in which he referred to some of the curious customs and unusual characteristics of the Scots, Mr. A. R. Woodard replied to the Toast of the Guests.

* * *

The musical programme, a judicious mixture of Lowland Scottish and Gaelic, was provided by our Bro. Caledonian J. C. M. Campbell who sang among other songs, 'The Land of Hearts Desire', and 'The Mull of Fishers' Song' accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., who were thanked by the President, as was Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., whose selections were 'Colonel L. D. Henderson, M.C., T.D.', 'The Highlands of Banffshire', 'Thomsons' Dirk' and 'I Love the Highlands' and the Society's Strathspey. 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem brought a successful evening to a close.

* * *

At the Council and General Meetings held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington on Thursday, 19th March, 1964, President Alister G. MacDonald took the Chair.

An appeal on behalf of the King Robert the Bruce Memorial Fund was considered and it was decided that the Society should make a contribution of ten guineas and that individual members should be asked to support the appeal.

MESSAGE FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

When the loyal toasts had been pledged at the Little Dinner following the business meetings, the President read a letter he had sent after the last meeting, to Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother and reported that this reply had been received from her Private Secretary:—

'I am writing to thank you for your letter of 2nd March with the enclosure for Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother. This I have handed to Her Majesty, and at Queen Elizabeth's bidding I am writing to tell you with what pleasure Her Majesty received the message of good wishes from the members of the Caledonian Society of London. Queen Elizabeth was deeply touched by this very kind gesture.'

The President then introduced Mr. L. Hugh Wilson, O.B.E., F.R.I.B.A., Dis.T.P., M.T.P.I., who had kindly agreed to give a Sentiment on

NEW TOWNS IN SCOTLAND

Mr. Wilson's Sentiment, which dealt almost exclusively with

the new town of Cumbernauld, was liberally illustrated with excellent lantern slides. These slides showed the initiation of the work, the careful and imaginative planning of the whole project, the considerations which influenced the lay out of this area with special emphasis on the segregation of pedestrians from motorists, the provision of traffic-free shopping centres and the measures taken to ensure not only satisfactory living accommodation, but adequate educational and social facilities.

It was a most interesting, instructive and absorbing Sentiment, of which the Members by their loud applause, showed their appreciation, and for which the President formally expressed to Mr. Wilson their gratitude.

GUESTS FROM THE ARTS

In submitting the Toast of Our Guests, Bro. Caledonian H. R. Stewart Hunter made much play on the preponderance of Architects at a gathering where it was more normal to arouse passions by reference to the title, 'Bankers'. Being an architect himself, Bro. Caledonian Stewart Hunter could not miss the opportunity of reflecting that the evening would stand out as one of considerable cultural value in the annals of the Society. He continued:—

Our President has already paid tribute to Mr. L. Hugh Wilson, the author of the Sentiment this evening and I would only add that amongst many of his professional involvements, he is the Vice President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He is ably supported, although not this evening in any official capacity, by Mr. Cleeve Barr, F.R.I.B.A., Honorary Secretary of the R.I.B.A. and Chief Architect to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government.

We have the great pleasure of receiving as a guest, Sir Alec. Martin, K.B.E., who has graced our gatherings several times in the past. Sir Alex., one time Managing Director of Christies is, amongst other appointments, Chairman of the Trustees of the Wallace Collection.

Although I must of necessity avoid a full catalogue of guests in this toast, I take the opportunity of welcoming by name our old friend Mr. Ian Wallace—old in terms of friendship but by no means so in the quality of his singing which has delighted our Members and Guests in the past and, we all hope, will soon again entertain us in his inimitable style.

I now refer to the Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. Bishop J. W. C. Wand, K.C.V.O., who has kindly undertaken to respond to this toast. We know something of the tribulations to which our spiritual advisors are subjected even back to Nero's time when a distinguished Christian was thrown into the arena to provide entertainment when the lions were admitted. When the lion approached the Christian the latter gently lifted the lion's paw and whispered. The lion thereupon slunk off taking no further interest in his prospective meal. The same procedure followed with two or three other lions until Nero from his exalted position, ordered the Christian to explain his power over the ravenous

lions. The Christian's reply was nothing if not apt, he explained that he had merely advised each lion that it was customary to give a few words of thanks after receiving a good meal. (Laughter)

I assure Bishop Wand that he is in no danger from the Scottish lion this evening; we are all too anxious to hear his 'few words of thanks'. To list Bishop Wand's accomplishments and numerous responsibilities would be embarrassing to him and I am content, as I feel sure Bishop Wand will be relieved, if I mention that almost a full column in 'Who's Who' is devoted to him.

In our Society, we pride ourselves in that all our Guests are equally welcome irrespective of their calling and our welcome is intended to each individual. We most sincerely hope that you are enjoying yourselves to the extent that you will persuade your hosts to bring you on a future occasion. (Applause)

SCOTLAND'S GREATEST EXPORT—SCOTSMEN

The Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. J. W. C. Wand, K.C.V.O., M.A., Hon.D.D., paid tribute to the encyclopaedic knowledge of Bro. Caledonian H. R. Stewart Hunter in his submission of the toast which, of necessity, has been abbreviated above, and especially to the latter's intimate knowledge of the early history of the Christian Church. (Laughter)

Bishop Wand continued: in common with many other Englishmen, I am intrigued, if not puzzled in my endeavours to define with any real accuracy the difference between Scots, Scottish and Scotch. There seems little difficulty in the latter which may be illustrated by an experience I had while serving on H.M.S. Aragon in the Mediterranean during the First World War. Amongst my baggage I had a box, all too clearly marked, 'H.M.S. Aragon—Whisky'. Perhaps not unnaturally my kit was temporarily lost—at least until next morning when the M.L.O. advised me that my kit had 'inadvertently' been sent by a Q.M.S. with his own officer's luggage. The only item which had been tampered with was of course the too conspicuously marked box. How I wished I had been alongside the Q.M.S. as he opened the box and found it full of hymn books. (Laughter)

I feel that Scotland's Greatest Export is in fact Scotsmen without whom we would be in a sorry state. No function such as this evening, a dearth of gardeners, engineers—even bankers (laughter). Balliol College practically empty and even some difficulty in finding Archbishops of Coventry—to say nothing of occupants of No. 10.

An intriguing factor to me, contrary to my fellow countrymen, is the Scot's willingness and even anxiety to discuss theology. The added joy lies in the fact that their theology is all wrong. (Laughter) I suppose that the number of Scots in the congregation of St. Paul's on New Year's Eve is in some part due to John Knox's injunction that they mustn't keep Christmas day. (Laughter) This lack of understanding seems to make them dislike Bishops—if that is not a gross understatement—in fact they won't have us at any price. You of course are familiar with the traditional garb of the Moderator—resplendent in his silk stockings, buckle shoes, knickerbockers, jabot, lace cuffs and tailored coat with many buttons which is worn almost continuously during his term of high office.

I went in company with a very good friend of mine and Moderator of the Church of Scotland at that time, Dr. Pitt Watson, to Norway—in fact to Trondheim as part of a host of ecclesiastics from all over the world. Dr. Watson's apparel was such that in and about Trondheim the children pursued him to the extent that on occasion, he had to seek refuge in a taxi as a means of detachment—almost sacrilegious and prodigal expenditure to a Scot but I felt that in the grand procession with my own apparel including cape and mitre in Trondheim Cathedral, I had a good chance of hitting the headlines. (Laughter) Next day the local paper paid tribute not only to the service but also to the procession of dignitaries and finished by saying that the most elegant Bishop was the Moderator of the Church of Scotland. (Laughter) In itself that little episode ought to have materially assisted the union of the churches but if so, it is not yet fully in evidence although progress even in small matters continues to be made.

On a somewhat lighter subject I would recall the reported experience of my granddaughter on her return from a skiing holiday in the Grampians. She recalled one snag in an otherwise pleasant trip in that 'they' had cleared all snow from the lower slopes. The explanation was not entirely unexpected in that this was the way in which they could earn a bit more money on the chair lift. (Laughter)

To the specific subject of my pleasurable duty, I would say that on behalf of my fellow Guests and myself, how very much we have enjoyed this evening and your traditional hospitality and our gratitude to the proposer of the toast for his excellent speech and to you gentlemen all for the manner in which you responded to his invitation to toast us. (Applause)

THE HONORARY OFFICE BEARERS

The President in submitting the toast to the Honorary Office Bearers paid tribute to the amount of work which these Members had done and were continuing to do in the furtherance of the traditions of the Society and expressed his thanks on behalf of all of the Members.

Bro. Caledonian George Deans, the Hon. Secretary, responded to the toast on behalf of his colleagues and himself in his humorous fashion whilst still reminding Members that their timely co-operation could considerably ease their honorary and sometimes onerous duties.

* * *

The Society was again privileged to have the vocal and instrumental entertainment of Mr. Alex. McEwan who, accompanying himself on his guitar sang, 'The Day we went to Rothesay', 'The Sour Milk Cart', 'The lum hat wantin' a croon' and two or three other ballads from his extensive repertoire.

During the evening Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., included in his piping selection the tunes 'Campbell's Farewell to Redcastle', 'Tulloch Gorm', 'The Grey Bob' and 'the Green Hills of Tyrol' and traditionally, the Caledonian of London Strathspey preparatory to the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem which concluded a most entertaining Little Dinner.

CHANGE OF VENUE FOR DINNERS

On Thursday, 2nd April, 1964, a special meeting of the Council was held in the Baroness Suite at the Kensington Palace Hotel. The purpose of this meeting was to decide whether, because of disadvantages at the Hotel Rembrandt, a move to a more suitable venue was desirable. After the Council Meeting had inspected the facilities offered by the Kensington Palace Hotel it was decided to hold all next session's dinners there, provided the Society could be relieved of its tentative booking at the Rembrandt Rooms.

THE LADIES' NIGHT

The Annual Festival, at which ladies are welcomed, is always an occasion of great joviality, for the wives and daughters of members take full advantage of the privilege.

The large company attending the Festival of 1964, held at the Hotel Rembrandt, South Kensington on the 16th April, was received before the dinner by the President Alister G. MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald.

THE SOCIETY

When the loyal toasts had been pledged, the President, in submitting the toast 'The Caledonian Society of London,' referred initially to its early history and continued—Our Society was founded to promote good comradeship; it was also founded to help Scots in London who needed help, the young and the old. We have now entered into an era called the 'Welfare State'. Some of us may think that because that has happened there is not much point in a Society such as ours continuing its charitable work. I would not agree. The Welfare State must operate under strict rules, but people like ourselves can supply human kindness which a government scheme cannot do. Therefore, I suggest, Bro. Caledonians, that we are entering a new era in our already charitable history.

I suggest that when the isms have been banished from the Welfare State we would all agree that the Welfare State is basically a good one. When we have got over the birthpangs of this Welfare State I think we shall find that our Society is going to be called upon to perform even greater service to our needy compatriots who have suffered hardship. The charities we support can show sympathy and understanding to those who have fallen on evil times. They are not restricted by regulations which must on all occasions be observed notwithstanding the circumstances. They can therefore help when State sources cannot assist. We are privileged to sustain

these charities not only by our contributions but by our active interest in their administration. (Applause.)

The toast was honoured with great enthusiasm.

OUR GUESTS

Vice-President Douglas G. Robertson, in the course of his speech submitting the toast of our guests, assured his listeners that he would remember that the whale gets harpooned only when he comes up to spout. He added—This is Ladies' Night and it is the Ladies we particularly wish to honour. I believe it is true that this was one of the first Societies to have initiated the very wise custom of inviting Ladies to sit at table at Public Banquets—the exact date of this daring innovation is uncertain, but it was a long time ago. Surely we will all agree that it *was* a very sound thing to have done. It may also have been at this time in the history of the Society that the toast list was cut from 15 toasts in number to the five we have now, but I hope that this does not mean that we are less hospitable than our forebears. Perhaps you will say we are just more merciful.

Of course, we are mindful that we also have gentlemen guests with us this evening. We Members of this Society are always grateful that so many of our friends are willing to be our guests at our Little Dinners, and we accept this as a compliment to what we hope is our expression of good Scottish hospitality, for we always endeavour to entertain our guests to the best of our ability.

I am sure that all the Members' wives present are aware that we always try to finish our normal meetings at a reasonable hour so that our guests may be returned happy and refreshed to their wives, but if they do not arrive home at a reasonable hour, are we to blame? I have been asked to issue the official denial of the current rumour around these parts that it was a member of the Society who on the night of March 19th last rang up the local Police Station at about 10.30 p.m. and reported that someone had stolen the steering wheel and dashboard of his car. The officer on duty promised to investigate but before he could do so the 'phone rang again and the same voice—which I am told had a faint Scottish accent *and* a faint Scotch slur said 'Please don't bother—I got into the back seat by mistake!' (Laughter.)

We have with us tonight many guests and while time will not permit me to mention more than two or three you must

all realise that to us you are all equally welcome for without guests no Society could flourish, and this Society would probably not exist.

Honouring us with her presence here tonight is the Worshipful the Mayor of the Royal Borough of Kensington, Councillor Mrs. John Walford, J.P. We are more than happy, Councillor Mrs. Walford, that you have been able to take time to come to us this evening with your husband. Councillor Mrs. Walford first became a Member of the Borough Council in 1937 and she served until 1946 when she left the district. She was re-elected, however, on returning in 1952 and now represents the Holland Ward. Councillor Mrs Walford has served on most of the Committees of the Council and represents it on a number of outside bodies concerned with local government, including the Metropolitan Boroughs' Standing Joint Committee. She is also a School Manager and obviously has become the leading citizen of this Royal Borough, only after many years of unselfish work carried out for the good of the citizens of Kensington. (Applause.)

We are also greatly honoured to have with us Mr Gilbert Spencer, R.A., R.W.S., the distinguished artist, an old friend of our President. His honours and achievements make, indeed, an impressive list. He was Head of the Department of Painting and Drawing at the Glasgow School of Art from 1948 to 1950 when he left to undertake similar work at The Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts in London. His work, as you know, is represented in many public art galleries including the Tate and The Victoria & Albert Museum and his work always excites much interest when hung in The Royal Academy. It must indeed be a wonderful thing to have such a gift and to be such a Master of one's art and to be able to give such pleasure to people all over the world as Mr Spencer has done with his painting. Art for many of us makes life worth living. We welcome you, Sir, and thank you for your presence here tonight.

We trust that all of you, our guests, will enjoy your visit here this evening and may the test be, when you come to say Goodnight to your hosts, that you will say, 'Please may we come again'.

'Hail Guest we ask not what thou art
If friend we greet thee, hand and heart,
If stranger, such no longer be
If foe our love shall conquer thee.' (Applause.)

REPLY BY MAYOR OF KENSINGTON

The Worshipful the Mayor of the Royal Borough of Kensington, Councillor Mrs John Walford, J.P., in responding to the toast of the guests, thanked the Society for inviting her to attend and for the wonderful hospitality extended to all the guests. She referred to the pleasure which she had had in serving the people of Kensington whose warm friendship she would never forget. She concluded with the words—Mr President, thank you so very much for the happiness of this evening. It is something which, I repeat again, I shall always remember, not only because I have eaten haggis for the first time—I enjoyed it! You know the awful things people always tell you about haggis. When your President said there was going to be haggis I thought it would be one of those things one eats out of politeness, but I enjoyed every mouthful—it is just lovely. The party has been such a delightfully informal evening, and you know we have to go to a lot of very formal affairs; lovely to meet you all; lovely to be able to have these hours with you, and in thanking you for the wonderful hospitality for everything that you have given to us and done for us this evening, may I conclude by wishing your Society every success and prosperity in its future. (Applause.)

Mr. Gilbert Spencer, R.A., R.W.S., in his reply to the Guests' toast, expressed his ideas on art, views which he said were not universally accepted and which led at one time to his removal from an appointment in London to one in Glasgow. There he had been happy. Tonight in the presence of so many Scots, he had had an opportunity of reviving some very enjoyable memories. (Applause)

MR. T. M. MUNRO ON THE PRESIDENT

Past President T. M. Munro asked the company to give their thanks to the retiring President for the fine work he had performed for the Society during his session in office and to drink his and his good Lady's health. (Applause) Past President Munro gave an outline of the President's forebears, his early life and his subsequent achievements as a successful architect. He also stressed his love of things Scottish and his devotion to such bodies as the London Morayshire Club of which he was President, and to the Royal Scottish Corporation on whose committee of Management he had served for some years. (Applause)

The President, in reply said he was grateful to Past President Munro for the kind and generous thoughts which had actuated his remarks and on behalf of his wife and himself thanked the members for their support.

SALUTE TO THE PRESIDENT

During the evening the Past Presidents were received by the President.

The congratulations and thanks of the Past Presidents were offered to President MacDonald whose wife pinned the Society's gold badge on the coat of the immediate Past President William Millar.

Mr. Joe McBride's fine voice was heard in these songs: 'The Road to the Isles', 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Scotland the Brave', 'Mary of Argyll', 'Ae Fond Kiss' and 'Songs of the Clyde'.

Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave us 'The Caledonian Society of London' and his selections comprised 'The Sweet Maid of Glendaruel', 'The Caledonian Canal', 'Mrs. MacLeod of Raasay' and 'My Faithful Fair One'.

'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem ended an interesting evening.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting was held at the Society's Headquarters on Wednesday, 24th June, 1964, the President in the Chair.

The audited statement of Receipts and Payments for the year to 30th April, 1964 was presented and approved. Donations of £50 each to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools were voted.

The resignations of Mr. Alex. J. Webb and Mr. J. Murray Brown were accepted with regret. Mr. Douglas W. Imrie Brown and Mr. Thomas S. Crawford were elected Members.

Douglas G. Robertson was appointed President for the year 1964-1965 and, on his motion, the gold badge of the Society was awarded to the immediate Past President Alister G. MacDonald, F.R.I.B.A.

David Fulton was appointed Vice-President and the other Honorary Office Bearers were re-elected.

To complete the council Bro. Caledonians Ronald M. Baird, J. D. Fraser, R. Walker Thomson and J. McW. Simmie were elected.



DOUGLAS G. ROBERTSON
President 1964-1965

CHAPTER IV

1964-1965: *President*, DOUGLAS GEORGE ROBERTSON

WHEN Douglas G. Robertson was elected President, he was only the second member of the Clan Donnachaidh to hold that high office. Elected to the Society in 1948, he served for many years on the Council. He continued his family's interest in the Society which began when his father, a native of Huntly, joined in 1937 and remained an enthusiastic and loyal member until his death in 1963.

Although born in London, the President is an ardent Scot who never misses an opportunity of promoting the good of his country and his compatriots.

Associated with the building construction industry, President Robertson is Managing Director of his family business in London. During the World War he served as a Flight-Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force from 1940 to 1945, devoting himself to aerodrome construction.

Like all those connected with the Society, he is a strong supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. As a Life Managing Governor of the former, he is an active member of the Committee of Management, and of the latter, a Life Director and Chairman of the Building Sub-Committee.

Wise in judgment, generous in spirit and zealous in his love of Scotland, Douglas G. Robertson is in every way fitted to fill the office of President. The Members may feel confident that his year of office will be marked by success and prosperity for the Society.

The First Little Dinner of the 1964/65 session was held at the Kensington Palace Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8.—the new venue decided upon by the Council—on Thursday, 19th November, 1964.

Before the company of about one hundred and twenty sat down to dinner, the Council and General Meetings were held, President Douglas G. Robertson in the Chair.

At these meetings, the death on 21st July, 1964, of Past President John M. Swan, President during the year 1945/46, was reported. A resolution recording the loss sustained by the Society and expressing the Members' sympathy with his family was passed.

Two new Members were elected and the resignation of one Member, T. D. Galloway, was accepted.

A letter from Bro. Caledonian The Rt. Hon. Sir James Miller, in reply to one from the Hon. Secretary offering the Society's congratulations on his election as Lord Mayor of London, was read.

Bo. Caledonian J. Alex. Gemmell handed to the President a photograph of the Members at the time of the Society's Jubilee. This was received with gratitude. (Note: The photograph was dated 1888-1889 which means that it was taken at least one year after the Society would have celebrated its Jubilee. This arises from the confusion in the earlier days of the Society as to the date of its actual foundation which was, of course, 1897).

The Society also received with pleasure two volumes presented by Past President Col. L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., entitled 'The London Scottish in the Second World War' and 'The Uniform of the London Scottish 1859-1959'.

At the Little Dinner following the meetings, after the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President introduced Mr. J. Telfer Dunbar who had agreed to give the first Sentiment of the new session, taking as his subject

HIGHLAND DRESS AND THE TARTAN

The President explained that Mr. Telfer Dunbar, who had come down specially from Edinburgh, was an acknowledged authority on this subject.

Mr. Telfer Dunbar received with applause, said—

A well-known critic once said that a discussion on the subject of Highland dress and tartans usually generates more heat than light. Certainly it is a lively topic and one which has fascinated me for over a decade. As a small boy I was forced to demonstrate the success of the Union by wearing an Eton collar with my kilt on Sundays. And I can still remember the chastisement which followed my father's discovery of the rude words which I had written on the back of the boy's collar who sat in front of me at church!

The study of what is now our National dress has taken me to the picture galleries, museums and libraries of Europe, the crofts of the Highlands and Islands, the junk-shops of the Grassmarket and even amongst the archives and museums of the Kremlin. I have studied the analogies of Norwegian, Corsican, Burmese and Russian tartans, a few of which I display here tonight.

However, Scotland is unique in having a National dress based on the ancient costume of a small minority of her people, subsequently and considerably modified and embellished by events in her political and military history. Originally the costume of the Highlanders only, then banned after the Rising of 1745, it was then regularised and worn by the

Highland Regiments, popularised in civilian form during the visit of King George the Fourth in 1822, and finally romanticised by Sir Walter Scott and the Victorians. Our tourists have firmly launched the present era of the Tartan Terror.

Perhaps one of the most unanswerable questions posed to us is, 'Who invented the Kilt?' To make a pair of trousers out of fig leaves is difficult, so probably Adam wore the kilt. That at least establishes its antiquity. In the eighteenth century a rumour sprang up to the effect that an Englishman called Rawlinson, working in Glengarry, invented the kilt, but I cannot understand why we Scots were not capable of inventing it ourselves. After all we invented the Bank of England. (Laughter.)

Before the seventeenth century of course there weren't any real kilts, we wore Saffron Shirts. The shirt was, in fact, rather like a night-shirt, and saffron produces a nice yellow dye—not that I consider the colour very important. However, saffron was also claimed to be a mild disinfectant, which may have had its advantages. After all, this shirt was probably the only clothing which one possessed—and was worn night and day.

By the 1660's, we have the first clear pictorial evidence of what we call the Belted Plaid—the major ancestor of Highland dress—and simply a large rectangular piece of tartan cloth which was multi-purpose. To wear it as a garment you merely put your belt down on the ground and place the material with its length parallel to the belt and over it. You then pleated up the plaid in folds, lay down on your back parallel to the pleats and folded the two ends over the front of your body. Having fastened the belt, you stood up. Below the belt you then had a semblance to the modern kilt, and above it a mass of material which you could arrange around your shoulders in several ways. At night, a tug on your belt and the plaid became a large warm blanket once more.

The pictorial evidence is a life-size portrait by Michael Wright in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, painted circa 1660. It has been suggested in a 'History of Art' that it depicts not a Highland Chief, but the actor Lacy, whom Wright certainly painted for the Royal Collection. Once more our traditions are challenged.

Well now, we are all familiar with the next garment, originally known as the Little Kilt. Many of us wear it and

there is no mystery about it—although lots of argument about who is entitled to wear it. It is the lower half of the belted plaid mentioned before.

We also have the very ancient Trews. I do not mean the tartan trousers worn by some of our soldiers with nylon socks, but the genuine tartan trews which go right down to your toes, rather like a ballet dancer's tights. Trews are illustrated by William Hogarth in his picture 'The Gate of Calais,' showing a Highlander painted in 1749. Sir John Sinclair, who instigated the first Statistical Account of Scotland, drew attention to the antiquity of the trews and in the uniform of his Rothesay and Caithness fencibles demonstrated his belief in their lineage.

What is also rather interesting is a recent discovery of shorts being worn by the Scots. In my *History of Highland Dress*, I reproduce a drawing in Ghent University (circa 1577) of a Highlander wearing shorts, and there is quite an amount of evidence regarding this garment which has never been considered before. I discovered a wood-cut some six weeks ago of Scottish Irregulars—the Scots made good irregulars—in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, wearing shorts.

I said earlier on, that Scottish Highland dress is associated with Scotland's political and military history. Let us then leave these early days and move on to the later 18th century when Highland dress was proscribed after the Rising—not the Rebellion—of 1745. You know, it is quite wrong to think that after the Highland dress was banned, it was not worn at all. Some of the finest portraits in tartan were painted between 1746 and 1780. (The ban was repealed in 1782.)

In the 1760's, William Pitt decided to recruit from the Highlands, and this was one of the main beginnings of the Great Clan Tartan idea—the regimentation of Highlanders in a similar costume and design. Undoubtedly, the men who wore these kilts won very considerable renown immediately afterwards on the battlefields of Europe. There is, at this time, some rather attractive evidence of the respect accorded to these Highlanders in the prints which were published in Paris, in 1816, of the British Army then occupying the capital. I have several from my own collection on show this evening. The Scottish ones are very pleasant and gay as you will see.

The Czar of Russia was in Paris at the time and, at his request, three men from each Highland regiment paraded

and danced before him. Afterwards he wanted to know what they wore under their kilts and just to make sure he lifted Sergeant Campbell's kilt, 'so that he might not be deceived.' (Laughter.)

Well, Waterloo over, the next resurgence of interest in Highland dress took place in 1822, when King George the Fourth decided to visit Edinburgh in the company of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Curtis. The Lord Mayor had made a lot of money out of ship's biscuits and had a fine yacht and they eventually arrived in Leith. Two people decided to make this a very Highland occasion—until now the Highlanders were not thought very much of by some Lowlanders. But, despite this, General Stewart of Garth and Sir Walter Scott decided to make this a triumphantly tartan occasion. King George, and Sir William Curtis, appeared in full Highland dress in Edinburgh—the King wearing flesh-coloured tights under his kilt.

A certain noble lady remarked to a friend—

'I think the King's kilt is a wee bit short!'

To which the friend aptly replied:—

'So is his visit—the more we see of him the better!' (Laughter.)

In fact this visit had a very important effect on Highland dress as a costume. Formerly it had really only been worn by Highlanders—comparatively few of them—in the Highlands. After 1822, a Scot wore the kilt and it became a National Costume—highly popular today with Frenchmen and Americans in Princes Street.

This sounds slightly facetious and it is very easy to be clever and impolite about Scottish Highland dress. But we can claim to be the only nation in the world which has emerged over the last two hundred years with a national dress based on our historical development. If the Forty-Five hadn't happened, and if King George the Fourth hadn't come along, who can say if we would hear anything of tartan today. If the Highland Regiments had not shown their great bravery at Waterloo the kilt might never have been the symbol of valour it quickly became. I remember as a prisoner-of-war in the Far East, Highlanders who had no clothes at all except their tattered kilts.

Some years ago I was in Russia doing some research on Scottish weapons. There were some exquisite Scottish pistols

which had been gifted to Czar Nicholas the First, in the Leningrad Museum. The Russians were very interested in tartans because many of the great landowners in Old Imperial Russia dressed their serfs in uniform tartans. By tartan, of course, I do not mean Scottish Clan Tartan, but a striped cloth, the warp and weft of which is similar and which could easily be mistaken for our own.

I have in my collection a very considerable number of documents dealing with the export from Scotland of tartan to the West Indies in the 1790's and later, to be used to clothe the slaves on the plantations. I do not suggest that these West Indian tartans had any Scottish connections or implications other than the fact that Scottish agents there could supply it cheaply from their mills in Bannockburn.

It was also conspicuous. Interestingly enough, there was a considerable trade in tartan cloaks from Scotland to Rio-de-Janeiro in the 1800s, about which I show some documents here. Again I do not suggest that the Russian tartans came from Scotland although our Scottish trade in fish with that country goes back a few centuries as do our imports of flax from them. I merely refer to these sidelights on the study of tartans in order to indicate the width and variety of the subject. Even in Corsica there were certain patterns of cloth popular in certain districts which could well be mistaken for Scottish tartans.

The study of Highland dress and tartans can be highly amusing and even comic, or it can be academic and thought-provoking. In a company such as this I feel that our national dress is something dear to us and that we have a responsibility towards it. As I have said, our dress is symbolic of our Scottish history.

One of the illustrations which I use in my book is a painting of the battle of Culloden, done shortly after the battle, by David Morier—a distinguished Swiss artist. It is now at Windsor, and had never been reproduced accurately before, so I sought and obtained permission to have it photographed in colour. It gladdened my heart to find that it hung in a room closely associated with the Duke of Edinburgh.

Our national dress could very easily be degraded and become merely part of a publicity campaign or our tourist industry. In both cases it has an important role to play, but we must also see that it maintains an aspect of genuine dignity in addition.

This has been a haphazard Sentiment, and was not intended as an academic lecture. However, I trust that it has served to entertain and also to provoke some further considerations on our Highland dress and tartans. (Loud applause.)

The President expressed to Mr. Telfer Dunbar the warm thanks of the Members for his interesting and engrossing Sentiment.

OUR REGIMENT

In submitting the annual toast of 'The London Scottish', the President referred to the fame and prowess of the Regiment and the pride which the Society felt in it. The toast was honoured with enthusiasm.

IMPORTANT GUESTS

In an amusing speech, Bro. Caledonian The Rev. J. Fraser McLuskey, M.C., D.D., proposed the toast of the Guests. As Honorary Chaplain to the Regiment he welcomed the large contingent from the London Scottish, including the recently promoted Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. Alan Nickirk, T.D. the Adjutant Major R. D. L. Smart, The Quartermaster Major R. B. Wilkinson and the Regimental Secretary Major David Ord, M.B.E., T.D. He also expressed the Members' pleasure at the presence of Sir Charles Cunningham, Mr. Robert Cook, Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, Mr. Peter Floyd, Chairman of the Teddington Caledonian Society, Mr. James G. R. Paterson, Treasurer of the South East London Scottish Association and Mr. George E. Fergus, Vice-President of the Sidcup and District Caledonian Association.

From St. Columba's Church he was pleased that the new Assistant Minister the Rev. Hugh Davidson, M.A., who, he explained, was his nephew, had been able to attend. Finally he welcomed Mr. Ben Warriss who had kindly agreed to respond to the toast. Dr. McLuskey reminded Members that Mr. Warriss was one of the comedian team of 'Jewel and Warriss' which had been entertaining the public for over thirty years. They were happy to have him as their guest. (Applause)

RESPONSE TO GUESTS' TOAST

Mr. Warriss thanked Dr. McLuskey for his generous welcome to the Guests. In the course of his reply he recorded his gratitude to Scotland and particularly to Glasgow, which although reputed to be the graveyard of comedians, had given to him and his partner their big chance in show business. Because of his success there many years ago in a revue called 'Half Past Eight', he had formed a deep and sincere affection for Scotland which has produced so many brilliant comedians, such as Sir Harry Lauder, Harry Gordon, Will Fyfe and Dave Willis. He concluded by thanking the Members for a most enjoyable evening. (Applause)

THE NEW MEMBERS

Three new Members, Bro. Caledonians D. W. Imrie Brown, B.L., T. S. Crawford, T.D., B.Sc., F.C.I.S. and John Marshall, M.R.C.V.S., were received by the President.

Bro. Caledonian Donald Fraser in his fine tenor voice, sang 'Mary Morison', 'Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw' and 'Annie Laurie' accompanied in his usual pleasing manner by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M.

The piping selections were given by Pipe Major L. V. de Laspee, Piper Sergeant W. Ferguson, Pipe Corporal D. Duncan, all of the London Scottish, who played 'The Badge of Scotland', 'The Inverness Gathering', 'The Market Place of Inverness', 'The Piper of Drummond' and 'Leaving Port Askaig'. The Pipe Major carried the banner of Her Majesty The Queen Mother, the Pipe Sergeant the banner of The Gordon Highlanders, and the Pipe Corporal the banner of The Toronto Scottish.

A successful evening ended with Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., playing the Society's Strathspey and the Members singing 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem.

The Council and General Meetings of the Society were held on 17th December, 1964, at the Kensington Palace Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8., the President in the Chair.

At these meetings five new Members were elected.

The death on 14th December, 1964, of Past President James Aitken was reported. The loss sustained by the Society and appreciation of his services were recorded. He joined the Society in 1950 and was President during the year 1960/61.

A letter from the Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation was read in which he expressed his Committee's gratitude for the Society's response to the President's annual appeal amounting to £1,227. 15s. 0., the highest in the history of the Society.

THE FORTH ROAD BRIDGE

The usual Little Dinner followed the business meetings, the President in the Chair. After the loyal toast had been honoured, the President invited Mr. J. A. K. Hamilton, G.M., B.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E., to give a Sentiment on 'The Forth Road Bridge'. The President explained that in this great enterprise Mr. Hamilton was the Resident Engineer, and had made a special journey from Scotland to speak to the Members tonight.

Mr. Hamilton, whose talk was supported and illustrated by a collection of excellent lantern slides, said that he regarded it as a privilege to have the opportunity of addressing the Members, and of telling them about the Bridge, which had recently been completed.

It is, he continued, a marvellous Bridge, the first big bridge in Great Britain since the Forth Railway Bridge. Just under twice the span of the railway bridge, which has spans of 1,710 feet, the new bridge has a centre span of 3,300 feet—the fifth largest span in the world.

The Bridge had been talked about for a long time. In 1924 Mr. Ingles Kerr started agitating for a road crossing of the Forth estuary in the vicinity of Queensferry and in 1926 my firm were asked by the then Chief Engineer of the Transport Ministry to submit a report. This we did in 1930 and followed it with another one in 1934, the latter compiled by Sir David Anderson, who unfortunately died in 1953 before the bridge could be started in 1958. The initiation of the work was largely due to the pertinacity of Scottish politicians. It is probable that if it had not been started in 1958 we would never have had it at all, because Dr. Beeching would probably have shut down the Railways and sold the Railway Bridge to the road authorities. In 1958 we managed to get going (here he showed a slide of the diagram of the bridge).

Mr. Hamilton went on to give a detailed description of the building of the bridge with many more interesting statistics and slides taken by himself during all the stages of construction, and other slides taken not only from the bridge itself, but from land and from the air.

When Mr. Hamilton ended his talk, it was received with great applause. Thereafter the President expressed the Members' gratitude for an interesting and informative Sentiment.

OUR GUESTS

This toast was entrusted to Bro. Caledonian H. G. Rae, O.B.E., B.L. In a humorous and light-hearted speech he welcomed all the Guests present and in particular Mr. J. A. K. Hamilton and Mr. Ian Wallace. Whilst he himself agreed that the Forth Road Bridge was a great contribution to travel in Scotland, he also regarded it as a new fast way out of Edinburgh. He paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Hamilton's work on the Bridge and thanked him sincerely for his excellent Sentiment which was a masterpiece of compression and was surely worthy of a place among the very best in the Chronicles of the Society. It seemed a pity, but unavoidable, that after about 35 years of political manoeuvring to get the Bridge built, after 25 years spent by Mr. Hamilton to realise his life's ambition, after 5 years in the building, only 40 minutes could be given to Mr. Hamilton to talk about it.

REPLY BY MR. IAN WALLACE

Mr. Wallace related an anecdote appropriate to the evening's Sentiment in so far as it concerned an alleged happening in circumstances when probably Mr. Hamilton, or if not, one of his main colleagues, were about their business of inspection. On one of the catwalks, an Irish workman approached and Mr. Hamilton (for I feel sure it must have been he) noticed the workman's shoe had become detached from the sole. Mr. Hamilton was at pains to point out all of the costly safety precautions taken on such a project, all of which were largely useless

if workmen still took ridiculous risks. The workman replied that until payday he couldn't afford to have his shoes repaired, whereupon Mr. Hamilton produced from his pocket an enormous wad of notes (it could only have been the Engineer in charge, if not the tea boy), with a strong elastic band around. The Irish workman's anticipation was short-lived; 'put that elastic band round your shoe till Friday'. (Laughter)

Relevant to Mr. Hamilton's excellent Sentiment, I may claim a distant association with the Forth Road Bridge as my father, a Fifer and M.P. for Dunfermline between the wars, was one of the original political agitators for just such a bridge. My father was a Fifer, my mother from Glasgow, yet, presumably to save the fare, I was born in London. I redeemed the situation somewhat by marrying a Fifer. When harangued as an Anglo-Scot sometimes, in that one cannot be a Scot if born in Marylebone, my stock reply is; had I been born in Papetee, must I therefore be a Tahitian? One advantage I've found of being an Anglo-Scot is that I feel I appreciate Scotland and all things Scottish, probably more than my native-born compatriots. Those of us who play golf sigh for the Scottish courses where the game comes first and the social trimmings a poor second, so unlike many of our somewhat overcrowded courses South of the Border. A short story comes to mind of an Englishman by the name of Robinson awaiting the starter's invitation, if not command, at that awe inspiring first tee at St. Andrews, particularly under the analytical gaze of numerous 'experts'. 'Play on Mr. Robinson' came the starter's invitation. Robinson's knees shook even more, his eyes closed, he took a wild skelp and just touched the ball. It stotted between his legs, trickled on to the 18th green and finished about two inches from the hole. The starter didn't bat an eyelid as he commented, 'Mr. Robinson round in two!' (Laughter)

Mr. President, I must return to my subject on a more serious and, I assure you, a most sincere note; thank you most warmly on behalf of all of your Guests and permit me to wish your Society and the great and humanitarian work which it does alongside its social activities, great prosperity in the future. To all of you, especially if you live in a smokeless zone, 'lang may y're lum reek—unobserved'. (Loud laughter and applause)

NEW MEMBERS

Two new Members, Bro. Caledonians James Ferguson and Keith Robertson (son of the President) were introduced to the President by their sponsors, and following a toast in their honour, were instructed by the President in their obligations as well as the privileges of membership. As with all new Members on such an occasion, both Members in their brief responses, pledged their support in all of the objects of the Society.

* * *

Mr. Kenneth Atkinson, accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, entertained the gathering by singing 'The Hundred Pipers' and 'The Bonnie Lass of Ballochmyle'. The Pipe Major's selection included

'Captain Towse, V.C.', 'Munlochy Bridge', 'The Mason's Apron' and 'The Skye Gathering' before playing the Society's Strathspey near the end of the evening with the assembled company round the hall for the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem.

* * *

At the business meetings held at the Kensington Palace Hotel, de Vere Gardens, London, W.8, on 21st January, 1965, President Douglas G. Robertson announced the death on 19th December, 1964, of Mr. William Ramsay, a member since 1938. A tribute was paid to his memory and the sorrow of the Members was expressed.

A new Member was elected.

The President was in the Chair at the Little Dinner held after the business meetings. When the Loyal Toast had been honoured the President introduced the Rev. James L. Dow, M.A., who had kindly agreed to give the Sentiment,

ROBERT BURNS

Mr. Dow, the President explained, had travelled down specially from Scotland to address the Members who, knowing from television the Speaker's high reputation as an orator, were looking forward eagerly to his Sentiment.

After some preliminary remarks which included a few humorous stories, Mr. Dow said—

In the town of Greenock, where I come from, there is a road that runs out to the West up a hill towards a little park where there are seats from where you can sit and look out over one of the finest prospects of land and sea that you will see anywhere in this world. There is a great memorial built in concrete, shaped like an anchor, with the Cross of Lorraine on the shaft, and sometimes when I want peace and quiet and time to think about things, I walk up that hill to the memorial. One day I went up there and I met with a great adventure. It is about this adventure that I would tell you.

A man was standing looking at the memorial, and he was wearing a costume that seemed rather outlandish for the place and time. The coat he wore was good blue broad cloth, short tails hanging down over buck-skin breeches, short riding boots with spur heel, two fine brass buttons on the back of the coat, and on his head a low crowned hard hat. He looked from the back not very much unlike the pictures you see of John Bull, but a wee bit taller and not just so thick. From his hands, which he was holding behind his back, there dangled a bone-handle hunting crop. I wondered who this might be. Hearing my foot on the road he turned, and I was then in no doubt at

all about who this was. There had never been a man who had in his head two eyes like the eyes of Robert Burns. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'I wonder if you could tell me what this memorial is for?' 'Certainly I could,' I replied 'it was raised by the people of this locality in memory of the men of the free French Navy, who sailed out of the port of Greenock into the great Atlantic during the war, and who did not return.' 'Now indeed,' he continued, 'do you tell me that? I can mind the time when I joined the Volunteers to fight those fellows.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I know

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas
And Volunteers on shore, Sir.'

He slapped the side of his boots with his hunting crop, and asked, 'So you know me?' 'Know you!' I replied, 'why there is not a Scotsman worthy of the name who wouldn't know you, Sir.' He said, 'Don't call me Sir.' Then I asked, 'How would I call you then?' This was a thing that was very important to me and I wanted to know his answer. He thought for a while and he said, 'Robert, call me Robert.' 'Not RAB?' I said. 'Not RAB or Rabbie or Robin or any of these names?' 'No, call me Robert.' 'Right Robert, I am glad to hear that.' 'And why were you glad to hear that?' he enquired. 'Och,' I said, 'this is the way folk go on about you, Robert, they call you Rab, and they call you Rabbie, and you see you are just an ordinary man, the same as themselves, and this time of the year they get all sentimental about you and call you Rabbie and drop a soft tear into their sorely underproofed whisky.' And he said, 'You wouldn't have that?' And I answered, 'No, I wouldn't—not at all, talking about you as Rab or Rabbie is like talking about wee Johnnie Milton or wee Willie Shakespeare; it just doesn't go.' So he said, 'I am glad to be respected, and I am glad to be remembered.' 'Och,' I said, 'you are remembered all right. All over the world at this time of the year, there are hundreds of thousands of Scotsmen and Russians, and all kinds of people who are gathered in your honour. Why, they even have Burns Suppers in Churches now; Women's Guilds have Burns Suppers in Churches; there are even Ministers who preach sermons about you.' And I could see that had shaken him a wee bit.

'Man, is that a fact?' he asked, 'do they hold me up as an example or as a warning?' I said, 'Well, whiles it is the one thing, and whiles it is the other thing, because its odd, Robert, that everybody seems to want you on their side; the folks who go to the Kirk want you on their side, the folk that never go to the Kirk want you on their side, the Conservatives want you on their side, the Socialists want you on their side, the Communists want you on their side, and the only folk who have any real claim to have you on their side are the Liberals. This is the strange thing, why should this be?' 'Och,' he answered, 'I don't know.' I said 'Could it be, Robert that maybe you did not sound just as clear a note as you might have sounded?' 'Aye,' he said, 'maybe that is true; I did not sound as clear a note as I might have sounded, but you have to remember that I did not have very much time.'

Then he looked at me for a minute and continued, 'You've been talking about Churches and sermons and Women's Guilds and all that kind of thing. Are you a Minister, by any chance?' 'Aye,' I said, 'I'm a Minister, but no by any chance.' Then he asked, 'How would you like me to call you?' 'I would be very much obliged, Robert, if you would call me Jimmie.' He said, 'Why not James? You want to call me Robert, why should I not call you James?' So I replied, 'For a very simple reason, Robert, that I wish the people who think about you would remember that you are a wee bit different from them. And I wish that the people who think about Ministers would realise that they are not in the slightest different from anybody else.'

So we stood for a wee while, just talking about this and that and the next thing, looking down over the Clyde. 'Has it changed very much since your day, Robert?' I asked. 'Aye,' he said, 'it's so changed that I would never recognise the place since the last time I was here; everything's changed except the things that never change like the hills and the sea and the sky, and the memory of a lass that lies yonder among the trees.' 'Mary Campbell!' said I. 'Aye, Mary Campbell,' he replied. And for a while we did not say anything. We were left with our own thoughts and by the look on his face his thoughts were not very happy ones.

As we started walking down the hill towards Greenock, I thought the time had come to break the silence, and I said, 'Robert, what is it like up by?' He stopped and he said, 'Thank you for the up, Jimmie; there were not many in my

day that would have given me credit for that.' 'But now,' I persisted, 'seriously Robert, what is it like up by?' 'Ah!' he said, 'I'm sorry I canna tell you that. When they give us leave to come away for a wee while and come back to the old places, this is one of the promises that we have to make, that we will no say anything about what it's like.' 'Why not, Robert?' I asked, 'this is the one thing that everybody is wanting to know, something about what it is like.' 'Aye,' he said, 'but that is the whole point. You see, everybody has their own idea about what they want it to be like. The only thing that I can tell you, is that nobody who ever wins there is likely to be disappointed.' I saw the point in this, and I saw how silly I was—I should never have asked the question in the first place. But I mind very well, when I was a boy and we were having our dinner, I said to my Mother, 'Do they get mince and peas in Heaven?' And she replied, 'No,' and from that day I have had no notion of the place at all.

He said to me though, 'Seriously, would you like to go?' I answered, 'Fair enough, in the fullness of time and ripe and full of years, yes Robert, then I wouldn't mind going at all, but in spite of all the hymns we sing in the Church that there is a happy land far, far away, I have no particular desire to go there immediately.' 'Oh!' he said, 'this would not be permanent, you could go and you could come back.' And I enquired, 'Why should I?' He said, 'Well, there is a thing, I would like you to watch — there is a wee debate to take place up in Heaven, this very day. Hurry, and you can hear it.' 'Oh! a debate?' said I, 'They have these up there too?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'this is a wee debate.' 'And who is the debate between?' said I. 'As a matter of fact, it is between myself and a fellow you should know quite well, quite a lot about, a man called the Apostle Paul.' 'Why, Robert?' said I, 'why on earth should there be any debate between you and the Apostle Paul, for I never knew two men with less in common than you and the Apostle Paul.' 'Oh!' he answered, 'there is a good reason.

What do you know about the 25th of January?' I said, 'the 25th of January, why that is your birthday, surely everybody knows that it is your birthday.' 'Aye,' he said, 'so it is, but turn it up in your diary.' So I took out my diary and turned it up—25th of January—the Conversion of St. Paul! I admitted, 'This is the first I've heard of this.' 'Aye,' said Robert, 'that is just the bother. Long years ago there was never any bother in

Heaven about what they were all going to do on 25th January; they all knew fine that this was the day when they remembered the Conversion of St. Paul in the year A.D. 37. After I came up here, and there was nobody more surprised than me to find myself here, after I *came* up here I kept quiet about it, but a year or two later wee Bobbie Tannahill came up from Paisley, and there was Willie Scot and one or two others. When half a dozen of these Scotsmen had arrived in Heaven they had started holding a celebration on the 25th of January, and this celebration became very popular. All the Scotsmen up there, and there are many more of them up there than you would credit, all the Scotsmen began gathering on the 25th of January and holding Burns Suppers. All sorts of other folk began to gather, because they found it was rather more enjoyable than celebrating the Conversion of St. Paul.' 'And is the wee man annoyed about that?' I asked. But Burns would have none of that, 'No, no, Jimmie, we will have nothing said against St. Paul, I am not fit to go down on my knees and tie the laces of his shoes, because he is a far better man than ever I was. No, no, we are not having anything against St. Paul; it is no him that is annoyed, but he feels in his conscience that not only has something gone wrong down on earth, but it looks very much as if something is going wrong up in Heaven, so they are going to have this debate in Heaven. Would you like to come?' So I swallowed a lump in my throat and replied, 'When do we start?' And he said, 'you are there.' And sure enough I was there!

Now since I have come back, and looking round this company, I am perfectly certain I am back. (Laughter) Since then I have been trying to mind what the thing looks like, and I just can't get it at all. I see something like a huge stadium or a Hampden Park, bigger, bigger, far bigger than that, but the more I think about it the more it becomes Hampden Park. I can see crowds and crowds of faces, millions of faces, but the more I think about them they just become the one face, as if it was the face of all humanity. I seem to hear an absolute babel of tongues, certainly not my own language, certainly not the tongue I speak, and yet I could understand what they were all saying—as if there was one voice and one mind and one face and one person. Anyway, there it was, this big auditorium, and all of a sudden a hush fell over us and we saw that the judges were coming in. I had never met any of them, but I had seen pictures of them, I had seen statues of them.

There was Socrates—that wise, ugly old Greek, there was William Shakespeare, there was John Bunyan, there was St. Augustine, there was St. Francis of the birds and the mice, and the little things that live. There would have been a dozen of those judges. They filed up on to a kind of bench and I saw that in front of this bench there were two pulpits.

I can only describe them as pulpits. When I think of them, each one becomes the pulpit I stand in myself every Sunday. In one of them was St. Paul—it had to be St. Paul; he was a little man, painfully thin, his hair and his beard were grey. He had on his face the expression of one who has suffered and suffered sore, but when you saw his eyes, when you saw the fire that was burning in them, you knew that here was a man who was only small in size and small in nothing else. And in the other pulpit was my 'new' friend, Burns, and very well he looked, a fine upstanding man he was, and the hand that rested on the edge of the pulpit was strong and brown; it was a ploughman's hand.

Then Socrates rose up—he had evidently been appointed the Chairman of the judges—and said that he had been so appointed that we would all know just why this meeting had been convened and what it was all about. He pointed out that for many years, there had been no trouble at all about the celebration of the 25th of January, but in recent times a change had been taking place, and that it was felt that this had better be resolved once and for all, that who's day this was. He hoped that the debate would be carried out in a spirit proper to this place—that there would be no personalities introduced. He suggested that the two of them should state their case alternately, and that since Paul was by far the senior member he should be allowed to speak first.

St. Paul stood up, and as soon as he stood up, you realised here was a man who was in command of the situation; here was a man who had stood defending his life in many a court less well disposed to him than this one. He began in a rather pedantic voice that I could not possibly hope to imitate. He pointed out that the land of Scotland and the Church of Scotland were particularly dear to him because certain writings of his had been taken to the hearts of the Scottish people, had been built into the foundation and the fabric of their Church, and he reckoned that it was for that and other reasons a very good Church. But, he said, from the day this Robert Burns appeared upon the Scottish scene, a change began to take

place. This man in a perfectly irresponsible manner began to poke fun at this Church, he concentrated upon its weaknesses—which were many—he ignored its strength, which was great, and by the power of his pen, which was certainly a remarkable power, he did more lasting damage to that Church in the fortunately brief spell of years that were given to him, than could have been done by centuries of persecution. Paul went on to say he had been very surprised indeed, when a number of years ago he had happened to meet this man, Robert Burns, in the realms of the blessed, how or why he had arrived here he would not know, but he did feel there had been negligence somewhere, possibly on the part of Peter at the Gate. And as he sat down there was a murmur of applause, for what Paul had said was undoubtedly true.

Burns was called upon to rise and speak in his defence. He began in a rather hesitating way. 'I did not want this debate at all,' he said, 'I want no argument between myself and Paul, because I do not feel that I stand upon the same level as this man Paul, 'but, Burns continued, 'there are one or two matters of principle which go far beyond my personality and which go far beyond my pride. There were things happening, there were things being said, there were things being done in the Kirk of Scotland in my day, which I did not like. I cannot remember in any of the words of my Lord, anything like the words you wrote, Paul, about being justified, predestined, chosen, glorified. You know, what happens, Paul,' he said 'when people of low mean mind get the idea that they are the elect and that no matter what they do for good or ill they are already chosen, preordained by God to the heavenly places, and that all others, no matter what they do, are damned. I'll tell you about one. He was a man called Willie Fisher, and he bode up at Mauchline, and the recording Angel has got everything down about Willie Fisher, it is a guid big book. I've got a wee poem about him.' Paul said he had always been very fond of poetry and that he was prepared to listen. So Burns began:

'O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel,
Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!'

But Paul was on his feet immediately. 'No, no, Burns,' he said, 'I cannot have this—it would be a complete travesty of anything I had preached. I never meant any such interpretation to be put on my words; this is quite ridiculous.' 'That is all very well,' replied Burns, 'That is all very well, Paul, but none of us knows just what interpretation can be put on what we write, and none of us can know what kind of influence is coming out from our lives or the lives of other people. But whether we know it or whether we don't know it, we are responsible for it.'

'Surely,' said Paul, 'Surely, Burns, you believe in Providence?' 'Oh, aye,' answered Burns, 'I believe in Providence, but when I think of Providence, all I can think of is Mount Oliphant's barren acres. When you speak of the fruits of the earth and the goodness thereof, all I can see is a heap of frosted neeps.' 'But surely you must believe in authority,' continued Paul. 'Oh aye, there is authority,' said Burns, 'but when you speak of authority, all I can see is a factor, with his dirty, bullying tongue, the man that bullied my father into his grave, sweating out of folk like my father and me, the last handful of siller to keep some strutting staring Lordling in funds for his chamber and in wantonness.' 'Surely you believe in destiny?' said Paul. 'Och aye,' Burns replied, 'I believe in destiny, but what was my destiny to be? Was I Robert Burns, made in the image of God, to stand my whole life like a blind beggar at a fair with my bonnet held out for the world's charity, was this the choir from which I was to show forth God's praise. If God had wanted me to live this sort of life, why did he give me a mind that would not accept it; if God had expected me to live this way, why was there something inside of me that made by heart and my mind like to burst until it expressed itself. A slave cannot have a free mind, and a free mind cannot be a slave even to God.'

'That is true,' said Paul, 'I'll accept this, but there is one thing that I must know. You had your faults and I, I know had my faults, but who is the greater sinner, you or I? I love the Church, you mocked at the Church; you loved women, I shunned women; I mortified the flesh, you indulged in the flesh; who is the greater sinner you or I?' 'That I cannot tell you,' said Burns, 'and that none of us will know until yon door is opened.' And he pointed over to the corner, and we all looked towards the corner and there in the corner was a door, a door that had no handle or key on our side.

'Beyond that door,' said Paul, 'is judgment.' 'I do not know what is beyond that door,' said Burns, 'neither do you, Paul, neither do any of us, for we have not yet gone through it, but I would think that on the other side of that door there is understanding, when all of us, you and I will realise the good and ill we did in this world when we were trying, and the good and the ill we did when we were not trying.' And we all looked towards that door and we all looked rather apprehensively.

Then Paul got up and said, 'Burns, I do not want to misjudge you, I still want to know who is the greater sinner, you or I?' Burns said, 'I am, without any doubt Paul, I wish I could have written as you wrote—love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love wanteth not itself; it is not puffed up; does not behave itself unseemly, and seeketh not her own; rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth—you wrote that, 'said Burns,' and it will live for ever, but as for me, what did I do but string blethers up in rhyme for fools to sing.' But Paul would have none of this, he was up on his feet. 'Oh! no, Burns,' he said, 'No, no, we cannot have this. I have been reading some of your works in preparation for this debate, and there is one part that comes very sharply to me:

'Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.'

'Aye, Robert Burns,' said Paul, 'I wish I had had that feeling in my heart on the day I quarrelled with my old friend Barnabas, and we went our different ways, because we could not see eye to eye on young John Mark. Give Burns the day,' he said to the bench. But Burns said, 'No, no, I don't want the day, you have the day, Paul, and I am perfectly prepared to leave this day in memory of me in the hearts of other folk that want to remember me. No, I do not want the day.' But again,

Paul would have none of this, a difficult man he was always, in life and now in death. He turned to the bench and said, Socrates, my old friend, you were a far greater philosopher than ever I was. William Shakespeare, my younger friend, you were a greater poet than Robert Burns. Yet this I will say to you, that for one who knows the first thing about your philosophy, Socrates, there are a hundred thousand who know much of mine, and that for one, who had ever sung a song of yours, William Shakespeare, there are a hundred thousand that have sung a song of Robert Burns. And everywhere in this world in cottage and in castle, you will find two books—you will find the Holy Bible, in which what I wrote is enshrined, and you will find a book of songs, which will hold at least one song of Burns. Let Burns have the day!'

And there was a tremendous cheering and confusion you couldn't even hear yourself thinking—and the judges all put their heads together and there was a great wagging of beards. Socrates called the Archangel Gabriel over and handed something to him, and Gabriel was away with a great rush of wings. In no time he was back again, for of course, there is no time in that eternal place, and he handed a note to Socrates, who arose and cleared his throat and called for silence. 'The judges,' he said, 'were quite unable to come to any conclusion in this debate, so we referred the whole matter to a higher authority, and I now have the higher authority's verdict before me. It reads: On the 25th of January in the year A.D. 37 Paul saw a great light on the Damascus Road. On the 25th of January in 1759 Robert Burns first saw the light at Alloway. It is our decree that these two men hold this day together, who lived according to their lights and what more, and what worse, can we say of any man, than that he lived according to his lights.'

And it is in the light of that, Mr. President and Gentlemen, that I give you, 'the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.' (Loud and prolonged applause)

The President expressed to Mr. Dow the sincere thanks of the Members for his enthralling Sentiment, one of the finest that had been delivered to the Society.

FIFTY-THREE GUESTS

The Toast of the Guests was proposed by Bro. Caledonian J. F. Robertson who, in the course of his speech mentioned that out of the total attendance of 124 no less than 53 were guests. He welcomed them all, particularly the Rev. James Dow, who had given them an unforgettable

Sentiment, and Mr. Dai Rees, the great golfer who was responding to the toast—a duty he had generously accepted at very short notice.

MR. DAI REES

Expressing his appreciation of the honour paid to him in inviting him to reply to the Toast of the Guests, Mr. Dai Rees thanked the Scots who saw fit to start the game of golf. Without golf he would have found it difficult to earn a living. Moreover, he would not have been able to visit 27 different countries, which he had managed to do in the course of his life as a golf professional. (Applause)

NEW MEMBERS

Five new Members, Bro. Caledonians A. Cameron Faulds, G. R. Ferguson, D.D.S., L.D.S., Alexander Robertson, Sir John Senter, Q.C., and George B. Young were received by the President and welcomed by the Members.

Mr. M. Blakeley, accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, sang 'Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon' and 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose'.

The piping selection chosen by Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., was 'The Highland Brigade at Tel-El-Kebir', 'The back of the Change House', 'The Ale is Dear' and 'When the Battle is O'er'. He also played the Society's Strathspey.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem completed an evening greatly enjoyed by all present.

* * *

President Douglas G. Robertson took the Chair at the business and social meetings held at the Kensington Palace Hotel, London, W.8, on 18th February, 1965.

At the business meetings, nine new Members were elected.

The Hon. Secretary reported that he had received from Mr. Ralph A. Shiress of 34, Lytton Grove, S.W.15, the presidential badge of Mr. John Shiress Will, Q.C., M.P., who occupied the Chair from 1876–1878. He was, at that time, Member for Montrose Burghs. The first issue of the Society's Chronicles contains a record of his Presidency and includes an amusing poem entitled, 'Where there's a Will there's a Way'.

When the Loyal Toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner, the President called on Dr. W. G. Duncan Murray, M.D., and Dr. N. M. Grant, M.B., Ch.B. to give their Sentiment

SANGS MA MITHER SANG TAE ME

explained that the form of the Sentiment was new. Dr. Murray would discuss and sing the songs and Dr. Grant would assist and accompany him at the piano. The former then said:

In the Sentiment tonight, I wish to submit a commentary on one of the social changes following the technological advances of the past few years. The changes I will deal with

arise from the discovery of the radio valve. I mean by that the radio, television and radiograms, and the effect they are having on the jingles and melodies which were planted in our minds and brains in our early formative years. I am just old enough to remember days without radio, and I have planted in my mind many harmonies and melodies placed there by the living word of mouth, from many mouths, from my friends, from ma mither—'the sangs ma mither sang tae me.'

The effect of new harmonies can be seen in our own popular songs of today, but our early melodies linger in our minds and if I may, in reminiscent mood, I'd like to classify these songs into the broad categories of folk songs, Scotch songs, student songs and songs of Buchan, in the North East of Scotland, and to illustrate them by representative samples. Mr. President I must here give credit to a previous speaker at one of your assemblies. When I attended this Society many years ago Professor Cruikshank, now at Edinburgh University, presented a classification of the wit and humour of the North East of Scotland and illustrated this by various samples—may I do the same.

The effect of nursery rhymes and hymns on the early years must be considerable. My first sentimental reaction to music, but certainly not my last, took place in church at evening service, as a wee laddie standing there just clear above the pew. I cried at the second verse of the evening hymn.

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.
 Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep,
 Birds and beasts and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.

Jesus give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose,
 With Thy tender blessing
 May mine eyelids close.
 Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee,
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep blue sea.

and I swallowed a tear and then when I grew up, of course—

this may be significant to the psycho-analyst—I became a sailor.

My earliest recollections of a gramophone hit—a pop-song on the phonograph—was a fine old favourite—I think it was Sandy McFarlane who sang his own song.

Far away in the hielans
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 that I could see
My grannie's Hielan Hame.

But for the ordinary family songs I would choose one which would be picked up at some party or sing-song round the piano and whose melody would ring in the head for days. One has a particular personal significance. My wife Jean and I have four children; the eldest are twins.

TWA HEEDS ARE BETTER THAN YIN

Now weel dae I mind,
O' the days of lang syne,
When I was a bairn sae wee,
Ma mither, she wad tak' me up on her knee,
And then she wad lecture to me,
Now mind ma wee bairn—keep awa' frae the harem,
For you're ruined the day ye begin,
And mind—and be nice—when y're takin' advice,
For twa heeds are better than yin.

Last Saterdag night—sure I had sich a fright,
 I nearly jumped oot o' my skin,
 For the wife—I declare—just as sure as you there,
 She gaed me a present o' twins.
 Says I Jean, Jean—what the hell dae ye mean,
 Its an awfie 'wrang thing' ye have done,
 Then she cried aloud—man, ye ought to be proud,
 For twa heeds are better than yin.

The collecting of folk songs, I admit, has been in some way encouraged by the radio valve, like the radio and tape recorders and certainly programmes like 'Hoot Nannie! But I wonder, is this really folk singing or have we lost something in the process of learning these songs from live characters—and some characters they were!

Folk songs can have various forms. They can be ballads, songs of love, songs with a story and songs of work, or relating to leisure activities.

My first folk song is a typical ballad. My mother came from Fyvie so it is little wonder that I should start off with 'The Bonnie Lass O' Fyvie.'

Now there's mony a bonnie lass in the Howe o' Auchterless
 There's mony a bonnie lass in the Garrioch O'
 There's mony a bonnie lass in the toon o' Aberdeen,
 But the flower o' them a' is in Fyvie O'.

And then on it goes to relate how the Captain leading the soldiers in this area fell in love with pretty Peggy O'. But unlike many of our other songs it was not the lassie that got into trouble, for:

Now lang ere we wan tae Auld Meldrum toon,
 Our Captain we had tae carry O'
 But when we wan tae bonnie Aberdeen,
 Our Captain we had tae bury O'.

Green grows the birch upon bonnie Ythan Side,
 And low lie the Lowlands o' Fyvie O'
 Our Captain's name was Ned, he died for a maid,
 He died for the bonnie lass o' Fyvie O'.

Now there's mony a bonnie lass in the Howe o' Auchterless
 There's mony a bonnie lass in the Garrioch O'
 There's mony a bonnie Jean in the toon o' Aberdeen,
 But the flower o' them a' is in Fyvie O'.

For songs of love or blighted love I draw on the same area. Near Strichen (that is, needless to say, Professor Cruickshank's

home) there is a white horse etched on the hillside of Mormond Braes.

I gaed doon by Stichen Toon,
I heard a fair maid mournin'
And she was makin' sair complaint,
For her true love ne'er returnin'
It's Mormond Braes where heather grows,
Where aft times I've been cheery,
It's Mormond Braes where heather grows,
And it's there I've lost my Dearie.

Chorus. Sae fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes
Where aft times I've been cheery,
Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes,
For it's there I've lost my dearie.

Those of you from the South West of Scotland will certainly pick up the similarity of that melody with the song of farewell.

For we're no' awa tae bide awa
We're no' awa tae leave ye
We're no' awa tae bide awa,
We'll aye come back and see ye.

Sae fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes,
Where aft times I've been cheery,
Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes,
For it's there I've lost my dearie.

The comparisons are interesting but let us push on.

Songs with a tale to tell. The migration of songs and melodies such as Mormond Braes depended on strolling migrant singers and of course the most important lot of these were the tinkers. It is little wonder then that at an early age I was familiar with the 'Tinkers Waddin' in 'June when Broom in bloom was seen.' But the last verse sets the locality.

The sun fell laigh on Solway's banks,
While on they plied their roughsome pranks;
And the stalwart shadows o' their shanks
Wide o'er the moor where spreadin' O.
Till, heads and thaws amang the whins,
They fell wi' reeshled chafts and shins;
And sair-crushed banes filled mony skins,
To close the tinkers' waddin' O.

For the first of my work songs I would move a little further north, to Fife. But there are many work songs to choose from. There is one thing we need and have needed for a long time. It is the 'Wark O' The Weavers'.

There's some folk independent o' ither tradesman's wark,
For weemen need nae barber,
Dykers need nae clerk
But there is na' ane o' them a' but needs a coat or sark
But what needs the work O' the weavers.

Chorus

A wee drappie o't, we are happy a' the gither.

Oor sodgers and oor sailors, 'od we'd mak them a' bawl
For if they had'na claes
Faith they couldna fetch for cauld.
The high and low, the rich and poor
A'body young or auld
Faith they need the work o' the weaver.

So the weavin's a trade that never can fail
While we a' need a clout
To tae hud anither hale.
So let us now be merry o'er a'bicker o'guid ale
and drink tae the health o' the weavers.

Of course work demands leisure as we know, and leisure, especially according to the last verse, requires a wee dram or a wee drappie o't.

Wee drappie o't maks kind hearts agree,
Yet a big drappie o't maks a' true wisdom flee.
So Ilka chiel what wants tae wear an honest man's coat,
Man never ance tak mair than just a wee drappie o't
A wee drappie o't, we are happy a' the gither.

For our typical work song of the North East of Scotland we must rely on a wanderer who must have been named Nicholas Thomas. For Gentlemen, you may not know it, but the pieces of string tied round the legs of the trousers of the Buchan farm servant are called, 'Nicky Tams'.

Fin I was only ten year auld I left the pairish schweel,
Ma faither fee'd me tae the mains, tae chaw his milk an' meal.
I first pit on my nerra breeks, tae hap ma spinnel trams,
Syne buckled roon ma knappin knees a pair o Nicky Tams.

I'm coortin bonnie Annie, noo, Rob Tamson's kitchie deem,
She is five and forty an I am seventeen;
She clarts a muckle piece tae me, wi different kinds o jam,
And tells me ilka night that she admires ma Nicky Tams.

I startit oot ae Sunday, the kirkie for tae gang,
Ma collar it wis unco ticht, may breeks were nane owre lang:
I had ma Bible in ma Pooch, likewise ma book o Psalms,
Fan Annie roarded, 'Ye muckle gype, tak aff yer Nicky Tams!'

Though unco sweirt, I took them aff, the lassie for tae please,
Bit aye ma breeks they lurkit up, aroon aboot my knees,
A wasp gaed crawlin up ma leg, in the middle of the Psalms—
So nivver again will I gang tae the kirk withoot my Nicky Tams.

I've aften thocht I'd like tae be a bobby on the Force,
Or maybe I'll get on the cars, tae drive a pair o horse;
Bit fativer it's ma lot tae be, the bobbies or the trams,
I'll never forget the happy days I wore ma Nicky Tams.

That last verse of his hoping to be a bobby or work on the trams really comments on the drift of the agricultural population into the towns to work in industry or to drive a horse on the trams or become a bobby on the beat. Folk songs could be adapted even to everyday life in the town tenement.

A big fat bobby sits and smokes,
On a neiper wife he sometimes knocks,
The wives ae nicht made sic a racket,
On the slop they teemed their bucket,
Tattie parin's decorates his jacket
At the bottom o'oor stairs.

An organ grinder cam tae play,
'I'm afu dry,' they heard him say,
They mixed some beer wi castor oil
He drank it doon in the grandest style,
He hisna been oor wye 'is while
At the bottom of oor stair.

Enough of the folk songs. For the straight Scots songs I have had great difficulty in choosing representative samples. There are so many to choose from, but being so near Burns Night, I have left out his many fine songs.

We have already recognised the love song, the song with a message or moral, the sentimental song recalling one's youth

or one's homeland. But what am I doing tonight if it is not being sentimental about my youth?

One of my favourites for a lilting melody is 'Bonnie Strathyre'.

There are meadows in Lanark and Mountains in Skye,
And pastures in Hielans and Lowlands for bye,
But ther's nae greater luck that the he'rt co'uld desire
Than to herd the fine cattle in bonnie Strathyre.
For it's up in the morn and awa to the hill
Where the lang summer days are sae warm and sae still,
Till the peak of Ben Vorlich is girdled wi' fire
And the evening fa's gently on Bonny Strathyre.

But of course by speeding that song up we have another little one

At a little craft upon the hill,
Roon the neuk frae Sprotties mill
Tryin a' his life the time tae tell
Lived Geordie MacIntyre.
He had a wife as sweer's himsel'
and a dother as black's auld Nick himsel'
We hid some time hudin 'awa frae the smell
At the muckin 'o Geordies byre.

or to put it another way 'the Cleansing of George's cow shed.'
(Laughter)

For my song with a message, what better than returning to Fife to the Wee Cooper and his genteel wife . . .

There was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo.
And he had gotten a gentle wife,
Hey Willie Wallacky, hoo John Dougal,
alane, quo rushity, roue, roue, roue.

She wadna bake nor wad she brew,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo.
For spilin' o' her comely hue
Hey Willie Wallacky, hoo John Dougal,
alane, quo rushity, roue, roue, roue.

The cooper has gang to his woo' pack,
Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo.
And he's laid a sheep's skin on his wife's back,
Hey Willie Wallacky, hoo John Dougal,
alane, quo rushity, roue, roue, roue.

I'll no' be shamin' your gentle kin,
 Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo.
 But I will skelp my ain sheep's skin,
 Hey Willie Wallacky, hoo John Dougal,
 alane, quo rushity, roue, roue, roue.

O, I will bake and I will brew,
 Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo.
 And think nae mair o' my comely hue,
 Hey Willie Wallacky, hoo John Dougal,
 alane, quo rushity, roue, roue, roue.

Noo, ya wha hae gotten a gentle wife,
 Nickety nackety, noo, noo, noo.
 Just send ye for the wee cooper o' Fife,
 Hey Willie Wallacky, hoo John Dougal,
 alane, quo rushity, roue, roue, roue.

My sentimental song, recalling one's early childhood, is typified in my mind by the 'Rowan Tree'.

O Rowan Tree, O Rowan Tree,
 Thou'll aye be dear tae me.
 Entwined thous are wi' mony ties
 O'Hame and infancy.
 Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring,
 Thy flow'rs the summer's pride;
 There was'na sic a bonnie tree
 in a' the countryside:
 O Rowan Tree.

Many of these songs remind us of people and personalities long gone out of our lives. I knew I fell heir to an influence on my Father, the influence of Harry Lauder, for as we might have walked together along the road through the evening countryside keeping right on to the end of the road, we would sing 'Roamin' in the Gloamin'.

Roamin' in the Gloamin'
 On the bonnie banks o' Clyde,
 Roamin' in the Gloamin'
 wi' a lassie by your side,
 When the sun has gone to rest,
 That's the time that I love best,
 O it's lovely roamin' in the Gloamin'.

I give Sir Harry Lauder the honour of the emmigrants song. So many of the Scots wandering overseas and recalling

their own homeland. But I personally recall Sir Harry's last broadcast from Queen Margaret Drive. The old man with a voice shaky from a full heart, singing, 'Hame o' mine.'

I sit and I gaze at the wide lonely prairie
Where naught meet the eye on that far rolling plain,
In fancy I see through the mist dear Glen Garry,
In fancy I see that dear cot once again.

The auld thachit cot is unaltered by time,
The valleys and praries to me are delightless,
O give me that wee hoose,
That dear Hame o' mine.

In my own town of Aberdeen, we had another Harry—Harry Gordon, a comedian with a fine voice and a capacity to act a very fine dame. But one real little recollection for me is not 'Wallfield, Nellfield, Mannofield and Cattofield' but 'Dandelions and Daffodils.'

Dandelions and Daffodils
I saw a skirt
I saw some frills
And dandelions and daffodils.

Pointless! Useless! but it's one of those things that stick in the mind.

But in modern times with Scots songs, we are getting the successful marriage of old words and old tunes. Callum Kennedy has collected an old tune to the old words of, 'The Road to Dundee.'

Cauld winter was howling o'er moor and
o'er mountain,
And wild was the surge on the dark-rolling
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
bittie,
I'll show you the road and the miles to
Dundee.'

She fairly consented and gave me her
 airm—
 Ne'er a word did I speer 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.

This is really very similar to the whole range of Scots duets. Unfortunately I am unable to perform these to-night but how I like the 'Crookit Bawbee':

On whar awa got ye that auld crookit penny,
 For ane o' bright gawd wad ye niffer wi' me,
 Rich't fu' are baith ends o' my green silken wallet
 And braw wad yer hame be in Bonnie Glen Shee.

What about the students songs? They are indeed work songs and play songs shared by students all over the world. But to keep to our own locality we have a Scots students song with a moral.

The burn was big wi' spate,
 And ther cam' floatin' doon,
 Tapsalteerie hauf o' a gate,
 An auld fish hake, a great muckle skate,
 And a lum hat wantin' the croon.

An auld wife stood on the bank,
 As they cam' soomin' by,
 She took a guid look and then says she,
 'There's food and there's raiment gaun to the sea,
 And I'll get them baith if I try.'

Sae she gruppit the branch of a sauch,
 And kicket aff ane o' her shoon,
 Syne stuck oot her fit, but it caught in the gate,
 And away she went wi' the great muckle skate.
 And the lum hat wantin' the croon.

She floated fu' mony a mile,
 Past cottage and village and toon,
 She'd an awfu' time atap o' the gate,
 Though it gree'd rale weel wi' the great muckle skate.
 And the lum hat wantin' the croon.

Was she nippit to death at the Pole?
 Has India bakit her broon?
 I canna tell that, but whatever her fate,
 I'll wager you'll find it was shared wi' a skate,
 And a lum hat wantin' a croon.

There's a moral attached to my rhyme;
 On greed ye should aye gie a froom,
 When ye think o' the wife that was lost for a gate,
 An auld fish hake, a great muckle skate,
 And a lum hat wantin' a croon.

In Aberdeen we used to take over the local theatre for Charities week, the charity being the local hospital. It was indeed our rag week and the students would compose the music and words for their shows. Some years ago I was asked to sing at a Burns Night and the pianist was another old student of Aberdeen. After our performance I was telling him that the show song I liked best was taken from the 'Time Machine' (the Dr. Who of that day).

A' fickle a liss I wish I was at hame in Aberdeen
 Stravaigin aboot in Union Street, on a Seterday Afterneen
 O' fickle a liss I wish I wis at hame in Aberdeen
 Traivilin' aboot on a Corpie bus
 Instead o' a time machine

My pianist said he had not heard that song for more than twenty years, but indeed he had written it. It's a sma' world.

But student songs invariably mean Rugby songs and club songs, and the Scots song that has international repute in this particular context, is, of course, the 'Ball of Kirrie Meer'.

On the ball, the ball, the Ball o' Kirriemeer,
Five and twenty auld wives hae in' sic a tare,
Singin' fa'll dae it this time, fa'll dae it noo,
The ane that did it last time canna dae it noo.

The five and twenty auld wives cam doon frae Aviemore,
In the middle o' the Lancers, they a' fell through the floor
Singin' fa'll dae it this time, fa'll dae it noo,
The ane that did it last time canna dae it noo.

Oh the Provost he was there, but he wisna' very weel,
He had to leave the room in the middle o' a Reel,
Singin' — ! — ! — !

I know Gentlemen that you are echoing me with the proper words, but if you slow the tune up don't you recognise the melody of, 'Castles in the Air.'

I must not go on comparing these songs.

The songs to typify the North East of Scotland are, of course, the Corn Kisters (the bothy ballads) the true work songs, the name, needless to say, derived from the corn chest in the farm stable. So with a melodian, a mouth organ, a Jew's harp, a singer and four heavy boots, dunting on the side of the corn kist, that was music indeed. There are so many like the 'Barn Yards o' Delgaty,' 'Drundelgie,' 'The Bog-Head Crew'—lots I learned from old John Strachan and Willie Kemp and Johnny Mearns who sang them in broadcasts so many years ago.

But I would like to give you a popular composition of George Thompson with the right strains and rhythm of the corn kister—'McGintie's Meal and Ale.' Now meal and ale you may know, is that celebration at the end of the harvest, and it was when McGintie's pig went on the spree.

This is nae a sang o love, nor yet a sang o money,
Faith it's naethin verra peetifu and it's naethin verra
funny,
But there's Hielan Scotch, there Lowlan Scotch, there's
Buter-Scotch and Honey,
If there's nane of them for aa, there's a mixture of the
three,

An there's nae a word o beef brose, sowans, saunty
 bannocks,
 Na, nor pancakes paeseggs for them wi dainty stammicks,
 But it's about a meal and ale that happened at
 balmannocks,
 Aye, McGinty's Meal and Ale, whaur the pig gaed on the
 spree.

Chorus

They were howlin in the kitchen like a caravan o tinkies,
 Some were playing ping-pong and ithers tiddly-winkies;
 Up the howe and doun the howe, we niver saw sich jinkies,
 As McGinty's Meal and Ale whaur the pig went on the
 spree.

Noo, McGinty's pig had broken loose, an wannert tae the
 lobby,

Whaur he opened shived the pantry door an cam upon
 the toddy,

And he took kindly tae the stuff like ony human body,
 At McGinty's Meal and Ale whaur the pig gaed on the
 spree,

Miss McGinty, she cam ben the hoose, the way wis dark
 and creekit,

She gaed heelster-gowdie ower the pig, for, faith, she
 never lookit,

And she lat oot a skirl that wad hae paralysed a teuchat,
 At McGinty's Meal and Ale whaur the pig gaed on the
 spree.

O there's eelie pigs and jeelie pigs and pigs for haudin
 butter,

Aye, but this pig wis greetin fou and rowin in the gutter,
 Till McGinty and his foreman trailed him oot upon a
 shutter,

Frae McGinty's Meal and Ale whaur the pig gaed on the
 spree.

O it's weary o the barley bree, and weary fa the weather,
 For its scaichin amang dubs and drink, they gang na weel
 the gither,

But there's little doobt McGinty's pig is wishin for
 anither,

O McGinty's Meal and Ale whaur the pig gaed on the
 spree.

Now, chaps, I wonder, are our young people today missing something? Well, I suppose just for this, I say, they are—but really deep down here, I don't think they are. I think they are having a bit of fun. I think they are learning new melodies.

We have sucked a locality dry, but now with all this 'Telly' and so on, they are learning all sorts of new harmonies, new songs, good songs, from all parts of the world, but I only hope that the best of these—and we have a responsibility here—are handed on to compete with the best and newest of them, because I think they can stand competition. Now we, Norman and I, have drained the songs and bits and pieces from a particular locality. We enjoyed, as you might imagine, preparing this session, we sang through, I suppose twice or three times as many songs as we have done tonight, and we had an awful job cutting them down to size, but we enjoyed it, and I hope you have, because time wears on, and as we say, there will be no word of this in the morning, my lad.

So there is nothing else to say but
'It's hame and guid nicht noo for ane and for a'—guid nicht.'
(Loud and continuous applause)

When the Members' acclamation had subsided, the President thanked Dr. Murray and Dr. Grant for a most entertaining, amusing and unusual Sentiment from which all had derived the greatest pleasure.

OUR WELCOME GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian Duncan W. McIntyre who was entrusted with the Toast of the Guests, began by telling some amusing stories, and after referring to his reluctance to accept this duty, continued—'But I would like to assure our Guests tonight, all of them, that there is nothing reluctant at all about the welcome or the hospitality that we offer you tonight, please remember that you are all equally welcome, and the Society is honoured by your presence.

Naturally, the first name we must mention is that of Dr. William George Duncan Murray, the giver of our Sentiment. What a sparkling performance it was, and what a wealth of information he laid on our plates. We are very lucky in this Society with the Sentiments we enjoy at our monthly dinners, but I think tonight's has been unique, both in style and in content. Dr. Murray has transported us on wings of song and often on gales of laughter, to another world, and oh! how refreshing, how satisfying to hear real songs instead of the constipated cacophony of the modern pop singer. (Laughter) His choice of songs and his beautiful style of singing have captivated us entirely having listened to him with such tremendous enjoyment. It is only right that the accompanist too should be mentioned by name as well as the singer. And to Dr. Norman Grant we would offer our sincere thanks for the delight he too has given us tonight in presiding at the piano with such exquisite feeling and professional skill. To both of our medical friends I would like to say, 'Will ye no come back again?' (Applause)

With real pleasure we welcome to our midst tonight Sir Ernest I. R. Moir, Bt., a distinguished engineer, with many great works to his

credit. Sir Ernest bears a famous name in the world of engineering, his grandfather having been also Sir Ernest William Moir, the first baronet, who was responsible for much of the work of the Forth Bridge, and the Blackwall Tunnel and many docks and harbours, both here and in America. Also with us tonight, and it is a great pleasure to have him, is Mr. Wilfred Woodhouse, M.A., A.R.I.B.A., one of the chief scientific officers at the Building Research Station at Garston, Herts. It is always a pleasure and a privilege to greet representatives of kindred Scottish Societies and tonight we welcome most warmly Dr. Callum Gillies, Chairman of the Herts. Highland Games Society. With us too is Mr. Peter Ffloydd, Chairman of the Teddington District Caledonian Society.

And now we come to Mr. Norman Collins, Deputy Chairman of Associated Television and distinguished man of letters, who is to respond to this toast. Despite his multifarious interests, in spite of his absorption with Commercial Television and his high office in that very exciting world, Mr. Collins somehow over the years produced some of the most outstanding literature of his age, with books like *London belongs to Me*; *Children of the Archbishop*, *The Governor's Lady* and many more. We are very proud indeed, Mr. Collins, to have you sharing our table tonight. I trust that the meal and the company have been to your liking and that the service provided has not been subject to too many natural breaks. (Applause)

MR. NORMAN COLLINS ON 'THE ATHENS OF THE NORTH'

May I begin by congratulating you on this remarkable pair of hired entertainers you have brought down on the night train from Scotland. You see, it could have been a very ordinary act. In point of fact it was a very witty act, because it was apparent from the first note that they had inverted their roles. It was the pianist who was singing to us, and the vocalist who was playing the piano also did pretty well. And, I may add, that they are both under contract to me. I was going to say to you how delightfully you Scots down here entertain yourselves and your guests. I would add that I don't wonder that you have to do something to keep your spirits up, because doubtless you feel just the way an Englishman like myself feels up in Edinburgh. This leads me on naturally, to an attack which is very close to my heart, an attack on this grotesque Festival frequently conducted under English Direction, that you persist in having every year in what the more romantics among you call 'The Athens of the North!'

The Athens of the North is a phrase that would be totally impossible to anyone who had ever seen the Athens of the South, and I suspect it was invented by someone who had never seen either Athens or Edinburgh. Now, I have been opposed to that Festival in practise and in principle for the very simple reason that I have never been able to understand why I, as an Englishman, should be expected to toil northwards in all the discomfort of British Railways to give my rich and cultured Scotch friends a good time in their own Capital. On the contrary I have always advocated that they should come south in the exemplary comfort which is now provided by our nationalized Railways system, so that they can give me a good time here in London. As an Englishman I often think how perfectly dreadful it must be for



PRESIDENT DOUGLAS G. ROBERTSON WELCOMES THE LORD MAYOR

anyone to have been born of pure Scottish ancestry, because when you come south, you will then expose yourself to the utmost extremities of English bad taste. You will have to listen to stories told by Englishmen about Scots, frequently in an accent atrocious to your ears, but entirely accurate to an Englishman's ears, stories intended to reveal the worst characteristics of the noble Scottish race. I do on behalf of the English offer my apologies.

To get myself into the mood for this evening—a very agreeable mood indeed—I decided that last weekend I would go up to see my daughter, who is married to a Don at an obscure northern university, known as St. Andrews. Well, it was just as I thought it would be. It was bitterly cold, there was a force 10 gale blowing. They had forgotten one thing, which they introduce only in the height of the summer season, that bleak and very depressing mist called a 'haar'. When on a platform of a little station that some of you may have heard of, called Leuchars, I saw my family swaddled up in pullovers, or I suppose the true plural of pullover is pulls-over, swaddled up in pulls-over, it did occur to me then that without that divine animal the sheep, even so hardy a race as the Scots could not possibly have continued to exist. And it occurred to me later the same night, that without that divine cereal, the barley, or whatever it is, you Scots would hardly have been worth knowing. Now, having said that, may I in praise of the sheep, the barley, if it is the barley, thank you most profoundly on my own behalf and on behalf of my fellow guests, for having consented to have with you a representative of this uncouth and barbarian southern halfcast group, which I happen to represent. (Applause)

Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., played the following selections 'Captain J. F. Johnston Watson', 'Strathconnon', 'Bogallan' and 'Women of the Glen'. He also played the Society's Strathspey.

A memorable evening ended with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

* * *

VISIT OF THE LORD MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LONDON

An event without precedent in the long history of the Caledonian Society of London occurred in the elevation to the high office of Lord Mayor of the City of London of Bro. Caledonian Sir James Miller, D.L., LL.D. in November 1964.

Despite the numerous demands on the Lord Mayor's time, the Society was honoured by the visit of Sir James during his Mayoral term and he was received by President Douglas G. Robertson prior to the Little Dinner at Kensington Palace Hotel on Thursday 18th March 1965. The occasion of Sir James' visit was, if anything, further enchanced by his unique achievement in being the only person to have attained the positions of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and subsequently Lord Mayor of London.

A photograph recording the event is included in this volume.

Following the reception of the Lord Mayor, President Douglas G. Robertson presided over the Little Dinner and after the loyal toasts had been honoured, introduced Mr. J. Campbell Maxwell, D.F.C., a native of Kirkcaldy, who had undertaken to give the Sentiment.

THE UNKNOWN SCOT FROM THE LITTLE KNOWN SERVICE

Mr. Maxwell, after thanking the Members for giving him the opportunity of speaking to them continued: When I was asked here by your persuasive Secretary, I felt that the only qualification for speaking to you was that I was a Scot, but remembering that the Service in which I had some part during the war, had always taught the value of initiative, I thought that perhaps I might be able to face it.

You have a very distinguished airman with you this evening, who will remember these tests of initiative, and perhaps I might remind you of a famous occasion, when a bomber aircraft was coming back over the Channel. It called up the airfield Controller, 'Crew injured, aircraft badly shot up, air speed 160 knots, height 5 feet!' The Airfield Controller took the WAAF off his knee and replied, 'Understand—you are badly shot up, crew injured, air speed 160 knots, but height 5 feet, surely you mean 5,000 feet?' to which he received the reply, 'No, 5 feet,' we are coming in on a bloody lorry.' (Laughter)

Well, assuming that this initiative has got me to my feet, it is this evening about the British Fire Service and an unknown Scot from that Fire Service, that I wish to speak.

It is quite amazing that the British Fire Service is probably the most unknown Service, and people are more apathetic to the work it does, than any other Service I know. Fire does not just attack you; you are greater and bigger than fire. You are not entirely to blame for that apathetic attitude, because the history of fire protection in this country is one of the most appalling histories of apathy, of waste, of disinterest and in every way it reflects the present day attitude, unless we change it. The Romans had a Fire Brigade, and one or two of the critical people in my audience will think perhaps, that when *they* were here, *they* built the present Fire Stations, and we haven't changed them. But it is perfectly true, they had the Vigiles, and the Vigiles were cohorts in the Roman Army. They looked after fire fighting amongst many other things, but when they left this country, fire became a forgotten thing.

It is interesting to note that whole villages burnt down in Norman times, until somebody decided this must stop. The first piece of Fire protection legislation came in the year, circa 1066 when a Norman King, who was French, said we must have a *couvre feu* order. We must cover our fires at night to prevent sparks setting fire to the thatch and to our mud huts. This of course had become the curfew, which tolls the knell of parting day, but it was the first bit of fire protection legislation, and the interesting thing is, that there wasn't another bit of fire protection legislation from 1066 till 1938. Whole villages and towns burnt down, and with the whole aspect of fire, apathy reigned.

The best story I can tell, I think, of this apathetic attitude, again concerns the Service of which I was a member during the War. Those of you who belonged to any of the Services, will remember that the fads and fancies of all Senior Officers were very well known and on this famous occasion, the new Air Officer Commanding entered our mess, and asked the C.O. 'What are the fire arrangements?' This came as a bitter blow, but he remembered that there had been someone in the Squadron, namely myself, who had done a bit of fire fighting before the War, and I was the officer delegated to the job. So he said to me 'Arrange it, Maxwell, get on with it', which if you don't know the R.A.F. means: 'I want a good job'. I went outside and bearing in mind the initiative which I have mentioned, I said to the first N.C.O. I could see, 'Ring the Fire Bell and get the fire drill going'. Using that lovely piece of metal—the old angle iron—he rang it vigorously and reported to me that action would soon be taken. I went in to see the new Officer Commanding and to report to the Station Commander that all was well, hoping that the gin bottle had done its stuff, but no, he would like to see what the arrangements were. So he decided to visit the camp, and as he left the mess, the mess Corporal was coming up the steps, managed to raise a salute and said, 'I have got the paper and sticks, Sir, but no coal.' (Laughter)

This is the attitude to fire generally, and so it was until the year 1666, when fire attacked the centre of commerce—the City of London. And when this disastrous fire was over, the interesting aspect is that they did not say, 'How should we prevent it'; they said 'How shall we compensate people who have a fire?' Then a gentleman by the name of Nicholas Barbon, jumped on what is known now as the band wagon, and

said, 'If you care to give me some money, I will insure you against fire.' Thus started the Fire Insurance World. They also realised that if they had men who would put the fire out as well as receive payment for insurance, then one firm could compete against the other. Consequently, watermen and firemen were employed and turned out in the most resplendent uniforms possible as an advertisement to get people in to pay the money. Thus was born the Insurance Fire Brigade the forerunner of the British Fire Service, each Insurance Fire Brigade having a bigger and better Fire Brigade than the other. They put fire marks on buildings which today are collectors' pieces, and when a fire occurred they all turned out. When they saw the plaque on the wall, those whose fire it wasn't turned back, whilst the others put it out. It must have been a wonderful sight to see all these Fire Insurance Brigades galloping to the fire. There is a wonderful little poem, which depicts this:

The engines thundered through the streets
Fire, hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared and clattering feet
Along the pavement flew.
But Hand in Hand the race began
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun
The Exchange where old insurers run
The Eagle were the new.

If we go up to Scotland we find they were ahead of anybody else. They had had some disastrous fires in the City of Edinburgh in the great high buildings in the lands around the High Street and the Cowgate. The Magistrates and Baillies and Councillors had decided that something must be done about it. And so in the year 1824 the first municipal Fire Brigade in the world was formed. For these Councillors, Burgesses and Magistrates had got together and agreed that instead of having individual pockets of fire fighters, from Insurance, from the Baillies, from the Police, a recognised band of fire fighters must be formed. They suggested that the unknown Scot of whom I am about to speak this evening, would be in charge. Mr James Braidwood was the man. His father was a joiner in Adams Square, who had sent his boy James to the Royal High and trained him as a surveyor. At the age of 23, Mr James Braidwood was put in charge of a band of Fire Masters, a name, which is still given in Scotland to a Chief Fire Officer of the Fire Brigade, and was made

Master of the Fire Engines. He was asked to gather together from the Burgesses and the Councillors, assistant fire masters, and together with steens and nogs, the meaning of which you will know, he was able to produce this little band of men, who, when a fire broke out, instead of everybody going to the fire, were able to get an organised band of fire fighters to it.

Mr James Braidwood was a man far ahead of his time. He made his men train in the middle of the night, because, he said, firemen must be able to work in the dark, when they can't see their equipment quite so well. He also added that training in the middle of the night was not so difficult, because if you had to train in the street, as he did, you won't squirt all the people with water, while you are training. He built up a wonderful Fire Brigade. I am proud that I joined the Edinburgh Fire Brigade—not in 1824, should anyone dare to think—but in 1938, because it was one of the finest pre-war Fire Brigades in the world. After this situation arose in Edinburgh, the London Fire Engines, which belonged to the various Insurance Brigades, said, 'we must amalgamate, we must do something about this, we can't have all these little separate brigades here and everywhere.' Accordingly, they amalgamated them into one Insurance Brigade, and so was formed the London Fire Engine Establishment.

They wanted a Commanding Officer to take charge of it, and they looked no further than the City of Edinburgh, and thus Mr James Braidwood came South to be the first Superintendent of the London Fire Engine Establishment. Now, he had hardly got there when a fire broke out in the Houses of Parliament. Some of you may know that the Houses of Parliament are not insured—the Government carries its own insurance. When the Insurance Brigades rolled up and looked for the plaque on the wall, there was no sign, so back they went. The Parish pump from Westminster was summoned, and they had to implore the Insurance Brigade to return and put the fire out. Private enterprise again performed what was clearly either a local authority or a Government responsibility.

With this situation we have been dogged for years and years. Everybody believed that the Fire Brigades should be run by somebody other than the Local Authority or the Government. Now, it is interesting to note that James Braidwood and his men saved Westminster Hall, the same Westminster Hall which stands today. A few years later there

broke out in the City of London a fire in Tooley Street, and you can still see Tooley Street to this day. The fire was in a factory containing spices and candles, wax and tea and every known combustible commodity. James Braidwood sent all his men to attack this fire, and he went down to the river to see if he could get these new steam fire engines on floats to work, and as he did so, a wall fell and James Braidwood was killed.

Probably unknown to you, he was at that time one of the most famous citizens of London. Queen Victoria sent the Earl of Stamford personally to see that his body was recovered from the ruins, and he was given a State Funeral, and all the bells in the City tolled, other than the bell of St. Paul, which only tolls on the death of a monarch. Seven hundred members of the Police, thousands of members of the London Rifle Brigade followed that funeral procession. I wonder if today should some calamity befall the Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade, would he be recognised in this way. James Braidwood, who came from Edinburgh, ended his life fighting fires. But, this is not the end of the British Fire Service.

This evening I have endeavoured to show that he was the Father of the present Fire Brigade. He was the first man to realise that a trained, highly organised body of men could be expert. Very few people call the Fire Station for advice. Why don't you? In the case of your domestic circumstances, in the case of your businesses, why not make some contact with the fire authority that can give you this advice. James Braidwood in 1824 launched this service, which is today just growing up.

Throughout this country of ours, you have fire authorities, fire services, fire prevention branches, attached to these fire services, ready and able to give you the advice that James Braidwood would have given you in 1824, had you come to the little fire station in the Cowgate. (Applause)

The President thanked Mr. Maxwell for his interesting Sentiment which they had all greatly enjoyed.

THE GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian Alastair A. M. Fisher offered a warm welcome to the Guests.

After recalling that Mr. Maxwell came from a most interesting Scottish family—his father being the late Sir Alexander Maxwell, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office, and his mother being one of eight daughters, all of whom had become Doctors of Medicine at St. Andrew's University, Bro. Caledonian Fisher went on to mention and to welcome not only Juan Carlos Calpasoro from San

Sebastian, Spain, but Group Captain Douglas Robert Stewart Bader, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., who would respond for the Guests. Group Captain Douglas Bader was a man who needed no introduction, for his fame was world wide and known to everyone.

GROUP CAPTAIN BADER'S ORIGIN!

In replying to the Toast of the Guests, Group Captain Douglas Bader, received with warm applause, said

I want to get this straight before we go further. My name is in fact pronounced BADER, which means lavatory man in Germany, and I have been called everything that that name can be used for. But having had a chip on my shoulder for 52 years, thinking in fact, that I was a German, I found myself some years ago in Persia, which is now called Iran. A gentleman there, a Persian, said 'I am delighted to meet you because you have the same name as my wife's family', and I replied, 'What is that?' He answered 'Bader'. And I said, 'Where does she come from?' He answered 'She comes from a tribe in Kurdistan'. Somewhat to this chap's surprise, I shook him warmly by the hand and said I was happy to meet him and to hear the news, because I had thought for 52 years of my life that I was, in fact, a German, and I was delighted to discover that I was a Kurd! !' (Laughter)

It is very difficult to follow a talk, which was so superlatively given by Mr. Maxwell. I have never listened and enjoyed anything so much, and I am sure, that that applies both to the Members and to the Guests. I thought Mr. Maxwell unduly modest when he said that he couldn't think why he had been asked to speak to this gathering, because anyone who had his distinguished war record and who is a Scotsman educated in England, has a perfect right to get up in any company and say anything he likes. I would like just to mention this question of fire services. I was fascinated by what Mr. Maxwell said, and like all of you who are old enough to remember the blitz on London during the war, the auxiliary fire services which assimilated much of the tradition which Mr. Maxwell was describing, were for my money, the bravest chaps of the whole lot. (Applause)

You may wonder why a chap like myself with a name, which either means a lavatory man in German or who is a Kurd, should be given the signal honour of talking to you tonight, but I can only say that the aggressiveness of your Secretary, Mr. Deans, accounts both for Mr. Maxwell and myself. As Mr. Fisher luckily said, my names are Douglas Robert Stewart, and my mother was born in Aberdeen, so I reckon that that is half a good reason why I should be honoured by being asked to talk to you. Incidentally, I was at a dinner some time ago where the guest of honour was an American Admiral. He made a very amusing speech, as they often do, in front of an audience composed of about 300 or 400 English and American chaps, and he finished up by saying, 'You know, on this subject of English and the English language, perhaps some of you may not realise, that in America we talk 15th century English, and in England you all talk Cockney; the only pure English is spoken in Scotland.'

Now, Gentlemen, I am surprised, if I may say so, to find so many pure born Scots in London, and I can only imagine that most of you are fairly recent additions, since you discovered that the nectar from

Scotland has been reduced by seven shillings per bottle down in these parts. I don't think there would be so many of you here if that was not the case. Now, I am very tight for time because your President has said that the chap who had the longest time, quite rightly, was Mr. Maxwell, and I looked at the list and said, 'My dear fellow there are 12 chaps who have got to reply as new Members' so he said, 'They have only got half-a-minute each, so that's all right'.

Now, Gentlemen, on behalf of all your Guests, thank you for asking us, for giving us the honour of wining and dining with you and for the good fellowship which you have given to us all. (Applause)

TRIBUTE TO THE HONORARY OFFICE-BEARERS

The Toast of the Hon. Office-Bearers was submitted by the President. In his remarks he made it clear that he could never have carried out his exacting duties without the help and guidance of the permanent unpaid officials to whom a debt of gratitude was owed by all. He thanked them for their services particularly the dynamic, prodding, pushing, relentless Hon. Secretary. The President also referred to the able services of the Society's Officer, Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E.

THE HON. SECRETARY'S COMPLAINTS

The Hon. Secretary, Bro. Caledonian George Deans, in his reply for the Honorary Office-Bearers, complained that when it became his turn to speak he was always short of time. It was only this that prevented him for talking for 40 minutes, as he had planned, for it would take him that long to say what he thought of the Members and particularly those who were perpetually late in returning their dinner cards and of those who were always late in paying their subscriptions.

During a witty speech, which was well received, the Hon. Secretary thanked the President for his appreciation of the work carried out by the Honorary Office-Bearers during the year. (Applause)

NEW MEMBERS

The following ten new Members were received by the President and the toast of 'The New Members' was honoured:—Bro. Caledonians W. R. H. Crawford, R. S. Gibson, H. N. W. Laughland, The Rev. C. Y. McGlashan, C.B.E., Q.H.C., B.D., R.A.F., W. H. Moffat, P. F. Moran, L.D.S., J. A. D. Paton, C.A., The Rev. J. A. Miller Scott, M.A., B.D., F.S.A. (Scot.), W. M. Sproat and J. P. Utterson.

Mr. Kenneth Atkinson, accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., sang 'The Skye Boat Song' and the 'Hiking Song'.

The piping selections of Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., were 'The Balmoral Highlanders', 'Balmoral Castle', 'Lord James Murray' and 'Loch Leven Castle' and The Society's Strathspey.

Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem ended a most enjoyable evening.

LADIES' NIGHT

A very successful year, under President Douglas G. Robertson, ended on Thursday, 8th April, 1965, with the Annual Festival (Ladies' Night) held at the Kensington Palace Hotel,

London W.8. Two hundred and ten Members and friends were present, the highest attendance for many years.

THE SOCIETY'S AIMS

The Loyal Toasts having been pledged, the President proposed the toast 'The Caledonian Society of London'. In the course of his speech he said:

After dinner speeches in Japan invariably, I am told, come before the meal. This may seem to be a paradox, but as a custom it not only relieves the Speaker's nervous tension, but also limits the length of the speech, as the serving of the meal at the pre-arranged time does little for the speech, which may have been like God's wisdom—surpassing all understanding, and like God's mercy—everlasting.

The Caledonian Society of London is limited to 100 Members, 100 exiled Scots, most of whom have chosen to be exiled but, nevertheless exiled from their native land and held together here in London by the common bond of being desirous of cherishing the culture of Scotland, promoting good fellowship among Scotsmen in London and at the same time supporting to the full the two great Scottish Charities in London, The Royal Scottish Corporation and The Royal Caledonian Schools, both of which have received our continuous help.

The membership of the Society is now up to strength and I am sure that our Charities will continue to benefit to an ever increasing degree, as the Society bounds forward with vigour and enthusiasm from the injection of new and young blood it has received.

A Society such as this just does not 'run itself'. It is the duty of every Member to ensure that the cherished reputation of the Caledonian Society of London remains as honoured everywhere at all times, as it does today. (Applause)

WELCOME TO OUR GUESTS

In accordance with the usual custom, the Vice-President, David Fulton, submitted the Toast of the Guests. In doing so, he welcomed particularly the ladies whose presence added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. He also reminded his hearers that the Society's two charities were this year celebrating important events. The Royal Scottish Corporation had reached its three hundredth anniversary and the Royal Caledonian Schools its one hundred and fiftieth. Both had proud records of charitable service and the Society was happy to think that its members had been privileged, through these sources, to help in meeting the needs of our less fortunate compatriots. Mr. Fulton continued—

We are grateful that the guests out-number our members. We have Mr. and Mrs. Ian Wallace and Mr. Rory McEwen. Then we have Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hunter to whom we offer a warm welcome particularly as both have agreed to reply to this toast. Mr. Hunter is a Chartered Accountant whose family has been connected with the Maidstone and District Scottish Association since its inception forty years ago. Both he and Mrs. Hunter are Past Presidents of the Society. Mr. Hunter served with the 6th Armoured Division during the last war, finally attaining the rank of Major. For his services he received the M.B.E.

Amid applause, the Vice-President concluded with a request to the Members to honour the toast with enthusiasm.

THE HUNTERS' REPLY

The toast was coupled with the names of Mr. W. T. Hunter, M.B.E., F.C.A., and Mrs. Hunter. The former lamenting his inability ever to get the last word (attributable to the female influence in his home, composed of two daughters, one wife, one dog—female, and one cat—unknown) referred to the experience of one of his friends who was travelling very fast down the M.1. motorway when he was stopped and waved into the side. The police said to him, 'You realise, Sir, that your back door is open and your wife fell out some 3 miles back?' 'Oh,' he said, 'Thank goodness for that, I thought I had gone deaf.' (Laughter)

Mrs. Hunter, agreeing that her husband sometimes found it difficult to get the last word, explained that perhaps that was not so difficult because she *was* deaf and had to wear a hearing aid. When she looked like losing an argument she simply switched off. (Laughter) Recently, she added, a friend was invited to make a speech at a School's Prize giving. At the end of the day's ceremony, when the Headmaster was bidding the guests farewell, he handed to our friend a five pound note as a memento of the occasion. Our friend said he could not possibly accept this money and would prefer the Headmaster to give that money to some charity. 'If you insist,' replied the Headmaster. 'I will add it to the fund.' 'Oh! What fund is that?' asked our friend. 'Oh!' said the Headmaster, 'we have a fund for providing better speakers.' Mrs. Hunter indicated that she was conscious of the fact that if the Society had such a fund, she must already be a debtor. (Laughter)

OUR PRESIDENT

In rising to propose the toast of our President, Past President James R. Steele said: I have in my mind the thought, that not only have I been asked in words but also by letters from the President and Secretary to be brief. Let me assure them that there will be no question on my part of putting them into the position of the guest at a dinner, who became rather impatient of one of the speakers and finally said to his host, 'Surely this fellow is speaking far too long.' His host replied, 'A long time! a long time! He has long exhausted time, he has now encroached on eternity.' (Laughter)

It is a great privilege and pleasure for me to propose this toast. Words of mine may be quite inadequate to the occasion, but there is certainly one thing that I can say with the utmost sincerity; that I rise to propose this toast feeling that it is eminently deserved by the man whom we honour with it. Our President is a man who renders active service,

particularly in those places where such service is required. You have already heard from the Vice-President some words about the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, the one, the origin of which was laid in the reign of King James the sixth of Scotland, who became James the First of England, and the Royal Caledonian Schools which this year are celebrating their 150th anniversary.

Now, our President is a Life Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and an active member of the committee of Management; he is a Life Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools and Chairman of their Building Sub-Committee.

We think, perhaps, more of that than the average person might do, because to us The Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools are two charities which we not only support financially, but which we help by giving them of our best in the work of their various committees.

I am sure that you will be interested to know, that in November last when the Royal Scottish Corporation held its Festival and our President made his appeal, the response that he got was the magnificent sum of £1,227—a record for all time. We do, Mr. President, most heartily congratulate you on that wonderful result, and I propose, in just some few words, to say how we also congratulate you on your year of office as President. I am quite sure that the Members will agree that the efforts of our President and his conduct in the Chair, have impressed us all. He has given us a remarkably good session in every way. The Speakers that he has brought us have been excellent and the proceedings have all been of a very high order.

I can't help feeling tonight, that had Alexander Robertson, his father, been alive (a man who was well known to many of us) what a proud man he would have been at this time, to have realised what a success his son had made of his year as President. Before concluding these few remarks I would like to extend a very warm welcome to Mrs. Robertson, who we are so glad to see sitting there, supporting her husband. She looks in every way the kind of wife that would give her husband that support, and we hope that she has not only enjoyed her evening, but that you, Mr. President, will take away with you many happy memories of this particular occasion.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am sure that you will all agree that the more you know of our President, the more likely you are to realise that he has certainly added lustre to the name and the achievements of the Caledonian Society of London. He is not a man who will rest on his laurels, but will give of his best in the future, as he has done in the past. We wish him long life and continued prosperity. (Applause)

President Robertson in responding to the toast, thanked Past President Steele and stressed the fact that if he had been able satisfactorily to discharge his duties, it was due only to the help and encouragement he had constantly received from the Members. To be President had been a wonderful experience on which he would always look back with pride.

A feature of the programme was the salute offered by the Past Presidents to the President, after which Mrs. Robertson, the wife of the

President, pinned the gold badge on the breast of the immediate Past President Alister G. MacDonald, F.R.I.B.A.

Mr. Ian Wallace, accompanied on the piano by Miss Mary Dickie, delighted the audience with some humorous songs such as 'Stock Exchange Art,' 'Uproarious Devon' and also 'She moved through the Fair,' 'Simon the Cellarer' and 'Long Ago in Alcala.' In addition Mr. Rory McEwen accompanying himself on his guitar, sang 'The Bonnie Earl of Moray,' 'The Day we went to Rothesay O,' 'The Lum Hat wantin a Croon' and two Calypsos.

Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. gave a finished rendering of four tunes 'Colonel Robertson,' 'Struan Robertson,' 'Marion and Donald' and 'Hearken my Love' and also of the Society's Strathspey.

The singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem concluded an excellent evening.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

At this meeting, held at the Society's headquarters on 24th June, 1965, President Douglas G. Robertson was in the Chair.

He noted with deep sorrow the death on 17th March, 1965 of Bro. Caledonian Sydney M. Gray, a member since 1963. The resignation of Mr. R. A. Poole who joined the Society in 1953 was accepted with regret. Two new members, Mr. J. H. Riddell and Mr. William Johnston were elected.

The financial statement submitted by the Honorary Treasurer, Br. Caledonian R. Y. Kennedy, C.A. was approved and the usual donations of £50 each to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools were authorised.

The President reported that Bro. Caledonian W. M. Miller had tendered his resignation as Honorary Historian after serving in that office since 1957. The President reminded the members that Mr. Miller had given outstanding service to the Society in several capacities since 1940 and expressed to Mr. Miller the thanks of the Council and Members for his loyal and devoted services.

On the motion of the President, Vice-President David Fulton was elected President for the year 1965-66 and after he had been invested with the badge and chain of office he thanked the Members for his election. His proposal that his predecessor should be awarded the Gold Badge of the Society was approved unanimously.

Bro. Caledonian H. R. Stewart Hunter was appointed Vice-President. Bro. Caledonian Robert Leitch was elected Honorary Historian, and the other office-bearers were re-elected.



DAVID FULTON
President 1965-1966

CHAPTER V

1965-1966: *President*, DAVID FULTON

IT is only about four years since Bro. Caledonian W. M. Miller recorded in the Chronicles his surprise that the then President was only the fourth banker to become the Society's President. Some banker chief must have taken note for next in succession was another banker and now, after a period of two years (perhaps a respectable period to avoid any suggestion of monopoly) we again have a banker presiding over us in the person of David Fulton.

President David Fulton hails from Cambuslang, Lanarkshire, and was schooled in West Coates H.G. School, Cambuslang, then Shawlands Academy before entering the banking profession. His career was interrupted by the 1914-18 War when he joined the 1/5th K.O.S.B. and saw active service in France during 1917-18, then back to his profession and in 1922, transfer from the Head Office in Edinburgh to London. The whole of his banking life was in the National Bank of Scotland and although now retired from banking, he is by no means inactive. He was admitted to membership of the Society in 1952, is a Life Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and actively engaged in committee work there; he is a Past President of the Burns Club of London; Barnet, Finchley and District Caledonian Association and the Scottish Clans Association of London, the last during the Association's Jubilee Year.

No one who has heard, and seen, our new President address the haggis around 25th January can be in any doubt as to the enthusiasm which he displays for all things Scottish. Such doubts as the haggis may have are soon dispelled! His involvement in the Society and in the promotion of all of our objects, together with his friendly disposition, augurs well for the ensuing year under his Presidency.

* * *

On Thursday, 18th November, 1965, the new President, David Fulton, took the chair at the Council and General Meetings at the Kensington Palace Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8, and extended a warm welcome to the new members of the Council, Messrs. Vernon

J. Eddie, John C. Finlayson, John Russell and Mark S. Moody Stuart, M.C.

The President reported with great sorrow, the Society's loss by the death of Past President Sir George R. Campbell, K.C.I.E., and Bro. Caledonian Alan F. Robertson, and resolutions of sympathy with relatives were passed.

BYWAYS OF OLD SCOTTISH SONGS

President David Fulton presided at the first Little Dinner of the Session which followed the business meetings, and after the loyal toasts had been honoured, introduced his principal guest, Mr. F. Elliot Dobie, who gave his Sentiment, 'Byways of Old Scottish Songs'.

Mr. Dobie thanked the President for the warmth of his welcome and for the opportunity of speaking on a subject so dear to his heart; a subject which entertained and also stimulated interest in Scottish history in which there was so much romance, glamour and in fact blood, a subject unfortunately fast losing appeal today in face of the noisy onslaught of 'pop groups', pseudo folk groups and 'beat groups'. Mr. Dobie continued:

I have the assistance of my good friend Robert Eadie who played for me more than forty years ago when I was able to sing; now the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak! I shall say plenty about the songs and shall sing as many as I can, but shall dispense with discussion of the original music Makers back to the 10th and 11th centuries.

Just recently I listened to a radio programme and was amazed when no member of two teams of high-school girls could answer the question, 'who was the bonny Earl of Moray?' They all knew chapter and verse about film stars but were ignorant on their own history. I think it's a sad commentary on our times and I trust only a passing phase (an' gey near endin' at that) before we'll be able to revel once again in the auld Scottish sangs, and their historical significance.

Now the bonny Earl of Moray was the son of Lord Doune and lived with his parents in their Perthshire Castle, and in 1584, he married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the Regent Moray. Two years later the Regent Moray was assassinated on the steps of the Town House of Linlithgow, and there being no male heir, under the law of the country at that time, the earldom came in an oblique line. Young Doune became the Earl of Moray, a comely, handsome man who was invited to the Court of King James VI and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, where he was well received. He was attracted to the Queen and she was attracted to him.

The Earl of Huntley, the confidant of King James VI was jealous. He was a repulsive, ugly, aggressive character, and complained to James VI that young Moray was receiving too many favours at the hands of Queen Anne. The King said, 'bring him in', and that was the order which Huntley wished to hear. He immediately got together a group of soldiers headed by Captain Louis Gordon of Buckie, and Dunbar, the Sheriff of Moray. They proceeded to Donibristle in Fife where they surrounded the castle, set fire to it, and the Earl in escaping, his position was given away by some of the embers falling on his cap and setting it alight. He was struck down and mortally wounded by Gordon of Buckie who, realising that he had exceeded his orders, turned round to Huntley and said, 'my Lord, ye shall be as deep in this as I.' Huntley thereupon drawing his sword, gave Moray the *coupe de grace*, as he lay prostrate.

That was on the 7th of February, 1592, and this old tune didn't come into existence till two-hundred years later. It has been used to these words ever since and here I sing it to you set in the form of a Celtic lament arranged by that great Scottish musician Alfred Moffatt. This is claimed as one of the greatest Scottish ballads, and please note that in the second verse, James VI speaks. (Mr. Dobie, accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie at the piano, then sang.)

Ye Hiellands an' ye Lawlands o' where hae ye been,
 They hae slain the Earl o' Moray an' lay'd him on the
 green.
 He was a braw gallant an' he play'd at the ring,
 An' the Bonny Earl o' Moray, he micht hae been the King.
 O' lang will his Lady look frae the Castle Doune
 Ere she see the Earl o' Moray, come soundin' thro' the
 toon.

Now wae betide ye Huntley, an' wherefore did ye sae?
 I bade ye bring him wi' ye, but forbade ye him to slay;
 He was a braw gallant an' he play'd at the glove,
 An' the Bonny Earl o' Moray, he was the Queen's true
 love.
 O' lang will his Lady look frae the Castle Doune,
 Ere she see the Earl o' Moray, come soundin' thro' the
 toon.

Something of an entirely different character was written about the Battle of Prestonpans and it was written by a Had-

dington farmer by the name of Adam Skirving. Skirving had a few satires to his credit and was never given the credit for having a very cultivated education, but he was a wise auld 'cratur' never-the-less. He knew all the story about the 21st September 1745, when Cope sent his challenge to Prince Charles Edward to come out and fight. Now at that time the battlefield was Prestonpans, and that is in the middle of a coalfield which supplied Edinburgh, Leith and the surrounding Lothians with all the fuel they required, and there is a line in the song, 'if ye are wauken, I would wait tae gang tae the coals in the mornin'.' It just means that many of the miners of that day flocked to the standard of Prince Charlie, and they waited to see if Johnnie Cope would come from Dunbar and face Prince Charlie. If so, they would be in the scrap but if not, they were more willing to go and do their daily darg at the coal face, than Sir John Cope was to come to battle.

In this droll song there is an interesting point which I raised with Sir Alexander Gray, Professor of History at Edinburgh University, who verified it, and it concerns part of the second or third verse where reference is made to part of a letter from Prince Charles Edward, 'now Johnnie be as guid's y're word, an' let us try baith fire an' sword, an' dinna flee like a frichted bird that's chased frae it's nest in the mornin'.' Now we get that in Euripides, in the mouth of Polyzana, when called repeatedly from her tent by her Mother, Hecuba, Queen of Troy; Polyzana replies, 'I come like an affrighted bird chased from it's nest in the morning.' And there we have it in the song Johnnie Cope. I think you will agree with me gentlemen, that verifies my argument that Adam Skirving must have read at least some of the classics. I will sing just two or three verses of that song in order that you may note the line:

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar
Saying Charlie meet, an' if ye daur,
An' I'll learn ye the art o' war
If ye'll meet me in the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from:
Now follow me my merry merry men
An' we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.

Now Johnnie, be as guid's y're word,
An' let us try baith fire and sword;
An' dinna flee like a frichted bird
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

Hey Johnny Cope, are ye wauken yet,
An' are y're drums a beatin' yet?
If ye are wauken, I wad wait
Tae gang tae the coals in the morning.

I'll deal with a song of an entirely different character now, which is normally sung by a lady. There are many stories about this particular song and I think Sir Walter Scott has brought the best elucidation of the subject matter to us. A version of the song which contains something like twenty-four verses, and was of a vile, bawdy nature, is chronicled in John Knox's History of the Reformation. Although John Knox wasn't devoid of the weakness that many men have for the fair sex, he was always at great pains to gather any little gossip or scandal or suspicion overheard at the Court of Queen Mary.

The story is that a waiting woman of lower rank, and the Court Apothecary, murdered their illegitimate child and were condemned to death for their action. The names used in the story and in the song are: Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Carmichael and me. Gentlemen, according to the historian Keith, the four Ladies-in-Waiting who went to France with the young Queen, were Mary Livingstone, Mary Fleming of Biggar, Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton. There is no record of a Mary Carmichael or Mary Hamilton, the latter being, of course, 'me' in the song. It is interesting to note that Boghall Castle, Biggar was the home of Mary Fleming and the remains of the castle are still maintained by the National Trust.

There is a fanciful version of this song, 'The Queen's Maries', in vogue now in most of our Scottish albums, but it is tawdry and rises little above the MacGonagle standard! In 1830, Sir Walter Scott—just about two years before his death—published this version as a broadsheet, and I'm very fortunate in having a copy of the words. I'm going to sing these verses, as I know them; gentlemen, 'The Queen's Maries':

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries, this nicht she'll hae
but three;

There was Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton and Mary
Carmichael and me.

They'll tie a neckerchief roon' my een, an' they'll no let me
see tae dee;

And they'll no let on tae my Feyther and Mither, but I'm
awa' ower the sea.

I wish I could lie in oor ain Kirk-yaird, aneath the auld
yew tree,

Where we pou'd the gowans an' thread the rowans; my
brithers, my sisters an' me.

But little care I for a nameless grave if I've a hope for
eternity,

And I pray that the faith o' the deein' thief, may be
granted through grace unto me.

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries, this nicht she'll hae
but three,

There was Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton and Mary
Carmichael and me.

I'd like to say a word now about one of the earliest of Burns' songs, or rather, he wrote it at Lochlea when he was twenty-three. He wrote that wonderful song, 'Cornriggs' and dedicated it to Annie Rankine of Adamhill, not far from Lochlea. The claim that Burns dedicated this song to Annie Ronald or Annie Blair is, in my opinion, not founded for there is every evidence to show that he visited John Rankine the farmer (and of course daughter Annie) at Adamhill Farm once a week. He was delighted to have the company so far through the cornriggs with Annie Rankine, so I'll claim that the song was dedicated to her.

When the Kilmarnock edition was published, Burns sold the copies at three shillings each, travelling around on pony-back after getting his first supply from John Wilson of Kilmarnock. He stopped at the Black Bull at Cumnock and sold the first copy to his old sweetheart, Annie Rankine, by then married to John Merry, mine host at the Black Bull. As in many other songs, Burns dressed up an old song and the words as we know them are by Burns, but the origin of the tune is obscure. Thomas Durfey, the London Irishman who wrote the original setting of 'within a mile o' Edinburgh toon', in 1698, had already used this tune for an Irish song in 1681. John Gay used it in 'The Beggars' Opera' in 1729.

Allan Ramsey used it in 'The Gentle Shepherd' in 1725 . . . so the song, like the Laird o' Cockpen, had a lang pedigree. (Laughter.) Whatever the origin of the tune, it had jangled in the mind of Burns before he wrote that beautiful song with the words, 'I kissed her owre an' owre again.' I'm not going to sing the song, but I want to tell you a story about it.

John S. Clarke was the labour Member of Parliament for the Maryhill Division of Glasgow in the early 1930's. He was President of the Federation of Burns' Clubs and in that capacity was invited with a small delegation to Moscow. He was feted there 'royally' and was Guest of Honour at a banquet held at the Marishkin Palace. During a slight hiatus after the meal, John, as was his usual wont, sat down at a piano, played quietly and hummed to himself 'Cornriggs'. Immediately every officer in the vicinity clicked their heels, came to attention, and there was absolute silence till John had finished. When he got up from the piano, he was applauded and responded by bowing graciously and said, 'gentlemen, I thank you for this honour you have paid to my Scottish national bard, Robert Burns—thank you very much.'

The interpreter gave this out to the audience, there followed some rapid conversation in Russian and the interpreter turned to John and said, 'you are wrong about this song, it is not a Robert Burns song; it is one of our old tunes in the Soviet Union, it is our tune. Now they've claimed a lot of things but this is one claim they cannot justify. However, 'Cornriggs' stands second only to the Internationale in priorities in Russia, and if you listen carefully to the military strains on your radio or television, you will find that that tune is the Russians' most important military march past; and what's the reason?

We know that Patrick Gordon was Comander-in-Chief of the Army under Peter the Great, and at the same time a man by the name of Lairmonth who hailed from Stirlingshire was Poet Laureate at the Court at St. Petersburg; he became Lairmonthoff and Gordon became Gordonov. Surely they took some of our old Scottish traditional tunes and songs with them and that, I am convinced is the reason for the Russians' claim that 'Cornriggs' is an old Russian tune.

My last tune is what I consider to be the greatest ballad in the Scottish literature. There has been a great deal of controversy about it, perhaps because the title of the song is simply 'Edward'. The music is set by Carl Loewe who was born in

Halle in 1698. Some of the controversy surrounds Herder and Rhineholt and great claims have been made that these Germans set the original text. Sir Alexander Gray satisfied me that these gentlemen performed the same service in their country as he himself was doing in Scotland. Sir Alexander translates the best of German poems into the Scottish vernacular, and has, in fact, written an anthology. Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert also arranged many of our old songs, among them, 'Faithful Johnnie', 'The Twa Sisters of Bin-norie' and 'Duncan Gray'. Translated into German, our songs were published as 'Schottisher Lieidet'. Should any doubt remain, the ballad, 'Edward' is vouched for in Percy's *Reliques* as being of Scottish origin.

I want to sing you the Loewe tune, and it is set in a baronial home in Berwickshire. The married son and his family are living with his parents, and the ballad is a dialogue between the mother and her married son. The mother has been at great pains quietly to needle the boy insidiously until she knows that sooner or later, the boy will destroy his father. That fateful event having happened, the dialogue begins with the mother's questioning of her son; . . . he answers evasively; . . . immediately she speaks again and he answers and finally, when the boy admits the truth.

Now let the story unfold itself from there, and you must bear with me for I've got to sing in this case as a mother and as a son, and I'll try and portray these two. It's a rather difficult piece and I am sure that my friend Robert Eadie will support me in the interpretation, which concludes with the son's exclamation to his mother, 'The curse o' Hell on you Mither—'twas ye that drave me til't.'

Following a dramatic rendering of the ballad, 'Edward', Mr. Dobie sat down amid loud applause and the President, in thanking Mr. Dobie, referred to the fact that Mr. Dobie had been a master of music for about fifty years and had given not only a musical Sentiment, but a history lesson into the bargain.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH REGIMENT

As is traditional at the Society's first Little Dinner each Session, the President submitted the toast, 'The London Scottish Regiment.' He traced the origin of, 'The Scottish' and the part which The Caledonian Society of London had played in raising the first unit of volunteers; the difficulties experienced before the Government of the day agreed to accept this unit to augment the regular services, and their initial overseas service in South Africa. The President referred to the Hell on Earth of Ypres and Messines during the first world war, and continued :

I was still at school when The London Scottish lost four hundred of their number at Messines. Some three years later, I was at Messines with the 1st/5th King's Own Scottish Borderers and there had my baptism of fire, so I have a real understanding of what the London Scottish suffered. How anybody came out of Messines alive will be a mystery to me until the day I die.

In the second world war, the Regiment was to the forefront again and suffice it to say that it is on record from higher commands, that they never failed to take an objective which was offered to them nor did they ever retreat from a position until over-run by the enemy. This gentlemen, is the Regiment with which we are so proud to be associated and to which we pay honour; this is the Regiment looked upon with great credit not only by London Scots but by Londoners themselves, and all with the same pride.

What of peacetime? Any young Scotsman arriving in London should be encouraged to go to Buckingham Gate where, in addition to military activities 'where they'll learn ye the art o' war', he will also find a deep sense of loyalty and enduring friendship. To Lt. Col. Alan F. Niekirk, T.D., and all his colleagues under his command in the Regiment (certainly at Buckingham Gate, if not specifically here at this gathering tonight) I extend a very warm welcome. Our gratitude goes out to all those men who have served in the past, and, for the future, should the occasion ever again arise, . . . our reliance on, STRIKE SURE!

The Toast was pledged with Caledonian Honours, and the President's remarks with prolonged applause.

OUR GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian James Mason was entrusted with the responsibility of submitting the Toast of Our Guests, and almost immediately had the whole company laughing heartily with his humour. Alluding to the number of Bankers in the membership of the Society, Mr. Mason claimed a connection with banking, and went on to illustrate his claim saying:

My connection with banking is a very tenuous one. My wife had a forty-second cousin, who many years ago sold roasted chestnuts from a stall at the Mansion House. When anyone asked him for a loan, he would say, 'no, I have a restrictive trading agreement with these people across the road (the Bank of England) if I don't lend money, they wont sell roasted chestnuts.' (Laughter.)

In this Society, we have no restrictive agreements when it comes to welcoming our Guests; we are proud to have you and our function is all the happier by your presence. (Applause.) Mr. Dobie has been mentioned several times this evening and your enjoyment of his Sentiment has been evident by the warmth of your applause, but honestly, in his Sentiment, I heard almost the silliest thing I've ever heard at these functions. Mr. Dobie said that his spirit was willing, but his flesh was weak! He himself proved that to be nonsense by his singing and his address this evening, and it was wonderful to hear him. (Applause.) I'm told he is a singer of fifty years standing and (addressing Mr. Dobie)—I'm sure you're glad to be sitting down now Sir. (Laughter.)

It is a great pleasure and honour to have so many members of the London Scottish with us this evening, and also to see so many repre-

sentatives of Scottish Societies among our Guests. I find that we have a gentleman of law who will respond to this toast. Like my knowledge of banking, I can only claim a remote family connection with law, through a burglar uncle who lost only ten shillings and six pence, when he broke into a lawyer's office. (Laughter.) The same distant relative, reading on a tombstone, 'Here lies a lawyer and an honest man', was heard to remark that it wis gey queer—baith in the same grave. (Laughter.)

I must stop soon; the Honorary Secretary is not only looking at his watch, he's got it up to his ear and shaking it! (Laughter.)

REPLY FOR THE GUESTS

Sir Percy Rugg, J.P., responding to the toast, referred to the letter which he had received from the President, a friend for many years, inviting him to speak on behalf of the Guests, and continued:

On the second page I read, 'Talking of length, you can go on as long as you like but we're going home at 10.30' (Laughter.) It was Lord Burkett who suggested that after-dinner speaking really began when a woman in the Bible, having lost a piece of silver then found it, asked her friends and neighbours into her house and said, 'rejoice with me.' It's not clear whether that was the only speech on that occasion, but it's a splendid example of the right length of a speech after dinner.

A poet whose name is long forgotten, wrote, 'sweet courtesy has done it's most, when you can make each guest forget that he himself, is not the host.' Such words are most appropriate this evening. On behalf of all your guests this evening, I am sure that none will have anything more memorable to recollect than being a guest of this Society; thank you very much. (Applause.)

* * *

During the evening, Bro. Caledonians W. Morgan, W. Johnston and J. H. Riddell, new Members, were presented to the President and, in accordance with tradition, each was allotted a maximum of two minutes in which to reply to the Toast of The New Members, and to pledge their support of all the objects of the Society.

The company responded warmly when the President called for an expression of thanks to Mr. F. Elliot Dobie, not only for his Sentiment, but also for his rousing singing of, 'The Blue Bonnets' and, 'Scotland Yet', and for Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., who accompanied Mr. Dobie; to Sir Percy Rugg, J.P., and to the Officers and Men of the London Scottish Regiment.

The piping selection was given by London Scottish Pipers, Pipe Major L. V. N. de Laspee, Pipe Sergeant W. Ferguson and Pipe Corporal D. Duncan and the Caledonian Society of London Strathspey, by Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E.

The singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' (the solo verses by Members of the London Scottish Regiment) and the National Anthem, concluded a programme at first instructive and latterly, most humorous.

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THE ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION

At the business meetings of the Society held at Kensington Palace Hotel, W.8, on Thursday 16th December, 1965, President David Fulton occupied the chair. He read a letter received from the Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation in which the thanks of the Committee of Management were conveyed for the very substantial contribution of £1,355. 5s. received from members of the Society following the St. Andrew's Day Festival Appeal. The President added his thanks to members who, notwithstanding their obligation to support the Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, had responded to this particular appeal in such generous measure.

At the Little Dinner following the business meetings and after the Loyal Toasts had been pledged in traditional manner with Caledonian Honours, President David Fulton introduced Sir Basil Spence, O.M., R.A., R.D.I., P.P.R.I.B.A., and expressed the Society's appreciation to Sir Basil for devoting an evening to address the Society. The President spoke of Sir Basil's standing in the architectural profession not only in Britain but in many parts of the world and referred to some of the projects for which Sir Basil had been responsible. On the President's invitation, Sir Basil submitted his Sentiment:

A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE ARCHITECT'S PROBLEM

Mr. President, fellow Scots, a few Sassenachs. Thank you, Mr. President, for your very kind introduction. I need hardly say that it was with great trepidation that I accepted your complimentary invitation to address you to-night.

Nevertheless, I am encouraged by the example of a very great architect, alas no longer with us, Sir Edwin Lutyens, whom I had the great honour of working for. He was invited up to Liverpool for a lecture and he gave, I think, the shortest speech on record. He was preceded by a lengthy and verbose introduction—so unlike your President here to-night—and when he finally rose he simply said 'any questions?', but my task is not to deliver a speech but a Sentiment. I am going to talk about the job which is nearest to my heart, architecture.

First of all, I would like to say a word or two about misconceptions. Architecture is an adventure but it has a special character. To me it is like a tripod as it is supported by three props. The first is the client, the man with the money. He is the important one because he pays. He is also complimentary because he desires your work. The second is the man who is going to put it up, the builder. I would say that he is second in importance to the client; the third is the architect, and he can have all the talent in the world but, like a strong seed which is cast on stony ground, this can wither and die if it does not take root. The seed to survive has to be planted in

the soil of the client and have the sun of the contractor shine on it. Then it will grow into a strong and healthy plant. This is one of the ways in which good architecture can be achieved. A popular misconception happens here. I am often told that architecture is something applied, like a veneer, like butter on bread.

What then is architecture? I will try to explain it quickly. It is not only an enclosure, an environment, something that is protective; it must achieve other things. It is in fact a background for people's lives. Now the background varies according to the activity that takes place. For instance, if one had to go to a church or cathedral, how different the behaviour of people in that environment from, say, in a hotel, a swimming pool, a library, a college or one's own home. There is a subtle difference that one should appreciate so that, in the end, the architect creates the background which not only satisfies the practical things but enriches people's lives. Architecture must feed the spirit as well.

Practically the main problem is one of protection. Then protection against what? In Scotland certainly against the damp. Again, in other parts of the world the sun is the problem. During the hot weather in Italy the problem is to prevent the sun from coming in to a room and making it uncomfortable. At the moment I am working on the British Embassy in Rome and Professor Nervi, that distinguished engineer, is my collaborator. He was asked by the British Ambassador how he would assess the problem of sun penetration; his answer was individual and poetic—'the sun is a thief, if he comes in to your castle you won't find him and you won't get him out'. This problem of preventing the sun from coming into one's home is very different from our own problem here.

Not only have we to be protected against the weather, the heat and the cold, but also against prying eyes. Privacy is important to individuals, or groups of individuals. Privacy may be essential to certain types of human activity such as worship, but this is not all. The practical side can be achieved but human beings are different from other animals; they desire a greater dimension. This dimension is the satisfaction of the spirit; this elusive factor that one finds in our great buildings, like the medieval cathedrals, and in places like the Acropolis in Athens.

The aim then is two-fold. The practical and the spiritual. I have tried to apply this to the planning of a new university near Brighton, a superb site in rolling parkland, rich in trees. This is an advantage as a beautiful site can compliment even a mediocre building and, as Brighton has more sun than most parts of England, the opportunity was further enhanced.

Nevertheless, this is a humbling opportunity as one realizes that to add to a landscape of great beauty is an extremely difficult task. One asks the question, am I going to spoil it? Will it be destroyed by building? But one takes courage from the fact that there are so many beautiful landscapes, painted by great artists and in which people wander and buildings nestle gently with the rolling fields.

Growth and expansion was the important and particular problem. This university was planned to grow over 15 years and I knew of examples where one cell could be added to another, like frog spawn, without destroying the ultimate unity. One can find examples of this at Oxford and Cambridge. But though building activity would have to be accepted in the university precincts for many years to come, I felt it was essential that there should be small areas of completeness, each a world in itself. A further principle which was adopted was that no buildings should be higher than three stories, that the tops of the magnificent trees should provide the skyline, and not the buildings.

The composition then was of low buildings grouped round courtyards, dominated by the trees and the landscape. The idea took root when I was in Rome working on the Embassy and I had gone to visit the Colosseum, which in its heyday was dedicated to mass enjoyment, mass lust for blood, but now after it had been ravaged by time, torn apart by people who used it as a quarry, the strong oval shape was broken and parts of the structure were revealed. Huge arches appeared and when the individual was framed in these openings *he* became important, and not the masses. Somewhere here I felt was the truth. The basic plan was composed of a series of courtyards but these squares at Sussex are broken by irregular openings and arches of varying sizes. Basically square, but humanised by irregularity.

I would like to say a word about one of the biggest challenges I have ever had to tackle, and this was the designing of Coventry Cathedral. The design was the subject of a competition staged in 1950. Fifteen years have passed since then

and my ideas have changed. Perhaps it would be difficult to recreate the special conditions that existed then, as 1950 was only five years after the war. I still felt emotionally charged after six years in the army and the evil of Nazism was still with us, and like many architects I saw the rebuilding of the cathedral as a symbol of spiritual reconstruction. Perhaps it would be difficult to recreate this feeling if I tackled the problem now.

I felt the circumstances were unique—the beauty of the old building—the site—the opportunity to build a cathedral at this time. It was a great challenge. I shall never forget the day that I went there. I knew exactly what was required as I had memorised the competition conditions and, walking through the old building for the first time, I saw and felt this beautiful shell, the lace-like walls, which radiated the prayers of many generations of worshippers; I felt that this was still a cathedral, and though in the conditions it made it clear that the competitors could wipe out the whole of the old cathedral, with the exception of the tower and spire, I felt that this stood for one side of the Christian faith as I understood it, the sacrifice, and what was necessary was somehow to attach to it a new building that stood for the resurrection. This was the basic idea. It was not an architectural one, but rather a religious one which welled up inside me and dominated me. It grew and took charge. I submitted the design. I did not expect to win; I thought it was a good pace setter. Whatever happened, I thought, there would be a reasonable cathedral because if anything was going to be better than that, I felt it would be fairly good. (Laughter) The assessors were extremely complimentary about this design—but the public . . . The first day after the publication of the plans, I got 700 letters and the postman came to my home, which was then in Moray Place, Edinburgh, and said that he did not know what I had been up to but here was my post bag. Some 80% were rude, the remaining 20% were very rude. I can still remember some of them. One, a particularly insulting letter from a Scotsman who did put a postage stamp on his letter (many others did not), and he signed it, finishing his letter 'your malevolently' supported by a signature but he put in a postscript which said 'if this gives you as much pleasure to tear up as it has given me to write, we will call it quits'. (Laughter) I even had a proposal of marriage, written in lipstick; there were some queer ones. And so it

went on. These letters, then the struggle that followed to get the design accepted. These were indeed difficult times. My mind goes back to the moments of ecstasy and the periods of deep anguish, but the building is up and finished, solid and permanent. How do I look at it now—after fifteen years?

It is true to say that if I built the building now, I would do it differently. I was invited to give a series of lectures in New Zealand and one was a request from Victoria University in Wellington, that I talk about Coventry Cathedral. In this country I feel it is wrong to talk about the cathedral, the building should speak for itself, but during the lecture in New Zealand when the slides appeared on the screen, I became very detached and I caught myself thinking, if not in fact saying, the architect could have done better if he had done so and so. I was telling my chairman, who was the President of the New Zealand Institute of Architecture—and they are straightforward people there—he said quite simply, 'Boy, whether you like it or not, you're stuck with it.'

In conclusion, I would like to say something about the creative process. This is surely one of excitement and clarity in the beginning, but the realization of solid forms, often unalterable, produces a different image to the original picture. It hardly ever catches the first brilliant picture seen in the mind's eye.

It is said that the artist is always discontented with his past work. The aim is to match in building the picture in the mind's eye. The picture keeps one going until the final stone is laid and the result is always a disappointment. So this is my Sentiment, and my conviction, if you remain creative to the end of your life, you must die discontented.

THE MINISTER'S TOAST TO OUR GUESTS

In submitting the toast of 'Our Guests', Bro. Caledonian the Rev. J. A. Miller Scott, M.A., B.D., F.S.A.(Scot.) paid warm tribute to Sir Basil Spence not only for the memorable Sentiment which he had submitted to the gathering, but for the contribution which Sir Basil had made to world architecture.

Bro. Caledonian Miller Scott extended a welcome to a large number of guests, and referred to the number of ministers present, one of whom, The Rev. L. W. Hamilton Whiteside had undertaken the task of responding on behalf of the Guests. The Rev. Hamilton Whiteside was Rector of St. Edmund the King in Lombard Street and was by repute, well disposed towards bankers and business men; he was also an advisor and lecturer in personal relations and with his diversity of interests was in a unique position for granting of relief and the relief of tension.

THE RECTOR'S REPLY

The Rev. Hamilton Whiteside thanked the President for inviting him to the Society Dinner and continued: I understand that the banking profession is well represented in your membership and it is not unusual at your meetings to hear references thereto; consider therefore gentlemen, my situation in Lombard Street where the proportions are somewhat different and, but for the Grace of God, bankers would have a monopoly. (Laughter)

I really have an extremely easy task—to say thank you for an excellent meal, an excellent speaker and the conviviality of this evening. Having said that, I am advised that for the remainder of five minutes or so, I should entertain you with some light material or acceptable jokes. I have a shocking memory for jokes or stories, so I persuaded your President to tell me one or two at lunch a few days ago. Alas, I cannot tell them this evening, not, I hasten to add, that his jokes were indelicate in any way, but for the very simple reason that I couldn't understand what he was saying. (Laughter)

By perseverance (or perhaps through an interpreter!) I ultimately got the point—I hope. It appears (and appears apocryphal) that the Bishop of London, having knocked on the door of St. Paul's, failed to establish communication with those inside, as the door remained firmly closed. The Bishop presuming he had gone to the wrong door, sought another, only to witness the arrival of the somewhat elderly Canons, which provoked his comment, 'behold the See of London giveth up her dead.' (Laughter)

In a more serious vein, I would say that you Scots have great cause for pride and in this connection I would mention just three Scots whose works, lives and convictions I greatly admire. The first—Keir Hardie who, despite the privations of his early years, never ceased to champion the cause for the lowest paid workers and who, in fact, founded the Labour Party. Then an extremely poor boy who about 1900 wrote *The Gospel of Wealth*, the theme of which was that a man who dies rich, dies disgraced. I speak of course, of Andrew Carnegie who, having made provision for his immediate dependants, gifted some three hundred million dollars during his lifetime. The third man whose life and works made a great impression on me is of course David Livingstone.

It is to your credit that a major concern of three such Scotsmen as I have mentioned, is still the concern of the Caledonian Society of London, in your support for the orphans in the Royal Caledonian Schools and of the poor and aged in the Royal Scottish Corporation.

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The Rev. Hamilton Whiteside's reply was greeted with applause and President David Fulton added a few quips, most of which probably originated in Lombard Street and were both acceptable and understood by the company and—on this occasion, fully understood and appreciated by the Reverend gentleman!

The President expressed his thanks to the speakers and to Mr. Kenneth Atkinson who, accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, had sung 'Bonnie Dundee', 'By the light of the peat fire flame',

'Bonnie Strathyre' and 'The Lewis Bridal Song'. The applause for Mr. Atkinson's singing clearly expressed the enjoyment and appreciation of Members and Guests.

Pipe Major J. B. Robertson's selection following the interval included, 'The Meeting of the Waters', 'Bob of Fettercairn', 'The Blackbird' and 'The Black Isle' and nearly at the end of the proceedings, the Strathspey, 'The Caledonian Society of London'.

The first four verses of 'Auld Lang Syne' were sung by Bro. Caledonians Donald Fraser, Vernon J. Eddie, James Ferguson and W. M. Sproat respectively and the last verse, traditionally, by the entire gathering. The singing of the National Anthem concluded an enjoyable evening.

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The January meetings and Little Dinner were held at Kensington Palace Hotel on Thursday 20th when President David Fulton occupied the Chair. Although the function, in common with those held in November, December, February and March, is traditionally known as a 'Little Dinner', this January 1966 was little in title only, as our Hon. Secretary had been obliged to reserve the Garden Room (the largest of the banqueting halls) at Kensington Palace Hotel, to accommodate about 170 Members and Guests.

After the Loyal Toasts had been honoured, the President expressed the opinion that the large number present was, in no small part, due to the reputation of the Giver of the Sentiment.

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

In introducing the Rev. Robert Paterson, B.D., F.S.A.(Scot.), the President said that the Society were very fortunate in having a speaker of such calibre and fame in the world of Burnsiana, to submit the toast of 'Robert Burns'. Mr. Paterson's reputation, and the demand for his services, were such that the Hon. Secretary had used his powers of persuasion some eighteen months previously, to ensure the attendance of Mr. Paterson at this meeting when traditionally we honour Burns.

The Rev. Paterson was heartily received and, as heartily, commenced his Sentiment:

Mr. President and gentlemen, I remember speaking for the first time at a meeting in the Ayrshire village of Dalry. On that occasion the Chairman introduced me rather tactlessly I thought, when he said, 'this is Mr. Paterson's first visit to Dalry; none of you have heard him speaking before, but I've heard him—and I'm sure you'll all be delighted when he's finished.' (Laughter)

On my first visit to the Caledonian Society of London, perhaps I should introduce myself in a little more detail. The name is Paterson, and it's spelt with one t. If it is spelt with two t's, you come from England. No Scottish Paterson has ever been known to be 'T-T'. (Laughter) Paterson is a sept

of the Clan Maclaren—the Patersons are entitled to wear the kilt—(no' that I wid ever dare!) I widna hae a leg tae stand on. When I came back from service during the war, an old lady in my congregation said to me, 'aw Mr. Paterson, I can see y're back frae the front'. (Laughter) Not only are the Patersons entitled to wear the kilt but they take the fifth line in battle. My Mother must have known that for when I was a wee boy, she used to say to me, 'Robert, if ye ever join the sodgers, keep weel back.' ((Laughter)

I'm a native of Ayrshire—the land of Burns—the finest County in Scotland! and I come from Darvel, a little village at the head of the Irvine valley. It is a small place, but has produced many distinguished inhabitants. Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin, was born in Darvel; Cutty Smith o' the Rangers,—and me! It's only my innate modesty that keeps me from mentioning them in order of merit.

(Laughter)

At present, I'm the Minister of Kings Park Parish Church in Glasgow with about the largest congregation in Glasgow, but before coming to Glasgow I was Minister of St. Johns Church in Gourock, and I can remember an occasion on which I was making a train journey from Gourock to Glasgow. As it was coming near to Burns' time, I took a book of Burns' poems with me.

I bought my ticket at Gourock railway station, wandered along the platform and sat down in an empty compartment.

The first thought that struck me was that Robert Burns had never bought a railway ticket—there were no railways in his day. It was in July 1796 that Burns died, so 170 years lie between us and the most famous of Scots. A writer, it has been said, is a classic who is read 100 years after his death. How does Burns stand to-day? Well, he is immortal all right, but how many immortals are names to us and nothing more? Is Robert Burns still alive? Does he have anything of consequence to say to us to-day, after 170 years, probably the most revolutionary in human history—so crowded with momentous events and startling discoveries, that they have transformed the very conditions of existence.

Looking back, how leisurely seems the life of 170 years ago; how sleepy and rural, how large the world and how small the cities, how uncongested the traffic. The astronomers have enlarged the heavens, but the electricians have contracted the earth.

Dr. Johnson's idea of supreme earthly happiness was to drive rapidly in a chaise with a pretty lady. How happy we should be today gentlemen, who can drive with the lady of our choice at a pace that would have taken the old Doctor's breath away. When Burns travelled, he took a coach or rode on horseback, rarely exceeding the decent pace of 8 or 10 miles per hour. Today, our trains attain 70 to 80 and our aeroplanes, 400 to 500 miles per hour. Burns was unacquainted with such admirable things as postage stamps, policemen or income tax. The most inspired prophets of his time had not foretold the coming of motor cars, electric light, telephones, wireless or television; they were not aware in those days, poor souls, that space is curved. I'm not sure that they had heard of the ether; that perhaps is not of much account for there are persistent rumours that it is dead—murdered in cold blood by the mathematicians.

We have travelled fast and far since the days of Burns, and yet all of these wonderful toys of ours—the inventions of science—have effected no alterations in our hearts. They have not changed in one fibre the structure of our souls. If the millenium has arrived, it is only the millenium of machinery. There is nothing fundamental in these changes—nothing to chill our sympathies with the creations of Burns, or to prevent us sharing to the full his beliefs, his loves and his admirations.

With these profound thoughts, the train left Gourrock station!

It then went through yon lovely dark tunnel at Fort Matilda—yon's the longest tunnel in Scotland—it takes the train exactly $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to go through it, and I've got some very happy memories of that tunnel. (Laughter)

Immediately through the tunnel, we stopped at Fort Matilda station and through the window of my compartment I saw a group of workmen standing on the platform having a good argument. At least it seemed so by their gestures although I couldn't hear whether it was all about religion, or politics, or perhaps football. Whatever the subject, they were so engrossed that they came forward to my compartment; one was on the point of opening the door when he looked in and saw me—and I was wearing my dog collar. If you ever want to get a compartment to yourself in a train . . . (Laughter)

Needless to say, they moved off to find another compartment. They wanted freedom to go on with their discussion

and I thought how Robert Burns would have sympathised with them, as I turned my attention again to the pages of the book in my hand. The poet of freedom—the freedom of the common man.

There has been much disputation about Burns concerning his character—the nature and quality of his genius—and his place in the world of literature. This, however, is undisputed and is beyond dispute—he was the first great poet of the common people. He was one of them himself and he found in them his continual theme and the source of his inspiration. Therein rests the assurance of his permanent place amongst the world's immortal singers, for the future belongs to the common people.

He brushed aside the old conventions. He made use of the old modes of expression but he used them to express a new conception. Just as a man might use an old earth-worn spade to dig up bright gold and shining diamonds; just as Columbus used an old world ship to seek out a new world (and yet the new world discovered by Burns was a very old world)—it was the world of the common people; the merry, friendly, kintra folk; the poor, oppressed, honest man; the toil-worn cottar; the buirdly chieft, and clever hizzies; in fact, all those ordinary every-day folk upon whose toils, obscure an' a' that, the entire fabric of society depends. In Burns's own phrase, 'the simple rustic hind, whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show'. He dignified them. He saw them as no other poet had seen them—as they had not seen themselves, until he held up the mirror in which for the first time they were able to recognise their own importance. That is a part of the real and abiding service that Burns has rendered to humanity; a service which will remain even though with the passing of the years, and the decay of the auld Scottish doric, every scrap of his writing should find oblivion.

He was the first to say, 'A man's a man for a' that', and he said it many times; it was a herald song. It has been carried round the world by emigrating and colonising Scotsmen, a Man's a Man! That was Burns' message to humanity. Despite the limitations of his means of expression, the fact that he was able to command the world's attention, stamps him forever as one of the world's men of power. Burns is universal; throughout this week and next week, there'll be Burns Suppers not only in Scotland and England, but in Russia, Japan, Canada, China, America—he's known throughout

the world. You know there are more statues of Robert Burns than of any other human being—if you discount all the gods and Buddhas and so on.

I was in Denmark a few years ago and I was given a book of Burns' poems in Danish. I've got it at home and I can read it fluently—if you tell me the first line. (Laughter)

Of course Burns is acclaimed as a great poet in Russia; he's the Prince of Poets to the Russians. I'm told that they translate him to suit themselves there and that in their translation of *Tam o' Shanter*, Tam becomes the ideal Communist and the witches are the capitalists a' efter his blood!

About ten years ago I was in America on an exchange of pulpit with an American minister in North Carolina. We exchanged about everything. We exchanged pulpits, manses, motor cars, salaries (and I got the best of that bargain). We took our own wives! (Laughter) I was amazed about some of the things they asked me about Scotland, in fact I was amazed at their ignorance of Scotland. I was asked if there were any trees in Scotland! I was asked if Scotland was neutral during the war! I said, 'boy, it was Scotland that won the war! (Laughter) I was asked (and this will shake you) where I had learned to speak such good English. But the most abysmal mark of their ignorance wis—was (Laughter) they had never even heard about Rangers and Celtic; if it had been Arsenal and Chelsea, I wouldn't have thought a thing about it.

One thing they certainly did know was Robert Burns—astonishing; they had never heard of John Knox, but they could quote Burns; screeds of his poetry, and they could sing his songs. They asked me to preach a sermon about Burns. They said, we hope you're going to preach Doctor Paterson (they called me Doctor there and I didn't contradict them, I didn't have time) on Bobbie Burns. If there's one thing I hate, it's to hear him being called Bobbie Burns. I said, well I'll preach about Bobbie Burns this week and Jack the Baptist next week. (Laughter)

The point is that Robert Burns is known throughout the world. His is a universal appeal in spite of the fact, as I've said, of the limitation of his medium of expression which was the vernacular—the hamely auld Scottish Doric, a form of speech familiar only in a small corner of the British Dominions. A language as some say, uncouth and obscure, and when he appeared on the scene, it was almost ready to be swept away by the rising Anglo-Saxon flood. It was good

enough for Burns and his message. The auld doric was to him what an ancient harp might be to a minstrel who, from its thumb-worn strings, awakens a new great heart-stirring melody. Burns' new melody from the auld Scots harp reaches the heart of humanity and places him among those poets who are more than local, more than national; they are universal and for all time. Although there is no poet who is more truly a national poet, there is none who has done more than he to break down national barriers and destroy racial antipathies.

Burns had no illusions about the world in which he lived. He was no dreamy mystic. He was an idealist as all poets are but also a realist as most poets are not. Occasional glances he cast back into the romance of a lost cause as in the case of the Stuarts. But concerning the world in which he lived, he had no misconceptions. He was too near to reality—nurst in the peasant's lowly shed, to hardy independence bravely bred, by early poverty to hardship steel'd, and train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field. The son of a toil-worn cottar; he himself toil-worn. Burns' attitude to his fate was never acquiescence—always rebellion. But why should ae man better fare, and a' men brithers? It's hardly in a body's pow'r to keep, at times, frae being sour, to see how things are shar'd; how best o' chieles are whiles in want, while coofs on countless thousands rant, and ken na how to wair't. The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more; on eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before.

There are two poems that seem to me to sum up the whole of Burns' social philosophy. The first is, *Man was made to mourn*; this is at once a song of tears and a call to arms. Burns did not believe that man was made to mourn. Was he not the optimistic singer of universal brotherhood?—he believed that man was made to rejoice and if he were prevented from realising his natural heritage of joy, it was because of conditions that he had created and could change. If injustice and wrong are inevitable from all eternity to all eternity, why, he asks, 'and man, whose heaven-erected face the smiles of love adorn—If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—by Nature's law design'd—why was an independent wish e'er planted in my mind? if not, why am I subject to his cruelty or scorn? or why has man the will and power to make his fellow mourn?'

The other poem is *The Twa Dogs*—brimful of humour—an inimitable characterisation, baith o' dogs an' men. It shows us the life of the people of the 18th century. These two

poems widely apart in style and colour are alike in this; there is in both, a great and human tolerance.

For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

And yet it was these same frank, rantin', ramblin' billies whose social conduct gave force to the charge that man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn.

That this poet to whose nature liberty was the breath of life, should find himself in active sympathy with the French Revolution and the American Revolution, was inevitable. The same Burns who, in the early Mauchline period, wrote *The Holy Fair* and *The Ordination*; in the later Dumfries period wrote *You're Welcome to Despots*, *The American War* and his ode to *Libertie*. He was in his blood and marrow, a patriot in his love of his country, Scotland—his auld respected Mither was his daily theme. But love of country by Burns was no narrow selfish creed, it was love of freedom expressed in terms of nationalism.

You know, you can prove anything from Burns—if you pick oot the bits that suit yoursel' an' forget the rest. I've heard the most astonishing claims made for Burns. I remember the late Lord Inverclyde proposing the *Immortal Memory* at the Greenock Burns Club. He said Robert Burns was a tory—and he proved it. I've also heard Sir Patrick Dollan proposing the *Immortal Memory*—and he said Robert Burns was a socialist—and he proved it. I heard John Bannerman doing the *Immortal Memory*—he said Robert Burns was a Scottish Nationalist, and he proved it. Last year I gave the *Immortal Memory* at the Glasgow Beekeepers' Club—and I proved it! (Laughter) Everybody tries to get Burns on their side but you cannot put a label on Burns; he was none of these things, he was a poet, with a God-given genius.

Burns was one of the first four lyric poets in any language that the world has ever seen; acclaimed as a great poet by other great poets and by all who are competent to be a judge of poetry. Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Longfellow—have all hailed him as a master. A poet with a big heart and one who loved his fellow men and

sought their freedom. All his talk about his native country is simply his love of freedom expressed in terms of nationalism—

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!

now, the train was at Greenock West Station!

When I looked out of the window of my compartment, I saw coming along the platform a Minister of another denomination. As he came towards my compartment, he looked in, pit his heed in the air and walked on. It reminded me of a story of the Minister and the Priest who met each other in the same compartment of a railway train. They started a discussion and it developed into an argument, and finally a row when they both lost their tempers. The Minister got up and said, 'if I hadnae this collar on, I'd punch your nose' and the Priest replied, 'aye, an' if this wisnae Friday, I'd bite y're ear aff!' (Laughter)

Some little time ago I had a wedding at which the bridegroom was an Englishman, and all during the meal after the ceremony, he kept referring to me as Vicar. I got kind of fed up and said, listen boy, nane o' this Vicar—Bishop!—even the waiter came up, 'say, y're grace' (Laughter) I began to turn the pages of the book in my hand. Robert Burns was a rebel against bondage of any kind, whether material or spiritual. In his pages there are not only the poor tenant bodies, tholein' the factors snash; not only Age and Want, Oh ill-match'd pair; not only that o'erlabour'd wight, so abject, mean and vile, who begs a brother of the earth to give him leave to toil. There are also the Ayr Presbyters and the Holy Fairs and the Holy Willies, wi' their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces—with the narrowness and bigotry and superstitious tyranny that held the common people in mental fetters. It's a picture of a people that was priest-ridden and laird-ridden, and from the midst of that environment, Burns sent out his message to the world—A man's a man, for a' that!

Burns unfortunately was confronted with a church which was full of spiritual conceit and sectarian humbug and hypo-

crisy. He hated the long face, the smug profession, the pious posturing, the lip and the tongue crying Lord, Lord—and the heart and life of a very Judas in the garden, denying, betraying. They sickened him and he cries:

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;

Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane,
Ply every art o' legal thieving;
No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces
Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang, wry faces;
Grunst up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver—
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

It's a terrible inditement, but something like the rebuke of Christ echoes along its lines; in almost the same words did Jesus rebuke the Pharisees in His day. Notice that Burns never anywhere says anything against religion; he was a very religious man, even tho' he was brought up to the cutty-stool time and again for misdemeanours—it never kept him away from the Kirk.

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

Even in the Holy Fair, there is no word about the Sacrament—only about the abuse of it. How he satirized people like Holy Willie,—a literal description of a literal character at that time.

Burns' two apostles were 'Satire' and 'Tenderness', and how tender he could be:

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:

One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving why they do it:
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us;
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias:
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

NOW, the train was at GREENOCK CENTRAL!

Standing on the platform was a group of young girls, all dressed up in their evening dresses and with their hair waved—they were gaun tae a dance in Paisley, and were looking forward to a night's fun and jollity. They approached my compartment, all excited, and one had her hand on the handle,—opened the door and was away tae jump in,—when she saw me! She immediately shut the door and the group went off to find another compartment. I thought, if my name had been Robert Burns instead of Robert Paterson,—she'd have come in! (Laughter) How Burns, the poet of pleasure would have sympathised with them. You know Burns wrote a great deal of his poetry just for the fun of it, and he's given fun and pleasure to so many ever since. When I go to school and talk to the children, I seldom draw a moral and this is greatly appreciated by the kids. I'm told that one wee lassie came home one day and said to her mother, 'my (she says) I like Mr. Paterson,—he has no morals!!' (Laughter)

Burns has given us some grand descriptions of the pleasures of the common people of his time. Their Halloween feasts and Fasteneen rockins; their Kirns and Weddings and New Year's social gatherings; their domestic felicities; the cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse; the young yins rantin' through the hoose; their John Barleycorn joys and the joys of love. They're all there to be found in the pages of Burns. His great sense of humour links him closely to the common people. The poet Henley in an estimate of

Burns which is curiously patronising, coming from such a source, says that, 'Burns had little or no spirituality—therein is his mortal flaw and defect.' Well, it's quite true, Burns had little or no spirituality but I'm reminded of Byron's retort to his publisher when he said, 'we have so many divine poems, is it nothing to have a human one?' The people of Scotland have little or no spirituality either (I know that as a Minister) but they can laugh and they can make laughter and Burns did this.

Think of some of his songs, like Tam Glen, Duncan Gray or Sic a wife as Willie had. One of Burns' greatest poems, and most neglected, is Halloween. Here again he describes the simple pleasures of the life of the people. You mind of Jamie Fleck in that poem—how he goes out at midnight defying superstition, to be frightened almost out of his wits—by the grunting of a pig in the dark!

He whistled up Lord Lennox's march,
 To keep his courage cheery;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle;
 He by his shouter gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a winkle
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation!
 An' young an' auld come rinnin' out,
 An' hear the sad narration:
 He swore 'twas hilchin Jean McCraw,
 Or couchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but grumphie
 Asteer that night!

Then in the same poem there is Leezie, the widow. She goes oot at midnight on Halloween tae dip her left sark sleeve in the burn. It was a superstition in those days that if you dipped your left sark sleeve in the burn, you got a man. Well Leezie was a widow—but she was feeling like a new man! (Laughter) You mind what happened:

Amang the brackens on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up an' gaed a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
 Near lav'rock height she jumpit,
 But miss'd a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

You can almost hear the splash as she goes in! It's just sheer fun. Where in all literature will you find anything so richly humorous as Tam o' Shanter? There is Tam getting more than an eyeful at the Dance o' Witches—unable to contain himself and roarin' oot, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'—then the chase and, 'Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin', In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!'—it's lovely stuff.

In the Jolly Beggars, perhaps Burns' greatest poem—to see how he raises those gangrels, those tinkers, the lowest class in society gathered for a night of jollity in Poosie Nansie's in Mauchline, on the wings of poetry until they become romantic figures—therein lies his humour. Burns' humour was sometimes satirical but more often generous and kindly. Everywhere it makes itself at home; in Kirk or market; by the plough-tail, the ingleneuk or Tavern. It jags like a Scotch thistle; caresses like a Mither's sang; insinuates itself like a saft-blawn westlan' wind. It dinners wi' a Lord; goes wooin' wi' the peasant lassies and even sometimes hobnobs in two-handed crack wi' the King o' Terrors himself.

One night Burns was coming home from a Masonic meeting at Tarbolton and he met 'Death', who is pictured as a long skinny figure, (I never like the way folk look at me when I say that) (Laughter)—with a scythe over his shoulder. I heard about two bodies coming home in that fashion in which, alas, some men do return from such meetings, and they landed on the railway line. After walking for about a mile along the line, one said to the other, 'this is the langest stair I've ever had to climb!'—his friend replied, 'it's the low handrail that bothers me!' (Laughter) In 'Death and Doctor Hornbook' Burns' words come skelpin' rank and file—the right, true natural words as they might have fallen from the lips of ev'ryday men and women in Scotland; as involuntary as laughter itself, and as infectious.

NOW THE TRAIN WAS AT PAISLEY!

On the platform was a young couple who were obviously very much in love. He had his arm around her waist and he was looking into her eyes—wi' that kind o' silly look. Looking for an empty compartment they saw me, gave me a wee smile, and walked on. I thought, aye, ye don't want me—yet! How Burns would have sympathised with them for where are the love songs like those of Robert Burns. He wrote over 300, every one a gem, and for these he would take no money. He got £20 for his Kilmarnock Edition and if you've got an odd copy lying about, I'll be glad to have it. Burns got £20 for the lot but I'd get £45,000 for just one copy. If he had written nothing else than his songs, his name would have been immortal.

Robert Burns is the poet of humanity because he speaks to the human heart, and that's the same in Timbucktoo as in Scotland. The love-makin' among the Ayrshire rigs o' barley, or on the bank an' braes o' Bonnie Doon, have their counterparts all the world over; in every land, John Anderson and his jo spend cantie days wi' yin an' ither, and go hand-in-hand up and down the hill of life.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

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

A life's story in two simple verses. Think of his songs; I've only got time to mention them. My Love is like a Red Red Rose; Of a' the Airts; Ye Banks an' Braes o' Bonnie Doon; Bonnie Wee Thing; To Mary in Heaven; The Lass o' Ballochmyle, and countless others; or this, which to me is

the greatest song ever written and has been called the essence of a thousand love-songs:

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

It's that simple! Every time I hear it, I say to myself—if he hadn't said it,—*I* would have said it; and you know, that's the secret of Burns; he says the simple things that we all feel in the emotions of the human heart and in the simple language that we all use. You read a glowing passage of Shakespeare and you admire it, for there's never been a greater poet than William Shakespeare; but you feel oh, that's wonderful, only Shakespeare could have written that. There is one glory of the sun and one glory of the stars. To me anyway, Burns is the sun and Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats—brilliant but rather coldly distant—coldly shining stars. The love songs of Burns are immortal—because he speaks to the heart.

Passing the fields, farms and moors on my journey, I thought how Burns could describe nature. There are other poets who can describe nature better than he. With Burns, nature was not something outside and apart from man but something intimate relating itself to him in all his moods either in association or by contrast. How can ye chant, ye little birds, and I sae weary fu' o' care? He never writes a song or a poem just describing nature; in everything he writes there's a human heart beating—the poet of humanity, and yet he could describe nature.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,

Delighted, tivalither's lays:
 The craik amang the claver hay,
 The paitrick whirin' o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel.

There's a true folk song in which the peasant world and the world of nature intermingle and unify. The auld farmer's mare and the ploughman's collie, the pet yewe and even the field mouse,—all enter the songs of Burns. They too are fraternal not less than the ourie cattle and the jinkin' hares and the deep ton'd plovers and the harpin' wee things. There's a description of a river in spate which is unequalled in literature, and here's a wee bit of it:

Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
 And from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key,
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies!
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That architecture's noble art is lost!

NOW THE TRAIN WAS AT GLASGOW CENTRAL STATION!

Crowds of people were flocking about, all on their errands of business or pleasure, and a crowd is a lovely thing; confused in it's beauty—and beautiful in it's confusion. Burns would surely yet again have had his great vision of a time that would surely come, when men would live together as brothers throughout the world. A poet's dream? Well, if you say so, it is a dream for you; but it is because it has been held so long as a dream that it has remained so long unrealised. If it be merely a dream, then Robert Burns and all the world's men of vision have lived in vain. To doubt that liberty and brotherhood are attainable, is the most damnable heresy—it is high treason to the human race and an insult to God!

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that;
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,

May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man the warld o'er
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

For the high service that the poet rendered to art and to humanity, his name deserves to be held in honour whether by sculptured monuments or Burns' suppers. To drink to his memory is nothing; to write speeches about him is nothing; to deliver a magnificent oration such as this—is nothing; (Laughter) unless we seek by the help of his inspiration for the ways and means of establishing liberty and brotherhood, not for some men, but for all mankind. Who are we to stand in judgement on a man like Burns? Too many drudges have handled the wings of this dead singing bird whose voice still echoes among the bens and glens of his native land, and in the hearts of Scotsmen far sundered o'er the seas. Let him rest in his sleeping; let us look at the best in the man and the best in his work. If God looked at the worst in you and me, he would have blasted this world into stardust long ago.

I, for one, believe that Robert Burns in his sorrows and sufferings—in his exquisite, passionate longings—in his open-eyed, open-souled interpretation of the heart of man, won only his deserts when the garland of immortal fame was laid upon his brow. He came when poets had forgot how rich and strange the human lot, how warm the tints of life and what makes truth divine, and what makes manhood great.

Gentlemen, be upstanding, and let us drink to the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.

OUR GUESTS

After the Toast had been honoured, the audience showed it's appreciation of Mr. Paterson's Sentiment by loud and prolonged applause.

Bro. Caledonian the Rev. Ian R. N. Miller, M.A., was entrusted with the duty of submitting the toast and related some experiences in the Ministry which 'may' have involved other clergy present. Bro. Caledonian Miller continued: I am somewhat at a loss as to the use of the words 'the cloth' related to ministers—generally, stipends are at such a level as to place cloth and clothing in the category of a scarce commodity. However, Mr. Paterson who has given us such a memorable Sentiment this evening appears to have done very well out of the exchange visit to North Carolina to which he referred. He has three suits—what a pity they don't fit him; (Laughter)—that,

gentlemen, is the sort of crack which is privileged within our profession.

As a minister I get used to hearing some of the daftest excuses for not coming to Church but we don't all come up the Clyde in wheelbarrows. I did however hear of two anglers having little success away up the Clyde, when one of them spotted a bowler hat about mid-stream and to keep his hand in, decided to cast for the hat. He succeeded but was astonished when a head came into view after he had hooked the bowler. From mid-stream came the enquiry, 'how far tae the Broomielaw?' The angler's reply was to the effect that it was at least 20 miles and that was too far to swim. 'You must think I'm daft' shouted the man without his bowler—'I'm on my bike!' (Laughter)

Bro. Caledonian Miller referred to the impossibility of mentioning the names of each guest present, but assured his audience that the Society's welcome was addressed to each individual. He did however speak of Sir Charles Cunningham, one of whose many appointments would particularly commend him to any gathering of Scots—that of Chairman of the Council for the Reduction of Taxation. (Applause)

In speaking of Mr. Norman H. Wooley, who would respond to the toast, Bro. Caledonian Miller reminded Members that apart from being a guest on many occasions, Mr. Wooley had submitted the Sentiment, 'The Immortal Memory', to the Society in January 1963. The toast was submitted with Caledonian Honours and was well received.

BRIEF RESPONSE

Mr. Norman H. Wooley who had accepted the President's invitation to respond on behalf of the Guests had been seated near enough to the Chair to see the President's time table and elected to be brief. He offered congratulations for the excellent Sentiment by Mr. Robert Paterson which had given everyone so much pleasure and expressed his thanks to the Society on behalf of all of the Guests.

* * *

The Toast, 'The New Members' was submitted after Bro. Caledonian Dr. J. A. D. Anderson, Jack MacKenzie and Lt. Col. Alan F. Niekirk, T.D., had been presented to President David Fulton, following their recent election to membership of the Society.

The President received an enthusiastic response on thanking the Rev. Robert Paterson, and Mr. Norman H. Wooley; also Mr. Hamish Macmillan who had sung, 'Hail Caledonia' and 'Bonnie Wee Thing' during the evening.

Pipe Major J. R. Robertson's selection was 'Scotland is my Ain Hame', 'Breichin Castle', 'The Christmas Carousal' and 'Loch Leven Castle'. The piping of the Society's Strathspey and the singing of Auld Lang Syne followed by the National Anthem concluded a memorable Dinner.

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On Thursday 17th February, 1966, the Council and General Meetings of the Society were held at Kensington Palace Hotel, W.8, under

the chairmanship of President David Fulton, when four applications for membership were approved and the resignation of Bro. Caledonian the Rev. R. N. Miller was tabled. Bro. Caledonian Miller who was elected to membership as recently as June 1963, had been appointed to Strathallan School, Perthshire and would therefore be unable to fulfill the obligation of membership in attending the Society functions; by resigning he was making way for another potential member who could fully support the Society.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner following the business meeting, Mr. Ian McFadyen, accompanied at the piano by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, entertained the gathering with his most acceptable singing of 'An Island Sheiling Song' and 'Kishmul's Gallery'.

President David Fulton introduced Mr. J. H. Mackay Whitton, whose choice of title for the Sentiment had aroused some speculation amongst the Members—speculation which Mr. Mackay Whitten proceeded to dispel in his oration:

SPEAKING FOR SPEAKING

Mr. President, Members of the Caledonian Society of London and fellow guests, lest there should be any misunderstanding, I am now in fact actually standing up. There is a serious illusion obtained by those I address, and I want to put it right. My nearer and dearer friends have been known to call on me sometimes in the most passionate terms to stop praying and start talking; I am not on my knees and I'm not in a hole. I am in the same horizontal plane as you are, and that's as vertical as this wonderful hospitality will allow me to be. Having disposed of this, there is just another point I would like to make. This is an after-dinner occasion, you've all had a very busy day. We have had excellent food and I've had my share to drink. It may be that in the next couple of hours while I'm talking it may be that you will feel a little jaded. There is a technique I would like to introduce you to which has served me in very good stead. If you lean forward on to the table with the right elbow, shield your eyes with the right hand extended, it will look as if you're concentrating; in fact you're fast asleep. This can be made to last for as much as 5 minutes, and if you are really troubled make it six. Having said this, one never gets any problems near at hand you know, it's always in the far corners of the room that the difficulties begin.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, first may I say thank you very much indeed for inviting me to come here. I am greatly aware of the privilege which has been afforded me, and I come really quite humbly to talk to you to-night. I follow in

the footsteps of a great many distinguished speakers, and to think that you have privileged me as you have this evening, pleases me greatly. It is a privilege to come in any case, but I do feel, as perhaps you may see from one part of my name, that I have some small rapport here with you. I am only one generation away. In fact about 110 years ago my Grandmother, who was in fact Mary Mackay, entered the Royal Caledonian Schools as a pupil and she was there for about nine years—so that I do feel I have an obligation. That great lady, not a very big one, but a distinguished Scots woman—she rose at five, took salt with her oatmeal and loved a dram. If somewhere she's looking down this evening on this gathering from some celestial glen, then I hope she will be a little pleased that I am here.

Well now you know I'm going to enjoy these next couple of hours. (Laughter) It is a moot point whether *you* will or not, and the difficulty is, Mr. President and Gentlemen, that I cannot offer you any kind of assurance for your enjoyment. There is a delightful story of a young couple who arrived at a Registrar's Office very late one Friday afternoon and their intention was marriage as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, they arrived at 4 o'clock, knocked at the door; the Registrar appeared—a dour man, very uncompromising, and they asked to be married, Mr. Registrar please, and he looked over the top of his half spectacles and he said, 'you're too late, come back on Monday.' The little lady was very enthusiastic, as was her intended groom, and they pressed the point, and the Registrar was still very dour—adamant. He said 'No, come back on Monday', at which point the little lady said, 'well I wonder Sir, could you issue me with a cover note for the week end! (Laughter)

A neighbour of mine has a small boy—he's about eight, a precocious youth, and he plays consistently and constantly with the little girl next door—Jane; he of course inevitably is Johnny. One day recently this little lad came to his Father and he said, 'Daddy, Jane and I are very anxious to be married' and so Daddy entered into the spirit of this thing and said at once, 'yes my boy of course—when? and the little lad said, 'we don't want to waste any time really, we'd like to be married next week'. Daddy said, 'yes of course, by all means—where would you live'. Johnny at once said, 'well a week with you and Mummy and a week with Jane's Mummy and Daddy, that should be very convenient

for us all' and Daddy said, 'yes of course, what would you live on' and the little chap said, 'well I have 5/- a week pocket money from you and Mummy and Jane has 5/- a week as well which makes 10/-. Daddy we shall be very well off'. Then Daddy said enquiringly, 'my boy what will happen if you have a baby'. Johnny said at once—'well we are not really worried Daddy, we have been very lucky so far'. (Laughter)

Now, as you know, my Sentiment—and what a delightful word to use for such an occasion as this; I must confess that I haven't come across it until I became acquainted with the Caledonian Society—but for the Sentiment this evening I want to talk to you as the man who indicates about speaking.

Speaking for speaking, perhaps this is a gimmick, it really means talking for talking, and that doesn't take us very far. What I really want to talk to you about, on one particular aspect if I may, is the problem of speaking in public. This is something that befalls us all at some point; usually rather late in life rather than particularly early, but of course inevitably when we are confronted as Presidents and Chairmen, Managing Directors and so on, with the responsibility of saying a few words in public, all sorts of problems begin. This is part of the work I do—trying to help people overcome these problems, not to make them the modern Demosthenes, not to make them Winston Churchills, but to enable them to talk relevantly and coherently and indeed economically when they're called on to fulfill this task. And so it is about this subject that I want to say a few words to you to-night.

Very often I am called on for advice in the work I do, and people ask, what are the rules—define them, and you know this is very difficult indeed to do, but rule No. 1—there can be no doubt about this—do ensure that you have as much practice as possible. Be sure that you take every possible occasion to stand up, even if it's only to ask a question in a tremulous voice, at least you've started, and so it is, practice must be the first rule for success.

Very recently I heard of a man who spent a great deal of time learning how to be an Opera Singer, and he spent many years at this, and finally he was given his first engagement; it was to sing in Naples at the San Carlo, a magnificent theatre if ever you have been in it: it is a grand sight, particularly when the whole of the amphitheatre is full, and of

course he came forward through this vast concourse beginning the Opera, and he sang his first aria. It was received with tumultuous applause and this pleased him greatly, after all the work he'd done. He went forward to the footlights, of course ablaze with self-satisfaction, and he sang again and still they applauded and he sang for a third time and still the applause didn't die away and he sang for the fourth time and the fifth time and the fifteenth and the nineteenth and still they wouldn't let him go. Finally, he came forward to the edge of the stage, looked out into the glittering darkness as it were, and said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, it is exceedingly difficult for me to sing again, you have given me a wonderful reception, please, you must let me go now.' At which point there was from the gallery heard a very Italian voice which said straight away, 'You'll a-do it again until you get it a-right'. Mr. President and Gentlemen, my first piece of advice is go on practicing until you do get it a-right!

The second great rule of course, is preparation. Let there be no mistake about it. The great speakers of the world—Norman Birkett (I hope he will forgive the familiarity) the late F. E. Smyth, Lloyd George, the great movers of men's minds and spirits, were always exceedingly well prepared, and great coloured passages were always very carefully tended beforehand. When the occasion came, there was spontaneity, richness of expression, apparently spoken for the first time. Believe it not—all very carefully prepared. Even the latest master, Winston himself, he too very carefully prepared, every cough and spit was in the right place.

Now if the great men who walk on the peaks of achievement are able to do this in humility, then I believe those of us who walk among the foothills of achievement should be prepared to do the same thing.

So Gentlemen, here are my first two (I would't dare to suggest precepts) may I say suggestions; practice as much as possible to build up fluency and practice preparation for exactly the same reason. I want to put a bookend up as it were of those two, and I will put another up in a moment, and in between the two I want to look specifically at one problem that occurs for every speaker at some point, sometimes it goes on continually, and that is the great problem of nervous tension.

So very many people, whenever they set out to speak, suffer from just this trouble; they become nervous, fears begin to

build up inside, fear of failure, fear of blackout, fear of looking a little stupid in front of friends and peers, all these build up into a tremendous knot inside, and you begin to see the sweating forehead, palms dripping at the finger ends, the knees going like castanets; sometimes they are quite speechless at this point—this is sad. Unfortunately, so unfortunately, this inward tension is exemplified, symbolised by outward and visible problems. Very often these problems, they're never told about, fidgeting habits, extraordinary movements with the body, movements with the eyes, these all represent tension, and no kindly person ever leans across the table and tells them about them afterwards.

Very often somebody will speak. He believes of course that this is a brilliant piece of communication, and when he sits down after a couple of hours, there is a light sporadic applause from perhaps one corner of the room—his family is seated there. The rest, as in Hamlet—silence, and somebody leans across to him at once and says, 'Oh boy that was marvellous, that was tremendous, you are a great after-dinner speaker'—the liar! he was nothing of the sort. Nobody ever leans across to this luckless candidate for honour and says—'look old boy, you should never speak again for Heaven's sake, you were dreadful, keep quiet in future'. Does ever anybody say this? Of course not, and so these unfortunates go on living in a kind of Ivory Tower perpetuating these problems which could so easily be put right, and so this evening (for the part of the two hours which is left to me) for the next few minutes, I wonder if I may look specifically at these problems of nervous tension as they appear physically in speakers. See perhaps if there is an odd principle or two that we may pick out, and if I may gentlemen, with humility, suggest that every now and again if you hold up the mirror as it were, to wager quite silently and look into it, you may find perhaps a little personal help as well. I don't want to be didactic about this, I don't want to be pedantic about it, merely suggestion.

I want if I may to start this little trip round the Rogues Gallery as one may call it, by going to the point where a Speaker actually comes in—this is the formal occasion, and an audience is already there—political perhaps, or scientific, or agricultural, could be anything, the audience is there, the platform as it were with a capital 'P' is beginning to assemble, poundals on the boards, and Mr. Speaker himself

has to arrive, come through the door and make his first impact on the assembly.

He can do this in a great many different ways, but here to begin with is the first simple problem that he may find. He becomes so often what I choose to call 'The Slinker'. He has come in under the door, perhaps, rather like a trickle of water—he's suddenly there, he's insinuated himself on the scene—the slinker! he's not likely to breathe confidence in what could be a critical audience. And here is one that any audience should fear from the onset, the pained or bored speaker. I suppose one could find this in any political circle, I won't be selective or definitive, it could be right or left, or even in the middle at Orpington. The man who arrives, the take it or leave it man, you are going to get it whether you like it or not—back and front for the next 90 minutes—you're going to suffer—what a pity.

Now there's no problem really about this if practice has been enjoyed, preparation has been indulged, then when he arrives in front of the problem he has got to face, at least the speaker is at ease—relatively at ease in mind.

Some of the tension is beginning to disappear, and he can deal calmly with the situation—a moment of, as it were, mental handshake with the audience he's going to communicate with; a moment or two of appraisal and then he goes into action perfectly well, sits down and waits for the moment when he will be called on.

Now at this point gentlemen, I want if I may to change the scene rather conveniently to the social occasion—the dinner, the luncheon, whatever it may be, and the moment has arrived, as it did for me a few moments ago, when Mr. President is going to call on him. He hears the chatter of conversation die away, he hears the tinkle of the coffee cup and the clatter of glass go, and then he moves into action when his name is called, but unfortunately he doesn't go into action alone, he becomes a Wiper, and he wipes his voice for the next ten minutes. A very beautiful variation to this I have seen twice in the last three years. A Wiper becomes as a sort of by-product, a snowball man, wrapping his napkin into the tightest of balls he aims with extraordinary accuracy at everything that stands in front of him to the fascination of the people along-side and he wrecks his communication—what a pity, and wipes his way down again.

Then there's what I choose to call the 'Leaper'. He's so

anxious he can't wait for the starting tapes, he doesn't wait for his name, he's up and away—'Mr. President . . .' and he's into action before anybody is really able to follow the visual lines to create a focal point.

At the other end of the scale of course, the fettered speaker, chained to the floor, he hears his name—'Gentlemen'—nothing happens and then suddenly like Venus emerging from the waves at the moment of birth he's there, but at this point he has lost his audience, they've broken up into little chatting groups all round the room, and he's got the problem all over again.

In between these, many variations, but again no problem at all, he hears his name, this is timing—a gift that we almost all have, but one thing that cannot be taught in speech work, but it's almost always there and so it can be developed. He rises, he waits for the eyesight to come along, the visual lines as it were to the focal point and then he's ready to begin, and he must begin right at the very bottom—the bottom rung of the speaking ladder, if he's right at the top then there's nowhere else to go.

His first problem which confronts him—a classic problem—what to do with his hands. Clearly many answers to this, but first of all—and this is one of the commonest of faults, he becomes a lapel leaner, and then rapidly he will become an armhole restler and then, if he's got them on, he'll be a braces man and then he will move from there, of course, and become a waistcoat pocket fiddler, and if he can manage it, as he usually can, he becomes a trouser bander and the last capital sin, the major sin, the trouser pocketer. Gentlemen, he becomes here inevitably a key rattler, a money jingler, and under the greatest pressure he can become irresponsible for grave personal injury. I do beg of you not even one hand in the trouser pocket—stay away. And of course as soon as he's explored all the nervous possibilities of his garments, he becomes a scratcher, and he will begin to scratch in the most extraordinary places. I am constantly amazed at the speakers who find hitherto inaccessible parts of their bodies in which to scratch—tension at work.

Then of course he becomes a puller and he will begin to pull everything that's hanging, and a beauty I came across not very long ago, rather a special facet of this particular disease—a trouser hauler. Now this particular man was addressing a scientific audience—nervous—he had about 150

people in front of him, and as he moved forward to the edge of the platform of about 3' high he began to haul, hanging on to the hams of his trousers, inexorably on those garments, and arrived in front of his audience showing 6" of hairy calf and a pair of socks. Nobody knew what he was talking about.

So, hands—no problem with hands when we are speaking. The first position is what is sometimes called the gateway position. It's just tummy navel high. I rather prefer the ecclesiastical situation if I may put it this way—it is a little more comfortable for me. But there is no problem about this, choose whichever you like. Conveniently perhaps, hands easily held at the sides, as the Duke of Edinburgh, who is a great speaker does—he uses the Naval position—behind the back and is teaching his son to do much the same thing. The late, great, Richard Dimbleby, he had a rather special position here in the jacket pockets, but he had much to support him while he was there, and it does look, in lesser people, a little informal.

So, hands comfortably held, let the thumbs be seen always. They say that if your thumbs are invisible you're in the last throes of nervous tension—only the psychologist can confirm or otherwise, this. So hands easily held, and gesture—never let anybody tell you that gesture is wrong when you're speaking in public—rubbish. As soon as emotion becomes fervent, whether it's humour or whether it is great tragedy inside you, hands were meant to help explain your feelings—use them and let the gesture be big.

If you are to point to somebody, who is perhaps nodding in the corner of the room (this is purely hypothetical!), then make it a big gesture not one from the elbow, and make gesture relevant. There is a story of a great preacher who finished a magnificent sermon; his congregation was enthralled; he finished with a wonderful peroration, and he said 'When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!' (The speaker's dramatic gestures pointing up for the roll call and down for the destination, were greeted with laughter and applause). So let the gesture be free and relevant.

The other extremity of course—feet. Here we have a problem as well. In long legged speakers long legs can become a very great difficulty, they became corkscrew men, storks, flamingoes, all kinds of things happen to them; not to me—I'm short here, but I came across a very nervous speaker sometime ago who was addressing an agricultural conference

in East Anglia, and he came forward very nervously to begin to what they call to-day, 'read his paper', and he began, and as he began so his feet began to move imperceptibly at first in diametrically opposed directions. Well of course this soon became rather noticeable and he reached a point of apparent no return. Every individual in the audience was saying, 'how's he going to get back again' just when he went back by the same way he went out, and this happened half a dozen times in 30 minutes.

Feet comfortably placed, nice broad base at the bottom, about 9" or 12" apart. Weight pitched a little forward on to the front foot; angle of feet at perhaps about 40° , tummy well held, here is one of the great pillars of support underneath the breathing mechanism, chest comfortably arched, poised, clear gaze between speaker and audience. It allows this balance or unfussy movement; you can change from one foot to the other, and if occasion demands you can disappear very rapidly in either direction out of the way. But this is only a secondary thought.

So much for hands and feet. We soon begin to find some other problems as soon as the speaker is well under way. He becomes so very often a leaner and swayer. This is well enough for the first minute or two, but after twenty it can become, well, not a little hypnotic, a kind of speaking metronome. The leaner and swayer, the fidget, one of the commonest after-dinner problems. The man stands up and the moment he stand up begins to talk, and then begins to put everything in front of him in wonderful line astern, stands back to admire it, talking all the time, and then puts the whole damned lot back.

Last year I was at a Dinner and on my left-hand side there was a Borough Surveyor if you please. He stood up to speak and took out his glasses, put them down on the table and quite deliberately took the dinner card and placed the card over the spectacles, and talked.

Then within a second or two he changed them, and stood back to see if they were just right and changed them back again, and he did this half a dozen times in six minutes. Here is the fidget.

The leaner and swayer, the fidget, the nose blower. Yes, the nose blower and cougher. Once perhaps on a really dirty November night is reasonable, but for so many it is the release from tension, and frankly it can become a little bit

of an interference to the communication.

The looker downer and arounder. The man who the moment he stands up to speak looks for his inspiration anywhere but where he'll find it. It must be in the eyes of his audience. He begins to look for it under the table and on his neighbours knees, and if it is mixed company . . . (Laughter) He'll look anywhere for his inspiration but where he is going to find it.

The clockwatcher. The man who the moment he stands up to speak checks his watch with the neighbouring clock on the wall and thereafter will check it perhaps every ten seconds to see that they are going to get no more than their moneys-worth—no more. If at some point gentlemen he looks at his watch, looks at the audience and shakes it, the audience does know that he's in some trouble. This is an old gag but a new twist to it.

The crumb gatherer if you please. I came across one of these very recently. This man had been an enormous bread eater during the period when he was doing his eating, and he was left with a huge pile of crumbs, and as he began to talk, so he began to push them with a crooked forefinger into every kind of shape imaginable. Squares and circles but then he was a wonderful architect. He'd rub it all out and he'd start all over again—what a very great pity; and the beauty such a common problem is, for those who really are tense, the moment when they stand up to talk, what happens is they become furniture men, and they must look for support. This I think is curable, but the third stage of this disease as it were is for the speaker to become a furniture remover—not only do they lean, but they very often begin to take the stuff away with them. Quite clearly they reach the perimeter and then of course they become wheelbarrow men to take it away. This can happen not once but twenty times. There was a great distinguished soldier I am told—no names, no pack drill, he might be here, but he now speaks in his retirement to a number of audiences, largely young soldiers, and so on, and he's a great furniture remover, and the moment he starts, of course it begins to move.

One morning he will go into his lecture room and he will find that some young daring cadet has nailed the chair to the floor, and he will go, and at this point there can be an explosion. The young man if he's found will be returned to his Regiment I should imagine.

One more last category of grave error, and this series always occurs when the words themselves are actually being used. The man, for example becomes what I choose to call a rambler. Starts with one subject and rapidly has four or five. 'It's a long time since the Council did anything about the houses in our part of the world and there are four sites for development. If old Councillor Snodgrass were here he would have something to say about that. If you fellows remember him, I remember him as a boy, more than 40 years ago. I remember him coming from the funny little village called Littleham in the Road. It is a village I remember seeing the mothers in when I was a boy. Have you fellows seen the mothers at Christmastime'—five subjects being juggled with inside 30 seconds.

Gentlemen, one great clear central thought like the backbone of a fish, and everything that is said to contribute to it. This was Asquith's own thought and dictum on this very subject. One great central thought and everything to contribute to it.

Then alas, one of the commonest faults in speech, and Company Chairman with apologies to any Press Conference, the monosyllabla, the man who ums and ahs his way through life—'And am, gentlemen it will be my—em—great pleasure ahem as your Chairman to em deal with this ahem problem em during the ahem ensuing year'. The commonest fault in speech; lack of clear thought, lack of practice in preparation which can put so much right. The statue, the man who stands up and thereafter is carved from the living rock—a monolith—nothing moves except perhaps his lips, sometimes not even those . . . "I think we would all agree wouldn't we that football players' wages should be a good deal higher. Football players, football administrators everywhere agree, I think we ought to agree as well—don't you?' What hope has this unfortunate man got.

The asider—starts with one audience and rapidly has five or six perhaps. 'Gentlemen if we are to secure a good strong list of Vice-Presidents for the next year—we've had some bright ones in the past, haven't we?—audience No. 1. Then we have got to send them all a strong letter, and I think Arthur this had better be your job. I suggest . . . and he has got two audiences already. A distinguished speaker I saw two years back at the top table of a very big banquet was an

asider—he had six audiences he was juggling with within the one big one.

The pompous—any political speaker—two plums in his month—loves his words and tastes them. 'Gentlemen in our long life of public service which we have been proud to give . . . I think I have never seen a nobler example of . . . self-sacrifice for . . . common good.' Two plums one for'ard and one aft—persuade him to get rid of one. Gentlemen, the emotionalist, a man to be afraid of it not to suspect. Nothing is detectable in an audience more quickly and more readily than artificiality, insincerity. 'Here in our own field there is great work to be done gentlemen, before you go elsewhere come to me, give me your confidence.' Weep for him as a rule and never with him.

Here is a very common problem—a throat clearer, any pleader for good causes. 'In the new drive (cough) for savings (cough) in our own Borough (cough) I hope we can (cough) all rely on the enthusiastic support (cough) that we have had from (cough) everybody in the past (cough)'.

And here is one very dangerous indeed—the starrer. 'Here in the world's greatest city we've got the world's greatest traffic problem. I ask you, is it seen in Amsterdam, New York or Paris—why should we tolerate it here—I ask you'. There are 140 people in the room why pick on one.

Then the walker-rounder, any Alderman or Councillor. (With apologies to any present and just for this illustration). 'Gentlemen, as Aldermen and Councillors of this ancient Borough your job is to put the new bye-law on to the Statute book and if you do that then you will be doing your duty, not only to the burgesses of the Borough but to posterity as well'. He's got the whole lot out on the village green by now—following him, whither? Anywhere but where he should be, in the Council Chamber.

One gentleman we must look at with tolerance, the last of these creeps up on the middle years, and I know no perfect solution to the problem of the on-and-offer. 'Gentlemen my job to-night is to talk to you about our great Association, but I can't do this until I talk to you about their officers. You all know that the membership two years ago was 850 and to-day the membership is 1,763. Now this is a wonderful, wonderful monument to the officers. It has been said that the answer is a monocle, I wear one and it isn't. I have got a binocle that is two monocles joined together—two eyes—I've

got half glasses, I've got full glasses, and somebody said the other day where are my focals. This is not the answer.' You cease to be an on-and-offer and immediately become an up-and-downer.

Here are my other two bookends, gentlemen. I said practice and preparation, and the other two, to leave you with four, are these. Ration the artificial humour always and look for the humour in the situation—it is always there. If you are called to speak and you immediately run for the jestbook and pick—say four jokes—be brave and put the blue pencil through two. The other rule, always seek to express yourself as you feel within yourself. It was the great poet Horace, 2,000 years ago who said this—'If you wish me to weep you must first feel tears yourselves', you can only communicate, you can only speak really effectively if what you're trying to communicate comes from inside. You cannot take emotion down, whatever it may be, like a jacket, put in on for the occasion and then put it aside until the next time comes. It must be from within, speak because you must, not because somebody has said, 'would you like to'.

There are my four rules—practice, preparation, ration the humour and speak with complete feeling as you have it inside yourselves.

There is a wonderful story of the Missionary, who was trained and went overseas and he had no success. He worked in darkest Africa. No conversions—he used to come back night after night into the little clearing in the jungle and go to bed—a failure. One afternoon as the light was going, he came back and propped his bicycle against the date palm, walked over to the little tent in which he slept and lived, and there, having lit the lantern, he saw on the bed stretched out at full length, an enormous black African lion—a fearsome sight! This was the moment of truth—he proved his faith. He knelt down beside the bed, and indeed began to pray and after five minutes he looked up from between his trembling interlaced fingers, and on the other side of the bed a miracle had occurred; the lion too was kneeling with up-raised paws. This was a tremendous occasion. At that point the lion looked across at the Missionary and said, 'I don't quite know what you're doing my boy, but I am saying grace'. (Laughter)

Members of the Caledonian Society of London, Fellow Guests and Caledonian Breed, for what I have received this

evening may the Lord make me truly thankful. (Prolonged applause)

In expressing the Society's thanks to the Author of the Sentiment, President David Fulton said, 'after such a brilliant exposition of oratory, I being the first to rise to his feet, do so in fear and trembling.' (Laughter) We have listened with admiration to Mr. Mackay Whittton's erudite and humorous Sentiment—a lesson from which a great many here this evening will benefit, although the more elderly amongst us, are unlikely to be heard again. (Laughter) This Sentiment will find a worthy place in our Chronicles but we who are present tonight have had the great advantage of seeing—and probably recognising from past occasions, the gestures, mannerisms and facial expressions which so admirably illustrated the speaker's words. I am pleased to note that even the furniture was returned to it's original position. (Laughter)

The applause which followed the President's remarks and thanks, was clear evidence of the quality of the Sentiment and appreciation by the audience.

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Pipe Major J. B. Robertson's Selection, following the Interval, comprised, 'The Barren Rocks of Aden,' 'Brig o' Perth,' 'The Smith of Chillichassie' and 'The Wandering Piper,' and Mr. Ian McFadyen sang 'Land o' Hearts Desire,' 'Ae Fond Kiss and 'Ca the yewes tae the knowes' the audience joining in the chorus of the last and showing their appreciation of the musical part of the evenings' entertainment in the applause which followed both the piping Selection and the singing.

HUMOROUS WELCOME TO GUESTS

The toast of 'Our Guests' was submitted by Bro. Caledonian D. W. Imrie Brown, B.L., as follows: Mr. President, Mr. Vice-President, Bro. Caledonians and Welcome Guests, you can well imagine how I feel tonight, speaking after the oration which we have just heard. (Laughter)

The Caledonian Society of London is democratic—it does have a Council — that body of men who keep minutes and take hours, (laughter) but when it comes to a duty such as proposing the Toast of Our Guests, it is blatant dictatorship by our Hon. Secretary, in fact a command performance. What posture is available to a mere speaker now? I'm like a swan—calm and serene on the surface but paddling like blazes in below.

In this Society, we pride ourselves in extending hospitality and maintaining fellowship which may be illustrated by the story of the Scotsman, the Irishman and the Jew renewing acquaintance in a luxurious London hotel and deciding to celebrate over a meal. The Scotsman's feeling of impending doom at a' the expense was relieved when the Irishman offered to pay. The papers next morning carried the story, 'Jewish ventriloquist found dead in London hotel.'

(Laughter)

(Bro. Caledonian Imrie Brown related several amusing anecdotes before referring to Sir Charles Cunningham, K.C.B., K.B.E., C.V.O., who would respond to the toast on behalf of the Guests), and continued, I'm sure that my nomination for this speech this evening was intended so that I would illustrate all the things that should not be done, and that we should hear the other side of the coin when Sir Charles speaks. Sir Charles is no stranger to our gatherings; he was born in Dundee, is a very prominent Civil Servant, having been at the Scottish Office and now Permanent Secretary at the Home Office.

We have so many distinguished guests this evening including representatives from the legal profession, lawyers and/or solicitors, magistrates, the medical profession—perhaps it would be easier to enumerate the callings which are not represented, but to you all, in the name of the Society, I extend to you a most warm welcome.

(Applause)

REPLY FOR THE GUESTS

Sir Charles Cunningham paid tribute to what he described as a remarkable speech by Mr. Mackay Whitton and made many quips alluding to that speech, to Bro. Caledonian Imrie Brown's toast and, by light hearted reference to the Race Relations Act 1965, to Scots at large.

In expressing his thanks on behalf of the Guests, Sir Charles referred to the philanthropic activities of the Society and expressed his hopes that the Society and its works would long prosper.

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Following the President's thanks to all who had contributed to a most enjoyable meeting, the evening's proceedings ended with Pipe Major J. B. Robertson piping the Society's Strathspey and the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

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The Council and General Meetings on 17th March 1966 were held at the Kensington Palace Hotel, W.8, with President David Fulton in the Chair. Two applications for membership were considered and approved but, together with two more approved at the February meeting, their election must await a vacancy in the permitted number of members. This is the first occasion for many years that a waiting list has been necessary in the Society.

The President reported the death on 3rd March, 1966 of Past-President Col. Lewis Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D. and after speaking of Col. Bennett's long and memorable service not only as a Member of the Caledonian Society of London but also in his active participation as a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and Life Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, the President, Council and Members stood in silence in tribute to the memory of their late Past-President.

When the Loyal Toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner following the meetings, President David Fulton spoke of the Police Service in general before introducing Mr. Neil Galbraith, the Author

of the Sentiment this evening. Mr. Galbraith had specially travelled from Cardiff for the function and although an Ayrshire man, he found himself stationed in Cardiff in his appointment as one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Constabulary. On the President's invitation, Mr. Galbraith submitted his Sentiment:

THE OFFICE OF H.M. INSPECTOR OF CONSTABULARY

Mr. President, my Lords and Gentlemen, before speaking to my subject, I must say that I'm not quite certain just how I graduated to the situation in which I now find myself. Last year, the Home Office arranged to book the Royal Scottish Corporation hall over a period (for which I am assured, the Corporation was grateful) for interviewing young policemen who wished to go to the Police College. I was involved and at the end of the period I found myself committed to come here and address you on some subject—such is the persuasive powers of at least one of your number.

It seems rather an odd thing; here I am in London, addressing a Scottish Society. I spent the first twenty years of my life partly in Ayrshire and partly in Argyll going back to the little Isle of Gigha—if any of you know where that is. The next twenty years was being trained as a policeman in England and the last fifteen years either as a Chief Constable or an Inspector of Constabulary—for Wales, and here I am on St. Patrick's Day. (Laughter)

Even my best friends tell me I'm beginning to sound like a Welshman. I can understand this as I'm by nature a listening and not a talking man. Living as I am, in a country of compulsive talkers, I have reason to learn a lot; at least enough to appreciate a little story I heard on St. David's Day. The story concerned an ex-rugby international player who, after a long and successful life died and like all good Welshmen (and Scotsmen) he went to Heaven! Having made his reckoning at the gates, the Saint on duty said, 'well now, is there anything on your conscience you'd like to tell me?' 'Yes, there is one thing (replied the Welshman)—many years ago I was playing rugby for Wales against Ireland at Cardiff and there was no score. Almost at the end of the match, I got the ball and with a bit of luck managed to dodge everybody and touched down. Everybody there, the sixty-thousand spectators, both teams, the line judge, the referee—they all thought that ball was touched down properly; I'm the only person who knows that it was an inch or two on the wrong side of the line.' After a few minutes, the Saint replied, 'Well

that's all right now you've got it off your conscience, you've done the right thing; the gates are open, in you go and by the way, usually St. Patrick is on duty at this gate but Thursday is his day off; I'm St. David.' (Laughter)

I would like to point out the difference there is between certain kinds of Police Forces; there are in fact four. We'll start with the City of London Force which we always put in a separate category—I'm not sure why—(Laughter) but this may be due to the fact that the City of London still pays more than other Forces. We have the County Boroughs and the Counties which now are on the same sort of basis and they are supervised by committees of the Borough or the County Councils consisting of two-thirds councillors and one-third magistrates. The City again is different in that the Common Council is the authority. We have combined forces which consist of two or three counties combining and I have several in Wales in that category; they are looked after by councillors. We have the Metropolitan Police which has no kind of Council at all and comes under the authority of the Home Secretary. They are all in separate compartments, a point which is not always understood; they are completely autonomous; they don't overlap in any way although there's a great deal of collaboration, but each make their own decisions as to what they'll do. The only thing is that the Home Office pay half of the expenses—again, of course, with the exception of the City of London who have plenty of money and can therefore afford to pay a little more than anyone else.

There is a considerable difference in the police forces in this country compared with those abroad, mainly that the Local Authorities have almost complete discretion and provide the money and decide on the number of men. However, they have nothing whatever to do with the actual job of policing which is entirely the responsibility of the Chief Constables or of the Commissioners. This difference which is fundamental, illustrates the basic principle of the organisation of the police service in this country.

The position of Inspector of Constabulary came in the year 1856, so far as England and Wales was concerned; I know little of the Scottish equivalent never having actually served in Scotland. There was an occasion when I had the temerity to apply for appointment as Chief Constable in a Scottish Force and my main recollection was prior to the

interview in the room with the other applicants, both of whom were local and, by this time, not on speaking terms. One of them apologised as he had been unable to meet me on my arrival and went on, 'there's some funny work going on here on the part of this other chap: he's got thirteen votes and I've only got seven.' I knew there were only twenty-two members on that committee . . . so!

The Inspectors of Constabulary came into being under the County and Borough Police Act of 1856 to ensure that every part of the country had a police force. Since inception, the Inspectorate's reports not only give a very good illustration of how society has developed but particularly how it has affected the enforcement of law and order and, in turn, how it has affected the development of the police. Prior to the Act, some attempts had been made to bring in a police force of a kind but, as you are probably aware, the first was the Metropolitan Police in 1829 which came under the direct supervision of the Home Secretary, with the Commissioner of course, and its area was defined as within fifteen miles of Charing Cross; an area of responsibility which is virtually unchanged. Again the notable exception to the rule, is the City of London Police.

The next legislation was the Municipal Corporations Act in 1835 which permitted Boroughs to have their own forces, but this was only partly successful until, in 1839, the County Police Act was brought in which permitted certain Counties, if they so wished, to establish a police force. Examination of the records of that time make interesting reading, particularly in the reasons given by certain Counties for not taking the powers and perhaps the most telling; that it was going to bear something like a penny rate! (Laughter) Some figures here are, I think, interesting. In 1856 there were about 173 Borough Police Forces but only 24 in the Counties. Of the 197, 97 had 10 men or less and fewer than 20 of these had more than 50 men. The total number of policemen in the country at that time was therefore about 6,500 as compared with our present total of between 83,000 and 85,000 including the Metropolitan Police Force.

Even in those far off days, Royal Commissions and Working Parties were appointed, to report on the desirability of establishing a national force, but every Government avoided accepting their recommendations and the compromise was for the Central Government to delegate to Local Authorities

the responsibility for deciding on the size of their force and selecting their Chief Constable. The Inspectors were appointed to ensure that the provisions of the Act were being followed by the Local Authorities. From my travels abroad, I know that foreigners cannot understand our set-up as they always have some sort of nationally organised police force. I don't think it's police—it's more like a military organisation and as such, very different to our ideas.

The position is that each police authority and each Chief Constable has complete independence of action in law enforcement. With the exception of certain statutory exceptions, no-one can tell a Chief Constable or a Commissioner to carry out certain prosecutions, not even his Committee. All they can do is to criticise him by saying he's inefficient if he fails to do it. The result is a kind of partnership and, I think, a very successful one between Central Government and Local Authorities.

Where the Government came in was by allowing grants, by which means they could bring a certain amount of pressure to bear on local authorities. Their purpose through the Inspectorate was to give advice and financial aid but only when the Local Authority could produce what was known as a Certificate of Efficiency. Since about 1929, these Certificates have been discarded and the Inspectorate is now the main means of giving advice to the Home Secretary on matters connected with the Police.

I'm now a Civil Servant. The post of Inspector of Constabulary is a Crown appointment on the recommendation of the Home Secretary and, with two exceptions, the posts have gone to experienced Chief Constables. One of the exceptions, in 1856, was a General Cartwright who was Chairman of Quarter Sessions for Northampton and in 1892, a Barrister and Magistrate was appointed although I've no idea how he came to be appointed at that particular time. Since 1856, only about 25 men have been appointed, at first only two, then three until 1945 when limitation on numbers was removed.

The duties of an Inspector of Constabulary are to inspect and to report on the efficiency of the provincial police and the City of London Police, although the latter was only brought within this category in 1964 having previously been exempt from this sort of inspection. These are the more specific duties but the Inspectorate may be given such other

duties as the Secretary of State may specify. (That was obviously phrased and devised by a civil servant.) (Laughter)

From 1857 until 1890 was a pretty tough period in the service, as local authorities were by no means convinced that they needed the numbers that the Inspectors considered necessary and consequently, few Certificates of Efficiency were forthcoming. In fact it was not until 1890 that 183 forces met the Inspectors' requirements of personnel and equipment which they could rate as efficient.

The method which the Home Office have of persuading local authorities to comply is of course by the grant—the threat of withholding it — or in fact withholding it. This wasn't too onerous at the beginning when the grant was about a quarter of the pay and clothing. Nothing was included in the grant for buildings, equipment, pension funds, etc., and not unnaturally, some authorities would sort of cock-a-snook at the Home Office and not bother. In 1890, the grant was increased a bit, but not enough to make any appreciable difference. I suppose that the difficulties, not the least of which was the varying rates of pay applicable in different forces, reached a climax about 1919 when there was a strike, the only one, and even then confined to a few centres, but it did result in the Desborough Committee whose report really put the police on a proper basis.

Implementation of the Committee's Report included formation of such bodies as the Police Federation and the Police Council with which we are all familiar today and the grant by Central Government of 50%. Nowadays, the threat to withhold 50% is a fairly stiff kind of threat—it's an awful lot of anybody's money.

Originally, Inspectors had to submit reports individually on forces and these were laid before Parliament and as they were published, they were naturally rather guarded in their context, but since 1914, they have been confidential reports to the Secretary of State. An annual report in the name of the Chief Inspector of Constabulary is now submitted to Parliament.

Our present organisation comprises the Chief Inspector at the Home Office and eight Inspectors throughout the Regions of the Country. The districts vary from the number of policemen of about 5,000 to 10,000 (something like 10 to 20 forces) and, incidentally, of the eight Inspectors, three are Scotsmen (laughter) and there are two Inspectors for Scotland. We are

therefore well represented at our monthly meetings in London. Also incidentally, we have two women Assistant Inspectors of Constabulary, one of whom is a Scotswoman. One Inspector is in charge of the Research and Planning Branch and one in charge of the Police College.

The functions of the Inspectors were clarified in the Police Act of 1964 which really arose out of the Royal Commission on the Police. Briefly, the first is regulative. It is our duty to visit and assess the efficiency of forces in our region by inspections which are gradually becoming rather different than the old sort of on-parade for the general. We must check against any kind of malpractice and of course, have to look after, what I think, quite unnecessary records that are kept of all complaints against the police.

On the constructive side, we encourage any sort of initiative in individual forces, promote new ideas and practices between local forces and particularly encourage as much collaboration as possible between forces over a wide area. Amongst the means to achieve this end, we attend every meeting of the local Chief Constables, have our Staff Officers, help in experiments in traffic control and numerous other activities all directed towards greater collaboration and, in the process, seeing that they are all keeping up to a particular standard.

Your President suggested in conversation earlier that I might be interested in the sort of company here tonight—and of course I am—perhaps that's an occupational hazard for a policeman, but it also presents me with the opportunity of relating a story. A year or two ago I was Chief Constable of Monmouthshire with my headquarters in Abergavenny. In addition to housing the County Police Headquarters, it also has the County Mental Hospital. At week-ends, the inmates of the latter institution are permitted out of the hospital, all dressed alike. Apropos of getting to know the company you're in; I was going down to Newport and was in a hurry to get to the Station; I jumped into a carriage and, having got my breath back, noticed my travelling companions were all dressed alike. My suspicions were well founded when a uniformed official opened the door and said, 'ah, there you are, now just a minute; one, two, three, four . . . who are you? I replied, 'I'm the Chief Constable of Monmouthshire' . . . five, six.' (Laughter)

The President's thanks to Mr. Galbraith for his instructive and very interesting Sentiment was heartily endorsed by the applause of the company.

OUR GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian the Rev. C. Y. McGlashan, C.B.E., O.H.C., M.A., D.D., R.A.F. was responsible for submission of the toast of 'Our Guests' and after some amusing introductory remarks, continued: tonight we have the 'Polis' by the score, lawyers all round the place to guard lesser mortals against the bankers who usually encircle us and of course, the 'meenisters' who give constant admonition if you should still go wrong. This last observation is well illustrated by the story of the Dublin woman who took her young son along to see the ruins of what had been Nelson's column and said, 'take a good look and that will help you to remember the Reverend Father's admonition as to what happens to men who run around with loose women.'

(Laughter)

Our President has already paid tribute to Mr. Neil Galbraith who has given us a memorable Sentiment tonight; I would only add that as Mr. Galbraith hails from Kilmarnock, he was bound to get to the top of his profession. We are of course delighted to welcome so many senior police officers this evening, even if they do not look like Mr. Barlow.

I would express our gratitude at having Lord Birsay with us. I am intrigued by a reference in Who's Who to effect that on such and such a date, Lord Birsay was extracted as a solicitor. Now that phrase has a wealth of possibilities—extracted from where?—with what degree of pain? We're also told that Lord Birsay was at Glasgow University and that, as we all know, puts a kind of stamp on a man—sometimes it's suspension—but the stamp is there. I may make jokes now but in a few weeks time, when Lord Birsay will be the Queen's representative at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, if I had the temerity to make even one wee joke, I'd be run right out of Holyrood Palace.

Lord Balerno is also with us tonight and is most welcome. His list of accomplishments and appointments are so extensive that he has no need to be a member of any Scottish Society—he's a Society all by himself. Quite apart from any other attribute, the Son of George Adam Smith strikes a very warm chord in the heart of any clergyman.

Bro. Caledonian McGlashan's speech was warmly received and the Toast honoured in traditional manner.

LORD BIRSAI'S REPLY

Mr. President, polis, padres, Caledonians and, I hope, Vikings, we are extremely grateful for the peculiarly felicitous way in which the Doctor of Divinity has proposed the Toast. A've been here afore, A ken whit tae lippen, and it's a great thing to know what you have and what you haven't. You may remember the class under instruction of the parachute walla' who, for their first jump, advised that they would fly at 700 feet and they would jump. The instructor was dismayed at the lack of enthusiasm and, in fact the murmuring of the Jocks, and

asked somewhat tersely if there was anything wrong. A wee Jock from Glasgow said, 'could you no' mak it 100 feet' to which the instructor replied, 'but your parachute wouldn't open'. 'Oh,' said the Jock, 'A didna ken we got parachutes.' (Laughter)

I am again experiencing tonight the hospitality of your Society in London, which means a stimulated enthusiasm for our country of Scotland; we move into the realms of emotion and sentiment and if we ever lost these, we lose everything, but what is it that we are in danger of forgetting? In this great City, is it not sometimes the case that because of the demands of modernity, we sink the personality and make the skill supreme, without asking perhaps, what the object of this skill is? The one is individual, the other collective; the one, personal, the other all too often, amorphous.

It's to your honour gentlemen that, in Douglas Young's quatrain, 'you have given so much—'gie a' an' a' comes back again; hain aucht and ye'll hae noch, a' flees awa.' For your bounty my friends and for what you bestow for Scotland, your Guests are abundantly thankful. (Applause)

THE HONORARY OFFICE BEARERS

President David Fulton paid warm tribute to the unstinting service which the Honorary Office Bearers continued to give to the Society and took the opportunity of outlining how much time was devoted by each in ensuring not only the smooth running of the Society's functions, but also in maintaining the high standards and traditions of the Caledonian Society of London. The President's thanks to the Office Bearers was warmly endorsed when the Toast was honoured.

RESPONSE BY THE HONORARY SECRETARY

Bro. Caledonian George Deans in a light-hearted response to the Toast to his colleagues and himself, bemoaned the fact that this particular duty always landed in the Hon. Secretary's lap. The manner in which the other Office Bearers could respond, as outlined by Bro. Caledonian Deans, and bearing in mind their individual duties, were humorous even if impractical, but irrespective of the speaker, it was to be hoped that the appreciation indicated by the acceptance of the President's comments would be evidenced by the Members' co-operation throughout the Season—especially in prompt submission of dinner cards.

The Hon. Secretary's speech was received with prolonged applause.

* * *

Towards the close of the evening, the President received two New Members, Bro. Caledonians L. M. Angus-Butterworth, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.S.A.Scot. and R. W. Burn-Callander.

Mr. R. Coghill entertained the gathering with two accordian selections during the evening, both of which were thoroughly enjoyed by Members and Guests.

After Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. had played the Society's Strathspey, the evening closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

LADIES FESTIVAL 1966

The Ladies Festival was held in the Garden Suite of the Kensington Palace Hotel, W.8 on Thursday 21st April, 1966 when President David Fulton and Mrs. Fulton received 250 Members and Guests, a gathering which extended the establishment to the extent that the largest hall was filled to capacity.

Following the Loyal Toasts, President David Fulton invited 'The Puffer Crew' to take the platform. The initial impact on the audience was nothing if not startling as, sartorially, they might have been anarchists, pirates, buccaneers or perhaps, just have disembarked from Para Handy's Vital Spark. Their first Selection was an enthusiastic rendering of, 'Campbeltown Loch a' wish ye were whisky,' 'The Crinan Canal,' 'Heading for Dunoon' with, fore and aft, their signature tune, 'We're no gaun tae blaw, an' we're no gaun tae craw.' After the applause which followed the Puffer Crew's entertainment, the President advised that the Crew were in fact all sterling members of Her Majesty's Police Force and all respected members of Crown Court Church of Scotland here in London.

THE TOAST OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON BY THE PRESIDENT

Mr. Vice-President, Brother Caledonians and Welcome Guests, it is my privilege as President to propose this annual toast to our Society and although we have our lighter moments, I assure you that all Members feel that admission to membership is a great honour and serious matter.

Founded in 1837, the Society is unique in that membership is confined to one hundred Scotsmen and I assure you our procedure is so searching that applicants must be of good character otherwise their chances of election are indeed remote.

We hold five Little Dinners each season at which we are treated to talks, which we call Sentiments, by the most eminent men in the country and often from other countries and it is indicative of the reputation and standing of the Caledonian Society of London, that the standard of these Sentiments is maintained at such a high level.

The Society is proud of many achievements during its history but one to which I would refer tonight is our very active participation in the raising of the London Scottish Regiment in 1859. The Regiment's accomplishments in two World Wars makes 'Strike Sure' a matter of historical fact and not just a motto. We are delighted to have with us tonight Lt. Col. Alan F. Niekirk the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, accompanied by his charming Wife. Our support for, and active involvement in the Royal Scottish Cor-

poration and the Royal Caledonian Schools is something of which we can be proud, but we must also be vigilant in our continuing support to both these ancient charities, an obligation which is undertaken by every Member, or aspiring Member, of our Society.

In conclusion, I want to quote the words of one of our early Members, Robert Hepburn, who said in 1857: 'We have raised a standard in this metropolis around which men with honest hearts may rally . . . and while doing so, we have not been unmindful of the fatherless or neglectful of the tottering steps of age and infirmity.' (Chronicles 1945-52, page 37)

Glasses having been charged, the Toast of the Society was pledged with Caledonian Honours and following the Interval, Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. entertained the gathering with his rendering of, 'The Sweet Maid of Glendaruel,' 'Lady Madeline Sinclair,' 'The Farmer's Daughter' and 'The Weary Maid,' his Selection being received with loud applause.

On the invitation of the President, Vice-President H. R. Stewart Hunter, M.A., A.R.I.B.A. arose from the 'body of the Kirk' to submit the Toast:

OUR GUESTS

I have been looking forward to this moment with great pleasure and anticipation, firstly, as it is always a pleasure for a Member of our Society to give true and warm welcome to our guests; secondly, as Vice-President, it is my privilege once in a lifetime in this Society to give this Toast and thirdly, much more personal, that the relationship between a certain part of my anatomy and the ultimate limits of my kilt, make it much more comfortable for me to stand than to sit.

(Laughter)

You have already heard from our President of a certain amount of the history of this Society which is well documented, and I have had recourse to our Chronicles for inspiration in preparation for my pleasurable task this evening. You may be amused and entertained to hear how, in the early 1840's we looked after our guests and I quote as my authority, the 1st and 2nd Chapters of the 1st Book of Chronicles—according to the Caledonian Society of London.

Although this Society initiated the excellent custom of inviting ladies to its public banquets, the exact date of the innovation is uncertain. It is however recorded that at the London Tavern in 1844, no fewer than 140 gentlemen and

72 ladies sat down to dinner. The programme shows that Miss Birch and Miss Luscombe contributed songs, the former creating a furore. What a pity that our chronicler of that time didn't expand even just a wee bit—that word furore leaves a great deal to the imagination. (Laughter) The *Illustrated London News* of 19th June 1847 records that, 'the company numbered 150 and that Miss Birch and her sister gave splendid service with Scottish songs . . . and that the galleries were filled with elegantly-dressed ladies.' Now what caused the ladies to be banished to the galleries, between 1844 and 1847? Alas, our own Chronicles are quite silent on this one!

You may feel that our Toast List this evening is rather long; if that be so, consider the 'List of Toasts' at the Festival held at Radley's Hotel, Bridge Street, Blackfriars on 11th May 1843 — fifteen toasts in all, without extras (and they were recited by the Vice-President). The extent of the menu was comparable in length to the Toast List and I can only quote our first Historian, 'Verily, there were giants in those days.' (Laughter)

With such a large and distinguished company of guests this evening and my inability in the time at my disposal to do justice to each, may I assure you that whether King or Cobbler, all are equally and most heartily welcome. It is with considerable pleasure nevertheless that I extend special greetings to two of our guests, first, to Miss Jill Fulton, daughter of our President. It is to Miss Fulton's credit that she has stepped into the breach, so to speak, by chance; we are delighted that chance has so favoured us tonight. (Applause)

The other guest to whom I would refer particularly is Mr. David Alexander who, although born in Cumberland, has spent most of his working life in Scotland having started his banking career in Dundee. Mr. Alexander is a Director and General Manager of the National Bank of Scotland and is a Past-President of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland.

Mr. President and Bro. Caledonians. I ask you to be up-standing and to drink to the Toast of our Guests coupled with the names of Miss Jull Fulton and Mr. Alexander who have kindly agreed to respond.

After the toast had been honoured and Vice-President Stewart Hunter applauded for his speech, the President applied himself to

the 'delicate' task of introducing his daughter, who having paid due respect to the Chair, addressed herself to the task of responding to the Toast of Our Guests.

MISS FULTON'S REPLY

It is indeed a great disappointment that Miss Molly Weir could not be here tonight but I can assure you that nobody misses her more at the moment than I do. I've had one word going through my mind all evening—help!

On this Ladies Night, it gives me the greatest pleasure to say thank you on behalf of us all. Also, being a Ladies Night, I don't see why a certain President should have it all his own way (hear, hear), and I assume that I'm allowed to speak on behalf of the Ladies. What a pity the Past-President didn't go on a bit longer,—mine would have been shorter. (Laughter) It is indeed a pleasure to hear how kindly you welcomed us here tonight, the food has been excellent and, bang go all our diets! With such music, meeting such interesting people and in fact, the whole cordial atmosphere, what more could we want. As the Society only meets on six evenings, it's particularly nice that you should give up your last evening to us, the Ladies, and it is a great pleasure to be a guest. It is very sensible of the Society in inviting Ladies—we add so much colour (hear, hear) and it must be a great pleasure to the gents who have paid out for our dresses, that we are admired so much.

During the evening I have noted the preponderance of ladies voices—perhaps you can more greatly appreciate your other evenings without us. I would end by inviting the Ladies to look around—we're looking at the cream of the London Scots. What more can I say than, very sincerely, thank you. (Applause)

* * *

The President's innate modesty prevented him from paying tribute to his delightful and bonnie daughter, and the equally delightful and sincere manner in which she had contributed to the evening's enjoyment, but the company's applause left no doubt as to the warmth of their appreciation for Miss Jill Fulton's speech.

MR. ALEXANDER'S APPRECIATION

In such a large audience, I'm concerned as to the effectiveness of the microphone, as in fact, the Beadle was when he said

to the new minister, 'you'll have to speak up here, the agnostics is terrible.' (Laughter)

Rising to speak (if one can) towards the latter end of the proceedings brings certain disadvantages, not the least of which is to avoid the pleasures of the table. In part, one must ensure that his rhetorical utterances, if any, are not marred by the affluence of ilcohol. (Laughter) This is the more disturbing in that the bulk of his hearers will have suffered no such inhibitions and he will have received previous speakers with ill-conceived envy. From my temporary exalted position here, I feel reasonably safe in that the abundant hospitality we have received tonight, bearing in mind the affect of alcohol on the human brain, leaves me facing a not too critical audience. (Laughter) At this stage, I would make a minor correction to your Vice-President's speech—I did not receive my early banking training in Dundee; it was there that I received my early matrimonial training which has, if anything, been much more effective.

In such a distinguished gathering of Guests of impeccable speech, and of readily ascertainable nationalistic lineage! you may well ponder on my selection as a speaker, particularly with an accent vaguely reminiscent of the Gorbals. This, I assure you, is due entirely to the blandishments of your President who, as you Members will know, can be so disarming—at least until he's made his point. The Fultons and my Family have been close friends for many, many years; not perhaps quite old enough to be the twa auld cronies who spent much of their time sitting on a bench in the park watching the young lassies pass. The first, casting an appreciative eye over one particularly attractive girl said, 'd'ye mind when we used tae chase them?' 'aye (said the other) but a canna remember why.' (Laughter)

It has often been said that the Scots have a guid conceit o' themsel's—but like to have it confirmed from time to time—particularly by an Englishman; the Englishman, on the other hand, doesn't need confirmation. (Laughter) The Englishman is, of course, a self-made man—and worships his creator. (Laughter) If, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are not as well wined as I earlier suggested, I assure you that I'm only kidding.

Mr. President, you and all Members of the Caledonian Society of London can be proud in that you are carrying out the intentions of the founders of your Society and in thank-

ing you for all we have received and the spirit of fellowship this evening, I would express the wish that the Society will long continue and prosper. (Applause)

The Puffer Crew again entertained Members and Guests with hearty renderings of three songs, the first two of which were recognisable tunes although a considerable amount of artistic licence had been used in the words, presumably of the Crew's own composition. The third song was, 'The Hiking Song' and, to close, their 'signature' song.

On the call of Hon. Secretary George Deans, the Past-Presidents assembled and, led by the Society's Piper marched to the Chair where each offered congratulations to President David Fulton. The Gold Badge of the Society was presented to Immediate Past-President Douglas Robertson by Mrs. David Fulton at the end of the Salute of the Past-Presidents.

THE PRESIDENT

Past-President William Millar in submitting the Toast of 'The President' referred to the fact that, apart from occupying the Presidential Chair three years ago, he had spoken on several occasions and felt that he could now more or less consider himself free to enjoy himself at the Society functions, instead of getting to his feet at such a late stage in the proceedings when everyone else, with the possible exception of the President, was sitting 'tight'. (Laughter) The fact that I am on my feet is a measure of my respect and admiration for our President. In doing my homework for this evening, I noted that President David Fulton joined the Army in 1914, before he was old enough and must confess to an unworthy thought that his action at that time might have been for monetary gain; after all, he was only in receipt of the magnificent sum of £10 per annum from the National Bank of Scotland at that time. (Laughter)

I have established that our President was a golfer of some merit and, unknown to him I have here tonight a cup presented to him in 1936 for his golfing prowess. I've also been advised that although it is my intention to drink his health from this cup tonight, it was last used in 1938. I have had it disinfected! In fact, not being wholly satisfied, I also used the office sponge to make sure, and I assure you that the sponge has many uses in the Bank; for example, to knock on the window if any customer happens to leave some change behind. (Laughter)

Our President is a bit of a singer as may often be heard

at our gatherings but I cannot claim much affinity in this respect having been classed as an alto in schooldays. It finished me when I was advised that alto was a form of unison sung by low women. (Laughter)

As a result of the President's appeal this season, a record amount of £1,355 was subscribed by Members for the Royal Scottish Corporation—a point of no little significance in the long history of assistance from this Society and I sincerely trust that Members will as generously respond to the needs of the Caledonian Schools.

Our President has been generous with his time, his enthusiasm, his money on behalf of the Society and in so admirably carrying out the duties and maintaining the dignity of his office and, being no stranger to the works of Robert Burns, he will, I hope accept this quotation as reflecting the sentiments of us all:

‘The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate’er he be,
’Tis he fulfils great Nature’s plan,
An’ none but he!’

The Toast was enthusiastically honoured and Past-President Millar’s speech received with acclamation.

After expressing his thanks for the Toast to himself and to Mrs. Fulton, the President thanked, in turn, all who had contributed so much to a memorable Festival Dinner.

The evening’s proceedings ended with the playing of the Society’s Strathspey by Pipe Major J. B. Robertson and the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

* * *

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

President David Fulton occupied the Chair at the Annual General Meeting held at the Society’s Headquarters, the Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur-de-lys Court, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4 on Wednesday 29th June 1966 when the audited financial report was approved as submitted.

The Hon. Historian Robert Leitch reported on the several estimates of cost submitted for printing of the Chronicles and it was regretted that printing must be deferred for one year in view of the much increased costs compared with the previous printing.

Donations each of £50 were approved for the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools and the President congratulated Members on the result of his recent appeal on behalf of the Royal Caledonian Schools which had produced the amount of £1,085. 15s. od.

Applications for membership by Dr. Matthew Orr and Mr. John M. Rankine were approved after their Sponsors had satisfied the Council and the ballot at the General Meeting had proved favourable. The resignations of Bro. Caledonians H. N. W. Laughland (1967), the Rev. C. Y. McGlashan, C.B.E. (1965), A. G. Mathewson, O.B.E. (1964), Robert Orr (1948), Alexander Ross (1963) and Robert V. Watson (1953) were received and accepted with regret.

President David Fulton's last official act was to install and to invest the new President, H. R. Stewart Hunter, M.A., A.R.I.B.A., with the insignia of the Presidency.

The President expressed his pride in being elected to the high office of President of the Caledonian Society of London and undertook to do all in his power to maintain and further, if possible, the aims and objects of the Society during his term of office. The President's motion in the award of the Gold Badge of the Society to Past-President David Fulton in recognition of his meritorious service in the Chair, was received with acclamation.

The remaining Office Bearers for season 1966-67 were Bro. Caledonians A. R. C. Fleming (Vice-President); George Deans (Hon. Secretary) R. Y. Kennedy (Hon. Treasurer); Robert Leitch (Hon. Historian) and, newly-elected Members of the Council, R. M. Baird, W. A. Law, Dr. K. Campbell Mackenzie and W. A. D. Neish.



H. R. STEWART HUNTER, M.A., A.R.I.B.A.
President 1966-1967

CHAPTER VI

1966-1967: *President*, H. R. STEWART HUNTER

H. R. STEWART HUNTER'S election as President for Session 1966-67, marked the fourth recorded occasion on which a father and son have attained this high office in the Caledonian Society of London, his illustrious father Dr. C. Stewart Hunter, F.R.S.(Ed.), L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S.(Ed.), L.R.F.P.S.(Glas.), D.P.H., M.D.(Brux.) having been President in the year 1947-48. It was hardly surprising that our President's early intention was to follow in his father's footsteps—the medical profession—but after a relatively short period as a medical student at Edinburgh University, he decided that his vocation lay in fields other than medicine.

President Stewart Hunter was born at Carnoustie, Angus, in fact in a room overlooking the first tee, but golf, although one of his many recreations, did not and, on his own admission, does not dominate his sporting activities, despite the apparent advantages of place of birth. Whilst applying himself to the more academic aspect of university life, he still had the distinction of representing Cambridge University in Shooting, Swimming, Lacrosse and Ice Hockey.

After volunteering for the Territorial Army and having a long wait before being called up, he was commissioned and joined the 3rd Battalion, the London Scottish, serving with the Battalion in South Africa, the Middle East, Sicily, Italy and Yugoslavia, then at the end of the war, transferred to the Royal Engineers.

President Stewart Hunter qualified as an Architect after the war and is now a senior partner in private practice, with extensive interests in the U.K. and in Africa. He is an active Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and a Life Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

On Thursday 17th November, 1966, President H. R. Stewart Hunter took the Chair at the Council and General Meetings which preceded the Little Dinner at Kensington Palace Hotel W.8. and after the Loyal Toasts had been duly honoured, stated that on this, the first meeting of the Society during the Session, much more than formal submission of the Toast of the London Scottish was proposed: in fact, it was to be a London Scottish evening with every Speaker a Member or former Member of the Regiment. The large number of Members and Guests wearing the Regimental tie was evidence of the close association between the Caledonian Society of London and the London Scottish and in view of the somewhat drastic changes being forced on the Territorials by the Army Council, it was more than appropriate that the Sentiment would be in the hands of the Joint Honorary Colonel of the London Scottish, Col. A. Torrance Law, D.S.O., T.D., who was then invited by the President to give his Sentiment:

Mr. President, I've had the good fortune to be the guest of your Society on one or two previous occasions, so I didn't hesitate when your President very kindly invited me to join you tonight. It was only after I had accepted that he informed me that I was going to be entrusted with the Sentiment. I've had the pleasure of listening to a number of Sentiments here, so I knew the standard was going to be rather difficult to shoot at! He then rather spoiled it even more for me by saying that I could have half-an-hour at my disposal—before the interval!—and like any London Scot, I could probably go on talking for hours about the 'Scottish'. Even with the very considerable number of regimental ties in evidence here tonight, I doubt if my own blethers and personal reminiscences would be quite what you are expecting, nor perhaps quite in keeping with the dignity of the occasion. (Laughter)

In spite of the number of London Scots here, your President did suggest rather to my surprise, that the history of the London Scottish was perhaps not as well known to Members of the Caledonian Society as one might expect, and he suggested some form of life story.

I will attempt tonight to give you very briefly, some idea of the origin of the London Scottish and if time permits but again even more briefly, something of the highlights of our history since we first came into being 107 years ago this summer.

When one looks at the start of any association, I think it's a good thing to try and see what there is in the contemporary scene which may have led to the formation of any particular association, Regiment or what have you. In the case of the

London Scottish, what led up to our formation was really only a repetition of what had happened some 50 years previously. In 1798 it appeared that the safety of these islands was endangered from across the Channel and various steps were taken to form volunteer forces, and the Highland Society of London was responsible for forming the Highland Armed Association of London, which was later re-organised as the Loyal North Britons. They continued in existence until 1814 and we've always regarded them as our natural progenitors; in fact one of the most treasured possessions in our Regimental Museum is a sword presented to one of their very distinguished Officers, a Captain Hamilton.

Again in 1859, the international scene was such that there was once more a call for the formation of some form of volunteer force, and here if I may, I would like to quote very briefly from our Regimental History; 'that the Emperor Napoleon III, not-with-standing his declaration that the empire meant peace ('we've heard that in our own time') seemed rather to be seeking some new warlike adventure. The armaments at Cherbourg and the rapid increase in the French Ironclad Squadron pointed clearly to England as a likely objective for such an enterprise. The forces available for defence were scanty; the wooden-walled navy was almost obsolete ('we never learn, do we?') and it was not without cause that the people of England became thoroughly alarmed. They however, waiting for no prompting from the Government—and in fact in the face of official discouragement—took steps to arm and train a new defence force of volunteers.' Now some Rifle Corps were actually formed before there was any Government recognition at all, and when this recognition was given, it was only as a form of consent to use their services, leaving the volunteers to find at their own expense, and again I quote, 'uniform, arms and drill-grounds, the pay of their instructors and everything necessary for their existence.'

Once official recognition had been given there was a tremendous rush even though the official support seemed rather lukewarm, and there were 100,000 volunteers enrolled in a very short space of time. One of the first of the new Volunteer Corps was the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. It is not now known who first suggested the idea of a London Scottish Volunteer Regiment; no doubt the idea occurred to many people at the same time but here if I may, I will go back to what I said at the beginning about your Society being ex-

pected to know more about the London Scottish than your President seems to think.

It's quite true that our own Regimental History refers to an announcement which was made on the subject on May 21st 1859, at a meeting of the Highland Society, and again on July 4th, at another meeting at the Freemasons Tavern convened by the Highland Society but in this instance, in co-operation with the Caledonian Society. Now here I am indebted to one of your own members who happens to be our own Regimental Museum Curator ((Bro. Caledonian J. O. Robson) who has put me right, I hope, on this particular point.

He has pointed out that five years before our History which I've just quoted was published, your President of the Caledonian Society in 1921 wrote as follows: 'it was in the house of a Mr. Robert Hepburn that the matter was first discussed by some leading members of the Caledonian Society and it was decided to form a London Scottish Regiment. The Society agreed with the proposal and asked the Highland Society to join them in carrying out the scheme and this they readily did.' Now whatever the truth of the matter may be, I only hope that you gentlemen will agree with what your President of that day, Mr. John Douglas, said, 'that both Societies were justly proud of their creation.' (Applause)

I'll only mention one or two individuals very briefly but this Mr. Robert Hepburn who was mentioned, was quite possibly if not the founder, certainly one of the founders of your own Society, and the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch of August 7th 1899, when talking about his final meeting with his Regiment, referred to him as the Father of the Regiment, and so we of the London Scottish may regard him.

A certain Dr. Halley is principally remembered by us because he was the first who drew up a rough sketch of the first uniform of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. There is however, one individual whose name stands out in our Regimental records more than any other; I refer of course to Lord Elcho, later the Earl of Wemyss, who was the first Commanding Officer, a position he held until 1878 when he resigned to become Honorary Colonel until 1899. Now him we may really regard as the founder of the Regiment and to him we owe our distinctive hodden grey kilt. I don't think it will come as a surprise to anyone here but very shortly the pipers will show you what hodden grey is. In a Corps which comprised members of practically every Scottish Clan and Sept,

the choice of any individual tartan would have been exceedingly tricky. Lord Elcho had another reason actually for deciding upon a neutral colour. He himself said that a soldier was a manhunter, neither more nor less, and as a stalker chooses the least visible of colours, so also ought a soldier to be clad.

There are of course in our own history, written and unwritten, a number of stories, probably apocryphal, as to how the final choice was made. The one I prefer is the one of Lord Elcho discussing the problem with a number of rival clan claimants and getting a bit impatient, and bearing in mind his own desire for a neutral colour, tore off a swatch of cloth from his overcoat and said, 'this will be the tartan of the London Scottish' and of course it was hoddie grey.

We don't remember Lord Elcho only in the matter of dress; he meant much more to us than that. He was undoubtedly the mainspring of our great traditions. He recognised that in spite of the small matter of geography, the London Scottish might be called a London organisation but they were essentially Scottish, and he made use of this characteristic to build up an *esprit de corps* which has stood us in good stead over the years. He instituted the rule to which we still adhere and which, as a matter of interest has become common practice in the Regular Army (they sometimes can learn from the Territorials); he instituted the rule that Officers should only be selected from the ranks. Of course in this way he strengthened still further the bonds of comradeship throughout the Battalion. It has always been our practice in the Scottish that Officers and Other Ranks mix freely off duty—on parade, on parade; off parade, off parade; and we stick to that.

The Scottish early days were very similar to most of the other volunteers. They went to the various Reviews, they were given various names; they took part in the first big Volunteer Review in Hyde Park and they gradually developed as an important and viable force in the volunteer movement. In 1886 we moved to our own Headquarters in Buckingham Gate where we still are.

Throughout the years one of the more interesting things about the Scottish was the tremendous turnover which we suffered in the early days and even later. Many of the early volunteers were men of some standing in the professions or in commerce, and they were followed by large numbers of young Scots who came down to London for a few years

apprenticeship before taking up positions overseas. This added tremendously to the burden of training and administration. One year we had as many as 300 of a turnover, but in point of fact this provided a wonderful reserve for us in that when war broke out, as it eventually did, there was this tremendous invisible reserve of trained men who came from all the ends of the earth to rejoin their old Regiment, which stood us in very good stead when the test came. I don't want to go into too many details, but I must mention one or two things tonight.

In 1898 there was held the first of a series of marches in Scotland and we've continued that practice ever since. Now apart from their training value, these marches served a dual purpose. They gave an opportunity to the young London Scots to re-visit, and in some cases to visit for the first time, their native land and they also gave an opportunity to the people north of the border to see their own Regiment from London, and thus enabled us to stimulate a continual source for recruitment.

I mentioned just now ceremonial parades and reviews and you might be interested in one in particular which took place in 1881 and was known in Scotland as the famous, 'Wet Review'. This was for the volunteer forces in Scotland and of course the London Scottish wanted to join their fellow-countrymen up north, and so they went up at their own expense. They probably regretted it because it was thoroughly wet all day outside—but no doubt it was also wet inside later on. I thought I'd mention it because in those halcyon days, the charge was 30s. return for Officers and 15s. for Other Ranks. (Laughter)

The first opportunity for active service didn't come until 1900. As early as June 1899, the Commanding Officer, before ever war was declared in South Africa, had offered the services of volunteers of the London Scottish but the War Office didn't think they were wanted. It was not until things began to go badly that they changed their minds and they very decently decided that they could accept the services of volunteers. But a lot of London Scots joined the City Imperial Yeomanry, the Mounted Infantry and a half Company of the Scottish served with the 2nd. Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders throughout the fighting in South Africa. During the campaign we gained four D.C.M.'s, a number of Mentions in Dispatches and, as a comprehensive tribute to the Regiment, we were granted,

'South Africa 1900-1902' as a Battle Honour. That was our introduction to action.

A number of changes took place after the South African War. Volunteers were reorganised and the Territorial Force came into being. One of the changes that we do notice at that time was that the London Scottish Rifles became not only in fact, but on paper, a Line Regiment. We'd been closely associated with the Gordon Highlanders; our whole instincts were more towards the traditions and methods of the line and when the new Territorial Force came into being in 1908, we were in fact no longer a Rifle Regiment but the 14th Battalion, the County of London Regiment, the London Scottish.

We come up briefly and perhaps hastily to 1914. I'm not going to go through the story of that war but I must swiftly tell you of some of our parts therein. The battalion had gone to camp on the 2nd August 1914 and just quarter of an hour after lights-out, a telegram was received from the War Office telling them to return to London. That of course is the sort of thing that happens in the Army all the time anyway. When we got back to London, the Battalion was dismissed and they had no sooner got to their homes when, as might be expected and had happened before, the orders for mobilisation were received, so back they all trekked to 59 Buckingham Gate and mobilisation proceeded.

In theory, the organisation and training of the territorial force had been planned on the premise that if it was ever necessary to send an expeditionary force of the Regular Army overseas, then a period of about six months would be available for the concentrated training of territorials. Well as we all know and perhaps particularly in the Army, the best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, gang aft agley. A little more than a month after mobilisation had been completed saw the London Scottish across the Channel to Le Havre, the first Battalion from the Territorial Force to be selected to go into action against the enemy. After a few weeks on duty on the lines of communication, Colonel Malcolm, Commanding Officer at that time, received orders to collect his scattered Battalion and proceed to the front.

Things were going badly in what was to become known as the first Battle of Ypres and every single man was needed to save the Allied line from being broken. Well, Halloween has always been a favourite festival in Scotland but after 1914 it acquired a new and deeper significance in our Regimental

calendar because on that day, our 1st Battalion was launched into it's first action, the first of any Infantry Territorial Battalion in the 1914-18 War. According to the official record (and I quote again to remind you that at the cost of 394 casualties of all ranks) 'The London Scottish had held back the rush of overwhelming numbers long enough to prevent a break-through that would have imperilled the whole position about Ypres. They had borne themselves well.' These, gentlemen, were volunteers meeting battle for the first time. Meanwhile, as early as the 31st August, the Second Battalion had been formed. They fought throughout the War in Flanders, the Balkans and in Palestine; they gained two V.C.'s. Again I would only mention one battle, the victory of Beersheba where the 2nd Battalion of the London Scottish performed so well that the Divisional password for the night was selected to be our Regimental Motto—'Strike Sure', and by a strange coincidence, that battle in 1917 also took place on Halloween. We had a reserve Battalion which provided us with a steady flow of reinforcements and they were necessary not only for the battle casualties but for the large numbers that we sent to commissioned ranks.

Then in between the Wars it was the old story again. The Volunteers were no longer required; Governments were no longer prepared to spend money on them and just as our early volunteers of 1859 had to provide things for themselves, so did we between the wars after 1918 till 1939, and so again as you may hear later, do we today. I should mention that between the wars we had the very great honour in the early 1930's when the Duchess of York accepted the appointment of Honorary Colonel of the London Scottish and, as you all know, she subsequently became Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and now our very beloved Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, our Honorary Colonel today. I must say it's been no empty title on Her part. She has taken a very real and live interest in Her Regiment and we owe a very great debt of gratitude to Her for it. (Prolonged applause)

I must keep moving gentlemen, but at the time of Munich the Scottish were up to strength with a waiting list and trained for almost any eventuality. On April 3rd, 1939, a decision was taken to double the Territorial Army. Within a few weeks the Scottish had enrolled 630 men in the 2nd Battalion, the first Territorial Regiment in the country to complete it's duplication. At once we asked permission to

raise a 3rd Battalion. This was only granted in a rather round about way in the form of the 97th Anti-Aircraft Regiment, whose Commanding Officer is on my right here, which nevertheless became the 3rd Battalion of the London Scottish, and we were very fortunate that our 3rd Battalion took that particular form. During the 39-45 War, the 1st Battalion, after training in the Middle East and in the U.K. of course, saw action in Sicily and Italy. They won one V.C. The 2nd Battalion had to be content with the less glamorous but vitally necessary task of defence at home and the training of reinforcements. The 3rd Battalion which I've just referred to, after serving with considerable distinction in the Anti-Aircraft defence in the Battle of Britain, also took part in the campaigns in North Africa, Sicily and Italy and in the last campaign on one occasion acting as gunners in a ground role, actually fired in support of their 1st Battalion during an advance by the 1st Battalion; something I think quite unique in Army history.

Since 1945 of course, we've suffered the trials and tribulations of volunteers all over again. During the period of National Service our voluntary recruitment suffered a bit of a setback. Since National Service stopped, the uncertainty concerning the future of the Territorial Army also made it difficult for us to find the numbers that we would have liked.

Now gentlemen, the uncertainty is ended. From 31st March next, the Territorial Army as it exists today, will cease. In its place, a rather attenuated army of Volunteer Reserve consisting of a limited number of units for the immediate reinforcement of the Regular Army on a Company level and a Secondary Reserve—a sort of Home Defence Force which seems to have been added more as a sop to stifle public outcry than with any real intention of stimulating voluntary service for defence, and that will be our lot! Now the Scottish may perhaps consider themselves fortunate in that we shall retain our name and our identity through the establishment of one company of the former, the Volunteer Force, as it's called, A.V.R. II, and one company and Battalion Headquarters of the latter. It will be our aim at 59 Buckingham Gate to keep the spirit of the London Scottish alive, against the day when perhaps wiser counsels may prevail, and the decision may be taken to rebuild a proper modern volunteer force in which the Scottish can play their full part.

Now the London Scottish have been conscious over the years of the association and support which has been extended to them by the Caledonian Society of London. You gentlemen have now got an opportunity to assist us in our task for the future. It's quite obvious that the volunteers of the future can expect no more official support than our forebears of 100 years ago. That actually doesn't worry us very much provided we can get sufficient numbers of the right type of young Scots who are prepared to give rather than to take. There are plenty of these about but they do need to be told about us; they do need to be encouraged to join and I do ask you gentlemen of the Caledonian Society of London to tell your Sons, your nephews, your young friends, your young employees. Tell them something about us—tell them that at 59 Buckingham Gate a very warm welcome awaits them. They can be assured of interesting spare-time occupation and speaking from personal experience, and all those in this room wearing the same tie will agree with me, they can be assured of a life-time of comradeship. Thank you very much. (Applause)

President H. R. Stewart Hunter submitted the Toast of the London Scottish: We have just heard a succinct, lucid Sentiment worthy of the Honorary Colonel of the London Scottish. Col. Law follows a long and distinguished line of Honorary Colonels and he as well as all of us, are indeed proud that such a gracious lady as our Queen Mother, with her great warmth of personality, great affection, giving so much and asking for so little, remains Honorary Colonel of the London Scottish. Such characteristics are the essence of the true traditions of the Regiment and no matter what form reorganisation takes, such traditions shall always remain.

The Toast was pledged with Caledonian Honours and the President's remarks warmly endorsed.

OUR GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian Lt. Col. Alan F. Niekirk, T.D. in submitting the Toast of Our Guests expressed the opinion that he was in a particularly delicate situation as, in his capacity of Commanding Officer, he knew perhaps far too much about far too many of the Guests, judging by the preponderance of London Scottish ties. Col. Niekirk continued: to become involved in numerous anecdotes would perhaps be amusing but I must remember that I speak on behalf of all of the Members of the Caledonian Society of London in extending a most sincere welcome to the Guests, and am not speaking at 59 Buckingham Gate. All of our Guests are distinguished and equally welcome at our gathering this evening and I can add little to what has already been said about Col. A. Torrence Law.

Capt. K. W. Macleod—alias 'Stiffy', has undertaken to respond to this Toast and is indeed a formidable character. Capt. MacLeod

enlisted in the Scottish in 1925, was promoted Sergeant in 1939; Adjutant, 1st Battalion, 1941-43 and later re-enlisted in the ranks rising to C.S.M. We shall certainly hear the response to the Toast without, I should think, the need of any public address system.

REPLY ON BEHALF OF THE GUESTS

Capt. K. W. Macleod, as was expected by his colleagues in the London Scottish, did in fact spurn the use of the microphone without complaint from any part of the hall that anyone had difficulty in hearing. He expressed the opinion that some of the more colourful, historical traditions referred to in the short history of the Society were not in evidence and bemoaned the present tendency to abandon any colourful ceremony. This sentiment did not however extend to long haired youths who, if not colourful in themselves, produced comments based on his military experience which were expressive if not perhaps flowery.

Capt. Macleod took the Members—and a great many guests—completely by surprise when, in sergeant-major fashion, he 'ordered' all of the Guests to their feet to acknowledge the Society's Toast to them.

* * *

The President expressed thanks to Mr. Kenneth Atkinson who had yet again entertained the company so well with his singing of 'Scotland Yet', 'Shame on ye Gallants', 'Loch Lomond', and 'The Road to the Isles' accompanied at the piano by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie.

The Piping Selection was given by Pipe Major L. V. N. de Laspée, Pipe Sergeant W. Ferguson and Pipe Corporal D. Duncan, all of the London Scottish and included 'Leaving Lismore', 'My Native Highland Home', 'Ada Crawford', 'General Stuart of Garth', 'Ballochmyle' and of course, the Regimental March of the Regiment.

Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., the Society's Officer, played the Strathspey, 'The Caledonian Society of London' prior to the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

If any doubt persisted in Members' minds that this November meeting was a London Scottish Night, it was dispelled, somewhat to the consternation of the older Members, by the President's instruction, that Auld Lang Syne would be sung in the form used by the London Scottish, which differed in some degree from that which had been in constant use since 5th November, 1953 at all functions of the Caledonian Society of London.

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On Thursday 15th December 1966, the proceedings were under the chairmanship of President H. R. Stewart Hunter at the Kensington Palace Hotel, London, W.8. The business dealt with at the Council and General Meetings was nominal with the exception of the election of five new Members after their sponsors had satisfied the Council that each applicant was well qualified for admission to membership of the Society.

After the Loyal Toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner following the business meetings, the President introduced Mr. Stanley

A. Field, Chairman of William Baird & Company Ltd. in which capacity he was well qualified to submit the evenings Sentiment:

THE HISTORY OF BAIRDS

Mr. President, thank you very much for inviting me to this very happy gathering in which I find myself this evening. It's always a pleasure to meet old friends and looking around I can see two of your members who I first met about thirty-five years ago. At that time we were engaged in athletic pursuits of a rather strenuous nature—something you may find rather hard to believe looking at us today. It was suggested to me that in this Sentiment I should not feel inhibited in bringing in any amusing anecdotes. My personal acquaintance with William Baird & Company is quite brief, really only over the last eight or ten years but on my study of the history of the Company, the Bairds and sentiment or amusing anecdotes, don't seem to me to run together. In the Victorian image they were a pretty hard-headed, down to earth, feet on the ground lot but I have one or two things I would mention that I would call peculiarities rather than amusing anecdotes.

In the time available I propose generally to outline the two streams in the history—the Baird family as far as we know it, and the business of William Baird & Company. Most of the personal history of the Bairds and the early days of the Company are recorded in a book styled, 'The Bairds of Gartsherrie'. The earliest Baird recorded in that history was Alexander, born in 1659, then from his son Alexander, three sons John, William and Robert. William had four of a family one of whom, again Alexander (1765–1833) was the Baird really responsible for drawing together the family and the business. The latter Alexander was a fairly strenuous father and he had eight sons and two daughters, one of whom was named Janet. Of the eight sons it is possible to say that seven went into the business, six stayed and four were significant, but most of the prominent people following that generation came down from Janet and we therefore get away a little bit from the Baird name, if not from the family. Such names as Whitelaw, Thorneycroft and Weir and later McCosh came into prominence, some of which are still prominent on the Board of Directors, and as far as I can trace there was always a Baird active in the Company until just after the last war. Through Janet therefore, the Baird family is still associated

with the business although some of the other recurring surnames may have originated either through marriage or through business partnerships.

The business as such was started in 1809 in coal, perhaps a natural branching away from the family involvement in land ownership and farming, first at Mellistone then in 1826 the name Gartsherrie first occurs when the coal deposits were opened up. In 1828 at Airdrie, iron-making commenced, perhaps a natural follow on from coal, and these trends ran right through the business, leading into steel and, following nationalisation, spinning away into a more general industrial spread. In 1822 came the first venture into shipping as an offshoot of the coal business. In 1893 Bairds was incorporated as a private company and that was really the end of the period when it was very much a family business.

In the case of iron and steel interests, the family companies started merging about 1912 when we first of all hear of the Scottish Iron and Steel Company, which in 1938 was put into Bairds & Scottish Steel; while developments on the coal side followed a similar pattern, becoming Bairds & Dalmellington in 1931. In 1936, the company of William Baird & Co. Ltd. was made into a Public Company and that basically was the position until nationalisation just after the Second World War, with one important exception. As far back as 1870, Baird's interests in ironmaking led them to seek alternative sources of supply of ore when local, immediately available and reasonably priced supplies, ran out and they went overseas to protect their supplies, in fact their investment in iron ore production was in Spain.

Nationalisation of coal and steel really took away from Bairds what had been their main activities and interests for about a century-and-a-half and, of course, forced substantial changes in the company. After repaying shareholders a reasonable amount following nationalisation, the company changed into an industrial holding company. They ventured into textiles in several companies and also became involved in the sanitary-ware business by acquiring J. & R. Howie. One hears many reasons why companies are bought and I suppose that the reason for buying J. & R. Howie was as good as many. From my reading of the records, the purchase was mainly due to the then Chairman, Bob Angus—an old man who, I think, was related to the Bairds and who was very cross because since nationalisation of the Company's coal and

steel interests, Bairds had no activities at all in Ayrshire. Mr. Angus and his colleagues regarded that as something to be remedied and I'm told on good authority that Bairds bought J. & R. Howie solely to have something in Ayrshire. Investments were extended in cement and in fact into general industrial companies although not necessarily on a regional basis as applied in the case of Howie.

One of the really significant developments was about 1930 when the stream began to merge with that of another Scottish family, the Campbells, well known for their Newcastle interests in shipping, amongst many other activities. The Campbells were very much involved in soldiering and, I believe, a little bit into the Church, but one strayed into commerce, a James Campbell. He began to trade in scrap iron then to develop interests in iron ore, shipping and eventually chemicals. James Campbell was a venturer of the old school and among many other activities had acquired a concession for developing iron ore at a place called Marampa in Sierra Leone; he owned a 95 per cent interest and the United Africa Company the remaining 5 per cent.

Early in the 1930's when James Campbell was just getting the Sierra Leone project under way, he virtually ran out of money and sold a $47\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest to Bairds for about half-a-million pounds. The real steam behind Baird's financial situation has been the cash generated by that investment into the Sierra Leone Development Company, which also forged the link between the Bairds and the Campbell family's interests in the Northern Mercantile and Investment Corporation. Many joint ventures followed: they bought matching interests after the war in G. A. Harvey, engineers at Greenwich, they were partners in a minor way in New Zealand Cement and generally speaking, the two groups came closer together. I can speak with a bit more knowledge about Bairds when we come up to about 1958 at which time I became involved in North Mercantile. My main task at that time involved acceptance of responsibility for the Sierra Leone Development Company which placed me in a fairly central position. Despite some difficulties of communication between the Bairds and the Campbells even across the Board Table, the two companies did in fact come together five years ago.

So to today, Bairds really has three legs to it; the original mining in the form of 95 per cent ownership in Sierra Leone

Development Company with one or two associated ventures including a merchanting company in the iron ore and minerals field and a ship or two. Then using some of the purchases made by Bairds just after the war as a base, we have gone quite substantially into textiles and acquired an interest in engineering. Thirdly we have an investment side, all stemming from the original interest in coal, which led into iron and steel and in turn into overseas supplies of ore from the Sierra Leone Development Company, the provider of money to enable Bairds to balance themselves better today and to get away from being dubbed substantially as a mining company or mining risk. Today the source of profit from mining is something less than half, from the industrial side about half and from investment rather small. We have, however, a number of ventures south of the border and overseas in addition to our involvement in the Scottish knitwear and tweed industries, and other things being equal, as a group of companies we will always try to keep our Scottish content and if possible to improve upon it.

In an endeavour to establish the thread running through the Bairds, I have gone through most of the available history and the image I get is very much Victorian—a rather grim brand of integrity, not much lightness of touch but a great willingness to venture, and I think that is still with the company now.

We have a rather odd situation now in that most of the non-executive Directors are Scots and most of the executive Directors are based in London, the majority of the latter having come in from North Mercantile at the time of the merger or recruited later. We have our board meetings in London and Glasgow alternately, the latter being of course the Head Office and an illustration of the Baird's attitude may be drawn from the fact that although the Board Room in Glasgow is a very nice Victorian Room, I could find no evidence of it having been redecorated for at least 41 years. After a rather disastrous exercise by an interior decorator whose ideas fortunately did not proceed beyond the stage of illustrations, we have now restored the premises to their original Victorian splendour. We've had some difficulty in tracing portraits or photographs of the Bairds with which to adorn the walls of the Board Room and which would constantly remind us that we have our roots in integrity.

I rather like the toast which is submitted at many City

Livery functions, 'may the Company flourish root and branch forever', as I believe roots to be of paramount importance so long as one is not too much in love with them for themselves. With that basic principle I hope we may build on a few profitable branches.

About the only thing which may be a bit amusing was recorded in some women's magazine. In an article about the 'Prince's Favourites' (the Prince of Wales later Edward VII) and Lily Langtry who was fairly well known about the turn of the century! reference was made to one admirer, a certain George Alexander Baird. I can trace a George and an Alexander but not a George Alexander Baird. However, reverting to Lily's admirer, the article reported that he had inherited three million pounds from his father, which was quite possible in those days. The George Alexander is reported to have settled £100,000 on Lily Langtry to finance a divorce action; to have spent another £150,000 on jewels, clothes, racehorses and a yacht for her and once, having given her a black eye during a quarrel, to have paid her £50,000 not to take proceedings. The only part which I feel might have any authenticity is of giving someone who misbehaved a black eye—I find the monetary transaction extremely un-Baird like. (Applause)

OUR WELCOME GUESTS

On behalf of the Society, Bro. Caledonian Vernon J. Eddie spoke of the hospitality extended to its honoured Guests and illustrated hospitality in its many forms with a few well chosen anecdotes. Amongst the Guests present was Sir Philip Rodgers whose achievements were well documented in no less than half-a-column of 'Who's Who', and who had spent many years in industrial and diplomatic fields of activity in Nigeria and Kenya. Sir Philip's present involvement was as Chairman of the Tobacco Research Council, an appointment of very considerable responsibility at a time when so much was being done to establish whether tobacco was the boon so many people considered it to be, or the potential killer claimed by many eminent authorities.

Bro. Caledonian Eddie extended a warm welcome to Mr. Ian Wallace whose renown as a singer and entertainer needed no elaboration in such company. He also noted the preponderance of Ministers present, an observation which provided a cue to one tale which was relevant to their calling. It appeared that an elderly Minister in Fyfe was taking a quiet stroll across the Square before turning in for the night, when he encountered his senior Elder in an extremely intoxicated condition. In answer to his Minister's admonition, the Elder explained that he'd been on his rounds delivering Communion Cards and it was hardly civil to refuse their offer of just a wee dram—and he'd called on an awful lot of parishioners that night. Surely, said the

Minister, there must be many abstainers in my congregation; oh yes, replied the Elder, but I just post their cards. (Laughter)

Mr. S. R. Allen, M.B.E., who would respond to the Toast, was a personal friend of the President and Bro. Caledonian Eddie considered it prudent to leave the President to speak of Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen however, was very much included in the welcome extended to all Guests, to whom the Toast was honoured in traditional manner.

HUNTER'S SNARE

In his introduction of Mr. S. R. Allen, M.B.E., President H. R. Stewart Hunter indulged in a number of personal reminiscences from his friendship with Mr. Allen, before inviting the Speaker to respond to the Toast on behalf of the Guests present this evening. Mr. Allen had recourse to the Bible and to Kipling's works to illustrate the snare of the hunter, but his 'explanation' of the manner in which the snare was set—and fear ingrained—which led to his undertaking to speak, was novel. The company was advised that a few weeks previously, the President and he (Mr. Allen) had been together in rather convivial surroundings, the former having arrived rather late and the latter early enough to have imbibed to the stage at which he was perhaps a little unsteady. In Mr. Allen's words, 'having been cornered by your President and gradually impelled towards the fireplace, I succumbed to the pressure of the invitation not just to be a guest, but to speak in response to the Society's toast. It was a fait accompli, for had I backed any further, I would have burned that part of my anatomy I wish I were now sitting on.' (Laughter)

Mr. Allen continued in light-hearted vein and his expression of thanks was warmly endorsed by his fellow guests and his speech well received by the Members.

NEW MEMBERS

Eight new Members: Bro. Caledonians Robert Cook (Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation); Ernest J. Gordon Henry; George Home; W. Russell Neil; Dr. Matthew Orr; John M. Rankin; T. Robertson and Sir William Slimmings, C.B.E., were presented by their sponsors to the President and the Toast of the New Members was duly pledged. The President welcomed the new Members into the Society and expressed the hope that they would enjoy and subscribe to the enjoyment of future functions. Having all read the Rules of the Society, they would bear in mind the responsibilities of membership foremost amongst which was their active support of the charities which remained the first call on the beneficent work of the Society. One minute only was allotted to each new Member for his reply, instead of the normal two minutes and no doubt the prominence of the Hon. Secretary's watch placed very deliberately in front of him, helped to ensure that no one exceeded the limit.

Bro. Caledonian Donald Fraser sang 'A Scottish Soldier' and 'Mary Morison' during the evening, as much to the enjoyment of the company as had been the many previous occasions on which he had entertained Members and their Guests at Dinners of the Society. Pipe Major J. B. Robertson gave as his selection, 'The Earl of Mansfield', 'The Caledonian Canal', 'The Mason's Apron' and 'Come Ye by Atholl' and latterly, the strathspey, 'The Caledonian Society of London'.

The enthusiastic singing of Auld Lang Syne followed by the National Anthem was in no small part due to the sympathetic accompaniment at the piano by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie who had also accompanied Bro. Caledonian Donald Fraser.

* * *

President H. R. Stewart Hunter presided at the Council and General Meetings prior to the Little Dinner on Thursday 19th January 1967 at Kensington Palace Hotel, De Vere Gardens, London, W.8. It was resolved that the Gold Badge of the Society, when awarded to a President at the end of his year of Office, will in future be presented to the recipient at the Ladies Festival, the last social gathering of the Society at which he shall preside. To facilitate this change, it will in future be necessary for the Council to consider, and if thought fit, to award the Gold Badge at the March Council and General meetings.

Following Dinner and the honouring of the Loyal Toasts, the President extended a welcome to all present and continued:

Tonight we number in excess of 160 which is virtually the maximum for this accommodation. Our January meeting is usually one of the largest meetings during our year and rightly so, as this is the night on which we give due consideration to Robert Burns. To give the Sentiment, we are indeed fortunate in having Mr. W. T. H. Inglis, O.A., M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S., who is at present Director of Education for Ayrshire. He was at one time principal English Master at Ayr Academy which I believe stood in the days of Robert Burns. He is, and has been for many years, Session Clerk to the Kirk at Sandgate. Mr. Inglis has many and varied interests and very prominent amongst them is that he is very much an authority on Burns; I would now ask you to greet him warmly for his Sentiment:

ROBERT BURNS

'When I speak on similar occasions North of the Border, I usually begin: Mr. President, Brother Scots and gangrel bodies. The gangrel bodies is for the benefit of the odd Englishman, or odd American or even Frenchman who may have dropped in. Tonight, I'm in the unfortunate position in that I am the gangrel body, and I propose to begin by posing two questions. Why have you gone to the trouble of inviting me here and why have I accepted your invitation? Because the worldly-wise, misguided by cold logic, maintain that all this honouring of a dead poet is mere folly and they offer two main arguments.

The first argument is the old fallacious one that the Romans knew, the *argumentum in hominem*, the argument against the man, his life and his character. In other words, the argument whereby you disparage a man's work by knowing what he was and who he was. We Scots are guilty of this; you know, there's no more insulting thing to say than, I kent his Feyther. (Laughter). Burns more than most famous men,

leaves himself open to this particular argument because Burns was a self-confessed sinner. He said, God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be. He lived 37 years in the Lowlands of Scotland; 37 years marred by misfortunes, indiscretions, follies, poverty and bad health. This is no success story! This is no Abraham Lincoln marching in triumph from a log cabin to the White House. It's a pitiful tale begun in a humble cottage in Alloway and ending in a stinking Vennel in Dumfries.

There's many a member of this audience I'm sure, who was also born like Burns, in obscurity, but largely by his own enterprise and efforts, has risen to a position of distinction and honour in the City of London, or twelve miles roon, as they say in Aberdeen. How can such a man as that, a man who's made a success of his own life, profit by studying the works of Robert Burns? Thus runs the argument, the argument against the man.

Now I'm not going on at length or all my time will be gone, but I'll tell you a brief story of something that happened at the University of Edinburgh at the turn of the century. There were two students there called Blair and Nicholson; Blair was the stolid Scot who did his homework; who got results; he never set the heather on fire but he was always passing. Nicholson was temperamental, brilliant, fond of the bottle—and other excesses! On one occasion Blair said to Nicholson, 'Nicholson, wi' your brain, I would be the Dux of every class in this University' to which Nicholson gave the devastating reply, 'Blair, wi' my temptations, you would be in the Carlton Jail. (Laughter) Or, as Burns put it, What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted.

The second argument against honouring Burns is—in the modern jargon—Burns is not with it! he's irrelevant! In this jet age, he's just as irrelevant as a candle or a Clydesdale horse. Consider for a moment in that poem, 'Address to the Toothache', when he lists some of the great major evils—of course toothache's the worst—it's the 'hell o' a' diseases—but after that he says, 'O' a' the num'rous human dools, Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools, Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Sad sight to see! Now look at this list of what Burns considered to be the great human misfortunes. How trifling these things are in the light of modern science. Dentistry has conquered toothache (we hope); fertilisers and machines have taken much of the risk out of agriculture; daft bargains

are small beer when we think of the daily bankruptcy of insurance companies, and even when it comes to death, the cosy crematorium has become more fashionable than the bleak kirk-yairds and even chastity is no longer highly regarded—even in clerical circles. (Laughter)

What has this tenant farmer from the Carrick Border—a prisoner in time and space, to teach his sophisticated betters of the 20th Century? What has he to tell of Rhodesia who was dead before Cecil Rhodes was born? Vietnam and Common Markets were not words in his vocabulary, and then when we come to the great god of all—television, which shapes our lives—this was undreamt of by Burns. To illustrate how television does permeate; a man was arrested in Ayr four weeks ago for being drunk and disorderly (now Burns would have understood that) and when they brought him to the cells, the policeman on duty remembered that he'd had a sleepless night when the drunk had previously been in custody. Amid all the shouting and singing, the policeman said, now look here, I don't want a repetition of the last time you were in, just tell me two things you want and then shut up for the night. The answer was brief, 'I want Doctor Findlay tae examine me an' Perry Mason tae defend me. (Laughter)

In spite of all the logic, these wiseacres are wrong. Listen instead to a great Englishman, and I'm humble enough to listen to great Englishmen, and I hope you are too. (Laughter). Wardsworth, at the grave of Burns in the year 1912 wrote, 'through busier streets and lonliest glen are felt the flashes of his pen; he rules mid' winter snows and when bees fill their hives, deep in the general heart of men, his power survives.' His power survives; but how can I prove it?

Well I'll begin by saying that he was a Scot from first to last. He wasn't the first man who stood up for Scotland and he's not the last but he's the greatest man who ever stood up for Scotland! (Applause). You know that incident when he was sent out to scatch thistles, but when he remembered that the thistle was Scotland's emblem, he hadn't the heart to do it and records, 'Ev'n then a wish! (I mind its power), A wish that to my latest hour shall strongly heave my breast; That I for poor auld Scotland's sake, some usefu' plan or beuk could make, Or sing a sang at least.' It was indeed poor auld Scotland in the 18th Century. The Royal Court had left Edinburgh; there was no Scottish Parliament any more; Macadam's roads weren't made; no industrial revolution; no

scientific farming; no hospitals; a Kirk, but a Kirk without much charity. Economically and spiritually, Scotland was a backwater, and this is the Scotland that Burns revived. I said that Burns was not the first and going back to the beginning it was Wallace, Burns's great hero. If ever you're in Ayr on the last Sunday in July, go to the open air service at Legland Wood which is held jointly in honour of Wallace and of Burns and there you'll feel what Scottish patriotism really is.

Your Honorary Secretary sent me a copy of your *Chronicles* which I've read twice from cover to cover, and I don't think you've had a reference to the Declaration of Arbroath in modern times—and I'm going to introduce it. The Declaration, one of the first blows struck for Scotland after Bannockburn, a great victory certainly, but the Scots knew that England was far more powerful than Scotland and that Bannockburn wasn't the end of the game. So they declared to the World and to the Pope and to all and sundry that they wanted to be free, and here are their imperishable words:

FOR SO LONG AS THERE SHALL BUT ONE
HUNDRED OF US REMAIN ALIVE, WE WILL
NEVER GIVE CONSENT TO SUBJECT OUR-
SELVES TO THE DOMINION OF THE
ENGLISH, FOR IT IS NOT GLORY—IT IS
NOT RICHES, NEITHER IS IT HONOUR
BUT IT IS OUR LIBERTY ALONE THAT
WE FIGHT AND CONTEND FOR, WHICH
NO HONEST MAN WILL LOSE BUT WITH
HIS LIFE.

Now Burns was in that tradition and it is thanks largely to him that Scotsmen have preserved their identity and are still making a worth while contribution to human progress out of all proportion to the size of our Country. Now I said that Burns wasn't the first, nor was he the last. I'll give you an example, maybe a comic example, of latter day patriotism. A minister from Peebles while serving as a Chaplain during the War, found himself posted to an isolated Unit where nothing much was happening. He suggested to the Commanding Officer that they might transform a derelect hut into a place of worship. The proposal was accepted and the men welcomed the opportunity of applying themselves to the task. One of the men, addressing himself to the Chaplain explained that as the Chaplain and himself were the only Scotsmen there and as he was a painter to trade, he would

like fine to improve the appearance of the hut by painting a sign on the wall outside, an idea with which the Chaplain agreed. Next day the Chaplain was somewhat disturbed to read the sign, 'SCOTLAND FOR EVER'. He had to explain tactfully that this was the House of God and that people of different nationalities would worship here, and while he himself agreed with the sentiment, it was hardly appropriate. Rather crestfallen, the painter said, 'Oh, I see Sir, it's a kind of text you mean'. Having made the point, the Chaplain left the painter to make the necessary change and next day's inspection revealed the words, 'SCOTLAND FOR EVER AND EVER, AMEN.' (Laughter). Burns as a patriot cannot be disputed; what of his work?

There are, for example, his imperishable love songs. Had we never lov'd sae kindly, Had we never lov'd sae blindly, Never met—or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted. That great Englishman Matthew Arnold, puts these lines along with the best in Shakespeare and Dante, as some of the greatest poetry ever written. Tam o' Shanter—what thoughts that conjures up—a tale done in a day; and it has been described—and I could argue for this—that it was the best day's work ever done in Scotland.

There are the Epistles—an evening's feast in themselves. Within the remaining time, I choose to confine myself to the sound common sense of Burns and his hatred of sham and hypocrisy wherever he found them. Alexander Pope said that true wit is nature to advantage dressed, what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed. How often Burns puts into words what we believe but are unable to say coherently and on the great issues, Burns is the spokesman of all that is best in the human race. Listen to Burns on happiness and in a way, this might be called the Scottish Version of the thirteenth chapter, first Corinthians:

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 and centre in the breast,

We may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blest:

Nae treasures, nor pleasures, could make us happy lang;

The heart's ay's the part ay that makes us right or wrang.

We know that's true.

On the subject of education, perhaps more particularly these days when we're wandering through Newson and Plowden and the rest, we might listen to Burns, and this more appropriately on the subject of people getting to university who should never be there at all:

What's a' your jargon o' your schools, your Latin names
for horns and stools;

If honest nature made you fools, what sairs your
grammars?

Ye'd better taen up spades and shoofs, or knappin-
hammers.

O set o' dull, conceited hashes, confuse their brains in
college classes!

They gang in stirks and come out asses, plain truth to
speak;

An syne they think to climb Parnassus by dint o' Greek!

What of Burns on our political masters, whether at local or
national level?

Nae langer thrifty citizens an' douce meet owre a pint,
or in the council-house;

But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry, the herry-
ment and ruin of the country;

Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers wha
waste your weel-hain'd gear on damned new Brigs and
Harbours!

To quote Burns on religion presents no difficulty other than in selection from his many works, but my task is eased by a recent meeting I had with an Ayr Minister at a Burns's Supper. He was an Englishman, a Presbyterian and his name was Robinson. Apparently he was a very effective preacher and if he had a fault, it was his fondness of talking too much. During the supper he advised me that he never quoted Burns because Burns said the last word about him. Who said that Burns wasn't with it? He was of course, referring to, 'The Ordination', that poem in which Burns gives a cruel character sketch of the Ministers in and about Kilmarnock in his time, and here's what Burns had to say about Robinson, and it was a pretty accurate description of the one I met:

Now, Robinson, harangue nae mair, but steek your gab
for ever:

Or try the wicked town of Ayr, for there they'll think you
clever.

I can't close without saying a little about Burns and women,
a subject on which he was a master; and give him his due, he
put them where they deserved to be—right at the top.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;

I hae been merry drinking;

I hae been joyfu' gatherin' gear;

I hae been happy thinking:

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,

Tho' three times doubled fairly,

That happy night was worth them a',

Amang the rigs o' barley.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,

An' corn rigs are bonnie:

I'll ne'er forget that happy night,

Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

If we were all honest men, we would admit that he was
right. (Laughter) And this beautiful verse by Burns on an
occasion when many girls were present—all except the right
one:—

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 or 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 are na Mary Morison.'

The shortest Immortal Memory that ever was given (and
I havn't the time to give you all of the circumstances or the
occasion tonight) consisted of just ten words: There was a
lad was born in Kyle—thank God. Long ago in Greece
there was a well beloved writer and poet called Heraclitus.
When one of his friends heard of his death, he wrote a poem
expressing his grief, in which he said, 'They told me Heracli-
tus, they told me you were dead; they brought me bitter news
to hear, and bitter tears to shed (and goes on to say that, while
the Poet is dead, the poetry is still there and, as he puts it—)
still are thy verses thy nightingales awake; for Death he
taketh all away, but these he cannot take.

So it is with Burns, and therefore I would like you to be upstanding; and for what Death cannot take away, let us show our gratitude by rising to drink in silence and in reverence; the Toast of the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.

The President's expression of thanks to the Giver of The Sentiment was endorsed by prolonged and enthusiastic applause by the entire company and was of such a quality both in content and in delivery, that the foregoing is as near verbatim as possible from the tape recording taken on the occasion.

At this juncture, the following new Members were presented to the President, with traditional ceremony:— Bro. Caledonians W. D. C. Appleby, T.D.; W. Lang; J. K. W. MacVicar L. I. M. Primrose and W. Stevenson. Mr. Robert Brown, accompanied at the piano by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie entertained the gathering with a most suitable and very much appreciated singing of Burns' songs, which included, 'Star of Rabbie Burns', 'Ae Fond Kiss' and, 'My Love She's But A Lassie Yet'.

OUR GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian James Moxon extended a warm welcome to all of the gentlemen who had honoured the Society by their presence as Guests and made particular reference to Mr. R. A. McMullen, Agent-General for Alberta in London who, in 1959, had replied on behalf of the Guests at the Society Dinner in November of that year, and also to Mr. H. Leonard, Director and Chief General Manager of the Alliance Building Society who would undertake the same task this evening.

Bro. Caledonian Moxon's speech was well balanced with a few well chosen stories one of which illustrated the recurring difficulty of the Member responsible at each gathering for proposing the Toast of Our Guests. A Minister had organised a garden party in great detail and very late he realised that he had forgotten to invite an elderly parishoner; a particularly irascible old lady. He hastily telephoned her to explain his lapse, to all of which the old lady listened in silence. Her reply was pointed and absolutely conclusive—y're too late; I've already prayed for rain. (Laughter) On Bro. Caledonian Moxon's call, Members pledged the toast with Caledonian Honours.

RESPONSE ON BEHALF OF GUESTS

In his remarks following the expression of sincere thanks for hospitality received from the Society and from each individual host, Mr. H. Leonard illustrated that he was no stranger to the works of Robert Burns, not only by giving several quotations but in his comments on the poet.

Mr. Leonard said that he had welcomed the opportunity of speaking on this particular evening for several reasons, the most rewarding of which was probably the excuse it gave him to delve back into Burns's poetry and songs. In this exercise he had found a man bursting with life and refusing defeat at the hands of convention or the establishment; a man never defeated in his heart even if physically; a man who poured out his soul in his works.

Mr. Leonard's subscription to the enjoyment of the evening was warmly acknowledged by the applause which followed his speech.

* * *

At the close of a very full and most enjoyable evening, the President expressed his thanks to all who had participated, including Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. for his excellent piping selection which comprised, 'The Siege of Delhi', 'The Braes o' Tullymet', 'The High Road to Linton' and 'My Home'.

Following the piping of the Society's Strathspey, the singing of Auld Lang Syne followed by the National Anthem brought the proceedings to a formal close, although it was evident that those present were somewhat reluctant to disperse. It is of course possible that the conviviality of the evening and the awakening of the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns may have brought the opening of Tam o' Shanter very much to mind and given rise to some trepidation as to the reception awaiting the return home.

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The Council Meeting held at the Kensington Palace Hotel, W.8. on Thursday 16th February, 1967 considered the appointment of Vice President consequent on the resignation of Bro. Caledonian A. R. C. Fleming, F.C.A., who had been elected to that office at the 1966 Annual General Meeting. It was with regret that the Council accepted Bro. Caledonian Fleming's resignation, not only in view of the loss to the Society but more particularly as it had been necessary on medical grounds.

It was agreed that Bro. Caledonian R. Y. Kennedy, C.A., a Life Member who had held the office of Hon. Treasurer since 1962, be elected Vice President. Bro. Caledonian John A. D. Paton, C.A. was appointed Hon. Treasurer in place of the newly appointed Vice President and both appointments were approved at the General Meeting which followed.

The deaths of Past President William Dalgarno, Bro. Caledonians H. J. G. Samuel and William Douglas were reported by the Hon. Secretary and Members stood in silent tribute to the memory of their Brother Caledonians. Particulars of the deceased are included in the Obituary section at the end of this Volume.

The President expressed concern that some of the Society's traditional ceremonies as documented in the Chronicles, were in grave danger of being lost by neglect and the Hon. Historian was directed to ensure that the Ceremony of the Dirks was restored as soon as possible. It was agreed that the Ceremony must be carried out with dignity and to the extent that the President and Past Presidents would participate, it was necessary to rehearse the procedure as clearly illustrated in the Chronicles of 1905-1921 and, in more detail, of 13th April, 1923.

After the Loyal Toasts had been duly honoured at the Little Dinner following the business meetings, President H. R. Stewart Hunter referred to the fact that the Society had made quite a number of calls on Ayrshire men recently and yet again this evening when Mr. A. M.

Currie, B.A., B.Litt. had undertaken to give the Sentiment, which he was then invited to submit :

THE CIVIC UNIVERSITIES AND SOME OF THEIR PROBLEMS

President and gentlemen, I appreciate the honour of addressing the Caledonian Society of London and it is a great pleasure to be here to enjoy your hospitality. It is also a matter of pride to be with so many distinguished fellow countrymen and to see how completely and well you have taken over the great Metropolis. (Laughter) Mr. Deans in his invitation, suggested I speak on some subject of Scottish or topical interest. I hope that my theme may be considered topical and it certainly is to me as most of the problems seem to find their way to my desk. As for the Scottish part, I would like to claim that the Scottish flavour comes on the heels of a remark I made (a shade foolishly as I'm bound to think as I stand here) a few months ago, to one of your distinguished Members. I then said that the University of Sheffield of which I am the Registrar, was run by three Scots. When I made that comment, it was in a sense true; Vice Chancellor—Professor Robson, Bursar—Mr. Urquhart and myself—Registrar; all Scots. Lest the words 'run by', be taken too literally, I speak of course of administration. (Laughter.)

Since making the statement to which I have just referred, I have to report that one of the Scottish trinity has gone, probably the most Scottish of all and, being Scottish, appropriately, the Bursar. His name is Roderick MacKenzie Urquhart, M.A., St. Andrews, and his departure, although a great loss to us, was in a good cause. Another of our countrymen who had been Registrar and Secretary of the University of Southampton responded to the call which we all feel from time to time, to return to the Old Home Country. His return to Scotland left undefended, in our opinion, a rather exposed bridgehead down in Hampshire, so we despatched Roderick under his colours and told him to ensure that the Lion Rampant remained aloft there for as long as possible. This means that we in Sheffield are somewhat depleted. There are actually one or two Englishmen noticeable in the administration at the moment but I'm glad to be able to report that the Vice Chancellor and I are more than holding our own. (Laughter) This is helped naturally by the Faculty of Medicine, which is practically Scottish to a man. (Laughter)

I thought I'd begin this Sentiment, as I'm delighted to know it's going to be called, by giving a very brief trot through the history of universities in this Country, which starts in the 12th Century, but I may miss out the first seven centuries or thereabouts and set out the university institutions in their main groups. There are now fifty-two such institutions in England, Scotland and Wales. I propose to leave the Irish Universities out of this as, in everything else, they have troubles of their own and I have quite enough trouble with the subject I have chosen. Fifty-two university institutions is about double the number there were in 1961-62 which doesn't seem to me to be long ago and this doubling and trebling is one of the frightening facts that we have had to face in universities over the last ten years or so. These fifty-two institutions can be placed into six main groups.

First, alas, we have to put the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, founded in the 12th Century and I'm told they specialised in college teaching; this incidentally, is the one English contribution to European University History — I think. (Laughter)

Secondly, and it is right and proper that I mention this here, we have the Scottish Universities; they are distinct, as I'm sure I don't need to tell this audience, in a National way. They are very interesting in another respect because they combine an ancient tradition—St. Andrews, Glasgow and Aberdeen, as I'm sure you all know—founded by papal bull, with an urban or civic tradition about which I'd like to talk further tonight. Edinburgh, the Toon's College, founded in 1583, is probably the first civic university in fact but these universities in Scotland owe very much more to their European counterparts than to Oxford and Cambridge.

Then we have a group of Federal universities, first of all London. It has been said, not entirely in jest, that London is not a university at all; it's simply an examining body. This is perhaps true but what it certainly is, is a vast institution having at the moment about 30,000 students which is more than Oxford and Cambridge Universities combined. Apart from the educational achievement, it is by any standard a tremendous organisational achievement. The University of Wales is within the Federal group and this is at an interesting stage of its development where we can see the tensions that are bound to arise in a Federal University. There is some strain at the moment between the college centres in Bangor, Aberystwyth,

Cardiff and Swansea who naturally enough want, like most African States, to go independent (laughter) and the strongly held view that there should be a simple sentimental University of Wales in the middle. Then at Durham we can see a broken-up Federal in Durham Colleges—an old traditional Oxford and Cambridge-like pattern and King's College, Newcastle, a Civic University in every sense, now split in the last two or three years into two separate Universities of Durham and Newcastle.

Next we have the Shakespearean Universities; these are the new boys which have emerged in the last ten years or so. They have their golf courses and all that virgin land which we up in the North think dreadfully about. They can build when they like, where they like and what they like—but perhaps I shouldn't be too envious. York and Lancaster, Essex and Kent—it all sounds remarkably like the First Scene in Henry V. They seem to get regular publicity and much attention at the moment; they have new patterns of government, subject groupings and teaching methods and so on. I recall a Vice Chancellor under whom I was serving at the time when these universities were being founded. He was a very learned man and he said that it seemed a little odd that at this one time in history, it had suddenly been found possible to found a new university in several different ways. They are the experimental reports of the university world and as such are being looked at very carefully at the moment.

Now come the Cats; (one falls into jargon I'm afraid)—I mean of course, the Colleges of Advanced Technology, now becoming Chartered Universities. This is a queer sort of transmutation; Bradford, Birmingham, Northampton Poly' and Battersea Tec' becoming variously City University, Surrey University and so on. The Royal Technical College of Salford even tried to call itself the Royal University of Salford but the University of Manchester got on the phone and that was the end of that one. (Laughter) There is no more of this development proposed for the next ten years but this body or group of universities spring into the saddle if you like, blessed and/or burdened with thousands of students and many buildings, and their development and assimilation into the university body will be looked on with much interest.

Finally, the sixth group, the last group, are the universities which have grown upwards and outwards from that tremendous college expansion explosion similar to the one we have

gone through recently, but which occurred over 100 years ago and began with the foundation of Owens College, Manchester in 1851. This is the 19th Century infant which has developed into the great hulking brute sometimes called 'Red Brick', a term which, architecturally, is often inaccurate although I do remember the phase in John Osborne's 'Look Back in Anger'. His university wasn't so much 'Red Brick', it was 'White Tile'. (Laughter) I prefer to call this group the civic universities. They bear the names of the great Northern and Midland Cities, mainly Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool and Sheffield and to that number you can probably add places like Hull, Bristol, Leicester and Nottingham.

Now I expect that in any glamour poll that was drawn up, this last group, in the general public's eye at least, would come pretty low. We don't run to Douglas Jay's daughters in mini-skirts I'm afraid and we are somewhat Victorian in our image. Most of us began our lives in places like lunatic asylums which just happened to be handy (laughter) and at the University of Liverpool where I served for some years, we actually began in a workhouse which, incidentally, was mentioned by Dickens in 'Hard Times'. Nevertheless the hard facts of the case are that in England this group of universities supports about half the full time university student population—61.2 thousand out of 142 thousand students. If one adds the Scottish Universities which can truly be called civic (I'm thinking particularly of course, of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee) then more than half of the university population of England and Scotland are accounted for—87 thousand out of 171 thousand students. These are important universities, gentlemen; they range in size from over 2,000 up to 8,000 students and constitute the biggest centrally organised universities in the Country. The annual recurrent grant given to one of them by the Government may reach well over £5 millions. My own University of Sheffield receives an annual grant for recurrent expenditure—not for building—of over £3½ millions.

When one reads then so much about the new universities, it has to be realised that while they will be interesting experiments for many years and while they will have indeed an important role to play in the future development of the Country, it is to the Civic Universities that we shall have to look to carry the major portion of our university population.

The question of size brings me to the first of our problems.

Here I would like to say, one is always hoist with this petard of making up a title of a speech that one hasn't written many months in advance and the title chosen does seem an awful wishy-washy one. Perhaps I should have said, Civic Universities and their Challenges, and if I may change it, I will change it now. (Laughter) Since the War, our universities have had to meet a very large range of new student targets. Sheffield is the third university in which I have served and has had the terrible experience of breaking through what is termed, 'the five thousand barrier', we have gone through five thousand students. Each time, the Senate Room is littered with the dead bodies of those who would only let such a thing happen—over their lifeless corpses. (Laughter) It's always interesting and perhaps a relief, to see them walking about next day. (Laughter)

It is something I think of a revelation and perhaps a little of an indictment to us all, that there's been no university which has been able to work to a set figure of students in all the time since the end of the War. The sums that come from high places keep on changing. Sheffield University has gone from 2,500 to over 5,000 in the last ten years and it has been working on each occasion to a separate series of targets which have kept changing.

The chief point about this growth in numbers in a Civic University is basically the one of accommodation—where do you put the students?—they come from all over the World now. We have a very small proportion of students who live at home, unlike Glasgow University for example, which is (and I'd better be careful here) perhaps best known or is notorious for (depending on whether you come from Glasgow or Edinburgh) the fact that over 70 per cent of its students in fact live at home.

University administrators are now facing a challenge of how to accommodate our students. Those of you who have been to see modern universities will realise that we carry with us a large number of things called Halls of Residence. These have been built mostly since the War, largely by fine Architects but based on ideas of grandeur brought from Oxford or Cambridge by members of the staff. I think now-a-days, quite frankly, we are simply not going to be able to afford to put our students into that amount of luxury. When I was a student in a Hall of Residence I used to feel that when I went

home I was rather slumming it, because we didn't have a bathroom next door—I had to go downstairs. (Laughter)

We are now very concerned with the type of flexible accommodation we might be able to provide and would like to consider flats that students could look after themselves; we have some in Sheffield. We would like to think of the possibility of combined Halls of Residence for men and women and there is a very striking example of this—of all unlikely places—in Aberdeen. (Laughter) The point here is that fashions in these matters are moving faster than our building plans, due to a number of freezes or restraints or one thing or another. The University of Liverpool at the moment is undergoing a much slower process in building its Halls of Residence than it ever expected and consequently will slowly be building Halls of Residence for the next four or five years when what it really wants is a number of flexible flatlets. This is the continual pattern in universities; our plans are made, the money comes many years later by which time our thinking is that much further forward. The fashions in these matters are largely dictated by student responses and attitudes and that brings me to the next challenge; the student body.

It is a constant refrain of all ages that the young are not what they were. The truth is that indeed they aren't because they have become the sober, mature, responsible citizens that we all like to think ourselves. The students of today in fact are quite plainly and frankly, a very good bunch indeed. (Applause). They take a greater interest, a greater part in affairs than I certainly did as a student and I think there is a great deal to be said to their credit. I speak from one side of a big desk on the other side of which is a carpet on which is usually standing a student, and I must just make one or two points here about the problems we have to face.

I have already made it quite clear as to what I think of the students of today and that's good and to their credit, they question and are superficially much more confident than they used to be. More than that, they've been brought up in a society which is much more tolerant to teenagers than formerly, and finally, they come from a much wider range of homes where, putting it quite bluntly, the over-riding fact of a university education is an educational matter and as exemplified for me traditionally, by the attitude of Scottish homes to the lad of parts in the home, that attitude has I think grown considerably. Therefore while these students are

in the well known phrase *in statu pupillari* and the university authorities think of themselves as *in loco parentis*, our difficulty is that we're not just terribly sure what the parentis part means now-a-days; what would the parents like us to do? This does mean very often that the university authorities when faced with breaches of regulations such as, but not confined to, finding that someone hasn't been in a Hall of Residence when they should have been—we find ourselves a little bit lost to know what exactly would be the attitude of society and the parents themselves in this situation. We think we know—perhaps! but the student attitude and the parental attitude I think is very different.

In an urban and civic university there is one specific matter where we have to deal with students, and this is Rag Day, a day easily found in the calendar of any civic university. Just go into the Registrar's Department and you'll find everyone on their knees—we are at prayer. (Laughter) We do spend a great deal of our time trying to placate Chief Constables and surely-faced Sergeants and plead that these chaps are only doing this for the money and that they are a nice hearted bunch and they didn't really mean to squirt oil over Mrs. Broadbottom's coat and so on. (Laughter) Now I have moved to Sheffield, I have got rid of one problem which I wore like a cross for many years, during my time at Liverpool.

At Liverpool, you may have heard, there is a river—of a dull brown gravy-like consistency called the Mersey and this has on it floating a number of ferries which cross the Mersey, as I believe the popular song has it, and on Rag Day, they are a target for the Liverpool students and their associates. I used to spend two or three days after each Rag Day trying to placate irate ferry captains and the number of rum and black-currents that I consumed, and the number of yarns I had to listen to in soothing the tattooed arms of these brawny gents is something which I shall carry to whatever grave awaits me. This activity is a problem in relationship to the citizens of the town in which the university is placed and I think much responsible student opinion now feels that the old idea of an elite of students making merry in this way, perhaps has not got its place in modern society. I say this reluctantly because we all can enjoy this in some respects, but if all the Rags stopped, I know I'd be a much sweeter man to my wife. (Laughter)

There are other points connected with our urban situation.

We have to arrange our development plans looking on one side to the Government for money to build the buildings and at the other side to the civic authorities to find out whether or not they're going to drive a big main road through our Department of Chemistry and this does mean very often that we have to liaise very closely with them to make sure that we give them something back in return. There is always a simple solution in places like Liverpool and Sheffield—one just sidles up to Alderman This and Alderman That and says, have you heard that Leeds and Manchester are going to and one lets Northern civic pride do the rest. (Laughter)

To be serious, I would like to mention how I think the universities do contribute to the life of the cities in which they are placed. Most of us have flourishing extra mural departments and these classes, very often taken by universities teachers, are very much appreciated by the citizens. We also feel that as universities we can be cultural centres; we hold art exhibitions, we have concerts and so on and we believe as much as possible in intergrating all the facilities of the university with the City. Our Faculty of Medicine of course, has as its laboratory, the teaching hospital of the City, and this is not intended as a pun—they are very deeply embedded into the life of the City at one of its most important aspects.

Civic universities also are extremely well placed to make a vital link in this modern age between fundamental research as it is carried on in universities and industry. Here I'd like to pay tribute to the C.A.T.'s who are also extremely well placed to do this and are already showing signs of developing these links very much. Most of us who have anything to do with the education of young scientists and technologists are only too fully aware how very green and naive they can be after leaving four years in a laboratory and going out on to the shop floor. Most of us are trying very hard with our local industrial colleagues to arrange schemes whereby they will know a little more about what life is really like. At the same time, no university worth its salt would wish to turn itself into a research association for any particular group of industries; it is not right for us to do so. In civic universities there are of course obvious links. Leeds and Manchester have important departments of textiles and textile chemistry with important links with local textile industries. Birmingham, closely linked with precision engineering in the Midlands, specialises in control engineering and production engineering and we in

Sheffield have specialist departments in metallurgy, the theory of materials, materials technology and in glass, all closely linked with the industries around Sheffield.

I would like to point a moral about this question of fundamental research. When I was in the University of Manchester there was one specifically and rather useless section of a department of which we were almost inordinately proud and this was the department of crystallography. It nestled under the wing of Professor P. M. S. Blackett who is now just along the road here at Imperial College. As he was a specialist in nuclear physics, the few people who did crystallography sat quietly in a corner of the laboratory and did the Times crossword and made the cocoa or a few things of that sort and everyone said, oh yes, it's a little niche, let them get on with it, it's about as useful as Persian, and so it was left. Suddenly it was realised that in the question of miniaturisation and transistorisation that was going on, the crystal played some key role and they descended on that little corner of the laboratory like flies. They were looking for notes, looking for clues as to how they should do this or that—and here I think is the fundamental. Had the University been an industrial concern, that little section would have been closed as a useless activity but in the end, it turned out to be involved in something that was of national importance.

I'm aware that in the time at my disposal I have left untouched many fundamentals with which we are deeply concerned at the moment. How much should universities be accountable to Parliament? Most of us in the academic world are thinking of the Comptroller and Auditor General as somebody like the big bad wolf and we are defending our budgets and our books like any Dickensian hero in his little shop. We are also very concerned at the moment about the efficiency of universities, and if there is anyone here who can define how a university can be efficient, I would be delighted to learn.

We are trying, like some American universities, to work out some crude factor of how often are the lecture rooms filled and how many students seem to be awake, but this matter of efficiency is extremely difficult and perhaps frightening in its application. One can never be certain that some little thing said quietly in a seminar, may bear the sort of fruit even in another generation, which can confound all the efficiency experts in the World.

I can only say a little, particularly with the civic universities in mind, about the linking of universities that is likely to go on. The days when we could just establish new departments, introduce new subjects, has gone. It's no longer financially possible and most of us in the North are thinking of new teaching aids such as closed circuit television and also of deciding which individual universities will take certain subjects. In Sheffield, Hull and Leeds, we have a particularly interesting development of oriental studies. At Sheffield we do Japanese, at Leeds, Chinese and in Hull, South-east Asian studies—a sort of oriental triangle. Glasgow and Liverpool too are linking as centres of Latin American studies.

This is still a fundamental point that I would like to get over. No matter how much we are called upon as universities—and we expect to be called upon—to contribute immediately to society, our final debt is to the generation that have passed and have handed down their knowledge to us, and to the generations still to come.

Before I finish, I would like to quote what I think is a classic expression of what universities should be. Knowledge at the highest level is the domain of universities, their function is to preserve it, hand it on and expand it. This is inherent in their nature and confirmed by their history. The relative emphasis on these three aspects of their work as the handmaids of truth, has necessarily varied from age to age, for universities are part of the society in which they function and they are only viable if they respond in ways consonant with their nature to the implied needs and positive demands of changing cultural, social, economic and political environments. Wisdom they may foster but they cannot teach it and though not indifferent to the training of character, they must in the main regard it as a prior responsibility of home, church and school. The knowledge with which they are concerned is that which is ascertainable by human reason and observation. Prophecy and revelation are outside their orbit although theology is not. Their attitude is of necessity, critical, they tend to be radical rather than conservative; they are seminaries for new ideas and a sanctuary for unpopular opinion. Freedom of thought and expression is essential to their existence.

I'd make a final plea for my own type of university—the Red Brick, the White Tile, the Civic. It is a good thing, said the Dean of Harvard once, for a university to be in a strong urban environment. There is more of everything in a city that

a university needs to be concerned with, from art and commerce to disease and sin.

I hope that Members of the Caledonian Society of London will now look on the hulking 19th Century infant with a little more knowledge and I hope and trust, a little more sympathy; thank you. (Prolonged applause)

President Stewart Hunter thanked Mr. Currie for his erudite and instructive Sentiment which had stimulated all present and continued: It is extraordinary how these Ayrshire men have the ability to put their words together in such a lucid manner. You, Mr. Currie, are a very good example and I'm sure Ayrshire must be proud of you as one of her distinguished sons. (Applause) Members of the Society were now more knowledgeable particularly regarding the younger generation and their logical approach to problems which may be illustrated by the story of the lost child. A kindly policeman saw the little girl, all alone and very tearful. On enquiry, she answered that she had lost her Mummy while shopping. Why didn't you hold on to her hand, asked the policeman—she was carrying too many parcels answered the wee lassie. Surely you should have held on to her skirt then! I couldn't reach, was the reply. (Laughter)

The President's expression of thanks to the Giver of the Sentiment was warmly endorsed.

TOAST TO OUR GUESTS

Bro. Caledonian W. R. Crawford 'took' the audience from London W.8. to Nairobi, Kenya and ultimately to the Gorbals in illustration of different forms of hospitality, before extending the particular welcome to Guests of the Society. Amongst the Welcome Guests singled out for mention were Mr. Colin Larrance from the insurance field and Mr. Potter, Director of a publishing company and, of course, Mr. Currie whose Sentiment had been so enthusiastically received. As usual, with the large number of bankers in the membership, gentlemen involved in that profession were subjected to some appropriate quips. In reference to Mr. Frank W. Turner, Bro. Caledonian Crawford paid tribute to the gentleman who had agreed to respond on behalf of the Guests at extremely short notice and would no doubt be surprised to find that the Hon. Secretary had arranged to have his name substituted in the programme for the gentleman who unfortunately had to withdraw. Mr. Turner was Industrial and Economic Councillor for Quebec in London. Members responded with enthusiasm to the Toast of Our Guests.

WELCOME GUEST'S RESPONSE

Mr. Turner made no excuse for lack of time in preparation for his speech and it was very evident that no excuses were necessary as he proceeded to entertain Members and his fellow Guests with reminiscences linked with his speech. The links between Scotland and Canada needed no elaboration, said Mr. Turner, but they would be strengthened by the welcome which awaited—and would be arranged, for all who took advantage of the very low costs of travel to Canada to see for themselves EXPO 67.

In one of his stories, Mr. Turner called to mind the Scots Guard in the front line during the War who, at about midnight, was found standing with a lighted candle going up and down the seams of his kilt. Asked whether he had the death wish, he replied, no no, I'm just toasting the guests. (Laughter)

Mr. Turner's expression of thanks on behalf of all the Guests was warmly received and his speech, equally warmly appreciated.

President Stewart Hunter thanked Mr. Currie for his excellent Sentiment; Mr. Turner who had gallantly stepped into the breach and replied for the Guests; Mr. Kenneth Ross who, accompanied by our 'resident' pianist Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie had entertained the gathering with his singing of, 'Oh gin my love were yon red rose' and 'Westerling Home' and the Society's Officer, Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., for his accomplished piping of 'The Balmoral Highlands', 'Balmoral Castle', 'The Rejected Suitor' and 'Loch Duich'. The President's closing remarks were punctuated by enthusiastic applause after his reference to each of the gentlemen who had subscribed so much to such a memorable evening which then closed formally with the Society's Strathspey, Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

* * *

On Thursday, 16th March 1967, following the Council and General Meetings, President H. R. Stewart Hunter presided at the Little Dinner when the Duchess Suite of Kensington Palace Hotel, W.8, was filled to capacity by Members and friends. After submitting the Loyal Toasts, the President proceeded to welcome back the two gentlemen who would submit the Sentiment, and remarked: 'About two years ago, we had the great privilege, joy and pleasure of listening to two Doctors, W. G. Duncan Murray and Norman M. Grant, who entertained us in no uncertain fashion with their voices and at the piano in 'Sangs Me Mither Sang Tae Me'. Tonight we have them with us again and I'm sure that all of you who were with us on that previous occasion will welcome them with open arms and with very open ears. (Applause) I have the greatest pleasure in now inviting Doctors W. G. Duncan Murray and Norman M. Grant to give us their Sentiment.

* * *

Fellow Members and their most welcome Guests who were fortunate enough to be present on the previous occasion to which our President has referred, will readily recall the quality of singing by Dr. Duncan Murray, the piano accompaniment (and occasional vocal support) of Dr. Grant and the personalities of our Doctor friends. Such was their popularity yet again on this, their second visit, that numerous quips are lost for record purposes due to the laughter following the 'asides' and the prolonged applause following each song. Since it was not possible to reproduce the musical scores of the numerous songs in this volume, the writer has endeavoured—after many troubled nights—to record the words, and if there be differences of opinion as to the spelling, let it also be recorded that some differences remain as between the North East and the South West. It is regrettable that so much wit and fun in our friends' presentation could only be conveyed by a recording and the following must therefore suffice.

MORE TUNES IN MY HEAD

Mr. President and gentlemen, I thank you for your welcome and for your hospitality. My colleague and I have enjoyed ourselves and are interested and very pleased to return to you to present a Sentiment in music about music.

Some time ago I made a submission to this very assembly that our musical heritage could stand up to present-day standards in terms of melody and of musical harmony. For that submission I gave the title, 'Sangs Ma Mither Sang Tae Me', and Norman Grant and I presented then some personal reminiscences of our own musical heritage and illustrated this with samples of tunes and songs from various parts of Scotland. At the end of that evening, a well-travelled Member approached me and said of our presentation, 'that was quite good'. Coming from a fellow Scot—that was praise indeed—I think! (Laughter) However, he went on to congratulate us for demonstrating that our musical interest was not rigidly confined to Scotland. He had been used to too much scotticisms overseas from types more Scottish than the Scots and reacted to his experience.

That then is my introduction to my submission to your Society tonight—More Tunes in my Head—and in this Sentiment, I wish to present to you an idea in terms of musical heritage that not only are we Scots, and rightly proud of it; we are also Britons; we are Europeans; we are citizens of the World. Thus our early musical environment is increasingly widening away from the local to national and even to international influences, as technology has given us radio, television and musical reproduction on discs and tapes.

Our musical knowledge and experience is derived from quite a number of sources in our early and even in our late environment, and quite an important one to which I referred last time is, of course, the church—the common christening hymn, and certainly my favourite—Belmont:

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Another family source, of course, was the musical evening. Speaking of this during Dinner, we were saying that there are not many families around now who have musical evenings, but in our early days we would listen in our bedroom upstairs, while the grown-ups produced their music downstairs in the front room; and later, as we grew up, we might be allowed to sit round the fire instead of listening from a distance. Uncle Bill would have played his party-piece on the fiddle—the Bonnie Lass O' Bon Accord—with all the variations; then Uncle Charlie would give a rousing baritone ballad—Friend O' Mine:

When you are happy Friend o' Mine and all your skies are blue;
 Tell me your luck, your fortune fine and let me laugh with you;
 Am I not yours for weal or woe, how else can friends prove true;
 Tell me what breaks and brings you low and let me stand
 with you.

So when the night falls tremulous, when the last lamp burns low;
 And one of us, or both of us, the long lone road must go:
 Look with your dear old eyes in mine, give me a hand-shake true;
 Whatever fate our souls await, Let me be there; let me be there,
 Let me be there, with you.

As we became older, we would be taken out to the theatre or music hall—in my own time, the Tivoli down by the Station. The plush red curtains would open for the second half; the big Scots baritone would raise his head high while the orchestra played the introduction:

Hail Caledonia, land of my childhood,
 Home of my birth so radiant and fair;
 Though I have roamed through the world and its beauties,
 Nowhere on earth with thee can compare:
 Thou art majestic and regal in splendour,
 Thou art the land of the gallant and the free,
 Lassies wi' hearts aye sae true and sae tender,
 Hail Caledonia, how I love thee.

Let the Irish sing of their emerald isle
 Where the four-leaved shamrock grows,
 Let the English praise their valleys and braes
 And the bonnie blooming rose;
 But give me the land of the heather and the kilt,
 The mountains and the rivers:
 For the blood leaps in my veins when I hear the
 bagpipe strains,
 Scotland, dear auld Scotland, for ever.

As we became older, musical shows like Quaker Girl, White Horse Inn or even Oklahoma, would be recalled on gramophone records or tape recorded. One well-known song from a very happy show is of course *Leontopodium Alpinum*, perhaps better known as:

Edelweiss, Edelweiss, every morning you greet me;
 Small and white, clean and bright,
 You look happy to meet me;
 Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow,
 Bloom and grow for ever;
 Edelweiss, Edelweiss, bless my homeland for ever;
 Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow,
 Bloom and grow for ever;
 Edelweiss, Edelweiss, bless my homeland for ever.

Leaving the four broad sources of our influences of music and harmony, I would now like to recall for your entertainment, and perhaps our own personal pleasure, a tune or two from my head with special sentimental meanings for us. I am taking these under broad groups of Scots songs, students songs, international songs and personal, but obviously, all are flavoured with my own experiences and favourites.

There are many very old Scots songs that were collected by people like Alan Ramsay in 1724 and published in various selections. Many years ago, Ian Whyte, late Conductor of the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, arranged a special accompaniment for some of these songs and I was asked to sing them in a programme. I had to hunt back into the original books—in the Library of Kings College, Aberdeen,—to discover for myself, these early Scots songs and one I recall of that time was, 'The Lass of Patie's Mill'.

The lass of Patie's mill, sae bonnie, blythe and gay;
 In spite of a' my skill, she stole my heart away.
 When teddin' o' the hay, bareheaded on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play and wanton'd in her e'en.
 O' had I a' the wealth, Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd lang life and health and pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil that nane but bonnie she,
 The lass of Patie's mill should share the same wi' me.

There is argument about where this Patie's Mill was situated, although as every good Scot knows, there's always one in the North East and one in the South West. However, there is no argument about the location of this Edinburgh landmark called the Bonnie Wells O' Wearie where the lassies bleached their claes.

Come let us climb auld Arthur's seat
 When summer flow'rs 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,
 When bonnie lassies bleach their claes
 Beside the Wells O' Wearie.

(Chorus)

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 patriot sangs
 Beside the Wells O' Wearie.

A great number of Scots tunes have had new words and even old words applied to them. In the last fifteen years there has been an outbreak of putting words to old pipe tunes and while recalling, 'Auntie Mary had a canary . . .' (laughter) the best known of this type is, 'Scotland the Brave'.

Hark when the night is falling,
 Hear! hear, the pipes are calling,
 Loudly and proudly calling down thro' the glen;
 There where the hills are sleeping,
 Now feel the blood a-leaping
 High as the spirits of the old Highland men.

Tow'ring in gallant fame, Scotland, my mountain hame,
 High may your proud standards gloriously wave.
 Land of my high endeavour, land of the shining river,
 Land of my heart forever, Scotland the Brave!

You may remember that I was only able to give a short reference to lullabies in my last Sentiment and pointed out, that by slowing down the melody of the 'Ball of Kirriemuir', we have 'Castles in the Air'. The same melody was also used as the background to romantic verses, with a bubbly setting, such as, 'Cuddle Doon'

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' muckle faught an' din;
 "O' try an' sleep, ye waukerife rogues,
 Your faither's comin' in:"
 They never heed a word I speak;
 I try to gie a froon,
 But aye I hap them up an' say
 "O' bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid,
 He aye sleeps next the wa',
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece,"
 The rascal starts them a',
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
 They stop a wee the soun',
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
 "Now weanies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
 An' as he sneaks the door,
 They turn their faces tae the wa',
 While Tam pretends tae snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been guid?" he asks
 As he puts off his shoon:
 "The bairnies, John, are a' in bed
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel's,
 We look at oor wee lambs;
 Tam has his airm roon' wee Rab's neck,
 An' Rab his airm roon' Tam's.
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon,
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "O' bairnies, cuddle doon."

Scottish students have a reasonable heritage of songs, basically leisure songs; some originals remain but many have been altered over the years although the changing words have not always appeared in print. One particular Scottish students' song I would like to give you is 'The Massacre of MacPherson'.

Oh! Ta Fhairson swore a feud against ta clan MacTavish,
 Marched into their land to murder and to ravish;
 For he did resolve to extirpate ta fipers,
 With four and twenty men and five and thirty pipers, Oh!

(Chorus)

Cha-ah-ah-ah-ah; Cha-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah;
 Cha-ah-ah-ah, and that's the Gaelic chorus.

In this fery way tied ta faliant Fhairson,
 Who was always thought a most superior person.
 Fhairson had a son who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta Flood by trinking up ta water, Oh!

Which he would have done—I, at least believe it—
 Had ta mixture peen only half Glenlivet:
 That is all my tale; sirs; I hope 'tis new t'ye;
 Here's your fery coot healths, and tam ta whusky tuty, Oh!

Another, somewhat macabre little ditty is, 'The Innocent Laddie'.

One evening in summer, as daylight was fading,
 Way down by the river I wandered alone;
 I met an old man who was weeping and wailing
 For somebody's baby that was not his own.

(Chorus)

Hey Ho, baby lie easy, your true daddy will never be home;
 There'll be weeping and wailing and rockin' the cradle
 For somebody's baby that was not your own.

'Twas there every night for a ball or a party
 She left me a-rockin' the cradle alone;
 Poor innocent laddie, he thinks I'm his daddy,
 But little he knows that I'm not his own.

Now all you young fellows who're thinking of marrying,
 Just take my advice and leave women alone;
 For by the Lord Harry, if ever you marry,
 She'll bring you a baby and swear it's your own.

There are of course, many well-known melodies that can and have had new words from time to time, as can be illustrated by Rugby Clubs, Scout Jamborees and the like, and the next song is in this category:

What's the use of shirts of cotton,
 Studs that always get forgotten?
 These affairs are simply rotten,
 Better far is Woad.
 Woad's the stuff to show men;
 Woad to scare your foemen;
 Boil it to a brilliant hue
 And rub it on your back and your abdomen.
 Ancient Britons never hit on
 Anything as good as Woad to fit on,
 Necks or knees, or where you sit on—
 Tailors, you be blowed!

I've merely used that song as the means of moving from Scottish material via Men of Harlech and Wales, to consider the international tunes and melodies which we have in our heads but, let's face it; there are many melodies which are not songs in our heads. How can anyone sing the 'Unfinished Symphony' or 'Moonlight Sonata'? (Much to the enjoyment of the company, Dr. Norman Grant at the piano, gave a short excerpt which illustrated Dr. Duncan Murray's comment—and incidentally, gave Dr. Murray an opportunity of adjusting his somewhat precarious position on a high stool and a brief pause in his vocal Sentiment.)

We Scots have a great affinity for Norway; its mountains and its people. I had the good fortune to be taught my basic Norwegian by a fine blonde, high on the mountains of Norway—probably my best Norwegian—'Jeg elsker die' and how simple, 'I Love You'. It is easy to consider a chap called Greig whose grandfather may have come from North East Scotland, giving us such melodies as 'Jeg Elskerdie' or 'Ich Liebe Dich':

Du mein Gedanke, Due mein Sein und Werden,

Du meines Herzens erste Seeligkeit.

Ich liebe Dich, wie nichts auf dieser Erden,

Ich liebe Dich, ich liebe Dich.

Ich liebe Dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit.

Ich liebe Dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit.

Ich denke Dein kann stets nur Deiner denken.

Nur Deinem Glueck ist dieses Herz geweiht.

Wie Gott auch mag des Lebens Schicksal lanken.

Ich liebe Dich, ich liebe Dich,

Ich liebe Dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit,

Ich liebe Dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit.

For the sake of balance—of E.F.T.A., the Common Market and all that—we must give you something to celebrate the Franco-Scottish alliance, and surely even Mon General would find favour in 'Plaisir d'Amour':

Plaisir d'amour, n'e dure qu'un moment;

Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

J'ai tout quit ne pour l'ingrate Sylvie,

Elle ne quitre et prend un autre amant:

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,

Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Moving to another Continent, we have a folk song with a food sound—not our own oatcakes but another called 'Shortening Bread':

Put on the skillet, put on the lead,
 Mama's gonna make a little shortening bread.
 That aint all she gonna do,
 Mama's gonna make a little coffee too.

(Chorus)

Mama's little babies loves shortening, shortening,
 Mama's little babies loves shortening bread. (Repeat)

Three little darkies lying in bed,
 Two was sick and the other most dead,
 Send for de doctor, de doctor said,
 "Feed those little darkies on shortening bread."

To move further east with the sun to the land of the
 Mikado; although this is really cheating:

On a tree by a river, a little Tom Tit
 Sang willow, tit-willow, tit-willow;
 And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
 Singing willow, tit-willow, tit-willow;
 Is it weakness of intellect birdie, I cried,
 Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
 With a shake of his poor little head, he replied,
 "Tit-willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

In the category of personal songs and when it comes to folk
 songs, or soft and cuddly love songs, there's none to beat our
 own Scottish songs from our own Scots Bard:

Let kings and courtiers rise an' fa',
 This world has mony turns;
 But brightly beams aboon them a'
 The Star o' Rabbie Burns.

He didn't of course write that but I would give you two of
 his own songs and he had quite a reputation had our Rabbie;
 a good earthy reputation, particularly in harvest-time; among
 the rigs o' barley:

It was upon a Lammas night when corn rigs
 are bonnie, O'
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light, I held
 awa' wi' Annie, O'.
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed, till 'tween
 the late an' early O',
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed to see me
 thro' the barley, O'.

(Chorus)

Corn rigs and barley rigs; corn rigs are
 bonnie, O';
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night among the
 rigs wi' Annie, O'.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear; I hae
 been merry drinking, O';
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; I hae been
 happy thinking, O';
 But a' the pleasure e'er I saw tho' three times
 doubled fairly, O';
 That happy night was worth then a', amang
 the rigs o' barley, O'.

There were songs Burns wrote for girls to sing, and I make
 due apology for 'stealing' this opportunity to sing for you,
 'Somebody':

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake o' somebody!
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not?
 For the sake o' somebody!

I have already mentioned the music hall and on the previous occasion gave mention to Sir Harry Lauder and to Harry Gordon, but now I'd like to include Will Fife:

I'm ninety-four this mornin'
 Aye I'm ninety-four the day;
 I'm nae sae young as I used tae be,
 I'm gettin' auld an' grey;
 But my heart is young, and I'm fond o' fun
 And I'm very proud to say
 That I'm gettin' married on Thursday
 Tho' I'm ninety-four today.

As a North-east Scot, I was brought up on bothy ballads and cornkisters and here's one, so the inclusion of this will come as no surprise, 'The Barn-Yards o' Delgaty':

Noo I gaed doon tae Turra Merkat,
 Turra Merkat for tae fee:
 An' I fell in wi' a fairmer chiel
 Frae the barn-yards o' Delgaty.

(Chorus)

Linten-adie, toorin-adie linten-adie, toorin'ee,
 Linten, lowerin', lowerin', lowerin',
 Linten, lowerin', lowerin', lee.

Lang Meg Scott she makes ma brose,
 Noo it's wi' her I canna gree;
 First a knott an syne a mott,
 An aye the tither julp o' bree.

The candle noo it is brunt oot,
 The snotter's fairly on the wane;
 Sae fare ye weel ye barn-yards,
 Ye'll niver catch me here again.

You may remember McGinty's Meal and Ale—where the pig went on the spree. I present to you now a companion song about McFarlane, again by George Thomson, 'O' The Sproats O' Burnieboosie':

Afore that I'd be tyraneesed as I this while hae been,
 I'd rather rin frae here tae Birse wi' peas in baith my shoon;
 And it's a' because McFarlane mairrit Susie.
 Susie's kankered faither, wi' mine could niver 'gree,
 And aye when I'd gang ower that gait, he'd set his dog at me;
 So I sent me frien' McFarlane roon tae see whit he could dae,
 McFarlane o' the Sproats o' Burnieboosie.

(Chorus)

I dinna like McFarlane, I'm safe enough to state,
 His lug wad cast a shadow ower a sax-fit gate;
 He's saft as ony goblin and as sliddery as a skate,
 McFarlane o' the Sproats o' Burnieboosie.

McFarlane spak nae wird for me, but plenty for himsel',
 He reesed the lassie's barley scones, her kebbuck and her kail,
 Till her faither cried oot, "Sprotty man, ye should try y're
 luck yersel' ",
 Tae McFarlane o' the Sproats o' Burnieboosie.
 Tho' McFarlane is the grimmest chiel for twenty miles aroon,
 Tho' they put his photograph tae fleg the rottens frae
 the toon;
 He kittled up his spunk at this and speered gin she'd come doon
 And be the Mistress o' the Sproats o' Burnieboosie.

(Chorus)

I dinna like McFarlane, I tell ye it's a fac';
 He's a nose for splittin' hailstones and a humpy back;
 He's legs like guttaperka—ilka step his knees gang crack,
 McFarlane o' the Sproats o' Burnieboosie.

O' the dirl o' the teethache's nae particularly sweet,
 But loves the only pain on earth that ever gart me greet;
 It's like kittly chilblains roon y're heart instead o' on y're feet,
 They were aggravated wi' the sicht o' Susie.
 Noo friens and kind philosophers, ye've heard what me befell,
 Ne'er lippen tae the middleman, but dae the wark yersel'
 Or I'll bet ma hindmost sarket ye're a day ahint the market,
 As when I sent Jock McFarlane roon tae Susie.

(Chorus)

I dinna like McFarlane, I'm fairly aff o' Jock,
 I dinna like McFarlane nor McFarlane's folk;
 May his Susie be nae turtle but bring the tangs an' spurtle
 Doon ower the heid o' Jock o' Burnieboosie.

Looking round, as a race there are none better than the
 Scots to turn the heart to the sadness of parting. There are
 many songs we might have included such as the 'Four Marys',
 'Will Ye No Come Back Again' and so on, but we must draw
 to a close—to 'My Ain Folk';

Far frae my hame I've wandered, but still my thoughts return
 To my ain folk ower yonder, in the sheilin by the burn;
 I see the cosy ingle and the mist aboon the brae,
 Any joy and sadness mingle as I list some auld world lay.
 And it is o' but I'm longing for my ain folk,
 Tho' they be but lowly, poor and plain folk,
 I am far beyond the sea, yet my heart will ever be
 Back hame in dear auld Scotland wi' my ain folk.

And now, Norman and I must hold away home, 'Far Ayont
 Benachie':

Far ayont Benachie

See the red skies o' gloaming
 Hae blown like a rose and are fadin' awa :
 The day it is deen and the evenin' is coming,
 It's hame and guid nicht noo for ane an' for a'.
 It's hame and guid nicht, it's hame and guid nicht,
 It's hame and guid nicht noo for ane an' for a'.

Tho' our joys like the hours are aye fadin' and fleetin',
 Yet often shall memory this vision reca',
 And hope dream o' mony anither blithe meetin',
 It's hame and guid nicht noo for ane an' for a':
 It's hame and guid nicht, it's hame and guid nicht,
 It's hame and guid nicht noo, for ane an' for a':
 Guid nicht,—guid nicht.

President Stewart Hunter was obliged to wait until the enthusiastic applause of the gathering had diminished to the point where he could be heard, before addressing himself to the company and to Doctors Duncan Murray and Norman Grant in particular, in these words, 'No words of mine could in any way match your own eloquence, therefore there is little more to be said except a very sincere and warm thank you. (Applause) Should you be around this way in about another eighteen months to two years time, we'll give you the same welcome.' (Renewed applause)

Following the Interval, Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. provided his normal high standard in his piping selection which, on this occasion, was, 'The Paps of Glencoe', 'The Piper's Bonnet,' 'Pretty Marion' and 'The Isle of Heather' and duly disposed of his dram from the quaiach offered by the President.

OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

The Hon. Historian, Bro. Caledonian Robert Leitch was entrusted with the honour of extending the Society's welcome and proposing the Toast, 'Our Guests.' In his submission, Bro. Caledonian Leitch emphasised that the presence of guests was indispensable in the pursuit of one of the Society's main objectives; in the promotion of good fellowship. To a very considerable extent, the good fellowship this evening had been engendered by the entertainment so warmly provided by Doctors Duncan Murray and Norman Grant. (Applause) At our meeting in February 1965, our medical friends gave us a memorable evening and at that time, a somewhat unusual Sentiment. The enthusiastic response to their entertainment tonight must leave our friends in no doubt as to the warmth of their welcome or of the gratitude of all who were privileged to be present.

Dr. Duncan Murray was a graduate of Aberdeen University, then at Aberdeen Royal Infirmary before involvement in general practice for some nine years. His present appointment is one which would doubtless appeal to a great many Members—with the Distiller's Company, but I hasten to add, as principal medical officer. Dr. Norman Grant is in private practice and in view of the vast amount of paper work which is so time-consuming these days, he might be interested in a procedure when dealing with a lady patient in the early days of 'that interesting condition.' The doctor selects a particular rubber stamp and, after corroboratory examination, simply smacks it on the patient's abdomen. The lady, unable to satisfy her curiosity—even with the aid of mirrors, has to rely on her Husband's help later, but the print is too small to be legible to him. Ingenious as husbands can be in such circumstances, he finds the means of deciphering and reads to his wife, 'Rush your wife to hospital when you can read this WITH-OUT a magnifying glass.' (Laughter) Gentlemen, I express the hope that there are many more tunes in your heads which we may hear before too long. (Applause)

We welcome Mr. William T. Hunter, M.B.E., not only for the pleasure of his company but by reason of the fact that he and his wife responded to the Toast of Our Guests at our Ladies Festival in 1965. It is also a great pleasure to have Sir Tom O'Brien with us. Sir Tom

is a Past President of the Trades Union Congress and his dedication to the principles which have governed his long involvement in the Trades Union movement, is a quality which must commend him to this company.

We are fortunate in having with us Mr. John L. Bowron, LL.B. who has undertaken to respond to this Toast. Mr. Bowron is a Past President of Worthing Law Society and for some years was Deputy Coroner at Worthing. One thing that puzzles me is the use of the word Solicitor, when one of the several things a Solicitor may not do, is to solicit; however, never let us under-estimate the Solicitor, or the Lawyer—he can be relied on to find a difficulty for every solution. Never let it be said that in submitting this particular Toast, we fail to provide ammunition for the response. (Laughter)

The Toast was honoured in traditional manner and in his introduction of Mr. Bowron the President remarked, alluding to the top table, 'from unions to the board room, with music while you work.'

HUMOUR FROM THE BARRISTER

Mr. John L. Bowron, LL.B. commented on the difficulties which he had experienced in arriving just in time, due to a particular delay on his railway journey from the South Coast. Mr. Bowron continued; I was held captive by a breakdown on British Railways. I notice you fellows make a song and dance of us calling many things English which you think should be British, but you'd gladly let us call British Railways English. (Laughter)

After my tribulations and on arrival here I was most disappointed. I had looked forward to seeing a lot of big—hair—ignorant (Laughter) . . . and as for costume—most disappointing. With all your banks and braes, the only association seems to be with the banks—and those of Lombard Street, judging by the company. (Laughter)

Your Historian indulged in some esoteric comments about 'stuff' etc. when referring to my profession and that of my wife. My wife has not 'taken silk,' she hasn't even taken nylon. I'm happy to say that ever since our first child was born, my wife has been entirely without 'briefs' (Laughter)—I always said it would make life so much easier for me—professionally, (Laughter).

After entertaining his audience with several legal reminiscences (some of which were probably apocryphal), Mr. Bowron continued: it is a good thing there is a body of men in London who feel bound together by a love of their native land—even if not enough to live in it! (Laughter); to meet together like this evening and have the courtesy to invite friends to share their pleasure. Thank you Mr. President and gentlemen for the warmth of your greeting and your generosity; your guests have had a lovely time. (Applause)

THE HON. OFFICE BEARERS

President H. R. Stewart Hunter, referring to Mr. Bowron's speech mentioned the stage expression, 'follow that' and continued; I do follow, with a certain amount of trepidation but it is my great pleasure and privilege to come to this annual occasion when the President gives due honour to the Hon. Office Bearers of the Society.

I'm going to start in the reverse order to that used in our records; first the Society's Officer, Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. He does his work with unobtrusive and respectful efficiency and I'm sure all Members of the Society appreciate the way he quietly does everything he is required to do on an evening such as this. (Applause) He has been ill for some time, although you wouldn't think so to look at him and he has had the determination to follow his doctor's orders. I look forward to abandoning ginger ale for Robbie's toast and look forward to our Ladies Night when I sincerely hope to fill his quail with a proper dram.

We come now to our Hon. Historian, Bro. Caledonian Robert Leitch. (Applause) Now he has followed in the very great tradition of Historians of this Society and he has undertaken a tremendous job. For those of our guests who do not know, we have Chronicles of this Society which certainly since the early 1920's faithfully record every meeting of the Society, while the whole record of the Society is printed in the Chronicles as from our formation in 1837. I assure you that the reading of these is most interesting. Bro. Caledonian Robert Leitch has the great task of ensuring that this and all other evenings' proceedings are noted, edited and faithfully recorded for posterity. From my own experience I can warn future Presidents that our Hon. Historian will chase you and worry you until you have produced a potted history of your life—to date—for inclusion in the Chronicles but you won't know how much or how little he will actually print. (Laughter)

Our Hon. Auditor, Bro. Caledonian James H. Robertson, C.A. is a backroom boy, if I may use such a title for a Life Member, who goes about his duties quietly and efficiently. His work is not tangible but nevertheless he is one of the Members who sees that the Society's affairs are right.

Next in the order which I have adopted—the Hon. Treasurer, and here I have to thank two Members. This is not to suggest that we don't trust our Treasurers to the extent that we must have two. It just so happens that the office of Vice President vacated by the resignation of Bro. Caledonian A. R. C. Fleming, F.C.A. on the grounds of ill health, was filled by the elevation of Bro. Caledonian R. Y. Kennedy, C.A., at that time our Hon. Treasurer. Bro. Caledonian John A. D. Paton, C.A. was invited and kindly undertook the duties of Hon. Treasurer of the Society. To both Members who deal with financial affairs for the Society, our thanks and I'm sure that Bro. Caledonian Paton will follow in the strong line of Hon. Treasurers of our Society. (Applause)

Now, our Hon. Secretary, Bro. Caledonian George Deans. (Applause) When I came into the Chair, I decided that it would be a very good idea to see that I was on the right side of our Hon. Secretary. Despite the fact that my good intentions were thwarted by my bad choice of the one day in the week when my golf club at West Sussex put on snacks in the bar, instead of its well renowned cuisine and that we managed only seven holes before the heavens opened and left us droukit, our friendship has survived that experience and has remained since.

Bro. Caledonian Deans is a man of many parts. As you all know—or Members certainly should know, George Deans is Secretary of the

Royal Caledonian Schools and I may say he is no mean artist, he is a painter and I look forward to the day when I have one of his paintings on my wall so that I may tell my grandchildren—in due course, that that is a George Deans and I would say that some of his work is worthy of such comment.

None of us, Bro. Caledonian Deans, would ever take umbrage at how you sometimes treat us; we are all too well aware of your determination to maintain the high traditions of our Society and if you are short, sharp, to the point, call a spade a spade, I think is a very good thing for the Society and we'd be much the poorer without your drive. I can assure you gentlemen that the guidance that the Hon. Secretary gives to the Presidents of the Society, helps make their term of office a very smooth one.

To all you Hon. Office Bearers of the Caledonian Society of London, the Members of the Society give you their grateful thanks and we trust that you will hold the principles and future of the Society warmly in your hands; that you will nurture it and that we shall continue to look forward although from time to time looking back for the inspiration of our predecessors.

On the President's call, the Toast was honoured with acclamation.

HON. SECRETARY REPLIES FOR OFFICE BEARERS

Bro. Caledonian George Deans referred to the late Past President William Dalgarno in his opening remarks. Willie once said—and he was one of those people who was bald as a coot—'I'm going to let my hair down tonight!' (Laughter)

You have been very kind to us Mr. President and I must say that from here—and on this occasion—all of you Members look quite different. I've often imagined you as having very angular profiles, little horns protruding from the forehead and tails at the rear but that vision, or nightmare, tends to fade when as on this evening most of you have been extremely kind and co-operative.

This task has fallen—or perhaps been left to me so often that it is difficult to respond adequately when addressing oneself to—a conglomeration of Scots, if you like, representative not only of bankers but of other dubious callings (Laughter) Duncan Murray has of course convinced one of the humour of the North East and I'd be the first to admit that you've got to have a strong sense of humour to live there (Laughter)

Then there is of course our Edinburgh contingent (partisan response), Edinburgh with its lovely Castle, beautiful Princes Street and all those famous stores keeping up appearances—world famous Scottish stores—such as Woolworths. (Laughter) To me, Edinburgh has two particular attractions; the one o'clock gun from the ramparts of the Castle and the one o'clock train out of Waverley Station for Glasgow (more partisan responses)

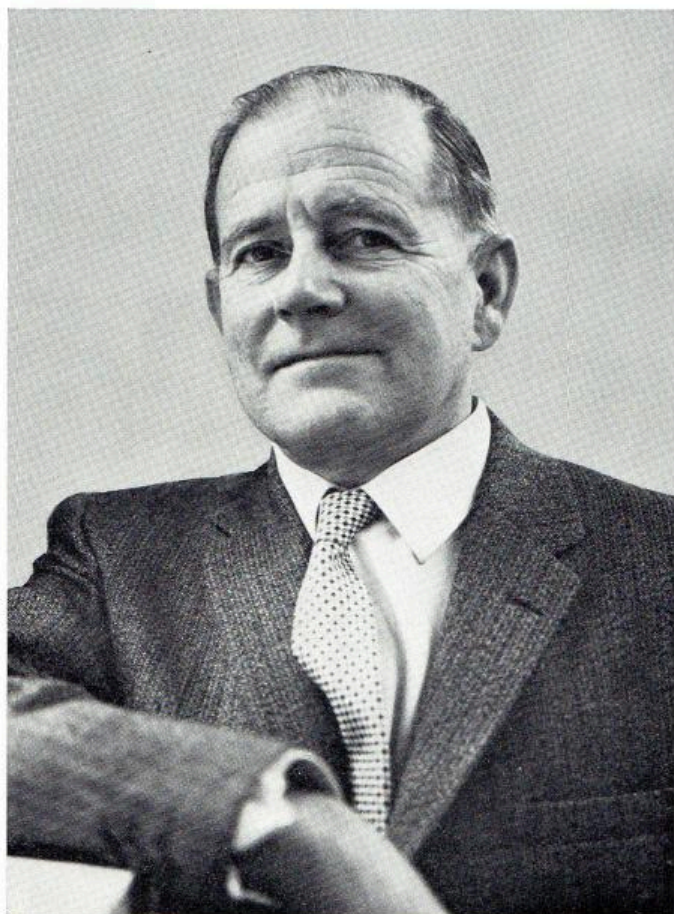
Glasgow I have spoken about before now but I would remind you of the flower o' them a'—Paisley(!)—that beautiful town with its beautiful surroundings, beside the silver river—with the salmon leaping (Laughter)—between splashes of grey—and yellow—and blue—from the dye-works. (Laughter) Paisley can of course boast of many

famous sons not the least of whom was Robert Tannahill whose Bonnie Wee Well on the Briest o' the Brae, up past the Sheilin on the Gleniffer Braes is situated in a position which offers a truly magnificent panorama across the valley with the head and shoulders of Ben Lomond standing proud beyond the nearer Kilpatrick Hills north of the Clyde. Time, and modesty of course, prevents me from naming two more of Paisley's sons who happen to be Office Bearers, (Laughter) but the South West is well to the fore as two more of our Office Bearers hail from Ayr. I need say little of the town of Ayr; Robert Burns said it all before I had the chance. (Laughter)

Mr. President, I would express thanks on behalf of all of the Office Bearers for your kind and encouraging remarks which will help to sustain us all during the ensuing year. (Applause)

President Stewart Hunter thanked all who had participated in this most enjoyable function and following the Society's Strathspey, announced that Doctors Duncan Murray and Norman Grant would each sing a verse of Auld Lang Syne.

A memorable Little Dinner ended with the singing of the National Anthem following Auld Lang Syne.



GEORGE DEANS
Honorary Secretary, 1960—

HONORARY SECRETARY

The reader of these Chronicles has, if he or she has read this Volume chronologically, probably formed a mental picture of our Bro. Caledonian George Deans on whose shoulders has fallen the responsibility of ensuring the smooth running of our Society as Honorary Secretary since 1960.

To illustrate that (to use George Dean's own words included in this Volume) Bro. Caledonians do not all have 'very angular profiles, little horns protruding from the forehead and tails at the rear,' a photograph of our worthy Hon. Secretary is reproduced opposite. It is regrettable that there is no photographic proof of the existence of a tail!

Such are the references throughout our dinners and included at least in part in these Chronicles that it is only just, that you should see that George Deans is really a considerate, tolerant, unflappable Scot and George would be the last to claim that these and his other qualities of perseverance when faced with apathy, or the need to add authority to his powers of persuasion are exclusive characteristics of a Paisley 'Buddie'.

His energetic pursuit of the objects of our Society and jealous regard for its institutions and traditions, ensure the continuity and progress of the Caledonian Society of London.

Bro. Caledonian Deans is identified with the Royal Caledonian Schools of which he is Secretary and his dedication in that post together with his involvement in so very many other Scottish affairs, is so extensive that details must await a further Volume of our Chronicles.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL 1967

On Thursday 20th April, 1967, President H. R. Stewart Hunter with his wife received over two hundred Members and Guests at the Kensington Palace Hotel, London, W.8. The largest banqueting hall in the establishment was at capacity.

Following the Loyal Toasts, Miss Elizabeth Seton accompanied at the piano by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., entertained the Company with her singing of 'The Whistle' and 'Tam Glen'.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON

To President Stewart Hunter fell the honour of submitting the Toast, 'The Caledonian Society of London' which he now did in these words:

At our meeting—or Little Dinner—on Thursday 17th February, 1966, Members and their gentlemen guests heard and saw a Sentiment given by Mr. J. H. Mackay Whitton who spoke to us on how to address a company and kept us in fits of laughter not only by his speech but also by the numerous illustrations of what not to do. I'm terrified, as Mr. Mackay Whitton is in this audience and I'm certain that if I get myself into an odd position or start taking my chair around the room due to nervousness, he will gently if positively steer me back to the position from which I should not have wandered. (Laughter)

It is the custom for the President to give this Toast although it has not always been so. Many years ago there was a distinguished gentleman, who was not a Member, who gave a much too convivial toast and the elders of the Society thereupon decided that this task would be given by the President who no doubt was adjudged to be an upstanding, righteous and sober gentleman. (Laughter)

This Toast is not—'here's tae us, wha's like us; Deil's the yin, they're a' deed'; it's really an intimation to you our Guests, of what this Society is all about. I think also, to the Members of the Society, it is a reminder of who we are and what we do or should do as good Caledonians of our Society. It is difficult to confine my remarks because we have a long and distinguished history so I will present a few important facts and little tit-bits here and there.

Some 170 years ago, there were three Scottish Societies in London; The Highland Society founded in 1778, the Club of True Highlanders extant in 1787 (referred to incidentally in letters to Robert Burns) and also the Society of Ancient Caledonians. At the time of our formation in 1837, the Society of Ancient Caledonians had ceased to exist and I understand that the Club of True Highlanders is no longer with us but the Highland Society is active. In our early records there is a report from *The Morning Advertiser* of 1853 giving a precis of a conversazione held at the house of Mr. Robert Hepburn, one of our founders. During dinner and no doubt afterwards, discussion turned to the need for another society which might have similar objects to those of the Highland Society and the Society of True Highlanders but with membership open to that class called 'the middle'; (Laughter) a Society open to all men from all parts of Scotland, in fact a really Scottish Institution.

Another account is that Lowlanders were getting tired of dining with Highlanders and as they weren't eligible for admission to Highland societies, they decided to form their own, albeit they had Highland leanings and supported the dress of old Gaul. Whatever the true account, our Society was founded in 1837 and it is interesting to note that it was conceived at the end of the reign of William IV and born when Queen Victoria came to the throne.

The objects of our Society in respect of benevolent works are concentrated in works for the Royal Caledonian Schools and the Royal Scottish Corporation and collectively, the amount raised by Members of this Society for the benefit of these two charities amounted to over two and a half thousand pounds in the last year. In addition to the financial side, many of our Members are Life Managing Governors of the Corporation or Life Directors of the Schools and quite a number are both. In addition, many of our Members are actively engaged as elected members to the administrative committees of our charities.

The ninth Volume of our Chronicles is now being produced by our Hon. Historian and apart from the general historical interest of these Volumes, it is most interesting to read the little snippets. For example, in 1845 Colonel Burns, son of Robert Burns, attended a meeting of this Society and was so enamoured of the conviviality of the evening that he gave a wonderful rendering of one of his Father's songs, 'Of a' the airts wind can blow'. In 1863, two years before his death, Lord Palmerston gave the very address that I am now giving. In the early 1840's ladies were first seen at our gatherings and it is accredited to this Society that we started the fashion or honour.

The Caledonian Honours, you've seen tonight. The earliest record we have is about 1894 although we know that something of this order was practiced prior to that date but probably in the more true Highland Honours tradition of the left foot on the chair and the right foot on the table etc.

The Strathspey which you will hear at the end of this evenings proceedings was first played to the Society in 1870 by the Personal Piper to Queen Victoria. You will this evening hear yet again a personal piper to a Queen; Pipe Major L. V. N. de Laspee of the London Scottish and Personal Piper to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother.

Another highlight in our history was our action, together with the Highland Society of London, in raising the London Scottish Regiment and in this we take great pride.

I cannot do better than end this Toast in the words of the late Past President William Will, a very revered Member and probably the finest Historian the Society has ever had. Even when aged over 90, he would sit at our gatherings and record the whole proceedings in shorthand. He said this, 'I can conceive nothing better than that our past should be the pointer to our future. The Caledonian Society of London has a great history of noble work which has advanced the prestige of our native land in this capital (city) of 'The Auld Enemy'.

The President's Toast was received with enthusiasm and submitted with Caledonian Honours which, by this stage of the evening, was loud and clear as the ladies and most of the male guests joined in, taking their time from the President.

PRESENTATION OF LONDON SCOTTISH QUAICH

In his remarks prior to presentation of a distinctive silver quaich to the Society, to be known as 'The London Scottish Quaich' the President gave a summary of the events leading up to the Laying up of the Colours of the 1st Battalion The London Scottish on 19th March, 1967. (The Ceremony is fully described in Chapter VII, the succeeding Chapter of these Chronicles and the President's remarks have been edited to avoid duplication).

To mark the change so recently experienced by the London Scottish, I felt that a mark of appreciation should be given. It is ironical that in 1947 when the decision was made that the Toast, 'The London Scottish Regiment' would be given at our November meeting annually, my Father was President and now that I, his Son, on the last night of my year when the Colours of the 1st Battalion have been laid up, should occupy the Chair.

I make this presentation to the Caledonian Society of London, to be used only at our November meetings when we have a London Scottish piper present to do honour that evening and hope that it will symbolise yet another link in perpetuity between our Society and our Regiment. The quaich is engraved with the Regimental Crest and STRIKE SURE and, on the other side the words, 'When the London Scottish do something, they do it properly'. The words express what the Scottish is, was and ever will be and are not far removed from

the words in which Bro. Caledonian Lieut. Colonel Alan F. Niekirk, T.D., the last Commanding Officer addressed his 1st Battalion prior to giving the order, 1st Battalion London Scottish—Dismiss!

By permission of Lieut. Colonel Niekirk, Pipe Major de Laspee was present and after giving a piping selection was offered the newly presented quaich for his dram from the President. On the President's invitation and as a mark of respect, all gentlemen stood as the Pipe Major marched off to the strains of the Regimental March.

Following the Interval, our own Pipe Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E. entertained the gathering with his usual polished performance which on this occasion comprised, 'The Australian Ladies', 'Lady Madelina Sinclair', 'The Fairy Dance' and 'Mrs. Elder's Welcome'.

VICE PRESIDENT'S TOAST 'OUR GUESTS'

Vice President R. Y. Kennedy expressed the Society's warm welcome to all of the most welcome guests but in view of the very large number of Guests present, was obliged to refer in particular to Mr. C. B. Allison, C.A., who was destined for international office in Lions International and who would respond to the Toast on behalf of the gentlemen Guests.

In a somewhat unusual introduction of the lady who would respond, the Vice President referred to the revival of the Ceremony of the Dirks which would take place later and presumed this to be the reason why the President had surrounded himself with one accountant, two bankers, two solicitors, one printer, one student and—his gracious lady, 'whose response to the Toast would be wonderful if it is as sparkling as her eyes.' (Applause)

Vice President Kennedy quoted short extracts from, 'Green Grow the Rashes', and 'John Anderson my Jo' in tribute to the ladies, before calling the Toast which was pledged in traditional manner.

Referring to the Vice President's speech, the President said, 'either our Vice President has extremely good eyesight or he has been standing far too close to my wife.' (Laughter) President Stewart Hunter went on to introduce a personal friend of long standing, Mr. C. B. Allison, C.A. and invited Mr. Alison to respond to the Toast just given.

RESPONSE FOR GENTLEMAN GUESTS

Mr. Allison had obviously been taking note during the evening when the President had requested quiet during the piping selections, instead of what had occasionally happened in the past, when the drones of the pipes created the false impression that chatter would go un-noticed, whereas it had the effect of interfering with the enjoyment of high class piping.

Mr. Allison took up the point neatly: In accordance with what your president has said earlier, I would ask you to give

me reasonable silence—in order that I may save my pipes. (Laughter)

This evening I have the pleasure of replying to the Toast proposed by Mr. Kennedy and I've also been given strict instructions that I mustn't pleasure myself too long at this or I'll be in the wrong. As Ogden Nash put it so well. 'To fill to the top with love, the brimming loving cup; when you're wrong, admit it and when you're right, shut up.'

I heartily agree with that thought but in practice it's usually a different story—like the married couple out for a spin in the car when another car quickly overtook them and cut in. The husband's comment was perhaps predictable—a woman driver! Further on they had occasion to overtake the same vehicle and the wife retorted—that 'woman' driver was a man, to which the husband replied, oh well, I bet he was taught by his mother. (Laughter)

You see ladies you can't always win, as may be illustrated by the ladies in the harem who were playing the wheel of chance. The wheel went round and the little ball eventually lodged in a hole—and there was a gasp of amazement all round—oh no, it's Fatima again! Fatima dragged herself wearily to her feet and walked proudly if slowly out through the curtains. One of the ladies left behind commented, I'm glad I'm not in her shoes tonight, that's the third time in succession she's had to do the washing-up. (Laughter)

Luckily, we will all be spared that particular chore this evening — no washing-up and I'm equally lucky with the arrangement at home for when there's any question of decision, I'm lucky enough to see both points of view—the wrong one and my own. (Laughter)

We have been wine and dined very well this evening and our grateful thanks go out to our hosts. But it is often the case after such enjoyment that in the morning one has to find some panacea. At home, aspirin and bi-carbonate of soda seems to answer the problem but other countries have different cures. In Yugoslavia I understand the remedy to be fermented goat's milk; in Greece, mare's milk; Denmark—suet dumplings!; in Australia they rise to greater heights with a beverage composed of passion fruit juice, a dash of bitters and a coca-cola. I'm glad I'm not attending a Yugoslav dinner this evening. (Laughter)

Your support of charities I find highly commendable and I may say that it's a very good thing to know which charities

you should support, unlike a gentleman who was on his sick bed attended by his very old friend. The friend enquired—to whom are you going to leave your money?—To St. Andrews College of course.

Haven't you heard about that place?—No, tell me what you've heard.

It's now co-educational you know.—Really!

I've heard that the boys and girls matriculate together.—Really!!

And they share the same curriculum.—No!!!

What's more, they show each other their thesis at the end of Term—!!!! I've heard enough my old friend, if things are like that, I'll leave my money to the Cat's Home. (Laughter)

Mr. President, on behalf of all your guests I would express our sincere appreciation to you and our thanks for your wonderful hospitality. (Applause)

RESPONSE FROM THE FIRST LADY

There was obviously some repartee at the Chair before Mrs. Stewart Hunter said, Mr. President and Members of the Caledonian Society of London, it seems odd to refer to my husband as Mr. President; normally at home he's known as the laird and master (Laughter); and I wonder Mr. Vice President, if I flash my eyes perhaps I needn't say any more (Laughter).

You may be interested to know that this is not the first time I've had the privilege of being a President's lady, as nineteen years ago at this Festival, I sat beside my Father-in-law who was President at that time. Fortunately on that occasion I didn't have to speak. However, tonight, it gives me very great pleasure to say thank you to the Caledonian Society of London for a delightful evening and particularly for these lovely flowers which are all the more appreciated because we've just celebrated our silver wedding anniversary. (Applause)

I'm sure all the ladies here join with me in saying thank you for asking us.

Miss Elizabeth Seton, again accompanied by Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie at the piano, entertained an appreciative audience with her singing of 'John Todd,' 'There's nae luck aboot the hoose' and 'Seal-woman's Seal joy'. The latter was at the request of the President and was the more interesting by Miss Seton's narrative of the folklore around which the song was written.

THE PRESIDENT

As is customary on the Ladies Festival, the Toast to our President

is given by a Past President and on this occasion, by Past President J. C. Thomson, M.B.E., T.D. whose speech was as follows:—

When the Hon. Secretary asked me if I'd like to propose the health of the President, I took that as an order and when an order is a pleasure, how lucky one can be. Some time ago I had a similar task but it was for a politician and I must say I was hard pressed for something nice to say. (Laughter)

On this occasion I have no such difficulty but if I refer to my notes, I hope you will forgive me, not I hope, as the old gentleman said when he came out of church and was asked how the sermon had been. He thought for a bit then said, well there were just three faults; first, it was read; second, it wasn't well read and thirdly, it wasn't worth reading. (Laughter) These notes I think are worth reading.

Our President was born in Carnoustie and I believe, in a room overlooking the famous golf course but alack-a-day, that didn't make him any better a golfer. (Laughter) He soon came south with his parents after the first World War and later went to Epsom College. I understand that he wanted to follow in the footsteps of his father and become a surgeon and he even went to St. Thomas' Hospital as a student. Now his father as many of us here remember, was a wonderful and popular President in the year 1947-48.

Our President, after Epsom College and St. Thomas' Hospital, went up to Edinburgh University and joined the Medical Faculty. Now I've known quite a few medical students in my time and I had one very special friend who was a senior medical student at St. George's Hospital—for nearly ten years. (Laughter) I'm not talking of our President; Stewart Hunter was luckier; after one week in Edinburgh his father had seen the professor then took Stewart on one side and told him, you know Stewart, this is not your vocation.

Much to Stewart's relief and perhaps to everyone else's relief, he was able to turn to his second love, architecture and he went up to Cambridge, took his degree and everything was happy ever after.

During the war our President was one of the last of the volunteers accepted for the London Scottish and he was shortly afterwards commissioned. He became a gunner officer with that remarkable formation—a Battalion that was a Regiment; that was the 3rd Battalion of the London Scottish. With them he went out to the Middle East and served in

Sicily and in Italy where he was a Battery Captain. Later he transferred to the Royal Engineers and he finished the war as Staff Captain.

After the war President Stewart Hunter settled down in Brighton with an old established firm of Chartered Architects but quite apart from that of course, he had his very charming wife who really doesn't look any older than when I first met her, and Stewart told me earlier that she looks much better than on their wedding day—they both had 'flu on that of all days. (Laughter)

This is a very happy coincidence for me in that it was my Father who introduced Stewart's Father to this Society and when Dr. Stewart Hunter was President, it was my Father who proposed his health. Now it has come down to the sons of the fathers.

President Stewart Hunter has pulled his weight during this Session and has given us an extremely lively year and tonight, has crowned it with great imagination. I think his gift of the London Scottish Quaich was a worthy finish to his term of office. Not only is he interested and involved in our two principal charities, he has many interests outside architecture and golf; he used to be a very good rifle shot and a first class ice hockey player. He's as keen on swimming as riding and, like his Father, is keen on the arts of acting and singing.

As my Father did for his father just about 20 years ago. I ask you to be upstanding, everyone please, and drink the health of our President.

The Toast, so ably given by Past President J. C. Thomson was warmly received with acclamation and with Caledonian Honours.

SALUTE AND REVIVAL OF CEREMONIAL

At this juncture the Hon. Secretary, George Deans addressed himself to the President: In accordance with time honoured custom, it is the wish of the Past Presidents to salute you on this, the last social function of the Society during your Presidential year. Mr. President, may I have your permission to call the Past Presidents? (The President acceded to the Hon. Secretary's request and the Hon. Secretary continued): This evening, we are reviving the traditional Ceremony of the Dirks in the salute of the President, the precise form of which is recorded in our Chronicles of 1905 although reference was made to the Ceremony much earlier in our history. On this occasion our Past Presidents will congratulate the President in order of seniority and the Immediate Past President will salute the President by the Ceremony of the Dirks. It is felt that this brief explanation will help our welcome guests to feel involved and in fact associated with the Salute to our President.

Will the Past Presidents of the Caledonian Society of London as called individually please assemble here? (The Past Presidents escorted by the Hon. Secretary were piped through the Ceremony by Pipe Major Robertson to the tune of, 'Scotland the Brave'. On the return of the Past Presidents, the Hon. Secretary then announced:)

Mr. President, by resolution of the Council and Members, the Gold Badge of the Caledonian Society of London has been awarded to the Immediate Past President David Fulton and to you Mr. President. It has further been resolved that the Gold Badge or, as it was originally called, the Jewel, which is the highest honour our Society can grant to a Member, be now presented at our Annual Festival which is the last social occasion on which the President occupies the Chair during his year of Office.

Mr. President, with your permission I would address myself to your charming wife. Mrs. Stewart Hunter, you have honoured us Madam by your presence this evening in support of your husband and our President. I now have the greatest pleasure in inviting you to honour the Caledonian Society of London further by presenting the Gold Badges on behalf of the Council and Members. Will the Immediate Past President David Fulton please attend here. (With the Society's Piper playing 'The Atholl Highlands', the presentations were duly made and from the applause, it was apparent that the whole of the company did feel involved and found the old ceremonial very acceptable.)

* * *

What was not evident to the majority of the company present, was the fact that the revival of the Ceremony of the Dirks was a great deal more dramatic than was anticipated even when the procedure was rehearsed. On sheathing his dirk at the end of the ceremony, the President managed to nick his finger with the particularly sharp blade just before it was fully in the scabbard and his blood ran freely although no serious damage was done. Lest it should concern future Presidents, it is stated categorically that the self-inflicted spilling of the President's blood is not part of the Ceremony. It is not the intention of the Caledonian Society of London that this particular although minor incident shall in any sense become traditional.

The High Honour of Presidency

President H. R. Stewart Hunter responded to the Toast in these terms after dismissing the incident referred to above, (in respect of which your Hon. Historian has used some licence) as trivial:

I haven't prepared anything for this speech and all I can do is speak from my heart and this is what I'd prefer because I'm speaking for Past President David Fulton as well as for myself.

To have been through the Chair of this ancient Society, to know what membership means; what its history is; well, David Fulton and I know immediately what this is and so for all Past Presidents.

To be presented with this Gold Badge of the Society is something which I can't adequately tell you about, it is something terribly close, something of tremendous pride. Like most very moving experiences, words are inadequate to describe one's feelings. It is however, the high-water mark, or one of them in one's life and I treat it as such. To you Bro. Caledonians, I thank you most sincerely and also for David Fulton, for giving us the privilege of being President of our ancient Caledonian Society of London, the Society which is 130 years old but only still young.

Our Society has a great past and a great future; and to you Members who have been admitted since 1960—approximately half of our membership—you have in your hands a past worthy of holding on to — the traditions which we have honoured and some of which you have participated in this evening. In this day and age, tradition is fast flowing out and if the Society can hold and respect traditions then it is doing something well worth doing and in this context our support for and on behalf of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools is also traditional. I hope that those of you who will follow me in the Chair will preserve those traditions, those ceremonies started away back in our past, because through tradition, one can never go wrong.

To you Past President Thomson, my sincere thanks for the kind manner in which you proposed my health, the more particularly as our families have had such close links over many years. To say that I've enjoyed my year of office is the biggest understatement I could make; I hope that all future Presidents will take equal joy to what I have had in serving this Society and it is a source of deep gratitude to me if I have at least upheld the honour of my office and the prestige of our Society. (Prolonged applause)

President H. R. Stewart Hunter expressed his thanks and those of the Society to the many Welcome Guests and Members who had contributed to the success of the evening, and a very convivial Annual Festival came to an end with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem.

Annual General Meeting, 1967

The Annual General Meeting of the Society was held at the Society's Headquarters, the Royal Scottish Corporation, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. on Wednesday 21st June, 1967 with President H. R. Stewart Hunter, M.A., A.R.I.B.A. in the

Chair. The audited accounts were approved and it was decided that donations of £75 each be made to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. The resignations of Bro. Caledonian Sir Edward Reid (1948) and J. C. Finlayson (1961) were accepted with regret.

Applications for membership were approved and the ballot having proved favourable, three new members were admitted.

It was reported that the venue for meetings during the ensuing year would be the Hotel Russel, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. where the accommodation was not subject to the same restrictions on numbers attending as had been experienced at the Kensington Palace Hotel. Apart from the Hotel Russell being more centrally situated, there was much less difficulty in parking in the immediate vicinity.

The Hon. Historian submitted a detailed report on production of the Chronicles for the years 1961-62 to 1966-67 inclusive and authority was given to proceed with the lowest tender, four tenders having been invited and received. The question of making a charge on Members for the Chronicles was deferred until the financial commitment was established.

President H. R. Stewart Hunter's last duty in the Chair was to install and to invest the new President, R. Y. Kennedy, C.A. with the insignia of the Presidency. After expressing his thanks for the high honour which he had received, the new President proceeded to the business of election of the remaining Office Bearers for Session 1967-68 who were Bro. Caledonians Vernon J. Eddie (Vice President); George Deans (Hon. Secretary); John A. D. Paton (Hon. Treasurer); James H. Robertson (Hon. Auditor); Robert Leitch (Hon. Historian) and newly elected to serve on the Council, John Johnston, James Moxon and H. G. Rae.



Photograph: Anthony Buckley, F.I.I.P.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
HONORARY COLONEL THE LONDON SCOTTISH REGIMENT



CHAPTER VII

THE LAYING UP OF THE COLOURS OF THE
1st BATTALION THE LONDON SCOTTISH
(THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS) T.A.

On Sunday 19th March, 1967, the Ceremony of Laying-Up the Colours of the 1st Battalion The London Scottish took place at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street, London, S.W.1. Thus ended a glorious era in the history of the Scottish, subsequent to the official demise of the Territorial Army on April 1st following years of speculation and uncertainty as to the future role and organisation of the Reserve Army. It would however be wrong to assume that this ceremony can be construed as the demise of the London Scottish Regiment. The Colours bearing the Battle Honours of three wars have found their resting place in the Regimental Chapel at St. Columba's, but Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the Scottish go forward to the 51st Highland Volunteers in that section of the new Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve known as 'The Volunteers' as a Company Group carrying the name and wearing the Hodden Grey, and also to the London Yeomanry & Territorials known as 'The Territorials' for which the Scottish provide the Regimental Headquarters as well as a Company which, like its sister in the 51st Highland Volunteers, retains the name and the Hodden Grey.

Such an event must hold an honoured place in these Chronicles not only by reason of the initiative taken by our predecessors in the formation of the Regiment but also by the bonds which have existed between the Society and the Regiment through the years since 1859.

BATTALION PARADE

59 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1 was very much Regimental Headquarters on 19th March when, following the inspection by the Commanding Officer, Bro. Caledonian Lieut.-Colonel Alan F. Niekirk, T.D., the last parade of the 1st Battalion formed up and headed by Battalion Pipes and Drums, marched off escorting their Colours to St. Columba's Church of Scotland. The serving Companies, with the Colour Party in the centre of the Parade and well over 100 Old Comrades bringing up the rear, paraded and marched with a precision and bearing which gave little, if any, indication to the on-looker of the solemnity of the occasion. The Scottish on this ceremonial march, paid true tribute to their Regiment and honour to their comrades in arms who had won the Battle Honours so proudly carried on the Colours now being escorted to St. Columba's, not only by the Colour Party but by every Officer, Non-commissioned Officer and Man, and Old Comrade on Parade. A maxim of the Regiment, 'On Parade, on parade' was exemplified by the bearing and precision of the Battalion on the march. Authority had directed policy and Regimental directives were being followed, but the Scottish would continue with the *esprit de corps* which marked everyone who served or had served in the Hodden Grey.

A large congregation was assembled within St. Columba's on arrival of the Battalion Parade and many Old Comrades, relatives and friends waited outside, perhaps reluctant to accept the fact that they were seeing their colours on parade for the last time.

SERVICE

The honour of pride of place in the front pew was accorded to the Caledonian Society of London in the person of the President, H. R. Stewart Hunter, himself a former serving Officer of the Regiment and many Members of the Society were in the congregation.

Bro. Caledonian the Reverend J. Fraser McLuskey, M.C., D.D. (Minister of St. Columba's and Honorary Chaplain to the Regiment) assisted by The Reverend D. H. Whiteford, Q.H.C., M.A., Ph.D., B.D. (Deputy Chaplain General) and The Reverend J. B. Lawson, B.D., C.F. (Formerly Chaplain to the 1st Battalion, The London Scottish) officiated at the Service in St. Columba's, which commenced with the singing



The Battalion, led by the Commanding Officer, approaches St. Columba's



THE COLOUR PARTY

*Queens Colour carried by Lt. R. Holliday and Regimental Colour
by Lt. N. Hodgson*



*The Colours being handed to the Joint Honorary Colonel
and the Commanding Officer in St. Columba's*



The Colours being handed to the Chaplains



The Colours about to be laid on the Communion Table



ROBERT HEPBURN

President, 1848 to 1855, also 1865 and 1866

of 'The Old 100th' Psalm followed by Scripture Sentences, Prayers of Approach, Confession and Petition, and the reading by the Commanding Officer of Hebrews XI v.32—XII v.2.

The Rev. Lawson then prayed :

'God of our fathers, we bless Thy name for all Thy goodness to us in this land we love and especially that through days of war Thou hast preserved us in freedom. We give thanks for the measure in which this Regiment has set forward Thy gracious purposes and for the high courage and the zeal of those who have served therein. Glory be to Thee, O God. Glory be to Thee through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

This prayer was supplemented with intercessions by the congregation and then came the Collect of the London Scottish Regiment :

'Most merciful Father, source of all grace and goodness, bless, we beseech Thee, the fellowship we inherit in the London Scottish Regiment; that upheld by Thy goodness and purified by Thy grace, we may serve Thee and our fellow men, with willing heart and quiet mind. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

A hymn, *Jesus calls us!* and Dr. McLuskey gave his address which was both direct and inspiring.

Now the paraphrase *O God of Bethel* and afterwards, with the congregation standing, the Colours were marched forward in slow time and borne to the chancel steps. The C.O. then addressed the Chaplains :

'Reverend Sirs, on behalf of the Officers and Men of the 1st Bn the London Scottish Regiment, I request that these our Colours be deposited here for safe keeping, as a token also of gratitude to Almighty God for His providential care and gracious benediction granted in the discharge of duty. In so acting the Officers and Men desire to provide a memorial to those of all ranks who served under these Colours, and to afford an inspiration for patriotic service and sacrifice to all who may worship here for all time to come.'

The Reverend Doctor McLuskey answered :

'In the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ we accept these Colours to the glory of God, and in memory of those who were faithful in the cause of Queen and country, confident of the inspiration they will bring to all who may behold them : in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

The Escort to the Colours presented arms. The Colours were handed to the Joint Honorary Colonel and the CO who in turn presented them to the Chaplains.

The Chaplains then advanced to the Communion Table with the Colours and the Reverend J. B. Lawson said :

'In the name of our God we will set up our Banners.

Response : The Lord is our strength, we will not be afraid.

Chaplain : Now know I that the Lord saveth His anointed.

Response : He will answer him from His Heaven with mighty victories by His right hand.

Chaplain : Some trust in chariots, and some in horses.

Response : We will remember the name of the Lord our God.'

The Chaplains then laid the Colours on the Communion Table. The Escort shouldered arms and the Joint Honorary Colonel and CO resumed their places.

With the Escort remaining at the shoulder, the congregation knelt as the prayer was rendered:

'Our Heavenly Father, we now lay up within this House of Prayer these Colours—symbols of Thy favour towards us, symbols of love and loyalty, courage and self-sacrifice. May all who look upon them be inspired to serve Thy cause of truth and righteousness in all the earth. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

There came The Lord's Prayer and then *The Lament* sounded in the Pipes as Pipe-Major de Laspée moved slowly into view and across the altar front. As his notes died away, *Reville* rang out from the Band's buglers.

And, save for the singing of the *National Anthem*, it was over. The 1st Battalion Colours took their place in the Regimental Chapel, to hang in honour with their counterparts of longer service.

* * *

In the words of Br. Caledonian Dr. McLuskey writing in St. Columba's Church Magazine of April, 1967: 'The Service was a most moving one and will not soon be forgotten by those who shared in it. As the Service neared its close the Colours were borne forward with all the ceremony and dignity such an occasion demands. An honoured place will ever be theirs within St. Columba's where, like the other symbols of our beloved Regiment, they will tell their proud and glorious story.'

RETURN TO 59

The Service over, the Battalion was still very much on parade as it formed up outside St. Columba's and with pipes shrilling and drums crisply beating, the Parade moved off back along Pont Street marching past the saluting base on which, erect and proud as ever, the Joint Honorary Colonel, Colonel A. Torrence Law, D.S.O., T.D., took the salute; and so to 59 Buckingham Gate where the Commanding Officer addressed the Battalion and thanked all those who by their efforts during the particularly difficult two years of re-organisation had ensured that the Scottish lives on. Then to the inevitable command at the end of the final ceremonial duty of the present Battalion, '1st Battalion London Scottish—Dismiss!'

* * *

It is reported that there followed a party at Regimental Headquarters and, to quote from the Regimental Gazette, 'such a party as only our Regiment can throw.' Those Members of the Caledonian Society of London who have participated at the Scottish parties or been privileged to attend as guests will know the significance of such a party on such an

occasion and need no reassurance that the London Scottish certainly lives on.

THE SOCIETY AND THE SCOTTISH

Although references have been made in the Society's Chronicles over the years to the London Scottish, few of the earliest editions of the Chronicles are in circulation and it is appropriate that the considerable number of Members who are not in possession of all Volumes should know a great deal more of the Regiment.

In the first printed Volume of our Chronicles dealing with the years from formation in 1873 up to the year 1890, our Chronicler David Hepburn (President 1889 and 1890) wrote the following Preface which explains the lack of detailed information in his Chronicles as to the part which The Caledonian Society of London took in the formation of the Regiment:

IN introducing this little volume to the notice of the Members of The Caledonian Society of London, I feel it incumbent upon me to state that it must in no way be looked upon as an attempt to present a complete history of the Society. With the limited amount of recorded matter now extant this would be impossible. My jottings, however, such as they are, will serve to connect the past with the present, and tell somewhat of the early doings of the Society and those associated with it in bygone days.

That many names and facts are omitted there can be little doubt, but memory and tradition having both alike at times failed me, these shortcomings must be overlooked. The Chronicles have mostly been written during the wee sma' hours; so if the diction be now and then a wee bit hazy and unclassic, may it be gently criticised.

The hours thus spent have been hours of real enjoyment to me, and if the perusal of the following pages afford even a small amount of pleasure to my brother Caledonians, at whose hands I have received so much kindness and consideration, I shall feel amply rewarded for my self-imposed task.

D. H.

9, PORTLAND PLACE, W.

May 1st, 1890.

In March 1921, our President's letter to the Editor of the Regimental Gazette clarified the situation:

'Dear Mr. Editor,

It is with no idea of finding fault with the *Regimental Gazette*, but merely to prevent what might be called bad history that the Council of the Caledonian Society have asked me to communicate with you.

In the last issue of the *Gazette* it is stated that the Regiment was founded by the Highland Society; but this is a mistake, as the reports in *The Times* prove. *The Times* put it in their news columns of the day as The Caledonian Society and The Highland Society.

The facts are: It was in Mr. Robert Hepburn's house, 9 Portland Place, that the matter was first discussed by some leading members of the Caledonian Society, and it was decided to form a London Scottish Regiment. The Society agreed to the proposal and asked the Highland Society to join them in carrying out the scheme. The latter readily did, and the Regiment came into being on the initiative of the Caledonian Society ably supported by the Highland Society.

Both Societies were justly proud of their creation.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,

JOHN DOUGLAS,

President of the Caledonian Society of London.

President John Douglas's letter needs no elaboration but a discrepancy must be corrected in that Past President Robert Hepburn lived at 8 Davies Street, W. when that momentous meeting was convened in his home and he did not move to 9 Portland Place, W. until later. David Hepburn to whom reference has already been made, was the Son of Robert Hepburn.

The Society is indebted to Bro. Caledonian J. O. Robson for the following material which he assimilated by patient research while fulfilling the duties of Custodian of the Regimental Museum, concerning Past President Robert Hepburn and for the photograph of our illustrious predecessor included in this Chapter.

Since publication of John Douglas's letter, as far as is known, no doubt has been cast on John Douglas's assertion. So if the inception of raising a Regiment of London Scots can be traced to one man, that man was Robert Hepburn.

Robert Hepburn was born at Croft-an-righ, near Holyrood, on January 1, 1810. He was educated at Edinburgh High School and at the age of seventeen was apprenticed to a dentist in Edinburgh. He frequented the dissecting room of Dr. Robert Knox, who fell into disrepute when one of the bodies on his dissecting table was recognised as a victim of the notorious 'resurrection men,' Burke and Hare. Hare turned King's evidence and Burke was hanged amid the execrations of the mob on January 29, 1829.

After a few months in Dundee, Hepburn decided to gaze on the noblest prospect that, according to Dr. Johnson, a

Scotsman ever sees. But instead of actually taking the 'high road that leads to England,' he embarked in a smack at Leith. As things turned out Hepburn cannot have considered there to have been much nobleness in the prospect, for the first six months of exile must have been more than disheartening. His smack was wrecked on one of the Farne Islands, whence it took him three weeks to reach London and the next sixteen weeks were spent in a fruitless search for employment. At last he heard of a vacant situation in Brighton, but when he arrived there he found that the post was already filled. So he walked back to London and it is not astonishing to hear that, such was his exhaustion, he fainted on London Bridge.

At last he found employment and worked for a dentist in Leicester Square from 7 a.m. until 10 p.m. for the princely remuneration of 20s. per week. After a little time his weekly earnings were doubled, but, receiving no encouragement from his employer, he decided to start on his own. He must have worked hard, for his private practice increased and he was employed by other dentists to do extractions and mechanical work. A great deal of his leisure time he spent attending lectures and classes at the Philosophical Institute, Marylebone.

In Hepburn's early days dentistry was ranked not much higher than when quacks pulled teeth at fairs with a brass band to drown the squeals. His strong suit was the mechanical side of dentistry and he was largely responsible for obtaining the dental diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons. He was one of the original surgeons and the first lecturer in mechanical dentistry at the Dental Hospital in Soho Square. Many young dentists started their career in his house in Davies Street, including his two brothers, Duncan and David, who were to work later in Nottingham and Edinburgh respectively.

Besides his activities as a dentist, Hepburn was for sixty years associated with the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Asylum, now the Royal Caledonian Schools.

In 1837, he was *a*, if not *the*, founder of the Caledonian Society of London, a flourishing society limited to office bearers and one hundred members, who dine together six times a year and support the two charities in which Robert

Hepburn took such an interest. The part played by the Society in raising the London Scottish has been noted in John Douglas's letter. This is commemorated at the first dinner of each season, when the toast of the Regiment is drunk and music is supplied by regimental pipers.

When Hepburn called the meeting in Davies Street he was 49 years of age, and when volunteers were enrolled he did not enroll as a full member, but as an honorary member. In those early days honorary members could buy their own uniform and arms and were allowed to fall in and drill in the ranks with full members. They also wore a special badge, but it is not known what form this badge took. Maybe it is this badge that can be seen on Hepburn's chest in the photograph of him in uniform. He was on the original committee of the Regiment and remained a member until his death in 1901.

The last glimpse we get of Robert Hepburn is two years before his death and it is pleasant to be able to close this brief account of a long and useful life with a description of his last meeting with his Regiment. In 1899 Major Lyall Grant commanded the detachment on the Scottish March which ended at Gosford, the seat of the first C.O. Lord Wemyss. The following excerpt from the *Edinburgh Evening Despatch* of August 7, 1899, tells the story of this affecting scene.

'Among the visitors to Gosford on Saturday were General Chapman and Lord Kinsburgh, while the Father of the Regiment. Mr. Robert Hepburn, of Portland Place, London, who happens to be residing in Portobello at present, drove down in the afternoon, and received a hearty reception from Lord Wemyss and the Officers, many of whom came forward to shake hands with him. Mr. Hepburn, it may be mentioned, was one of the founders of the Regiment in London over forty years ago, and is still on the list as an honorary member and takes an active interest in its welfare. Some of the visitors were not a little astonished as they saw his tall commanding figure, upwards of six feet, moving about on the lawn, to learn that he is now in his ninety-first year. On comparing ages, it transpired that the combined ages of Lord Wemyss, Lord Kinsburgh and Mr. Hepburn reached to over 250 years, and all of them still showing as much vigour and interest in the Volunteer movement as when it was first originated.'

In the preparation of this Chapter the Hon. Historian gratefully acknowledges the invaluable assistance and advice so willingly given by Bro. Caledonian J. O. Robson, particularly for his kindness in

allowing reproduction of his article from the Regimental Gazette when involved in correcting the Regimental History and to Bro. Caledonian Alan F. Niekirk, T.D., whose editing of the text has ensured accuracy in all references to Regimental matters. Thanks are also due to the Editor of the Regimental Gazette for permission to quote from the Gazette and to the photographer for the selection of photographs from which the illustrations in this Chapter have been reproduced.

The President, Council and Members of the Caledonian Society of London record their gratitude to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother for Her Majesty's gracious permission to reproduce Her Majesty's portrait in this volume of the Society's Chronicles.

Obituary Notes

During the period included in this Volume of the Chronicles: 1961-67, 20 Members have died and of these 6 had been Presidents of the Society.

JAMES AITKIN (*President: 1960-61*)

James Aitken died on 14th December, 1964. He joined the Society in 1950. He was twice President of the Ilford Scottish Association, President of the Burns Club of London and a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools. These few details show that his interest in Scottish activities in and around London were widespread and further details are contained in Chapter V of the Chronicles, 1956-61.

JOHN R. ALDRIDGE (*President: 1957-58*)

John R. Aldridge who died on 29th December, 1962 joined the Society in 1945. He was an ardent Member. An outline of his career will be found in Chapter II of the 1956-61 Volume of the Chronicles. A Memorial Service attended by many Members of the Society, was held at Crown Court Church on 11th January, 1963.

WILLIAM A. BAILEY

William A. Bailey, J.P. was at the time of his death on 6th January, 1963, the oldest Member of the Society, to which he was elected in 1908. Until he was stricken down by illness he was an enthusiastic Member and a generous supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. His two sons are Members of the Society.

COL. L. DUNCAN BENNETT (*President: 1949-50*)

Colonel Lewis Duncan Bennet, O.B.E., M.C., T.D. who died on 3rd March, 1966 joined the Society in 1938. A comprehensive article on Col. Duncan Bennett's career is contained in Chapter V of the Chronicles, Volume 1945-52. A memorial service was held at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street, S.W.1. at which a very large congregation assembled, including a great many Members of the Society.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL (*President: 1955-56*)

Sir George Riddoch Campbell, K.C.I.E., who died on 8th July, 1965, joined the Society in 1946. An outline of his distinguished career will be found in Chapter IV of the 1952-56 volume of the Chronicles. A memorial service was held at St. Michael's Cornhill on 3rd August, 1965.

JOHN CRIGHTON

John Crighton, a Life Member having been elected to Membership in 1930.

WILLIAM DALGARNO (*President: 1954-55*)

William Dalgarno died in South Africa on 30th January, 1967. Seldom has our Society been blessed with such a loveable and witty personality. Past President Dalgarno joined the Society in 1939 and his presence with his Bro. Caledonians was sorely missed when in 1961 he left London to join his family in Johannesburg. An extensive account of his work and activities is included in Chapter III of the Volume of our Chronicles for the years 1952-56.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

William Douglas who had been a Member since 1955 died on February, 1967.

SYDNEY M. GRAY

Sydney M. Gray died on 17th March, 1965. He had been a Member only since 1963.

WILLIAM G. GRAY

William G. Gray, died on 28th January, 1962. He joined the Society in 1933 and was a Member of the Council for many years. Not only was he deeply interested in the Society but he was an enthusiastic member of the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation.

WILLIAM PATERSON KEITH

William P. Keith, M.V.O. a Member since 1957 who died on 6th March, 1963, had a distinguished career in the Railway Service before his retirement in 1956. In the First World War he served in the London Scottish, finally as Pipe Major.

STRATHEARNE G. MCFARLANE

Strathearn G. McFarlane, who died on 6th September, 1963, became a Member of the Society in 1957. He was an Elder of St. Columba's Church and was closely interested in the youth of the congregation.

DONALD MUNRO

Donald Munro, died on the 18th March, 1963. He gave loyal and devoted service to the Society over a period of 20 years. He belonged to the banking profession. For many years he served on the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and was a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

WILLIAM RAMSEY

William Ramsay, who had been a Member since 1938, died on 19th December, 1964 at the great age of 92. He was an enthusiastic Member of the Society who at all time evinced a deep interest not only in its activities, but in the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

ALAN F. ROBERTSON

Alan F. Robertson who died on 30th July, 1965 had been a Member since 1963.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

Alexander Robertson who died on the 15th March, 1963 joined the Society in 1937 and for many years served on the Council. He always displayed a keen interest in the Society. He was an enthusiastic member of the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation.

ANDREW R. RUTHERFORD

Andrew R. Rutherford, a Member since 1950 who died on 12th October, 1966 had served on several occasions on the Council of the Society.

H. J. G. SAMUEL

H. J. G. Samuel died suddenly on 19th January, 1967 having been admitted to membership in 1957. He had been generous in his support of both the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools during his membership.

SIR JOHN SENTER

Sir John Senter, elected a Member in 1964, died on 15th July, 1966.

JOHN M. SWAN

(*President: 1945-46 and Hon. Treasurer: 1937-40*)

John M. Swan, elected to the Society in 1927, died on 20th July, 1964 at the age of 89. A most enthusiastic and loyal Member who was deeply interested in all Scottish activities, he was a Past President of the Burns Club of London; a founder, Past President, and finally Chieftain of the Harrow and District Caledonian Society. In addition, he was a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Corporation and a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

At a Memorial Service held on 19th September, 1964 at Trinity Presbyterian Church, Harrow, tribute was paid to Mr. Swan by Past President J. Murray Napier, O.B.E. The service was attended by many Members of the Society and of other Scottish Bodies.

The reader's attention is invited to Chapter I of the Volume of the Chronicles for the period 1945-52, in which fuller particulars of the late Past President Swan is recorded.

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Index

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother	325
Thomas M. Munro, <i>President</i> , 1961-62	1
William Millar, <i>President</i> , 1962-63	60
Alister G. MacDonald, <i>President</i> , 1963-64	112
Douglas G. Robertson, <i>President</i> , 1964-65	147
The President receiving the Lord Mayor of the City of London	183
David Fulton, <i>President</i> , 1965-66	195
H. R. Stewart Hunter, <i>President</i> , 1966-67	259
The Honorary Secretary	313
The Laying up of the Colours of the 1st Bn. The London Scottish (Selection of Illustrations)	326
Robert Hepburn	330

AUTHORS AND THEIR SENTIMENTS

Barker, Hugh P.—The Dynamics of a Changing Society, 61	Halifax, Viscount Mackintosh of —A Yorkshireman Looks at Scotland, 112
Boyne, H. B.—Some Secretaries of State, 31	Hamilton, J. A. K., G.M., B.Sc., M.Inst., C.E., M.I.Mech.E.—The Forth Road Bridge, 154
Currie, A.M., B.A., B.Litt.—The Civic Universities and Some of their Problems, 285	Inglis, W. T. H., O.A., M.A., B.A., F.E.I.S.—Robert Burns, 276
Dobie, F. Elliot—Byways of Old Scottish Songs, 196	Jamieson, Rev. H. Burns, H.C.F., M.A. — Ministerial Misadven- tures, 43
Dow, Rev. James L., M.A.— Robert Burns, 157	Law, Col. A. Torrance, D.S.O., T.D.—The London Scottish 260
Dunbar, J. Telfer — Highland Dress and the Tartan, 148	Macdona, Brian F.—A Banker Looks at Africa, 10
Dunnett, Alastair M. — The Scottish Adventure, 92	MacLeod, Capt. John, T.D., M.P. —The Future of the Highlands, 2
Field, Stanley A.—The History of Bairds, 270	McLuskey, Rev. Dr. J. Fraser, M.C., D.D.—Twenty-five Not Out, 130
Galbraith, Neil—The Office of H.M. Inspector of Constabulary, 243	Maxwell, J. Campbell, D.F.C.— The Unknown Scot from the Little Known Service, 184
Grant, Dr. N. M., M.D., Ch.B.— Sangs Ma Mither Sang Tae Me, 167	
More Tunes in My Head, 297	

- Murray, Dr. W. G. Duncan, M.D.
—Sangs Ma Mither Sang Tae
Me, 167
More Tunes in My Head, 297
- Neil, Ven. Archdeacon, I. D., C.B.,
O.B.E., M.A.—The Kirk and
The People, 116
- Paterson, Rev. Robert, B.D.,
F.S.A.(Scot.)—Robert Burns, 211
- Paton, Sir Leonard, C.B.E., M.C.—
The Scot in the Plantation
Industry, 86
- Ritchie, Sir John N., C.B.—Robert
Burns, 22
- Spence, Sir Basil, O.M., R.A.,
R.D.I., P.P.R.I.B.A.—A Per-
sonal View of the Architects'
Problem, 205
- Toothill, J. N., C.B.E.—Scotland's
Economy, 70
- Ward, Edmund—The Travelling
Tam O'Shanter, 124
- Whitton, J. H. Mackay—Speaking
for Speaking, 228
- Wilson, L. Hugh, O.B.E.,
F.R.I.B.A., Dip.T.P., M.T.P.I.—
New Towns in Scotland, 138
- Woolley, Norman H. — Robert
Burns, 79

MEMBERS SUBMITTING TOAST OF "OUR GUESTS"

- Baird, Ronald M, 121
- Bennett, Col. L. Duncan (Past
President), 99
- Brown, D. W. Imrie, 241
- Campbell, Sir George (Past Presi-
dent), 41; 113
- Crawford, W. R., 295
- Eddie, Vernon J., 274
- Fisher, Alastair A. M., 85; 188
- Fleming, A. R. C., 75
- Fulton, David (Vice President),
191
- Hunter, H. R. Stewart, 139 (Vice
President), 252
- Irving, Andrew, 137
- Kennedy, R. Y. (Vice President),
317
- Law, W. Alexander, 7
- Leitch, Robert, 308
- MacDonald, Alister G. (Vice
President), 105
- McGlashan, Rev. C. Y., 249
- McIntyre, Duncan W., 128; 181
- McLuskey, Rev. Dr. J. Fraser, 153
- Mason, James, 203
- Millar, William (Vice President),
51
- Miller, Rev. Ian R.N., 226
- Moxon, James, 283
- Napier, J. Murray (Past Presi-
dent), 28
- Neish, W. A. D., 90
- Nickirk, Lt. Col. Alan F., 268
- Rae, H. G., 155
- Robertson, Douglas G. (Vice
President), 143
- Robertson, J. F. 166
- Samuel, H. J. G., 19
- Scott, Rev. J. A. Miller, 209
- Steele, James R. (Past President),
48
- Thomson, J. C. (Past President),
67

GUESTS' RESPONSES

- Alexander, David, 254
- Allen, S. R., M.B.E., 275
- Allison, C. B., C.A., 317
- Arnold, F. W., 85
- Bader, Gp. Capt. D.R.S., C.B.E.,
D.S.O., D.F.C., 189
- Baker, Sir George G., O.B.E., Q.C.,
28
- Birsay, Lord, C.B.E., T.D., D.L.,
M.A., LL.B., Q.C., 249
- Boothby, Lord, K.B.E., 114
- Bowron, John L., LL.B., 309
- Cobley, R. A. C., 90
- Collins, Norman R., 182
- Cunningham, Sir Charles, K.C.B.,
242

- Findhorn, Viscount Stuart of, C.H., M.V.O., M.C., 122
 Fulton, Miss J., 254
 Gollin, G. J., 68
 Gollin, Mrs. G., 106
 Hunsworth, John A., 106
 Hunter, Mrs. H. R. Stewart, 319
 Hunter, W. T., M.B.E., F.C.A., 192
 Hunter, Mrs. W. T., 192
 Leonard, H., 283
 Lockie, John H., B.L., 54
 Low, Sir Francis, 9
 MacArthur, Rev. A. L., M.A., M.Litt., 20
 Macdonald, H. E., The Hon. Sir Thomas, 100
 McEwen, Robert L., 48
 MacLeod, Capt. K. W., 269
 McMullen, Rene A., 129
 Rees, Dai, 167
 Rugg, Sir Percy, J.P., 204
 Spencer, Gilbert, R.A., R.W.S., 145
 Turner, Frank W., 295
 Walford, Councillor Mrs. J., J.P., 145
 Wallace, A. M., 42
 Wallace, Ian, 155
 Wand, Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. J. W. C., K.C.V.O., M.A., Hon. D.D., 140
 Warris, Ben, 153
 Webster, Frank M., 76
 Whiteside, Rev. L. W. Hamilton, 210
 Woodard, A. R., 138
 Woolley, Norman H., 227

MISCELLANEOUS

- Annual General Meetings, 58; 110; 146; 194; 257; 323
 Ceremony of the Dirks; Revival, 284; 321
 Chronicles, 1st Edition presented by Bro. Caledonian Alex. J. Gemmell, 124
 Councils, 1961-67, 338
 Declaration of Abroath, The 279
 Financial Year of Society, changed to end 30th April, 78
 Gold Badge—Presented to Bro. Caledonian W. M. Miller, 50
 —When awarded to President, to be presented during year of office at Annual Festival, 276; 322
 Hon. Historian—Resignation of Bro. Caledonian W. M. Miller and election of Bro. Caledonian Robert Leitch, 194
 Hon. Secretary—Brief details and photograph, 313
 London Scottish—The Society and The Scottish, 329; Laying up the Colours of the 1st Bn., 325; Presentation of Two Volumes on the Scottish to the Society by Past President Col. L. Duncan Bennett, 148; Presentation of London Scottish Quaich by President H. R. Stewart Hunter, 316
 Lord Mayor of the City of London, Bro. Caledonian Sir James Miller, visits the Society during his mayoral term of office, 183
 Obituary Notes, 334
 Photograph of Members dated 1888-9, presented by Bro. Caledonian Alex. J. Gemmell, 148
 Pipe Banner presented in memory of the late Past President James Thomson, F.R.S.E., by his Sons, 2; 22; 58
 Short History of Society published, 123
 Toast to Presidents at Annual Festival, 57; 107; 145; 192; 256; 320
 Toast to Society by Sir William Duthie, O.B.E., M.P., 51
 Venue for Dinners—From Rembrandt to Kensington Palace Hotel, W.8., 142; 147; From Kensington Palace to The Russell Hotel to obtain more accommodation, 324
 Vice President—Election of Bro. Caledonian R. Y. Kennedy consequent upon resignation of Vice President A. R. C. Fleming, 284

