The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London

1945-1952

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1945-1952

EDITED BY

WILLIAM WILL

Honorary Historian of the Society

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The Chronicles

THIS, the sixth volume of the Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London, brings the one hundred and fifteen years' history of the Society down to this year of grace.

In the fifth volume, that for 1938–1945 (issued in the two hundredth anniversary year of the Jacobite Rising with Prince Charles Edward), there was placed on record the war work, from 1939 to 1945, of members and their families; and, proud of that record, we faced the future with confidence. We were unaware of the numerous obstacles that were to hinder the social work of organisations such as ours; and it was not until 1948 that we were able to leave a full session's work behind us.

Consequently, the early chapters of the present volume were robbed of much of the interesting matter that ordinarily they would have contained; but the work of subsequent sessions is equal to that of the fullest years of the Society's existence.

London, *December*, 1952.

JOHN M. SWAN

President 1945–1946

The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London

CHAPTER I.

1945-1946 : MR JOHN M. SWAN, *President.*

The President is a Glasgow man ; Restrictions on our Social work ; £420 for the Royal Scottish Corporation ; " The Scot in India," by Sir George R. Campbell, K.C.I.E. ; Lord Sempill on what Scotland stands for ; Meetings in the City ; " A Scot on Education," by D. W. Erskine, M.A., B.A.(Oxon) ; A Welcome to Notable Guests ; Admiral Thomson's Breezy Speech.

MR JOHN M. SWAN comes from the industrial capital of Scotland. His father was a Perthshire man and his mother came from Stirlingshire ; so the President of the Caledonian Society of London for 1945-1946, having been born in Glasgow, can claim kinship with three Scottish counties. Mr Swan was educated at the Normal College, Glasgow. He is a director of a firm of general export merchants, which he joined in 1894. The headquarters were then in Glasgow and Rangoon, and in 1912 the firm moved the British end of their activities to London, where they have remained. Mr Swan was made a director of his firm in 1912, and since that date he has been, in addition, the British manager.

Our new President saw service in the first world war. He was in the 6th Battalion Black Watch, in the famous Highland Division, from 1915 till the end of the war, two and a half years of the service having been in France.

When he came to London Mr Swan entered wholeheartedly into the work of Scottish organisations in the Capital. In 1928 he assisted in founding the Harrow Caledonian Society, and was elected immediately to the Vice-Presidency, and to the Presidency in 1930.

He became a member of the Caledonian Society of London in 1927, was elected to the Council in 1931, Hon. Treasurer from 1937 to 1939, Vice-President from 1940 to 1944, and succeeded to the Presidency in 1945.

In 1936 he was elected President of the Burns Club of London, and for over ten years he has acted as the London and Southern England representative of the Burns Federation.

When the Association of Scottish Societies was formed in 1939 to attend to the comfort of Scottish servicemen in London during the war, Mr Swan was elected Hon. Treasurer, and served in that capacity till the war ended and the Society ceased its operations in 1945.

For many years he has taken a keen interest in the two great London Scottish charities. He has acted on the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation for eighteen years, and in this great charity Mrs Swan has also lent a helping hand, in ministering to the pensioners at their monthly meetings.

For the same period Mr Swan has been on the committee of the Royal Caledonian Schools, and for ten years he has been convener of the Building Committee of the Schools.

It will be seen from this short record that the new President brings to the chair great experience of Scotland in London.

The office-bearers for Session 1945-1946 were: President, John M. Swan; Vice-President, T. Atholl Robertson; Hon. Secretary, W. M. Miller; Hon. Treasurer, J. G. Blackhall; Hon. Auditor, Walter B. Morison; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will.

RESTRICTIONS ON OUR SOCIAL WORK.

It was not until March, 1946, that Mr Swan, the President for 1945-1946, was able to meet his brother Caledonians in the social atmosphere that has from 1837 accompanied the work of the Society, except during two world wars. Government restrictions on food supplies to restaurants and hotels were being imposed with greater severity than at any time during the war.

However, it was found possible to hold a Little Dinner on Tuesday, 5th March, 1946, at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington.

£420 FOR THE ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION.

Prior to the dinner, the monthly business meetings were held. At these the President occupied the chair. He mentioned that in response to his appeal for the Royal Scottish Corporation the members of the Caledonian Society had subscribed £421.

Messrs William Waddell, C. P. L. Anderson, and William Gordon Simpson, were admitted to membership.

As the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, purposed returning to Scotland, the Hon. Secretary was asked to send him £10, with a note of thanks for his services to the Society.

OUR DIFFICULTIES EXPLAINED.

Mr Swan presided at the dinner following the business meetings. Among the guests were Lord Saltoun, Lord Sempill, Sir George Campbell, Mr (later Sir)

Alexander Fleming, Sir William Lamond, and Captain E. T. Malindine.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President explained that the catering difficulties were still reducing greatly their social activities, but the business of the Society had not been neglected. The world shortage of food had necessitated more severe restrictions by the Government, and consequently they were unable to invite as many friends to share their pleasant gatherings as they would have liked. That night, with a company "pegged" by conditions to one hundred, they met in a South Kensington Hotel. He hoped that that first gathering of the new session would be the forerunner of their old-time monthly meetings.

AN INDIAN SCOT ON INDIA.

The President then introduced Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., who had kindly agreed to present the Sentiment, "The Scot in India." Mr Swan said that Sir George was taking an active part in the work of Scottish societies in London, among them the Burns Club, and he was being nominated for membership of the Caledonian Society.

Sir George Campbell had a hearty cheer when he rose. He said:

Like a great many Scots, I ask myself the question posed in the auld Scots sang, "Oh, why left I my hame?" and my first answer to the question is: "For economic reasons." Unable to sustain in comfort her population, Scotland sends her adventurous youth all over the world. Life to the Scot is an adventure, and I hope it always will be.

The second answer to the question is: "The desire to teach all other peoples." The Scotsman is the eternal schoolmaster, and wants the world to benefit from his experience and knowledge. Livingstone went to Africa an ascetic, but a great altruist, and he is merely an example of the worth of our fellow-countrymen in all parts of the globe. I feel that the Scot, while finding it necessary to work for a living, has a regard for others as a principle of action, and goes into the wilds carrying the blessings of civilisation with him.

I would have preferred to treat this question of why Scots leave their hame and cross the deep in a general way, but your worthy President asked me to speak on "The Scot in India," and I must look at the question from the point of view of import to that country, and not export from here, so that the question is not merely, " Why left I my hame ? " but " Why left I my hame for India ? "

Now, my experience is no superficial affair. The late Keir Hardie spent three weeks in India, and came home and wrote a book on the subject. I have been there for thirty-four years, and up till now have said nothing.

In 1909, as one went gradually East, one approached the Orient, and one learned much—I certainly did—through having a leisurely approach.

In Indian business circles the Scot is predominant. He succeeds in India because through his various qualities he gets on well with the native people. First, his upbringing has a great influence. Reared in a good home, he has a background of integrity and native common sense. He is usually good tempered, and this carries him over many possible pitfalls. Although he has a good conceit of himself, and consequently displays no inferiority complex, he shows consideration for others, and this counts for much in India. He shows the qualities of the Centurion who treated all the Romans as if they were as highminded as himself.

The Indian, while adaptable, never loses his nationality ; there is with him no compromise. His religion is a fixed social scheme. A Brahmin is a Brahmin all his life. There is nothing in the Indian composition that considers it wrong to tell a lie. He will lie to some people, but not to others. If you are having an argument with him, you give him every opportunity of making his point. If he is cornered and you save his face and give him a decision, he will take the decision. The integrity of the Scot is a great asset when dealing with the people of the Orient.

I had some difficulty with one Indian merchant who came to me as a partner. In making an end of the trouble, the Indian said to me : " For the past two years I have tried to make you lose your temper, but I have not succeeded. I'll do anything you like." On such incidents great mutual affections are formed.

I could give you a talk on the great Indian Civil Service alone. I have tremendous admiration for the I.C.S. and its work for the Indian Empire. Many Scottish Grammar School boys have distinguished themselves in the Service ; there are men such as Linlithgow, Meston, Anderson, the Stewarts, who have added lustre to the work of Britons in the Orient.

Need I say much about the Indian fighting services ? Their work for the Empire in two world wars is eloquent proof of their bravery and their loyalty to the throne ; and here again the great common sense of the Scot—in this case, the fighting Scot—triumphs, because he considers the Indian outlook. The connection of the Scottish and Indian soldier is notorious ; Lord Roberts chose as the supporters in his arms a Gordon Highlander and a Gurkha soldier. So imitative of our customs are they that in several Indian regiments they have splendid bagpipe bands, some of the pipe-majors having learned their piping in Edinburgh Castle.

I once had the pleasure of meeting a composite regiment of Sikhs and Pathans, a most charming and delightful band of Indian brothers.

I hesitate to say much about Indian politics ; indeed, from the publicity given to latest developments, you know all that you need know, except perhaps that the Bengal Assembly was at one time composed mainly of Scotsmen.

I have met all the leading politicians of my days in India. On one occasion

I had a three-quarter-hour talk with Gandhi. He listened calmly and appreciatively while I spoke to him of the dangers of the situation at that time.

In India as in other parts of the world, Scotsmen, by means of Caledonian Societies and Burns Clubs, hold together. We are a gregarious people, and we never lose our nationality. The St Andrew's Day dinners are the means of bringing our fellow-countrymen together in the Orient, and at those dinners may be found an eloquent answer to the question : " What positions do Scots hold in India ? "

There are not a great many occasions for the exercise of charity ; but when it is required there is no lack of that generosity for which, notwithstanding the humorous jibes, Scots are notorious. No needy Scot need go without, but it isn't often that the Scots community in India are called upon to pay unfortunates' passages home.

This picture of the Scot in India is but a sketch, but I hope it has given you sufficient to prove to you that our fellow-countrymen have played, and are playing, their part in the development of the industry and government of the great country for which so many of our kith and kin have laboured and died. (Loud applause.)

An Apt Sentiment.

Mr William Harvie offered thanks to Sir George for what had been an informative speech, with the added virtue of not being too long.

The Scot is ubiquitous, adventurous, and enterprising (said Mr Harvie), and as an example of how the Scot manages to get into high places all the world over, Lord Ponsonby has told of an experience he had when present at a great cathedral ceremony in Moscow. Part of the ritual consisted of a gigantic man in ceremonial robes walking up the aisle bespattering the congregation on both sides of him with a brush dipped in holy water, and repeating all the time some monotonous chant. Lord Ponsonby strained his ears to catch the refrain. The solemn tones of the high dignitary reached him as he passed. They were : " If it disna' dae ye ony guid, it canna dae ye ony hairm." (Laughter.)

In India the Scot has distinguished himself in the army, commerce, business, shipping, administration and other spheres. He has also established a number of great charities among which are the Kalimpong Homes and the St George's Homes, in both of which my old chief, the late Sir Robert Laidlaw, another notable Scot, was greatly interested, and in which I am pleased to say I have had the honour to be associated in some small degree. (Applause.)

Sir George's various attainments are epitomised in " Who's Who," and as we like to know the credentials of those who address us, listen to the following : he is Regional Port Director for S.E. England, including the Port of London ; lately representative in India, Burma and Ceylon, of Ministry of War Transport ; Shipping Controller in India ; Member of the Council of State, New Delhi ; President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce and Associated Chambers of Commerce of India ; leader of the European Party in Bengal Legislative Assembly ; President of the Calcutta Burns Club. He served in France with the Q.O.R. Glasgow Yeomanry and the Highland Light Infantry, and with the 21st D.C.O. Lancers as captain.

These particulars are interesting and impressive. There was one item in "Who's Who" which specially attracted my notice, for I learned that he was commencing his education at the Hamilton Academy in Scotland some years after I had finished mine at St John's Grammar School there.

As I am about to submit a toast I should like to recall a story in this connection. The Indian lac, as you know, is the term for Rs. 100,000. On one occasion Lord Clive asked a chaplain, newly arrived in India, for a toast, but the young man said: "A toast! Alas and alackaday, what can I give?" "Nothing better," replied his lordship. "Come, gentlemen, a bumper to the chaplain's toast, 'A lass and a lac a day'." (Loud laughter.)

A wise man is like a pin, his head prevents him going too far, so I will conclude.

The toast was enthusiastically received.

The following new members were presented to the President: Messrs C. M. Stirling, David Storrier, M.V.O., M.B.E., Lieut. R. Y. Kennedy, R.N.V.R., and Major Murray Miln.

WORTHY GUESTS.

Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., proposed "Our Guests," and in doing so, said:

In Clause II of our Constitution we read that, among other objects, is "the promotion of good fellowship among Scotsmen in London." Now, what finer way of implementing that object than by inviting as guests our Scottish friends in London and from overseas, and possibly by including understanding Englishmen. We may thus, through our hospitality, explode some of those age-old and threadbare jokes which, incidentally, we greatly enjoy, concerning the meanness of our race. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Harvie has voiced the members' appreciation of Sir George Campbell's Sentiment, and I shall not attempt to gild the lily.

Lord Sempill needs no introduction to Scottish circles in London, or, for that matter, to Scots in any part of the world, for his interests are many and far afield. But perhaps it is in the sphere of aviation that he has become best known, and in which he has always taken such a keen interest. At the request of the Imperial Japanese Navy, you, Lord Sempill, undertook in 1921 to organise and train the Japanese Air Service. We can now clearly see, with such efficient tutorship, why our American friends suffered such severe headaches at Pearl Harbour twenty-one years later. I can assure you we are delighted to have you here to-night. (Applause.)

Captain Malindine, like so many of our commissioned officers in the war, started his soldiering in the ranks. In private life he is connected with petrol supplies, so perhaps he will tell when rationing is to cease, or when we may expect a decent increase of our monthly issue of coupons. (Laughter.)

We are also glad to have with us Lord Saltoun. (Hear, hear.) His lordship commenced his military career as a subaltern in the Forfar and Kincardine Artillery Militia, and rose to the rank of captain in the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, and was a prisoner of war in World War I.

Sir William Lamond, a banker, who, like so many financial geniuses in the British Empire, commenced his banking career in the Royal Bank of Scotland, has been both managing director and managing Governor of the Imperial Bank of India. (Applause.)

The last on my list is an old member of my regiment, the London Scottish. You, Sir Alexander Fleming, despite your natural modesty, are so well known to us all, by reputation if not personally, that you need no introduction to a gathering such as this. (Applause.) Sir Alexander came to London at the age of fourteen, and was for some years in a shipping office before becoming a medical student. He joined the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers in 1900, and served as a private for fourteen years, and was a captain in the R.A.M.C. in the war of 1914-1918. (Applause.)

As an enthusiastic member of the " Scottish," and a keen shot, he was one of the winning team in the *Daily Telegraph* Cup of 1908. But while it is a grand thing to have served in the London Scottish, yet it is in the world of medicine that the name of Sir Alexander Fleming will always be remembered, for as the discoverer of penicillin not only the British race but humanity as a whole owes to him a very deep debt of gratitude. (Loud applause.)

To our many other guests may I say that we are delighted to see you all here, and we hope you have enjoyed being with us as much as we have enjoyed your company. (Applause.)

LORD SEMPILL'S INSPIRING WORDS.

The Right Hon. Lord Sempill was heartily received on rising to reply. He thanked Colonel Bennett for the flattering references made to himself, and particularly, for the generous references to the many guests. He felt inspired when he heard the name of Sir Alexander Fleming, and contemplated the enormous number of lives that that modest fellow-countryman of ours had by his discovery saved. (Applause.) Penicillin was a word that would live in medical history for all time. (Hear, hear.)

And (continued Lord Sempill) the saving of lives in recent years by Scots was not confined to the discovery by Sir Alexander. Sir Robert Watson Watt's work in radiolocation had been the means of saving perhaps hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children. (Applause.) We had a right to have a guid conceit o' oorsels. (Hear, hear.)

The evidence of the worth of the Scot in India that had been given by Sir George Campbell in his entertaining talk could be equalled by our fellow-countrymen in other parts of the world. The Scot in Canada was a great factor in the development of that great country ; and in Nova Scotia the Highlands and Islands of Scotland were vivid in the minds and memories of the people.

T. S. Elliott (continued Lord Sempill), the great writer, has spoken of " the indifferentiated uniformity which is exerted from London." This is something against which the Gaels have always struggled and must continue to struggle. That famous priest and historian, Giraldus Cambrensis, a Celt, writing some eight hundred years ago, tells us of his experience in the campaign in Ireland under Henry II. Henry asked an old man in Wales what he thought of the prospects of the country, and the old man said: " I am persuaded that, happen what may, no other race than this, and no other tongue than this of Wales, will answer for this little corner of the earth till the great Day of Judgment." He was a Carmarthen man, and to-day the expectations of Eternity remain absolutely true to this prophecy. Let every one of us be true to our native land and all that it holds for us and for the world. In the House of Lords we Scots peers are doing our best to uphold these traditions, and your guest to-night, Lord Saltoun, is one of the most active members of the Scottish contingent. The Caledonian Society of London, by its meetings and Sentiments and discussions, is playing an important part in maintaining the freedom-loving spirit of Scotland. Long may you flourish. (Loud applause.)

Captain E. T. Malindine also replied.

Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie having resigned, Pipe-Major W. J. Brown gave the piper's selection and toast.

" Auld Lang Syne " was sung with the usual heartiness.

MEETINGS IN THE CITY.

The meetings on 4th April, 1946, were held at Pimm's Restaurant, Bishopsgate, E.C.2, one of the few restaurants in London, east or west, that, owing to food restrictions, catered for companies larger than twenty or thirty. In the case of the Caledonian Society's dinner, Pimm's restricted the number to one hundred.

At the Council meeting Sir George Riddoch Campbell and Sir William Lamond were elected members.

In succession to Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., was recommended, and a small committee was appointed to report on the Pipe-Major's qualifications for the position.

The President warmly welcomed the return of

Past-President John Macmillan after his long and serious illness.

EDUCATION NOW AND THEN.

At the Little Dinner the President gave the loyal toasts, and these were heartily honoured.

Mr Swan, before introducing the giver of the Sentiment, said the war-time restrictions, still in operation, greatly affected their activities. However, there they were met in harmony in the very heart of their dear old blitzed City of London, which was emerging triumphantly from its war agony, but with its scars still painfully discernible.

We have had many Sentiments presented to us during past years, and on many subjects (continued the President), and to-night Mr D. W. Erskine, M.A., B.A.(Oxon), the master of Malvern College, will give us his views on education. Mr Erskine has had a brilliant career, and I am sure that his Sentiment, " A Scotsman on Education," will be instructive.

We have gone a long way from the days of the village dominie and the three Rs. In these times children have to absorb an ever-increasing number of subjects, and sometimes I wonder if it is not being overdone, and if the rudimentary subjects such as writing and plain ordinary arithmetic are being neglected. This is rank heresy, I am afraid ; but Mr Erskine will enlighten us.

I have pleasure in calling on Mr Erskine to give us his Sentiment.

Mr Erskine, heartily received, said :

Although I accepted the invitation to speak on Education, I feel that I am unqualified to speak on the subject, for (1) I am no professional educationist ; (2) I have had the worst possible training for public speaking ; I talk for a living, and spend many hours in talking professionally ; and (3) I have lived a life more English than England.

But I am a Scot and teach boys, and it is as such that I am speaking to you.

The problem of education was put to me by a friend whom I met opposite the Tron Church, in Edinburgh. In the course of our conversation, my friend said : " Educationally Scotland is living on its past to hide the poverty of its present." That led me to consider what was the basis of Scotland's past, for I knew it was respected by all men and feared by all Englishmen.

I recognise that standards for England and Scotland are not the same. I was reminded of that when I, as a young master, complained to my previous headmaster about my boys ; he reminded me that they were English and that I was a Scot. I believed in hard work, and had to make sacrifices to achieve my ambition. As my finals in Edinburgh drew near, I dropped from the R.H.S.F.P. 1st Cricket XI to 2nd XI ; but I accepted this as normal.

Then there must be singleness of purpose : none otherwise would go in for a profession so ill-paid. How often would it have been easier not to persevere !

Home life must be considered ; not the physical sense of home, but a small unit, each helping the other. For example, there was my mother, who resolved I would go to Oxford, because one of my R.H.S. masters said I ought to go. I was aged twelve, and at the time my father's income was less than the fees at Oxford. But my mother lived and planned so that Oxford might be gained.

There was a solid belief in the fundamentals, both moral and spiritual. The teaching of Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope, and other such aids to children could not be overlooked, and on the intellectual side it was perhaps not without point that scholars' training was classics—both classical and English.

Now, I ask, what chance have these old verities in the modern world, when the great god Efficiency is set up for worship ? Are we going to be flattened out as by a juggernaut ? I must quote from *The Guinea Pig* : " New ideas and ideals are now milling about in confusion." It is difficult to distinguish the inevitable and visionary from the doctrinaire and fussy.

Let me now discuss the possible adverse effects of the modern tendencies of which I have been speaking. It is possible that free meals and family allowances might destroy the home ; free education might destroy the sacrifice of which we are proud ; scientific demands might undermine the fundamentals ; filling-up of forms, and obedience to forms of directors of education might remove the sense of vocation in teachers ; and the abolition of home work might destroy the incentive to hard work.

Let us consider the hopes for the future. Many reforms are inevitable. Though control of seventy children shows a sense of vocation in a teacher, that is no excuse for keeping classes at seventy. There is a better balance now between mind and body, for greater attention is paid to the health of children. Greater artistic curiosity is fostered by means of the ballet, Shakespeare, music, etc. And there is cultivated an interest in good books ; but it is they that are in short supply. There is a great increase of public consciousness of the value of education ; and evidence of this is the difficulty of entry to secondary schools and universities. And, finally, let me point out that science has been called to answer moral and spiritual problems.

Mr Churchill promised us blood and sweat and tears. The Prime Minister calls us to hard effort. That means that this country needs Scotsmen. If in the multitude of experiments and changes of the present age room can be found—or if we insist that room be found—for these great Scots virtues, if in the endeavour to give every boy the same chance, we do not forget to give the best boy the best chance, so that not only will Scotsmen be available, but Englishmen shall be turned into Scots. I think that whatever changes in details and methods of education may come, we can face the future with confidence. (Loud applause.)

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

Mr James R. Steele gave the toast, " The Author of the Sentiment." He said :

Although Mr Erskine opened his speech in a modest tone, I am sure we are all of the opinion that he has proved himself more than qualified to speak on the subject of "A Scot on Education." A Master of Arts of Edinburgh, Bachelor of Arts of Oxford, and a Master of Malvern College, educated in Scotland and a teacher in England, he has brought to bear both knowledge and a wide experience.

Mr Erskine spoke of the greater realisation to-day of the value of education, a subject very dear to the heart of every Scot. My experience has taught me that the great difference in the attitude of the English and Scots is that the former accepted education for their children because it was compulsory and they had no option, but the Scot sought the best education possible because of his great love of it.

The author of the Sentiment pointed out the effect of hardship on the character of the Scot and in equipping him for the future. I have often wondered what would have happened if Burns had been brought up in different surroundings, and if his parents had not had a struggle to educate him, and he, in his turn, had not found difficulty in continuing his education. Had the circumstances of our national poet been easier, it is possible that the literature of Scotland might not have been so rich.

Mr Erskine speculated on the effect of free education and all that goes with it at the present time. The public schools of England have been more like all the schools in Scotland in that they have turned out "individuals." I venture to suggest that the effect of standardisation in education will be, instead of making individuals, to turn out the products of a machine. (Applause.)

Mr Erskine thanked the audience for their attention to his remarks.

Four new members—Messrs John R. Aldridge, C. P. L. Anderson, W. Gordon Simpson, and William Waddell—were introduced to the President.

AN ADMIRAL WITH SCOTS ANCESTRY.

Mr James Abernethy offered the toast, "Our Guests." He said:

A hundred years ago the members of the Society met in the London Tavern close by, and in the "Chronicles" of those days I find great difference between their sumptuous dinners then and our present austere entertainments.

As an indication of the lengthy proceedings of a hundred years ago—to be exact, the dinner on 11th May, 1843—I find a list of no fewer than fifteen toasts.

My duty to-night is to ask you to drink to the health of "Our Guests"; and let me say that one of our principal guests, Rear-Admiral George Pirie Thomson, C.B., C.B.E., is important to us as Scots because he is the grandson of a great Scottish divine and educational legislator, Principal George Pirie of Aberdeen University. The name of Principal Pirie is still held in great respect in Scottish University circles.

However, our guest does not rely upon his Scottish ancestry—great as that is—for introduction to a Scottish audience. He is a distinguished sailor, with particular experience in the submarine part of the Royal Navy, and he retired in 1939 with the rank of Rear-Admiral.

Since 1941 Admiral Thomson has been much in the public eye, for in that year he took over the work of the chief censor at the Ministry of Information, when that Ministry was the butt of music hall comedians and the man in the street—not to mention the man in the newspapers. Admiral Thomson helped to change all that; and when he retired from the position of chief censor at the close of hostilities, we had the most extraordinary spectacle—the whole of the British Press entertaining and singing the praises of the man who might have been looked upon as the greatest nuisance that the Press had had since the war started.

If further evidence were needed of his acceptance by the Press, of oil and vinegar mixing, it can be found in the fact that to-night the Admiral is the guest of Past-President William Will, surely a case of the lion lying down with the lamb, but at the moment I am not prepared to say which is the lamb and which the lion. (Laughter.)

We also offer a hearty welcome to Sir Claude James, the Agent-General for Tasmania in London. Sir Claude's forebears were among the earliest settlers in Tasmania, and he himself had given great service to the islanders. Sir Claude had moved from the arena of local affairs to the Tasmanian Parliament. In 1936 he came to this country on a special mission, and his Government found his services so valuable that he is still with us as representative of the Island.

In asking members to toast our honoured guests, I hardly think it necessary to remind you that though many externals have altered since our early days in the City of London, the heart of the Caledonian Society has remained constant to its old hospitality.

It's aye the same thing owre again,
We build the same auld tower again.

(Loud applause.)

A BREEZY ADDRESS.

Rear-Admiral George P. Thomson, C.B., C.B.E., in replying to the toast, said:

The fact that I am a guest here this evening is, I think, sufficient to explain why a naval officer with an English accent should be speaking at a Caledonian Society dinner; but in very truth I emphatically claim to be a genuine member of the Scottish race, for it was George Watson's College, Edinburgh, which gave me my education; and it was a fine old Scotsman, my late grandfather, who was, as Mr Abernethy remarked, Principal of Aberdeen University and a Moderator of the Church of Scotland, who gave me such virtues and qualities as I now possess. (Hear, hear.) The old man had all the well-known Scottish ability in dealing with an emergency situation. He used to preach to the late Queen Victoria when she came up north in her yacht, and on one Sunday, when Her Majesty's yacht was anchored off Nairn, he was taken off to the ship in a little steam boat, which pitched and tossed in the choppy sea. The little boat bobbed up and down when alongside the gangway of the yacht, and as he jumped out on to the accommodation ladder, he tore a large hole in the seat of his trousers.

The captain of the yacht was much concerned, and suggested to the reverend gentleman that he should lend him a pair of trousers. "Hoots, man," replied my grandfather, "when I leave Her Majesty's presence I'll hae to walk backwards, and she'll never notice it." (Loud laughter.)

Well, gentlemen, it is good to be in this company of Scotsmen. In the Navy, a Scotsman is more or less divorced from his home land. Although H.M. ships go to Scotland, they choose only to go to Scapa Flow or to Invergordon, where they carry out gunnery practices and general exercises, and spend all their time working hard, instead of appreciating the glories of Scotland.

Then, too, the prevailing atmosphere in the Navy is English, for there are naturally many more Englishmen than Scotsmen in the Navy—except in the higher ranks! The Navy, of course, like every other profession or business, is ruled by Scotsmen. Our present First Sea Lord, Viscount Cunningham, the victor of Calabria and Matapan, and the Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean during a very critical time when our naval forces in the area were markedly inferior to the Italian, is a good example of what Scotsmen can do. (Applause.)

The new First Sea Lord to be, Sir John Cunningham—who, by the way, is no relation to Viscount Cunningham—is another Scotsman. Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton, who, when captain of the *Rodney*, sank the great German battleship *Bismark*, and later flew his flag in the cruiser *Diadem*, escorting vital convoys to Russia, is yet another Scotsman. So is Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, who sank the *Scharnhorst*, and was Commander-in-Chief of the Home and Pacific fleets. So is Vice-Admiral McGrigor, the present Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff, who did so well in the Mediterranean and took several convoys to Russia in the teeth of U-boat and air attack. Admiral Sir Charles Forbes and Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Burnett are among many other Scottish naval officers of high rank who gave outstanding service in the war.

Indeed, their name is legion; and I mustn't forget a typical example in the lower ranks—a seaman torpedoman who was in charge of the torpedoes in a submarine I once commanded. The late Queen Marie of Rumania had expressed a desire to see over my submarine, and I had orders that she would arrive in about an hour. Consequently all was bustle, and everyone set to work to make the ship spick and span. As you may know, you get into a submarine through a small round hatch, down a steep vertical ladder which leads into the torpedo compartment. I told my Scottish torpedoman—a regular old salt, he was—to stand at the bottom of the ladder and be ready to answer any questions about the torpedoes which Her Majesty might ask.

Well, Her Majesty duly arrived, but she didn't at all like the idea of going through that small hole and down the steep vertical ladder. "It's all right, your Majesty," I said, "just put both feet on the ladder and go down one foot at a time." She got on to the ladder, and hesitated and drew her skirts together, and was just about to summon enough courage to go down the ladder, when to my horror I heard a Scottish voice from below: "It's a' richt, your Maijesty, I'm no' lookin'." (Loud laughter.)

But my present task is not to talk about the Navy, nor about the Press, with which I have been intimately associated during the past six years. I only wish I had time to talk about the Press, for I would then be able to tell you how very much the Press and the public owe to my good friend Mr Will here. He was a tower of strength both in arranging facilities for Press war correspondents, and thus ensuring that events in the various theatres of war were adequately reported to the public, and also in fighting for the newspapers against any attempt to muzzle them by censorship.

If I, as Chief Press Censor, maintained to the authorities that an article, submitted to censorship before publication, contained no military information of value to the enemy, but was merely genuine criticism of a Government Department and therefore not subject to censorship, I would probably be told that this article must not be published, and that was the end of it. The argument I always used, however, was that I had consulted Mr Will, who assured me that the Press would be up in arms if this article were censored. And no more was said ! (Laughter.)

Well, gentlemen, it is time that I performed my proper function, and said what my fellow guests want me to say. Fortunately, without being a student of telepathy, I think I can read their minds and anticipate their wishes. For I know they all want me on their behalf to express to our hosts our warmest thanks for a first-rate dinner and a most enjoyable evening. It is indeed a great pleasure and privilege for us to be present here this evening, and we are most appreciative. Good luck to you all. (Loud applause.)

Sir Claude James also thanked the Society for its hospitality.

The Piper's selection and toast were given by Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E.

" Auld Lang Syne " ended a pleasant gathering.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting was held at the Society's headquarters, The Royal Scottish Corporation, on Tuesday, 26th November, 1946. Mr John M. Swan, the retiring President, was in the chair.

Office-bearers for the coming session—1946–1947—were elected as under : President, Mr T. Atholl Robertson, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.(Scot.) ; Vice-President, Dr Charles Stewart Hunter, M.D., F.R.S.E. ; Hon. Secretary, Mr W. M. Miller ; Hon. Treasurer, Mr D. Houston ; Hon. Auditor, Mr Walter B. Morison ; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will. There were added to the Council to fill vacancies, Mr John

Crighton, a member since 1930; and Dr Ian McPherson, M.D., who joined the Society in 1932.

The Hon. Secretary informed the meeting that the committee empowered to select the Society's officer and piper had appointed Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E.

Messrs William Spark, John Young Minty, and Robert Eadie were admitted to membership.

With regret the meeting accepted the resignations of Mr J. G. Blackhall, J.P., Hon. Treasurer, who is leaving London for Scotland; Captain J. J. Cameron, whose health prevents his attendance at meetings; Mr Ian C. M. Hill, O.B.E., also unable to attend owing to illness; Mr J. L. Stewart, Hon. Auditor, who, owing to a serious operation, has been debarred from attendance at meetings; and Past-President T. M. Stephen, J.P., who is now permanently resident in Scotland.

The President feelingly referred to the loss the Society was sustaining through these resignations, and expressed the hope of himself and the members that the invalids mentioned would soon be restored to good health. Thanks for the services of the retiring members were ordered to be recorded in the minutes.

On vacating the chair, Mr Swan thanked the members for the loyal assistance which they had given him during his year of office, the difficulties of which had been greatly relieved by that support. He placed the President's chain and badge on the shoulders of Mr Atholl Robertson, and wished him a successful and happy year of office.

Mr Atholl Robertson spoke of the honour that had been done him after a membership of thirty-five years. He would do his best to maintain the high traditions of the office.

It was decided to award to Mr John M. Swan a Past-President's badge as a token of the members' appreciation of his work as President.

Obituary.

Mr Dugald Campbell MacLeod.

Mr MacLeod, who died in July, 1946, at his home at Skelmorlie, aged 77, joined the Caledonian Society in 1919.

Mr MacLeod was a native of Greenock. Both his parents were natives of the West Highlands.

He began his business career as a junior clerk in the Scotch Wool Stores of Messrs Fleming, Reid & Co., and after controlling several hundred branches of the firm in Great Britain and Ireland he was made a director, ultimately becoming managing director and deputy chairman.

Mr MacLeod took an active part in Scottish work in London ; besides his membership of the Caledonian Society, he was President of the London Renfrewshire Society. On his return to Greenock he was elected a director of Greenock Highland Society, and was the first President of the Skelmorlie and District Highland Society.

Mr MacLeod was deeply interested in Church work. He was an elder of Skelmorlie North Church, was a long-standing member of Greenock Presbytery, and on several occasions he acted as a representative to the General Assembly.

J. Forbes Somerville.

This fine London Scotsman, who gave much of his time to the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation, joined the Caledonian Society in 1931. He died in October, 1946. His two sons, Major John and Lieutenant-Colonel James Ramsay Somerville, were both gunners in the 3rd Battalion London Scottish, and reached their respective ranks, Major John Somerville in 1942, and Lieutenant-Colonel James Ramsay Somerville in 1945.

J. DRUMMOND SMITH.

This active member was engaged in engineering work, and before he died, in April, 1946, he had rendered great service to the national cause. In 1939 Mr Drummond Smith presented to the Society a snuff mull whose lid was inlaid with pieces of wood, labelled, from trees and places identified with Scottish song and story, among them " Queen Mary's Yew," " Birks of Aberfeldy," " Bush aboon Traquair," " The Broom of the Cowdenknowes." On the bottom of the mull is printed in the space of 1 inch by ¾ inch the first verse of " Auld Lang Syne," with the music.

Past-President JOHN McLAREN, M.I.M.E., M.I.NAV.A.

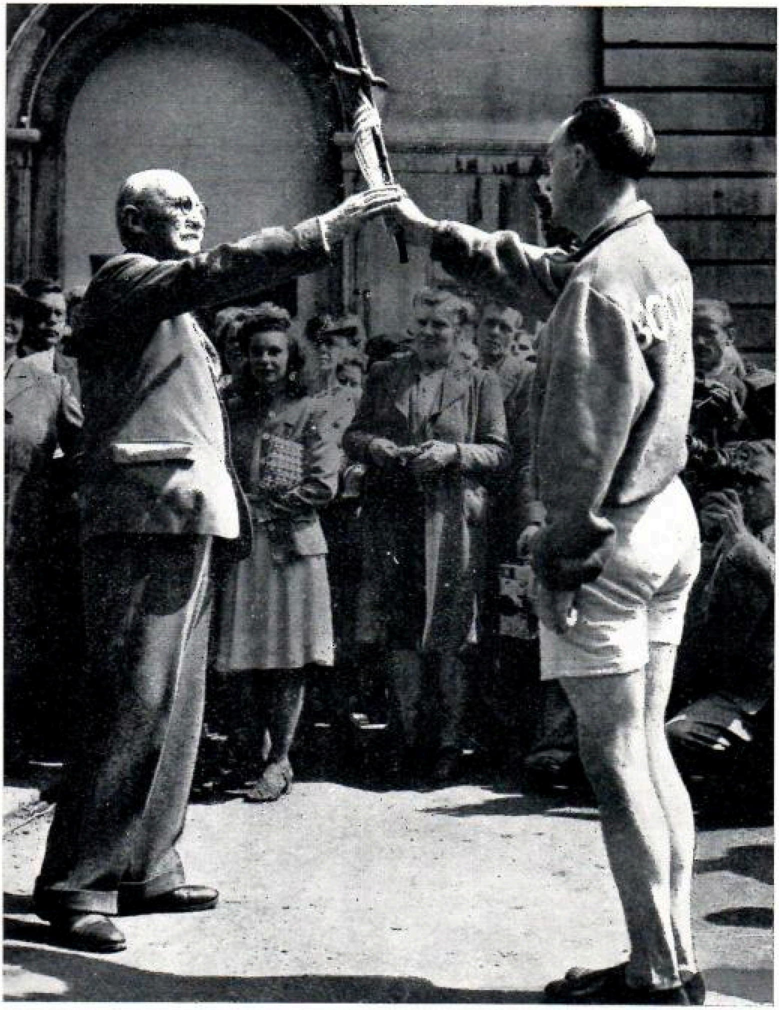
It was in 1937–1938 that the members called upon John McLaren to act as their President. He joined the Society in 1923, became a member of the Council in 1933–1934, and was auditor from 1935 to 1937. He was of Inverness stock, and he was educated in Glasgow. Under the influence of the Clyde he took to marine engineering and shipbuilding as a career, beginning work with the famous Fairfield Company, and later he joined the equally famous Leyland Company.

Then came London, where he began business as a consulting engineer and naval architect. Here he soon proved his worth as an assessor to the Home Office in wreck inquiries, and a Commissioner to the Board of Trade under the Boiler Explosion Act. He was one of the pioneers of the use of electricity on vessels ; he received a gold medal for a paper on the subject. In the 1914-1918 war he assisted in the reorganisation of the Merchant Navy. He served equally well his brother Scots in London ; he was a chief of the Clans Association, a life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and in the 1914–1918 war he took an active part in the work of the Scottish Company of the National Guard.

Mr McLaren died in October 1946.

John Menzies.

For over forty years Mr Menzies was a member of the Society, for he joined in 1904, and passed away in June, 1946. Our member never recovered from the shock which he received when his son, John, who won the D.F.C., and was promoted to be Flight Lieutenant, when on a special mission was reported missing, presumed lost.



T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON, F.R.G.S., F.S.A. (Scot.)

President 1946–1947

At Guildhall, London, the President accepts the Fiery Cross on its way from Edinburgh to Rome. (*see pp.* 49–54)

CHAPTER II.

1946-1947 : MR T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.(SCOT.), *President.*

A Highlander in the Chair; £520 for the Royal Scottish Corporation; The Society's Prospects; "A Scottish Padre in the R.A.F.," by the Rev. Archibald McHardy; Post-War Legislation; The Society's Treasures; "The Caledonian Society: Whence, Whither"; the Highway to the South; Scots for 350 years; A Murdoch on Murdochs; A Historic Snuff Mull; The London Scottish; Graham Bell Memorial; "The Scot as Ambassador," by Mr D. G. Galloway; A Soldier's Reply; A Toast to New Zealand; The High Commissioner's Reply; The Fiery Cross in London; The Ceremony Recorded; £100 to the Corporation and the Schools; Death of Past-President R. S. Kennedy.

THE new President is an Atholl Highlander from the cradle of Clan Donnachaidh in Atholl, Perthshire, where his family have farmed for generations. On his maternal side he has an Argyllshire connection, his grandmother having been Margaret Morrison of Bowmore, Islay. This lady was an authority on the Gaelic language, and edited many of the Gaelic tales in Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands.*

Mr Atholl Robertson began his business career in Glasgow, in the fine art printing and publishing industry, and finished his training in Germany.

He has been active in Scottish affairs in London for fifty years. He joined the Caledonian Society in 1911, and is consequently a life member. He is one of the few remaining original members of the Scottish Clans Association, of which he was Chief ; is a Past-President of the London Perthshire Association, and a Governor of the Royal Caledonian Schools. During the late war he acted as Hon. Secretary of " Caledonia," the London hostel for Scots men and women in the services.

As editor and publisher of *The Scots Year Book* (founded by another Caledonian, the late Past-President and Historian, John Douglas), he maintains contact with some 1,500 Scottish societies at home and overseas.

He is the possessor of a library of over 2,000 books about Scotland and on Scottish subjects, including a fine collection of clan histories and books on the tartans.

The President has also found time for the study of antiquities, and is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He is an office-bearer in St George's Presbyterian Church, Palmers Green, and was at one time Liberal member of Parliament for the Finchley Division of Middlesex. He has a family of six whose work in the second world war has been recorded in the " Chronicles " for 1938-1945.

THE PRESIDENT'S THANKS.

The first Little Dinner of the session was held at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, on Friday, 17th January, 1947.

Before the company of about one hundred (the Government's limit) sat down to dinner, the Council and General Meetings were held.

The President, Mr. T. Atholl Robertson, was in the chair, and before opening the business he thanked the members for electing him to the proud position of President of the Society. He promised to maintain its traditions to the best of his ability.

£521 TO THE ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION.

The President read a letter from our Hon. Secretary, writing as Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, in which Mr Miller thanked the members for their generous response to the President's annual appeal for the funds of the Corporation. £521, 11*s*. had been subscribed.

Mr Alexander Harvey was admitted to membership.

THE SOCIETY'S PROSPECTS.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner, the President said he was sorry that the High Commissioner for Canada had been unable to accept his invitation to be with them that evening, but he had sent a kindly message from Scots in Canada to the Caledonian Society of London.

He thanked the members for so handsomely responding to the presidential appeal for the Royal Scottish Corporation, and assured those who had contributed that the Committee of Management of the Corporation warmly appreciated the practical way in which the Society had once more come to the succour of this No. 1 Scottish Charity of London.

I ought to tell you, continued the President, that, despite frustration by the powers that own and run hotels and restaurants, and the shortage of food and labour, we have succeeded in fixing up at this hotel three Little Dinners.

A SCOTTISH PADRE IN THE R.A.F.

The President then, in a word, introduced the Rev. Archibald McHardy, C.B.E., M.C., K.H.C., D.D., the principal Church of Scotland chaplain for the R.A.F., to give his Sentiment, "A Scottish Padre in the R.A.F."

Rev. Dr McHardy, received with cheers, said :

This is one of the most pleasant experiences I have had for many a long day : to be in this homely Scottish atmosphere, with the invitation to share with you something of the thoughts of my heart about the work of a padre in the R.A.F.

I think we all know about the great value of tradition. Now we are a young service and building our own tradition. But I find when talking to young men that any kind of boastfulness of the past, or any kind of exaggeration, is apt to be met rather coldly. It is only as we try to make our services better services, with the great ideal of peace before us, that I like to tell our young men to look to the greatness of the past only so far as it is going to sustain us for the future.

One famous Spitfire pilot told me that his young pupils looked rather askance at him because he had not much experience of jet aircraft. You see how the youth of the world goes on ! That is the very spirit that we want in the men. (Hear, hear.)

The Royal Air Force was born on 1st April, 1918, by the amalgamation of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps, and I submit that that is a day of great significance, not only in the history of our country, but in the history of the world, when one considers the great influence that flowed from the amalgamation of the services. The 1st of April ! Our friends of the other services do not fail to remind us we were born on that date ; but if we were fools, we were glorious young fools whom the Germans certainly could not suffer gladly. (Laughter and applause.)

Now, being a Scottish padre in the R.A.F. is different from being a padre in the Army, because we have no Scottish squadrons in the R.A.F. We have people from every part of this country of ours in all our squadrons and staffs.

Of course, there is an exception to that, for great work was done by the auxiliary squadrons of Scotland, along with those of England. There are the three famous squadrons of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen ; and I should like you to realise how much we owed in those great days to our Auxiliary Air Force. I can remember the excitement when the first German aircraft arrived over Edinburgh, and, after the work of the auxiliary squadron, how free that part of the world was from German aircraft. Scotland may well be proud of those auxiliary squadrons who went south at the great time of the Battle of Britain.

I was congratulating a pilot of the Glasgow Squadron, when that wonderful event happened—when, all of a sudden, the great terror that was over us was gone, and we realised that the Battle of Britain had been won. I talked to the pilot about it, and he said : "That's all right. I don't think it was so much us. I think it was our padre who plays the bagpipes so poorly who frightened the Germans more than anything else !" (Laughter.)

Generally speaking, then, being a padre in the R.A.F. means not having, as in the Army, Scottish regiments, but joining in the great fellowship of the other Churches. I think the happiest experience in my life has been the friendship I have had with padres of the other Churches. The more one is loyal to one's own Church, the more one must get the spirit into one's heart of realising that there are many ways of looking at things, and that against the common evils of this world we are all at one. That has been my greatest joy in being in the Air Force—the friendship and co-operation I have had with all the other Churches.

I must tell you of a wonderful experience we had just before Italy collapsed, when the Chaplain-in-Chief, the senior Church of England Chaplain of the Royal Air Force, and the Principal Chaplain of the Roman Catholic Church, and I, were in Italy. The Roman Catholic chaplain took us to see the Pope. I can remember that as if it were yesterday, and the chaplain told us afterwards that the Pope had been very struck by the fact that we had come together. He seemed to have been specially struck by the fact, because he thought that Scotland would not " stand for " such a thing.

I have always felt throughout my Air Force life, that the fact that the padres of the Churches are friends together like that, has done more good than anything in letting our airmen see that for all our differences we have a common foe to fight, and that is really why there are padres at all. (Hear, hear.)

Our duties in the Air Force are laid down, such as visiting the sick and those in prison, and the taking of morning prayers, a great custom which we took over from the Royal Navy. But there is no activity in the stations in which the padre is not welcomed, anything, that is, appertaining to the real welfare of the airmen and airwomen. We have to do all sorts of jobs voluntarily, running games, for example, and running entertainments. Mention of games reminds me of an amusing experience I had the other day. I had written and told my sister that I had been refereeing a boys' rugby match near London, and she had told an old lady in Scotland about this. The old lady's reply was : " What were the poliss doing to allow him to play football with the bairns in the streets in London." (Laughter.)

I want to impress one thing on you : that we are in the Air Force because we are padres, and that we never " make up " to the men and women in the slightest degree. They love us taking part in their activities, but they demand that we should be ministers of the Gospel, and there I think they show the most sound instinct. We are padres in all the services primarily because we are performing the duties of ministers of the Church.

For long there has been the tradition of the church parade in the services. We have lost that compulsory parade, except for the boys and girls under eighteen. Personally, I was deeply hurt when the Government said that compulsory parades as we knew them had to go because every man was entitled to his freedom.

Listening in trains to conversation about that, one felt that somehow or other people thought it was wrong to compel a grown man to go to church. I remember it was discussed by the Brains Trust, and Professor Joad said it was against the fundamental freedom of all British subjects ; but, honestly, I used to think there was something tremendous in the discipline of the church. We attached great importance to church parade. I felt, somehow, that we had lost something when we lost the opportunity of getting some of those lovable men to come to church, and of giving the chance of hearing what we had to say.

However, we are not discouraged, because I think the best years of the Chaplain's work are yet to be, and I feel it puts us more on our mettle when we have no compulsory parades. We are not complaining. We are greatly encouraged by having moral leadership courses in which we pick young men and women from our stations and try to teach them Christian leadership, and send them back to their stations better equipped for their duties. We find that has been a tremendous help in our services life, for, you know, we get some terrible disappointments.

I think it has been quite revealing since 1939, when thousands of recruits came into the services, how great was the ignorance—and I am talking about every part of the country—about religious things. Would you believe at this time in Christian history that there are many who don't know what Christmas Day and Easter Day stand for, and I heard people talking, the other day, about the high percentage of those who cannot say the Lord's Prayer. Now, I am not exaggerating. I do think in the country as a whole we are very backward in the great principles of Christianity, and in the realisation that they are relevant to life.

We get people thinking that science is going to do everything for us. What is the need for religion ? is a common thought. Here are a few of the questions which, we feel, are uppermost in the minds of thoughtful men in the services : " If there is a God, why all these wars and slums and unhappiness ? " " Was Christ really the son of God, or just a good man ? " " Are creeds necessary in a world of law ? " " Is prayer any good ? " These are the things that young men and women are asking us, and I do so much to-night want to share with you this thought : with the great number of conscripts who are coming to us, I want you to feel that we are doing our best, that we should face these things fairly as a service and as a people. (Hear, hear.)

The unhappiest times of my life are in dealing with the dreadful conditions of home affairs to-day—of broken homes—and somehow or other I think, and one feels it in the services, that it is all part and parcel of this feeling that Christianity somehow is quite irrelevant to-day. I believe from my heart that this is what is wrong with the world to-day. There is a tremendous happiness pulsating through the young people of our services, and we padres are so anxious to win the whole of them for Christ.

But one is comforted somewhat by the feeling that we padres are trusted ; and this is illustrated by many humorous incidents. I remember one most embarrassing moment. On one occasion Lord Trenchard, greatly feared and greatly loved in the services, was visiting a station. He asked to go into one of the married quarters to see how the airmen's wives lived. He went into an Irish lady's quarters, and asked her if she had any complaints. She said : " Yes, sir, I have no broom for my kitchen." This was a terrible thing to say to the chief ! The staff officers were horrified ; but Lord Trenchard said : " You are quite right ; I will get you a broom." As he was going away, she said : " Now remember, if you don't bring me a broom on Monday I will report you to the padre ! " That shows the power we really have ! (Laughter and applause.)

On another occasion a lecturer, who was a great authority on Keats, came to the station. The C.O., a friend of the lecturer, wanted a specially big party to hear about Keats. He could not make it compulsory, but he told his N.C.O.'s to get as big a parade as possible. One sergeant, trying to raise a crowd, told his men : " I want you all to go and hear this lecturer. It will do you good, for I don't believe there are half a dozen in the squadron who know what a keat is ! " (Loud laughter.)

In the services we try to get men and women doing some job that they are best fitted for, but it so happened that a plumber came to us and was given a test on plumbing. It was written on his papers that he would make a good plumber; and the next morning he was a cook in the officers' mess! (Laughter.)

I think it is the greatest life in the world. On Monday I hope to go over to Germany to see some great experiments that the padres are running there. I have seen a bit of it already with German women and children. I am certain I know what I will find, for, as you know, the British servicemen are our greatest ambassadors for peace; and I am perfectly certain that we will find them doing their job in these difficult circumstances, even among our old enemies, and trying to make the world a better place. (Applause.)

There were some Air Force children who, when they knew I was going to Germany, asked me if I could take some of their chocolate with me to the German children.

Although Scottish married families in the Royal Air Force may worship in the Scottish church, I want you to realise that the Sunday Schools are held in common with other Churches, and that these are the happiest places in the world. In Egypt there were two hundred children in a desert Sunday School, and the experience of taking a part in that school is one of the most glorious memories I have.

One officer in Egypt said to me: "I don't believe in religion, but I am quite willing to be friendly." He was a very good officer, and a very good man. A month or so afterwards he said to me: "Padre, my wife and family are coming out from England. Will you have the children at Sunday School?" That was one of the loveliest things that ever happened to me; and what delightful children they were.

There are so many things in my heart I would like to share with you, but over all I should like to plead with you to take an interest in the services. You are sending your young friends to us. Will you try and encourage them to get in touch with their padres, and we will do everything in our power for them? It is only that we want them to have a clearness of vision and purpose in the great work of keeping the peace of the world. (Applause.)

I feel with all my heart that these young men and women, whichever part of Scotland they come from, whichever part of the Dominions they come from, that the days they spend in the services with us will be the greatest days in the preparation for the great work they have to do in this distracted world. (Loud applause.)

In calling upon Dr Stewart Hunter, Vice-President, to thank Dr McHardy, the President said that they had just listened to one of the most inspiring addresses that had been given to the Caledonian Society of London.

A GREAT R.A.F. PADRE.

Dr Stewart Hunter, F.R.S.E., Vice-President, in proposing the toast, "The author of the Sentiment," said:

It is my pleasant duty to ask Dr McHardy to accept the thanks of the company for his inspiring Sentiment. I am able to approach this subject from many angles, for although one would not gather it from our guest's modest bearing, he is a C.B.E., he won the M.C. in the 1914-1918 war, he is a M.A. and a D.D. of Edinburgh University, and he has been called upon by His Majesty the King to be a K.H.C., which stands for King's Honorary Chaplain. All these honours had come to one of the most modest men of their time. Little wonder that his young men in the Royal Air Force adore him, and that they come to lay their troubles before him; and one need not speculate on the sympathy with which he meets their problems.

It is not only on the social problems of the Royal Air Force members that Dr McHardy is called upon to give advice, for to their physical interests he enters as heartily as into their spiritual needs. He is one of the selectors of the Rugby teams, and he is frequently to be seen as a referee in the Rugby matches.

Dr McHardy thanked his audience for their sympathetic reception of his remarks, and said that when they entrusted their sons to the R.A.F. they might be assured that they would be well looked after by the Air Force padres.

The following new members were received by the President, and their healths pledged: Messrs Robert Eadie, John Y. Minty, and William Spark.

OUR PUZZLED GUESTS.

Mr William Harvie, giving the toast " Our Guests," said:

Charles Dickens's descriptions of the club associated with Master Humphrey's Clock could aptly be applied to our Society. " Our first proceeding when we are assembled," Dickens wrote, " is to shake hands all round, and greet each other with cheerful and pleasant looks. Remembering that we assemble not only for the promotion of our happiness, but with the view of adding something to the common stock, an air of langour or indifference in any member of our body would be regarded by the other as a kind of treason. We have never had an offender in this respect; but if we had, there is no doubt that he would be taken to task pretty severely."

This social friendly attitude is also characteristic of our Society, and it is not confined to members; it extends to guests such as are here to-night and I assure them they are very welcome.

It may be that English guests are sometimes puzzled by their friends' use of the Scottish vernacular. Even a perfervid Scot like our President can be a little puzzling. A few days ago a correspondent in the *Times* wrote of pedestrians who " haver on the kerb " at Belisha crossings. Yesterday Lord Macmillan pointed out that the word " haver " really means " to talk nonsense," or, as I would have said, " to blether," using a good and expressive Scottish word. (Laughter and applause.)

I would remind guests that the English language has been greatly enriched by such words and phrases: bairn, bogle, dreich, eerie, eldrich, gloaming, speer, and numerous other words, now the common heritage of both nations. Some words and phrases, however, it is impossible to embody in the English language. Take Burns's phrase: "And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies."

I defy any writer to describe this scene as expressively and as picturesquely as it is done in these distinctively Scottish words. Mr William Will dealt in an interesting and informative style with this important subject in the Society's "Chronicles" for 1905-1921, and I commend the perusal of the article to members and guests alike. We Scots love our land and our language, and willingly allow their use, but we will not willingly neglect or part with either of them. (Hear, hear.)

We have it on the highest authority that "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly," and one way of showing this friendly spirit is to invite your friend as a guest. All the guests here are noteworthy, and distinguished, but I must be excused for specially mentioning only one or two. Mr Watt J. McLaren is a good friend of our President, is an engineer, interested in asbestos and money-making in particular, an unusual thing in a Scotsman! He is also a supporter of the Chelsea F.C., but I don't think we should hold that against him. (Laughter.)

We are glad to welcome, amongst our guests Wing-Commander Rudd of the Air-Sea Rescue Service, and Rev. Mr Dagger, Staff Chaplain to the Chaplain-in-Chief. Possibly he is here to see that Dr McHardy does not "shoot a line," as they say in the R.A.F., which over-emphasises the beneficial effects on service personnell of the austere precepts of the Church of Scotland. (Applause.)

Mr Watt J. McLaren generously responded.

The Piper's Selection was given by Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., whose health was toasted by the President. The tunes played were: "The Atholl Highlanders," "The Caledonian Society of London" (a fine Strathspey), "Mrs McPherson of Inveravon," and "My Home" (a slow march).

"Auld Lang Syne" wound up a fine meeting.

POST-WAR LEGISLATION.

Certain legislation adopted to cover the war period was reviewed at the Council meeting held at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, on

Friday, 21st February, 1947. Mr T. Atholl Robertson, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.(Scot.), President, was in the chair.

In November, 1939, on the outbreak of war, authority to decide all matters "in the best interests of the Society" was vested in the Council. It was decided that that authority should now be rescinded.

On 15th February, 1940, Rule XII, which concerned members' attendances, was suspended, because of the uncertainty of meetings, and the probable absence from London of members on war service. It was now decided that Rule XII calling for attendance at five meetings in two sessions should again operate "as from the beginning of Session 1947-1948."

THE SOCIETY'S TREASURES.

Past-President William Will called attention to the fact that the Society had several sentimentally valuable objects which had been presented to the Society by members and others, and he proposed that the Hon. Secretary should be empowered to have a case made for the safe keeping of the treasures. One or two of the possessions had been lost for lack of sufficient care. The case of dirks which belonged to Mr Robert Hepburn, one of the early Presidents of the Society, was missing. The case was left by Mr Hepburn to his son, Past-President David Hepburn, was given by David Hepburn's sister to Past-President Allan W. Freer, who in turn presented it to the Society.

Also missing was the Society's officer's staff of office, which had been referred to in the "Chronicles."

The proposal was adopted, and Mr Miller, Hon. Secretary, said he thought that a small committee, consisting of the President for the session, the Hon. Treasurer, the Hon. Auditor, and the Hon. Secretary, should be appointed annually, and should submit at each annual meeting a report on the treasures.

This, also, was unanimously agreed to.

The following is a list of the property referred to :

Large Snuff Mull.—This mull bears the following inscription : " For Auld Lang Syne. Presented to the Caledonian Society of London by James Nisbet Blyth, President, 1884-1885 and 1885-1886." A scene from "Tam o' Shanter" is inlaid.

Heraldic Pipe Banner.—This pipe banner was presented by Mr William Mackay Tait, on 8th November, 1906, and is worn on the pipes of the Society's officer at Society gatherings. Mr Tait had been a member for fourteen years, was an active member of Council in 1908-1909 and 1909-1910, and was himself a fine exponent of bagpipe music. He died in 1917.

The Society's Banner.—This handsome banner was " handworked by Dame Gertrude, wife of Colonel Sir John Smith Young, C.V.O., President, 1904-1905, and was presented by her to the Society in 1910." The banner was begun in February, 1908, and was presented to show how greatly she and Sir John appreciated the sentiments expressed when he was knighted in 1907.

The President's Badge.—The rich gold and enamel badge was presented by Mr Allan W. Freer, President, 1909-1910. The pendant in gold was presented by the Society " to the memory of Mr David Hepburn, President for 1888-1889, 1889-1890, and 1905-1906."

Set of Dirks.—Mr Allan W. Freer, President 1909-1910, bequeathed to the Society a set of dirks, in a case, and a log-book. The dirks had belonged to Mr Robert Hepburn, one of the founders of the Society, then to his son and daughter, the latter of whom presented them to Mr Freer. The dirks were handed to the Council in October, 1915. (The case of dirks and log-book are missing.)

Silver and Granite Bracelet.—Mr Hugh M. Reid, a member, presented to the Society, in October, 1915, a silver and granite bracelet which had been given by Queen Victoria to the Marchioness of Elie. It contains, in a lidded setting, a miniature of Princess Alice.

Silver Cup.—Presented in 1919 by Sir George W. Paton, President for the years of the First World War—1913-1914 to 1919-1920. This graceful cup is a fine example of the Adam period, and was reproduced from an original by Thomas Holmes, London, in 1777. It has two handles and a raised cover. It weighs 122 ounces.

£1000 Legacy.—In March, 1919, a legacy of £1,000, bequeathed by Mr R. F. S. Hardie, was notified to the Council. Mr Hardie had been a member for many years and was elected to the Council for session 1917-1918. Mr Hardie died in February, 1919. The legacy was left free of legacy duty.

President's Gavel.—On 14th December, 1933, Mr Murdoch Macleod, New South Wales, who had been present as a guest at the Little Dinner in the previous month, presented, through the President, a gavel for the use of the President. The gavel is made of timber and copper from *Victory* and *Foudroyant*, Nelson's flagships. The inscription reads : " Presented to the Caledonian Society of London by Murdoch Macleod, 9th November, 1933."

A Wooden Mallet.—A wooden mallet was presented to the Society by Dr. Charles Stewart Hunter in the centenary session, 1936-1937. The mallet was used by the Prince Consort in October, 1861, to lay the foundation stone of the Industrial Museum, Edinburgh.

Ballot Box.—To show appreciation for his election as President during the centenary session, 1936-1937, Mr T. M. Stephen presented a handsome oak Ballot Box to the Society. The box is inscribed: "The Caledonian Society of London. Founded 1837. Presented by T. M. Stephen, J.P., President in the Centenary Year, 1936-1937."

A Snuff Horn.—In January, 1938, Mr R. R. Tait, a member of the Society, presented a snuff horn, with spoon, and other snuff-taking requisites attached by silver wire.

A Legacy of £200.—A legacy of £200 was left to the Society by Mrs Eliza Thomson, and on 10th December, 1938, it was decided to pass the £200 to the Royal Scottish Corporation for investment, the interest each year to form part of the Society's St Andrew's Day collection for the Corporation.

Snuff Mull.—On 12th January, 1939, a snuff mull was presented to the Society by the late Mr Drummond Smith. The mull, made by D. Craig, Helensburgh, has a lid inlaid with pieces of wood from (1) Queen Mary's yew, planted by the Scottish Queen; (2) Birks of Aberfeldy; (3) The Bush aboon Traquair; (4) The Oak of Torwood; (5) The Birk of Invermay; (6) The Trysting Tree; (7) The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes; (8) Oak from Alloway Kirk; (9) Oak from Culloden House.

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

The President referred to a proposed Chair or Chairs of Electricity as a memorial to Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, and it was decided to approve the proposal and to recommend members to support the scheme.

THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY.

At the Little Dinner following the business meetings, the President submitted the loyal toasts, and thereafter said that because the new members did not all know the history of the Caledonian Society he had asked the Hon. Historian to give them a Sentiment on the subject. The Hon. Historian had agreed, and the President had great pleasure in calling for the Sentiment.

Past-President William Will, Hon. Historian, said:

One hundred and fifty years ago there were in London three Scottish societies—the Highland Society, founded in 1778, active until before the late war, and now returning to make its valuable contribution to Highland culture and charity; the Club of True Highlanders (an arrogant and provocative title), to which John Murdoch referred when he wrote to Burns in 1787: "We frequently repeat some of your verses at our Caledonian Society"; the third Society was the Society of Ancient Caledonians.

I have mentioned those forerunners of our Society in case my brother Caledonians are as inquisitive as the laddie who asked his Sunday School teacher after a vivid description of Auld Nick : " Wha wis deevil afore this ane ? " Well, those were the Caledonian Societies afore this ane.

There seems to me to have been dissatisfaction among Scots in London one hundred and ten years ago, when a party of dissatisfied Lowlanders, with Highland inclinations, showed their heads and their kilts. Those were the founders of our Caledonian Society of London.

I have heard it said oftener than once that some mystery surrounds the founding of the Society ; and I believe that that doubt sprang from the statement of Past-President David Hepburn, who wrote this in his " Chronicles " : " A certain halo of mystery surrounds the early beginnings of the Society," but he goes on to say that although its first great Festival was held at Beattie's Hotel in 1838, " the circumstances which actually brought Scotsmen in London together, with the laudable object of forming themselves into a national society, arose and matured in the prevoius year." That is, 1837.

Parenthetically, I wish Mr Hepburn had said what he evidently meant, that the Society was formed in 1837, but that he had no information about its early meetings. It must always be remembered that he wrote his " Chronicles " without having access to essential material, for, as he records later, some time prior to 1876 " all the records and minute books were lost by an unfortunate event surrounded by many painful circumstances," of which, by the way, we have no information.

(NOTE.—Mr Hepburn made a mistake here, for, fortunately, the minutes from 14th January, 1841, to 2nd June, 1843, are still in our possession.)

But here is the direct evidence : In 1853 the then Hon. Secretary, Mr Michie Forbes Gray, a Banffshire man, told how he and a few Scottish friends dined in the early part of 1837, with the Highland Society, and also with the Club of True Highlanders, and felt that he and his friends " did not belong to the members of either " of " these excellent institutions." They decided to form a society with somewhat similar objects, " but confined as much as possible to the class *called the middle*, to which Mr Gray and his friends felt they belonged." There was to be no distinction between different parts of the country ; the basis was to be broad, but the Society must always retain " the character as a Scottish institution."

This statement by a founder shows without any doubt how the Society came to be formed in 1837 ; and no one should be allowed to say unchallenged that there is any doubt about the date and object of our foundation.

The first Festival was held in 1838, when there were present the whole of the members, twelve in number, and twenty-two guests. Unfortunately, this Festival in January, 1838, has been treated as if it had been the birthday of the Society, for in Mr Hepburn's " Chronicles " we find this : " The twenty-first birthday of the Society fell upon a happy day." (On that day one hundred years previously Burns was born.) " A fitting day, this 25th of January of 1859, for the Society's coming of age." Here again, I believe, is the cause for an assertion that the Society was founded in 1839 ; the Past-President's and other badges at one time actually bore the date 1839.

A similar mistake seems to have been made regarding the Society's jubilee, which Mr Hepburn claimed for 1888. Indeed, it seems to have been left to our generation to put matters right, for we did celebrate in 1937 the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Society.

Mention of Burns leads me to refer to the loyalty of the Society to the commemoration of the poet's birthday before a Burns Club existed in London.

The Society's annual Festival was held on 25th January, or nearest date, and the President made the oration. For at least seventy years a torrent of rhapsodic eloquence was let loose on our members. The 1914-1918 war interfered with the series, and it was not renewed. To their credit, I think, let it be said that those presidents of ours would *not* permit any hum-bugging solemn silence. On several occasions of where there are records, they demanded for the toast " The Immortal Memory," full flowing goblets or full bumpers, ringing cheers, and Caledonian Honours. And they got them !

The present objects of the Society are " the advancement of Scottish National and philanthropic interests, and the promotion of good fellowship among Scotsmen in London."

On its formation the Society had very nearly the same ambitions, but in a tartan frame, and less concisely expressed, namely, " to provide good fellowship and brotherhood, and to combine efforts for benevolent and national objects connected with Scotland ; also to preserve the picturesque garb of Old Gaul."

I have already shown you that the Society was formed because some discriminating Lowlanders could not find themselves comfortable among members of two societies of Highlanders—and you, Mr President, know what Highlanders are !—but those Lowlanders, with a touch of that vanity that takes refuge in most of us, maintained " The Dress " and its protection as part of their constitution, and actually dismissed a member—and a member of Committee too—from " his seat on the board " for daring to appear at the dinner on 20th November, 1842, without " The Dress." The rule regarding the wearing of Highland costume at the meetings was kept in being—probably not in force—until 26th October, 1898, when it was unanimously decided to make the wearing optional.

The teething troubles of the Society do not seem to have been many, but one or two of them were serious. There was a time when the management seems to have been slack, the Society got into £300 debt, and for some reason—perhaps this was the reason—some of the members left and joined a new society called the Scottish Society, which had just been formed. This was, as far as I can find, within ten years of the formation of our Society. Only twenty members were left on the roll ; but so ardent and loyal Scots were they that they speedily cleared up the trouble, the new society faded away and died, and the Caledonian was fixed on a firm foundation.

The early Chairmen were so-called ; but in 1844 or 1845 the Chairman had become President, and his deputy, Vice-President ; and these titles have remained for over one hundred years.

The early committees were of nine members, an Hon. Secretary and an Hon. Treasurer, plus what the chronicler calls " a list of patriarchal ex-officio members." In 1884 the committee was increased to fifteen, which it now is.

I cannot explain a serious lapse from grace by our small membership in 1843. Whatever the reason for the lapse I have to bow my head in sorrow, and report with shame that the national spirit had degenerated to such an extent that *Englishmen* were admitted to membership. This was during the kilted régime, too ; and one is forced to the conclusion that those Englishmen had purchased Highland dress in order to become members, or paid monthly visits to the Moss Bross of those days. It is a startling and humiliating fact that of a membership of forty-seven in 1843 eight were Englishmen and one an Irishman ! Soon the Lion got on his hind legs, the aliens were eliminated and only Scots were enrolled, thus invisibly mending the tartan and restoring the good repute of Scotland in London. To-day we always welcome with great heartiness our English friends, but—thus far and no farther!

I have been unable to trace Caledonian honours prior to 1894. I think they had been practised earlier than that, but in a different form from our present detonations. Indeed, I am inclined to think that they are a fairly modern acquisition to our social furniture. In 1904 the toast of the President was pledged with what the "Aberdeen Free Press" called Highland and Caledonian honours—"with one foot on a chair and one foot on the table, and with the rhythmic clapping of hands and waving of arms." In this mongrel salute we have the method of pledging loyalty in the picturesque Highland manner, with the decadent but, after a Caledonian gargantuan dinner with fifteen toasts, much less perilous Lowland fashion.

I cannot find when the Highland part of the demonstration was dropped, and the 1904 reference is the most recent allusion to it.

But the origin of the Sentiments is less obscure. In the early days of the Society's story, essays were occasionally read, but these seem to have been unimportant features of the programmes. With fifteen toasts on their menus, old-time Caledonians had no time for anything besides those friendly demonstrations, if they really got through them.

In 1897-1898 it was decided that a special toast or topic of interest to Caledonians should be introduced at the Little Dinners; but the yeast in the monthly Sentiments did not seem to be working, for in 1903, Sir (then Mr) James Cantlie gave a sketch of the life of William Marshall, fiddler and composer. This was hailed as an "innovation," and it led to a suggestion by Dr Rankin and Dr Cantlie—doctors were as numerous in the membership then as bankers are to-day—"that a short Sentiment on one of our poets, etc., might be given at each of the monthly suppers."

Among the changes that have taken place is the name of our repasts. Besides the annual Festival (our Ladies' Night) our predecessors sat down to supper. In 1884 suppers became Little Dinners, a much more appropriate name in these days of austere feeding than when the menus held ten or a dozen dishes.

So far as I can gather, the Selkirk Grace was not introduced until 1887.

The Caledonian Society claims—or rather boasts—that it has the honour of being the first body in London to invite ladies to the annual public banquets or Festivals. We find that in 1844 at the London Tavern, seventy-two ladies and one hundred and forty gentlemen sat down.

I have heard speakers at Robert Burns Club dinners—I may have been one—claim this honour for their club; but as the Robert Burns Club was formed in 1868, and the Caledonian ladies dined in 1844, twenty-four years earlier, I must assume that eulogies of the poet did not quite exhaust the imagination of my fellow Burns Club members.

The destruction of the minute books left doubt on many points. The year of the introduction of the President's medal or badge cannot be discovered, but I have traced it as having been worn as far back as 1859.

The President's handsome gold and enamel badge, which you wear, Mr President, was gifted by a Melrose man, Mr Allan William Freer, to commemorate his presidency in 1909-1910. The Society added the centrepiece in memory of Past-President David Hepburn, first editor of the "Chronicles." Mr Freer was a stout worker for the Corporation.

The silver or members' badge was introduced in 1888 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of our foundation, and it was expected then, as now, that members would wear it "as a mark of membership and stewardship." In 1910 replicas of the badge in gold were worn as brooches or medals by ladies at the annual festivals.

Our pinning of the gold badge on the breast of the retiring President is a miserably tame and colourless affair when compared with the picturesque Ceremony of The Dirks which fell into disuse when the members discarded the kilt as a passport. The piper led all the kilted members to the chair—no men wearing common breeks suspended by gallowses were tolerated—and they formed a semi-circle facing the President, who thanked the recipient for his services; the President's lady fixed the badge, the piper blew his best, the kilted members returned to their seats, and on the way each man touched with his dirk the dirk of the President which was held aloft, and the Ceremony of The Dirks was over.

Perhaps the most important event in which the Society took a leading part was the promotion, with the Highland Society, of the London Scottish Regiment in 1859. The tremendous enthusiasm which carried the "Scottish" into being was fanned by many members of our Society who followed their initial organising work by enrolling themselves in the regiment. Many officers and men have been recruited from our membership; and in later years Colonel Bernard Green, C.B.E., who commanded the regiment during part of the 1914-1918 war, was president (1911-1912); and we hope that soon another "Scottish" colonel may be found in the chair.

The Society does not seem to have had an officer or piper until some forty or fifty years ago. Early in our history the Queen's pipers, Angus Mackay and Ross, performed the offices; and it is recorded that Piper Ross in 1870 played "The Caledonian Society's Reel." It was not until 1904 that we find that the Society had a piper of its own; and in 1907 Pipe-Major R. G. Smith, the Corporation's beadle, was named as the officer. In 1910 the Society provided him with a new Highland dress. Pipe-Major Smith, as some of you may remember, was a great character and a devoted, consistent, and determined anti-teetotaller.

Up till recent years music took a prominent part in our programmes, and the death of an old member, Dalgetty Henderson, the other week at the age of ninety, reminded me that his melodious voice, and that of Willie Nichol, charmed the members fifty or sixty years ago. In 1890 we are told, "the vocal music, under the direction of Dalgetty Henderson, formed a Scottish entertainment in itself." In my early days in the Society, General Don and Sir James Cantlie in full cry, were an impressive duo, the latter's singing of "The Tinker's Waddin'" being a choice item that never failed to command an encore.

Where are all our songsters to-day? I am quite sure we have a dozen men in the Society who could provide a splendid programme of Scots songs, and if the friends of those shy songsters would give Mr Miller a hint, he would be able to prepare a programme, and perhaps be induced to contribute himself from his repertoire.

In 1853 the Hon. Secretary, referring to their humane work, spoke of the Society having devoted part of its funds to "the fitting out and putting forth to the world the family of William Thom, the weaver poet, author of 'The Mitherless Bairn.' But for our timely aid (said Mr Gray) the mitherless bairns might have been wandering the streets of London in destitution."

That is all we are told in the "Chronicles" of this incident. I wish I had time to tell you the full story of how John Gordon of Knockespock, one of our early chairmen, and John Forbes Robertson, a member of our committee in the 1860's, and the father of Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson, befriended Thom. It was they, doubtless, who led to the Society taking the action they did. This would provide material for a Sentiment all to itself.

The assistance to William Thom's bairns was but one of the acts of mercy performed by the Society, and on this note having exhausted your patience, but, certainly not my subject, let us consider the future.

At present, owing to the war and its aftermath, we are in the doldrums, but as by next session we should have removed all war-time inhibitions and have resumed our normal work, it is meet that we should now think of the future.

Let me remind you, brother Caledonians, and particularly new members, that acceptance of membership is an acceptance of service; and that we frown upon any suggestion of a reward in the shape of a complimentary dinner, etc., being offered to a member who has done outstanding work. We have only one form of reward for such work—the Society's gold badge or a bar to an existing gold badge.

And may I say here, too, that although the Society was established by London Scots, partly for social intercourse, the founders and those who have taken leading parts in its management through the century, used its machinery to support the great charities for which London Scots have made themselves notorious. And let me say also, that no society can exist if it attempts to stand on social intercourse alone. There must be some worthy objective work as the activating motive. Otherwise it stands on sand, and must suffer the fate of houses built on sand.

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 of the Auld Enemy. Besides our current works of mercy we have, when occasion demanded, demonstrated our loyalty to our country and empire. Nothing in my life has given me greater personal satisfaction than to be able to record, as fully as I could, the part which the Society and its members played during the war of 1939-1945. Our successors, perhaps a hundred years hence, when reading that record will speak proudly of how a Scottish nobleman led the Society for five years against great difficulties in the work that helped to overthrow the enemies of freedom.

Let us continue, then, to work for the good of our country and for Scottish destitute or neglected children, and the old, infirm, and needy men and women who have fallen by the way, and who, I always feel, have been committed to the care of the Caledonian Society, the Clans Association, and the many County Associations in London.

A good many of my brother Caledonians, perhaps for business reasons, have not been able to take part in the management of the Scottish Corporation or the Caledonian Schools. If, however, any of you can assist us, I can promise you that you will enjoy your Caledonian Society evenings none the less that you have extended your personal help to those for whom we have made ourselves responsible.

This Society has always kept clear of Imperial politics, but we can never have far from our minds the economic position of our native land; and it may be that we shall have to take a greater interest in it than ever before. It is our duty as Caledonians, although removed from the soil, to keep our eyes and our minds firmly fixed on Scotland and her needs ; for only Scotsmen interested in the progress of their native land should be members of this Society.

We cannot dismiss nonchalantly the fact that unemployment in Scotland is ominous and is growing, and that the unemployment among our brave compatriots in Lewis and Harris was, before the electricity cuts, 40 per cent., against 2½ per cent. over the rest of Great Britain. And Lewis and Harris had a higher percentage of enlistments in the late war per head of the population, than any other part of the Empire. I for one would not consider it a breach of our non-politics policy were the Society to pass a vote of sympathy with our fellow countrymen and support any scheme having as its object the employment on their own islands of these brave men. It is deplorable that the Lewis and Harris men, fresh from their service in the British Navy, should be driven from their homes, as they are being driven now.

The Caledonian Society always has been, and always should be, busy with something useful besides its ordinary work to which I have referred, and here is a small matter that might become the task of members.

Before the war the Royal Scottish Corporation owned banners with the coats of arms of various Scottish clans. These banners were hung on the walls of the halls in which the St. Andrew's Day Festivals were held. Some of those banners were the waur o' the weer, and needed replacement.

I feel that we should always "show the flag," and I suggest that the Society members make themselves responsible for replacing those banners, or, in place of clan emblems, let them collect banners with the coats of arms of the Scottish counties. By displaying these emblems we would be helping to keep alive in the capital the spirit of Scotland in a dignified way.

With the Highland Society we were responsible for the creation of the London Scottish ; but apart from an occasional Sentiment we have taken little interest in the regiment. I suggest that every Session we should toast the "Scottish," and invite the Colonel to be our guest.

We could resume our Burns Festivals which were a distinctive part of the Caledonian Society's life for a hundred years.

There are many things we can do in spite of the terrible feeling of frustration, weariness, and exhaustion which has the country in its grip.

But our first duty is to the two great Scottish charities in London—Mr Robert Hepburn, one of the early members of the Society who for over sixty years had taken a leading part in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, 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."

Well, brother Caledonians, I think we can claim that we have kept flying proudly that banner that those Caledonians raised one hundred and ten years ago, and have gathered round it a body of warm-hearted Scotsmen whose record of intelligent charity, unceasing action, and dogged determination to maintain Scottish prestige, is seen in our continuous work for our own charities, war charities, and by outstanding work for our country during the late brutal conflict.

The Caledonian Society of London will live as long as Scotland is a nation and not a mere county of England. I may not claim for the Society a continuity equal to that claimed by Macaulay for the Church of Rome. "She (the Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude, takes his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's."

I do not claim that perpetuity for the Society, but I do claim it for the Scottish race; and it would be almost certain that the New Zealand traveller sketching the ruins of St Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge would be a President, a Past-President, or at least a member of the Caledonian Society of Dunedin.

THANKS FOR THE SENTIMENT.

Mr A. W. Russell, in thanking the giver of the Sentiment, said :

Occasionally the Sentiment is given by one of our more or less distinguished visitors, but on this occasion it has been given by one of ourselves, and I feel it to be a privilege to be asked to be your mouthpiece in offering our thanks to Past-President William Will for his address to us to-night.

Mr Will is an outstanding member, and he has earned our highest esteem and our warmest regard. He has been a member for twenty-five years, and throughout all that time he has given the Society unwearied and unstinted service. I think, therefore, that to-night in thanking him, we must have regard not only to the Sentiment, but to all his efforts on our behalf. And as gratitude is said to be a lively sense of favours to come, we express the hope that he may have many years ahead of him to continue his presence among us.

It is not often that the Sentiment is given more than once by the same individual—in my recollection the late Dr J. M. Bulloch is the only one I can think of—but Past-President Will has given it no fewer than seven times. He has spoken on subjects in which he is interested—the Scottish character, vernacular, history—and his addresses show insight and research, a broad outlook, a cultured mind, and a well-stored and retentive memory, not to speak of a fund of humour due, no doubt, to his upbringing in Aberdeenshire, where they manufacture tales about the Scots for consumption in the south. (Laughter.) As a member of Council Mr Will is highly regarded for his wise and sane judgment, and his shrewd and hard-headed commonsense. But I should make a great mistake if I did not speak of the kindliness he displays; you can sense it in his greeting, and see it in his smile.

As our Historian he succeeded the late John Douglas, whose name is remembered with honour by us and many kindred societies as a great Scotsman. I venture to say that the tradition Mr Will inherited has been fully maintained. The latest volume of the "Chronicles" is in the hands of members; and on first taking it up, I told the Historian that it was a feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow. Further reading, I feel, confirms that view. The compilation and editing of the "Chronicles" must entail great care and labour, but we believe that Mr Will regards it as a labour of love, and the labour we delight in physics pain. We hope that he enjoys the satisfaction, not only of work well done, but also of knowing something of the appreciation in which it is held by the members of the society. (Applause.)

Mr Will thanked Mr Russell and the members for the kind references to his work for the Society and their reception of the friendly sentiments. What he had given them that evening was a mere outline of the Society's history. He would have liked to tell them something of the eminent men who had been members of the Society, and a little of their prominent visitors, but those things would keep for another day.

THE HIGHWAY TO THE SOUTH.

Mr J. M. Napier proposing the toast " Our Guests," said :

On behalf of the Society it is my duty and pleasure to extend to you all an official welcome, and to assure you of the pleasure it gives us to have you here, some of you not for the first time.

Scottish welcomes are not always of the same hearty and sincere kind that we this evening extend to our guests. For example, you will recall the welcome that awaited Tam o' Shanter:

> Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
> Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
> Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

Again, there was the welcome given to certain excursionists into Scotland in 1314, who, on approaching Stirling were prevailed upon to retire by Robert the Bruce. I feel it must have been of these hastily returning intruders that one could say that to them the noblest prospect was the high road that led to England. (Laughter.)

Might it not be said that in Dr Samuel Johnson there resided some subconscious preference, probably inherited from some of his homing forebears, for that high road. Hence his inclination to believe that we Scots in London might have the same opinion. Of course, the learned lexicographer need not appreciate Scotland, but we can comment in passing that his remarks on our country would never have been preserved if it had not been for a Scot.

But whether it goes back to Bannockburn or Dr Johnson, the tendency of many of our casual acquaintances in England is to believe that Scotland's welcome to its guests must be bare and cold in keeping with what they imagine is the prevailing features of its scenery and climates.

We know better. Those who have been to Scotland know better too; and I hope you, our honoured guests, who have received this Scottish welcome here, know better too. Benjamin Franklin, after a stay there, spoke of "several weeks of the densest happiness I have ever met with in any part of my life." Lately, certain visitors from Scandinavia, who were received at Galashiels when studying our systems of local government, said they had found some things in Scotland with which they disagreed, but for its welcome and reception given them they were unanimous in its praise. May we repeat to our guests this evening as they leave us, the refrain of a famous Scottish song : " Will ye no come back again ? "

We have many distinguished guests to-night (continued Mr Napier). Of one of them let me say that on 26th February, 1897, there came to London a laddie from Cumnock, newly out of his engineering apprenticeship. He moved from success to success, and in 1909 he became proprietor of the Dockhead Engineering Company, Bermondsey. That laddie is the President's guest, Mr Alexander Gemmell Murdoch, a Member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers. (Applause.)

Another guest is Sir John Wilson, Keeper of the Postage Stamp Collection of His Majesty the King. Can there be any office more romantic ? Can any position be more exacting when we remember that the collection of King George V had risen to three hundred and thirty volumes ; and however valuable that collection may be—said to be about half a million pounds—the collection of King George VI is almost invaluable, and the responsibility of Sir John Wilson is correspondingly great. (Applause.)

Another guest is Sir Robert Watson Watt, C.B., F.R.S. This is not Sir Robert's first visit, for my brother Caledonians will remember that, during the war he was one of Lord Alness's guests at a war-time luncheon. Sir Robert is, as you know, an eminent scientist, and as the inventor of radiolocation did a great deal to shorten the war, and promises limitless possibilities in times of peace. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with Caledonian honours.

SCOTS FOR 350 YEARS.

Sir John Wilson, Bart., said he was not quite an unsuitable guest for a Caledonian Society, for in his family only Scots blood has flowed since 1600. " I myself," said Sir John, " have committed the ' bloomer,' for although my mother was a Mull woman, my father was an Englishman ! (Laughter.) It is delightful, as you go about London, to hear somebody speaking in the accents that you know.

" I went to America," continued Sir John, " to judge at an international exhibition. I was asked to broadcast a message, and it was suggested that I should make a test speech. Having finished my test piece, I was going away when I was tackled by a little man who was full of apologies for bringing me to the microphone. ' If I had known you were a Scotsman,' he said, ' I would not have troubled you, for Scots speak so plainly.' There must be something in the Scots voice after all. (Hear, hear.)

" Not only have I been warmed to-night by Scottish voices, but with Scottish hospitality. I thank you." (Applause.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING MURDOCH.

Mr Alex. G. Murdoch followed. He said :

There is a very good old Scottish proverb—" Freens are like fiddle strings and shouldna' be screwed owre ticht." Your President screwed me tight enough when he asked me to reply to this toast.

In these days, sir, the austerity we have to practise makes us all the more prone to cast our minds back to the days gone by, and I think it must have been such a day as this has been when the Laird of Logan sent for his man John and told him : " John, it's an awfu' day outside. Shut the shutters, draw the curtains, bring in the toddy and glasses, and we'll see what sort o' nicht *we* can mak' o't." (Laughter.)

Of a somewhat different kind of hospitality, my friend Sir Henry Galway tells the story his uncle, General Gordon, used to tell about dining with a Chinese mandarin. Gordon couldn't speak Chinese and the mandarin couldn't speak English, but they got on very well through the first dozen courses, when Gordon got something he wasn't very sure about. He nudged the mandarin, and, pointing to his plate said, " Bow wow ? " The mandarin merely shook his head, and said, " Mew-mew." (Laughter.)

When your President, having invited me and got my promise to respond to the toast of " Welcome Guests," he said, " Of course, you'll tell them where you come from." I think he really wanted you to know that he knew a man from Cumnock—(laughter)—Cumnock, of course, being the centre of civilisation. I should explain to those unacquainted with the local geography, that Cumnock lies " Behind yon hills where Lugar flows." The river Lugar divides the estate of Lord Bute on the Cumnock side from the Boswell estate on the Auchinleck side. The Murdochs have been settled in that compact little area for centuries.

In recent times two members of the Murdoch family have been coming into greater prominence, and there has been a greater appreciation of their influences, each in his own sphere. The first I would refer briefly to is John Murdoch who was the tutor of Robert Burns, and William Murdoch, the inventor of gas lighting and road locomotion and many other clever things. It is now being realised that without William Murdoch's inventive genius James Watt could have made very little use of his engines. Watt found that a man in Bristol had patented the crankshaft, and it was Murdoch who invented the sun and planet motion to enable the reciprocating being changed to a rotating motion. He was also responsible for other inventions.

I have referred to types of hospitality, and I would just like to mention one more, to end my part of a very pleasant function. This time it began with a funeral from a farmhouse in our parish. After the funeral they all went back to the farmhouse for the usual cup of tea. When the last cup was halfway down, in accordance with the custom then, it was filled up with whisky, and when that was halfway down, it was again filled up with whisky. When the proportions of tea and whisky were somewhat out of balance old John Murray staggered to his feet, and clearing his throat several times, said : " Ladies and gentlemen, I rise to propose the health of the bride." His neighbour vigorously pulled his coat tails, saying, " Sit doon, John, sit doon ; this is no' a weddin', it's a funeral." " Weel, weel," said John, " I'm no very muckle concerned what it has been ; it has been a very pleasant function." (Loud laughter.)

The Society's officer, Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave the Piper's toast, and played the following tunes : " The Road to the Isles," " The Caledonian Society of London " (Strathspey), " The Gray Bob," and " The Green Hills of Tyrol."

The President received, addressed, and toasted a new member, Mr Alexander Harvey.

" Auld Lang Syne " brought a successful gathering to a close.

A Historic Snuff Mull.

At the Council and General Meetings prior to the Little Dinner in the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, on 19th March, 1947, the President, Mr T. Atholl Robertson, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.(Scot.), intimated the presentation by Dr Stewart Hunter, Vice-President, of a snuff mull " made from part of one of the beams of Burns's cottage, Ayr, and carved by one of his cronies. It belonged to the late Earl of Loudon, Galston, Ayrshire." A scene from " Tam o'-Shanter " is carved on the mull.

Dr Stewart Hunter explained that the late Earl of Loudon had presented the mull to him, and he felt it was a treasure that the Caledonian Society might like to possess.

The President conveyed to Dr Stewart Hunter the thanks of the members.

OUR CHILD: THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

The Hon. Historian said that several members had spoken to him approvingly of the suggestion made in his Sentiment at the February meeting, to do something to bring the London Scottish Regiment closer to the Society, which was largely responsible for the raising of the "Scottish." If the members approved he would propose that there should be an annual toast, "The London Scottish," and that the Colonel of the regiment should be invited to the dinner.

The matter was fully discussed, and it was agreed that the association of the Society with the regiment should be cemented in a manner arranged by the President for next session, the Hon. Secretary, and the Hon. Historian.

A HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY.

Mr W. M. Miller, the Hon. Secretary, said the mention of the Sentiment led him to suggest that if Mr Will would undertake the task, they might have a history of the Society for the information of new members and of guests invited to be present.

Mr J. R. Steele supported the proposal, and the Hon. Historian undertook to prepare a short history of the Society.

The Hon. Secretary was asked to send a letter of welcome to this country to Mr Lewis Douglas, the new ambassador from the United States of America, to the Court of St James's.

GRAHAM BELL MEMORIAL.

Lord Aberdeen, in a letter, thanked the Society for encouraging the proposal to commemorate the memory of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

A GIFT TO OUR LATE PIPE-MAJOR.

An appeal from Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, our late piper and officer, for a loan of £25 in order that he might open a boarding-house in Scotland, was met by an immediate gift of £53 from the members, who in this way showed the great respect in which Murdo was held by the Society. Our late piper most gratefully acknowledged the gift.

WHAT SCOTLAND NEEDS.

The President took the chair at the Little Dinner, and after the loyal toasts, introduced his friend, Mr David G. Galloway, to give a Sentiment on "The Scot as Ambassador."

Mr Galloway said :

With the limited time at my disposal I purpose saying a few words about the Scot as an ambassador—not the hand-picked diplomatic service type, but rather the ordinary Scottish emigrant who goes forth into the world in an effort to better himself. It is by the conduct, behaviour, and example of such a person that his country is judged.

We, of this generation are exceedingly fortunate in having as our predecessors men who have left their mark on the rest of the world, men who for centuries have impressed the rest of the world with the highest qualities of character. Such universal approval is accorded the Scot abroad that his name has become synonymous with all that stands for high principles, reliability, thorough workmanship, thrift, hospitality, independence and honest intent. He is known as a pillar of the Church, and, oddly enough, as a sentimentalist. I doubt if there is a more soft-hearted man to be found anywhere despite his rather serious expression.

No other nation, large or small, has turned out men who have focussed such attention on a country's characteristics. Even here in London, it is not unusual to hear men say : "I have an excellent manager, he is a Scotsman ;" or "I have a wonderful maid, she is from Scotland ;" or "I have a first-class engineer, he is a Scotsman." These are small things, but they convey a lot and represent what the outside world thinks of anyone that comes from Scotland. A failure from Scotland is seldom contemplated—to be satisfactory is mediocre—an unqualified success is always expected, so high is the standard set by our predecessors. It is an enviable position to occupy in the affairs of man. We of this generation owe a deep debt of gratitude to these men, because they have made things much easier for Scotsmen who follow. We almost enjoy a priority in international intercourse. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that this honourable position has only been reached through a long and varied period of trial. It could only have succeeded because the teachings of childhood were truly and firmly implanted, and, most important of all, that Scottish methods were the most enduring. These were based on sacrifice and hard work.

Bearing in mind the excellent example set by our forefathers, I am not satisfied that each succeeding generation is living up to the reputation we enjoy. There is not the same urge for hard work; there is less, much less, thrift, and all round there is an unmistakable tendency to take the line of least resistance. If this continues we will of a certainty cease to occupy the pedestal on which we now rest. There is an obligation on us—those of us who have adopted other countries as our home, and who by our efforts have established ourselves—to make an effort to re-inspire our folks at home to live up to the old Scottish traditions. I have no idea how this could be done, but, with the tremendous influence that Scotsmen have everywhere, surely our pooled efforts ought to stir something up. The Jews use every influence they have in the world to establish a national home for their peoples; surely we are influential enough to re-vitalise the country we already have. This Society does wonderful work for worthy concerns, but it might like to extend its efforts to bring about a re-birth of the Scotland we used to know.

As many of you know, when Burns was born, Scottish characteristics and ways of living were in serious jeopardy. French influence was strong, and everything French was being aped. Burns's soul-stirring poetry re-awakened the Scottish people and made them aware of the great gifts of natural character they possessed. He snatched the Scottish vernacular back from its very death-bed and gave it a new lease of life and the Scots a new sense of pride. Something similar is badly wanted to-day. In closing I want to leave the immortal words of Robert Louis Stevenson with you: " It is a great privilege to be born a Scotsman, but it is a great responsibility." (Applause.)

A Soldier's Reply.

Lieut.-Col. J. C. Thomson, M.B.E., thanked Mr Galloway for his most stimulating and provocative Sentiment.

Mr Galloway has thrown out a challenge, said Lieut.-Col. Thomson, which I have great confidence in accepting on behalf of the younger generation of ambassadors, for I can assure Mr Galloway that the younger Scotsmen whom I have met in the Forces are a fine race of men, and worthy of anything that had come out of our native Scotland. I served in the late war in about fifteen different countries, and I can assure the giver of the Sentiment that the young Scots had left a favourable impression for tenacity, faithfulness to duty, and high purpose, on the countries. There are many proofs in support of that statement. The young Scot, given full range to his individuality, will make his presence felt favourably anywhere. Indeed, I have no hesitancy in saying that the young generation of Scots is as good as anything that ever came out of Scotland, and will go as far. There are changes in Scotland as elsewhere, but there is nothing that would justify the snub that we would reasonably get if we attempted to butt into the affairs of our native land.

Mr Galloway (continued Lieut.-Col. Thomson), as his vigorous Sentiment has disclosed, is a man of great force of character. He has taken his part in public work; he was a J.P. at twenty-three; he has been a Liberal candidate, and is to-day the prospective Liberal candidate for Hythe and Folkestone. Again I thank Mr Galloway for issuing the challenge to the younger generation. (Applause.)

AN EXPLANATION.

Mr Galloway, in reply, said he did not include in his charge the younger generation who had fought in the late war, and certainly not the Cameron Highlanders (referring to the regiment, a battalion of which Col. Thomson commanded). He was reminded of an incident during our retreat in France early in the war. An officer making his way to the coast, came upon a Highlander sitting by the wayside smoking a pipe. The officer urged the Highlander to hurry up as the Germans were almost upon them. "Ach, sit doon," said the soldier, "there's nae fear; they ken the Camerons are here!" (Laughter.)

A TOAST TO NEW ZEALAND.

Mr W. R. Strang proposed the toast "Our Guests," and in doing so, said:

We have many distinguished guests with us to-night. There is Mr W. Stewart Allen, the chief of the Clans Association of London, an association which, through the annual Burns Concert and other means, has contributed liberally to the two great London charities; and we have also Sir Bertram Rumble, who, as Hon. Treasurer of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, succeeded in raising the funds from one million pounds sterling to not less than six millions—a proud record.

We welcome again Rev. Dr McHardy, the senior Church of Scotland chaplain, R.A.F., who two months ago in this room gave us a wonderfully inspiring Sentiment.

The Rt. Hon. W. J. Jordan, the High Commissioner from New Zealand, in London, is our principal guest. Mr Jordan is an Englishman. He spent a short time in the Metropolitan Police, a fine training ground for an emigrant. In 1904 he went to New Zealand, my native land. In the Dominion Mr Jordan gained business and farming experience, and later became a member of the New Zealand Parliament.

About eleven years ago he was appointed to be High Commissioner for New Zealand in London. As in 1939 he must have known that war was imminent; he might have returned to his home in the Dominion with his good lady and their family. But that, we know, is just what Mr and Mrs Jordan did not do. They courageously decided to remain here with us and see it through. For that reason, if for no other, our guest and his lady have further endeared themselves to us. And we know, and they know, that they have the highest respect of the people of this country. (Applause.)

New Zealand has always been prominent in loyalty to the Mother Country, and the Empire. When Britain was forced to declare war on Hitler's Germany, New Zealand immediately fell into line and declared war also. (Applause.) You do not require me to tell you of the great generous sacrifices she made in implementing her loyalty to the Empire.

During the last few days we have had a further proof of New Zealand's feelings towards us, by the generous gift of £10,000,000 sterling, from her citizens, to the people of Great Britain. This generous sum represents nearly £7 New Zealand currency per head of her population. (Loud applause.) I feel certain that Mr Jordan played a considerable part in that magnificent gesture. (Applause.)

I am sure, in the years of re-construction, during which we shall have to prove to the world that, far from being dead, the Empire is very much alive, the Dominion of New Zealand, her High Commissioner, and men like him will be well in the forefront. (Applause.)

DON'T LET SCOTLAND FORGET.

Mr Jordan, received with loud applause, said :

I have the great honour and great pleasure to convey to you, Mr President and members of the Caledonian Society of London, the personal greetings of your kinsman, our Prime Minister, Mr Peter Fraser, and I would respectfully ask Mr Miller, your Hon. Secretary, to send to Mr Fraser a letter telling him that I had dutifully honoured his instructions. Mr Fraser is a loyal Scot, who has his native land always in his mind. (Applause.)

Now, I find that if I wish to offend a Scotsman I have only to say that he is benevolent. (Laughter.) He will give you anything he has, provided you do not say you are grateful. Tell him how mean he is, and he will take you to his heart. (Renewed laughter.)

I am an Englishman, but I admit I am slipping. My wife is a Wallace, from Scotland, and we have a son and a daughter at St Andrews University. (Applause.) Bill, my son, was home on holiday, and a friend asked him how he was getting on at St Andrews. " Oh, fine," said Bill, " I can do the second hole on the Old Course in seven ! " (Loud laughter.) And that, gentlemen, is what Bill's father is paying for. (Renewed laughter.)

Something has been said to-night about Back to the Kirk. Well, if Scots refuse to go back to the kirk there is something seriously wrong with Scotland. I hope the Sabbath Day will never be treated as if it were an ordinary week-day. It is the day of rest, and I always remember the assertion of the old golf professional : " Well, gentlemen, if you don't need a rest, the greens do."

The people of New Zealand, it has been said to-night, were loyal to this country. (Hear, hear.) I remember standing in Trafalgar Square with a full-blooded Maori watching the arrival of the first contingent of New Zealand troops for the war. " Well," said the Maori with pride ; " Well, it's good to be home." As Prime Minister Savage said when New Zealand was declaring its adherence to the Old Country : " With gratitude for the past and confidence in the future."

Don't let us forget our early lessons. Don't let us forget our Bible, even if it were only for its literature, and not alone for the truths that it contains, although that, after all, is the important part. It has something for all of us, and for every situation. Its catholicity is amazing. Read the fourteenth chapter of Deuteronomy : " Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself ; thou shalt give it to the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it ; or thou mayst sell it to an alien." (Loud laughter.)

Scots pride themselves on thrift, quite fearlessly and quite rightly. An illustration of this was supplied in the Rockies at Banff, beautiful Banff, in the midst of glorious scenery. " When the country is snow-covered," a visitor asked, " how will all these goats live ? " " They will scrape and scrape," was the reply, " until they reach the berries, and they will live off them." A woman two years ago was lost in the snow, and although search parties were organised she could not be found, and was given up for dead. In three weeks she turned up, and when asked how she lived, she said she scraped and scraped until she found the berries, and she could live easily on blueberries. In three weeks she had offers of marriage from hundreds of Caledonians. (Loud laughter.)

Again, Mr President and Caledonians, I thank you for your hospitality and for your tributes to my adopted country ; and let me pay a tribute to you Scots, who say, with your brother Scott :

> Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own, my native land ?

(Loud applause.)

THE GENEROSITY OF THE CALEDONIANS.

Mr Stewart Allen followed Mr Jordan. He said :

I know only too well how very generous this venerable Caledonian Society has been to the two great Scottish charities in London, for which the association that I represent—the Clans—also works. The Clans Association of London is young compared with yours. You are one hundred and ten years old ; we celebrate our jubilee next year. You know of our great annual Burns Concerts in the Albert Hall. Your President is one of the founders of this concert. All the profits from these concerts are divided between the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, two charities that are worthy of all the help that can be given them. These two charities have benefited from these concerts by over £11,000. (Applause.)

The Scottish Clans are proud of the fact that they kept the Society going when other societies closed down. Our present membership is over one thousand, and we get an average attendance of two hundred at our fortnightly meetings. We occasionally take a collection at these meetings for the Schools, and during the past year we have collected over £80 for this charity. The majority of our members are young Scots. I consider the Scottish clans are doing a useful work for the Scots folk in London. (Applause.)

Mr William Dalgarno entertained the company with two monologues, " Selling Shooin' Machines," and " The Country Witness." These were given in perfect

Buchan vernacular, and were received with great applause and laughter.

The Piper's selection and toast were given by Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., who played stylishly: "The Stirlingshire Militia," "Maggie Cameron," "Duntroon," and "The Mackenzie Highlanders."

"Auld Lang Syne" brought this last Little Dinner of the session to a close

THE FIERY CROSS IN LONDON AND ABROAD.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S SERVICE.

At the Council Meeting, held at Headquarters, the Royal Scottish Corporation Buildings, on 6th August, 1947, the President, Mr Atholl Robertson, reported that the management of "Enterprise Scotland, 1947," the great exhibition of Scottish industries which was to be opened in Edinburgh on 25th August, 1947, intended to send the Fiery Cross round the world to summon Scots to the exhibition.

The intention was to send twenty-five trained runners, with Fiery Crosses, from Edinburgh to London, whence the Crosses would be sent to countries overseas. One Cross was to be for England.

The President had been asked if the Caledonian Society of London would arrange for the reception of the Crosses in London, and for their despatch by airmen to their destinations.

The Council unanimously and heartily agreed that every support should be given in performing this patriotic duty, and arrangements were made accordingly. As is later shown, the ceremony was completely successful.

On the evening of Wednesday, 6th August, 1947, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir John I. Falconer, met a number of members of Scottish societies and others at Edinburgh Castle, and there the Lord Provost was handed the Crosses destined for the Lord Mayor of London, and Scots in Sydney, Auckland, Johannesburg, Calcutta, Montreal, New York, and in several European capitals, including Paris, Brussels, and Stockholm.

A great company had assembled to see the Fiery Cross sent on a patriotic mission for the first time since 1770, when five hundred Glenurquhart men were summoned by the Cross to stamp out a great forest fire. The Lord Provost thrust each Cross (made of birch and bound with leather thongs) into a burning brazier, handed it to a runner, who extinguished it in the traditional way by dipping it in goat's blood.

The Scottish Athletic Association supplied the twenty-five runners, who were sent on their way by five kilted pipe bands, who, playing " Blue Bonnets over the Border," led the runners and others to the city boundaries. Duncan McNab Robertson, British Marathon Champion, 1932/1939, led the runners.

The progress to London was a triumphal one, and the arrival in the Capital and the progress through the busy streets on Monday, 11th August, 1947, were witnessed by interested and curious crowds.

Assembled at the Guildhall were ex-Lord Mayor Sir George Wilkinson, deputising for the Lord Mayor, who was on the Continent ; Mr T. Atholl Robertson ; Dr Stewart Hunter ; Past-President J. B. Rintoul ; Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary ; and many members of the Society, and of other London Scottish societies.

Soon after 1 p.m., to the strains of " Blue Bonnets over the Border," played by a Royal Scots piper, the twenty-five runners, each with a Fiery Cross in his hand, arrived in the Guildhall Yard. To ten of the Fiery Crosses, which were to go overseas, a flag of the nation to which the Cross was destined, was attached. The foremost runner, bearing the Cross for England, approached the acting Lord Mayor, and, presenting a sealed envelope, said, " My Lord Mayor, I bring you a message from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh."

Sir George Wilkinson welcomed the runners on behalf of the City of London, and called upon the Common Crier of the City to read the message, which ran :

> My dear Lord Mayor—I send you warm greetings from Scotland and its Capital city. I also send you by runner the Fiery Cross—Scotland's ancient rallying signal against danger. To-day we are using it in friendship, but it signifies danger.
>
> We are rallying with it the spirit of Scotsmen all the world over to restore our position. We invoke your help, for we must all pull together to use our resources and stimulate our trade if we are to win through our difficulties with confidence and success.
>
> This spirit is being crystalised in a great Exhibition at Edinburgh where Scotland's goods are being shown at their best, and to which we are summoning by the symbol of the Fiery Cross visitors from all over the world.

Mr Joseph Westwood, Secretary of State for Scotland, expressed his appreciation of the reception afforded to the Scottish runners who had carried the Fiery Cross.

> It is proverbial (said Mr Westwood) that Scotsmen have long memories, and I cannot help recalling that the last time Scotland sent a Fiery Cross into England, two hundred years ago, your predecessor, as Lord Mayor, had prepared a very different type of reception.
>
> It is a matter of historical record that on that occasion the reception you had prepared was not well attended by Scotsmen, since we got no farther than Derby.
>
> Well, my Lord Mayor, two hundred years later we have sent you once again the Fiery Cross, not in enmity, but in friendship, and on this occasion the Scottish invasion has succeeded.
>
> There are very strong bonds of friendship between the City of London and the City of Edinburgh. I believe that no fewer than four Lord Mayors of this ancient City of London have been Scotsmen, of whom the last was Sir James Ritchie, who was Lord Mayor in 1903.

Sir George Wilkinson sent the following message to Lord Provost Falconer:

My dear Lord Provost—I was very pleased to receive your message which has been conveyed to me by the Scottish runners carrying the Fiery Crosses on the first stage of their journey to the Scottish communities overseas.

In the past, it has been the custom to send the Fiery Cross not only to the Scottish clansmen but to their friends and allies, and there are indeed very strong bonds of friendship and of alliance between London and Edinburgh. Many of the illustrious sons of Edinburgh throughout the centuries have made their contribution to the prosperity, to the science and arts, and to the civic life of London. London and Edinburgh are old friends and firm allies.

I am glad to learn of your great exhibition. In these times we have great need of the enterprise of Scottish industrialists, and the traditional skill of Scotland's designers and workmen. I have no doubt that your exhibition will make a great contribution to our common welfare. I wish "Enterprise Scotland" and your music festival every success.

I thank you, my Lord Provost, for your most felicitous message, and, on behalf of the Corporation of the City of London, I should like to convey my warm gratitude to you and to the people of Scotland.

The President, addressing the company, said:

As President of the Caledonian Society of London, I welcome the representatives of the various London Scottish Societies and other members of the Scottish community in London. You have heard the kindly message that is going back to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh from Sir George Wilkinson on behalf of the Corporation of this great City of London, and we thank him for it.

We shall survive by our own united efforts, and I wish our airmen God speed and happy landings as I hand the Fiery Crosses on to them.

Dr Stewart Hunter, Vice-President, received the Fiery Cross on behalf of the Scottish community in London. Each runner stepped forward, and, announcing the destination of the Cross which he held, handed it to Mr Atholl Robertson, who in turn handed it to Group Captain F. W. Winterbotham, C.B.E., representing British Overseas Airways, or to Mr Ian Scott-Hill, representing British European Airways. These Crosses were destined for Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, United States of America, Belgium, Denmark, France and Holland.

The runners, piper, standard-bearers and officials were then introduced to Sir George Wilkinson, the

Secretary of State for Scotland, our President and Vice-President, and Past-President J. B. Rintoul.

After the ceremony at the Guildhall, the runners and officials were entertained at lunch at Muir's Restaurant, 72 New Bond Street. With the President were Vice-President Dr Stewart Hunter; Past-President J. B. Rintoul; Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary; Mr D. Houston, Hon. Treasurer; and several members.

The President gave a hearty reception to the guests. He congratulated them on the punctuality of their arrival in London, and spoke of the high advertising value of their mission, which, he hoped, would bring success to "Enterprise Scotland." He asked his Caledonian colleagues and guests to drink a toast, "Success to Enterprise Scotland," and this was drunk with Caledonian honours.

The Vice-President called for a toast to all responsible for the organisation of the Fiery Cross excursion. This toast, also pledged with Caledonian honours, was replied to by Mr Clive, Council of Industrial Design, who thanked the Caledonian Society for its hospitality; and Mr Carmichael, who accompanied the runners, added his tribute.

Mr Angus McPherson, one of the runners, sang "Bonnie Strathyre," and Mr Weir, another runner, gave, "Bonnie Scotland." The piper played a march and a reel, and "Auld Lang Syne" closed the gathering.

Following the reception in London and the despatch overseas of the Fiery Crosses, the President, in Highland dress, and wearing his chain of office, appeared before the television cameras at Alexandra Palace, and made a statement concerning the history of the Fiery Cross, the use of the emblem by "Enterprise Scotland, 1947," and the part that the Caledonian Society of London had played in the patriotic demonstration.

At Edinburgh, on Friday, 10th October, 1947, our President took part in the ceremony at which the Crosses were returned to the Lord Provost, Sir John Falconer. The President was invited to broadcast the story of how the Crosses performed their mission, and he, the Lord Provost, Sir Steven Bilsland, Professor Sarolea, for Belgium, spoke, and Mr Allan, one-time Mayor of Dunedin, told of their reception in New Zealand.

The Annual General Meeting was held at Headquarters, Royal Scottish Corporation, on Friday, 7th November, 1947, when the President, Mr T. Atholl Robertson, who was in the chair, reported fully on the ceremony of the reception of the Fiery Crosses in London, details of which have been recorded in earlier pages.

A list of office-bearers for submission to next General Meeting was agreed.

NEW BADGES.

Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, submitted offers of Society's badges by Messrs Hamilton & Inches, Edinburgh ; and it was decided to purchase one Past-President's gold badge, one small gold badge for the use of the Hon. Secretary, and to be known as the Secretary's badge, and two large silver badges for the use of members.

THE CHARITIES VOTE.

£100 was voted to be divided equally between the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

DEATH OF A PAST-PRESIDENT.

The death was reported of Past-President R. S. Kennedy, who was President in 1932-1933. A resolution of sympathy with the family was passed, the President expressing deep regret on the death of a fine man, whose father, also, had been a President of the Society.

REVISION OF RULES.

Past-President William Will proposed that the rules of the Society should be revised, and that a small committee should be appointed to examine the rules and submit to the Council and General Meetings suggested improvements.

This was agreed to, and the following were appointed to be the committee: Colonel L. D. Bennett, Messrs J. M. Napier, J. B. Rintoul, J. R. Steele, William Will, and W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary.

MR LEWIS DOUGLAS'S THANKS.

A letter was read from Mr Lewis Douglas, the American Ambassador, in which Mr Douglas thanked the members for the generous welcome which they had given him on his arrival in this country to take up his duties. He hoped later to make our acquaintance at one of our social parties.

Obituary.

Past-President ROBERT SINCLAIR KENNEDY.

Past-President R. S. Kennedy, who died on 2nd July, 1947, joined the Society in 1918, and was elected to the Council two years later. In 1932-1933 he was promoted to the presidency, and during his year of office he attracted authors of interesting Sentiments.

Mr Kennedy was the son of a President (John Kennedy, 1896-1897), and his maternal grandfather was Mr David Mossman, who was a member of the committee from 1879 to 1896.

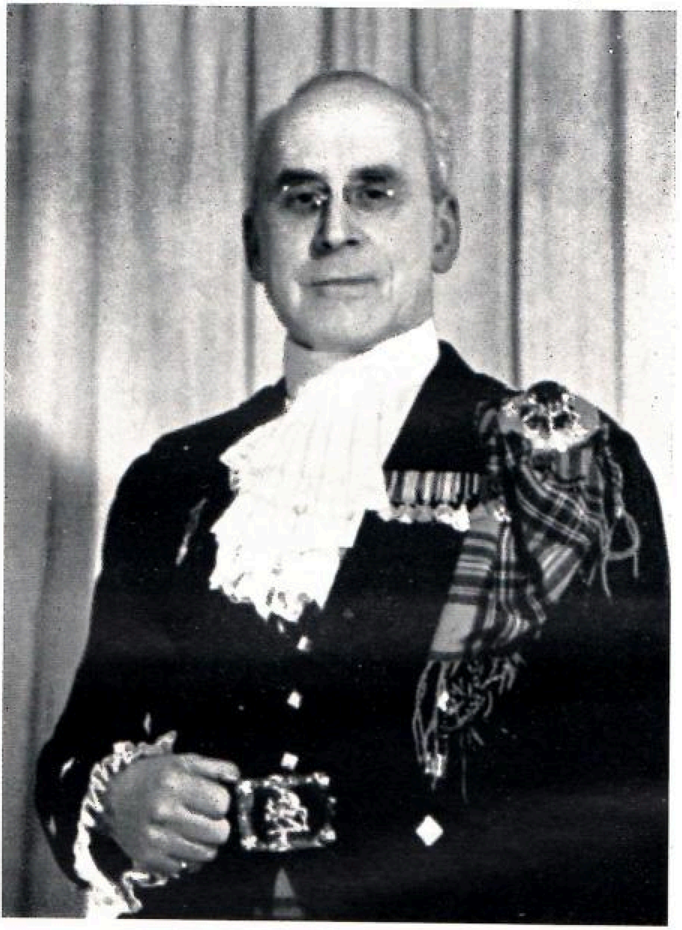
Our deceased brother was a London-born Oban man, and he was educated in London and Switzerland. At University College, London, he won the Senior Gilchrist Engineering Scholarship. He entered the engineering industry, and soon distinguished himself as a marine engineer ; he was Vice-President of the Institute of Marine Engineers.

Members of Mr Kennedy's family greatly distinguished themselves in the 1939–1945 war. His eldest son, Colonel J. R. Kennedy, D.S.O., O.B.E., a Territorial soldier, was killed near Tobruk in June, 1942. He was mentioned in despatches for grand work in the blowing up of bridges in the Dunkirk retreat, and for distinguished services in 1941.

The second son was of high rank in the Navy during the war, and his third son, who joined the R.A.F. in June, 1940, won the D.F.C. for great bravery in 1941.

Mr Kennedy's daughter, Sheila, did splendid work as a nurse. She had six years' service stripes in the Royal Navy, and ranked as an officer. Mr Kennedy himself was engaged on Admiralty work, and Mrs Kennedy did an enormous amount of W.V.S. organising work.

Past-President Kennedy was a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and sympathetic reference was made to his unselfish work at the Management Committee meeting succeeding his death.



DR C. STEWART HUNTER
F.R.S.(ED.), L.R.C.S.(ED.), L.R.F.P.S.(GLAS.), D.P.H., M.D.(BRUX.)
President 1947–1948

CHAPTER III.

1947-1948: DR CHARLES 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.), *President.*

A Medical Doctor President; "The Fiery Cross," by Past-President Atholl Robertson; a Tribute to the London Scottish, by Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott; "Scots in New Zealand," by the High Commissioner; Gold Badge for Past-President John M. Swan; a Geologist's Humour; "Robert Burns, Scottish Patriot," by Past-President William Will; "William Wallace," by Mr W. M. Miller; The Society's New Rules; Sir Cecil Wakeley; "Scots in the Middle East," by Lieut.-Col. J. C. Thomson; an Original Welcome to Our Guests, by Mr Walter B. Morison; "The Society," by the President; On the Value of Scotland, by Mr N. Macpherson, M.P.; "The President," by Past-President James Thomson.

IN the first hundred years of the life of the Caledonian Society of London, the number of medical men in membership was most impressive, and naturally many of the faculty have found themselves in the presidential chair. This session we return to the doctorate by the election of Dr Charles Stewart Hunter, who joined the Society in 1930, and became a member of Council in 1941-1942. Dr Stewart Hunter has had a most stirring—indeed it might well be called an adventurous—life, but in every sense devoted to the service of mankind.

He was born at Johnshill House, Duddingston, and having been educated primarily at Kelvinside Academy, Glasgow, he passed to Edinburgh University, and there began his medical studies. In these he distinguished himself as a brilliant student, and was accepted as the most popular student of his time.

Having graduated at Edinburgh, he qualified himself then and later for the numerous degrees that stand at the top of this notice.

He acted as a general practitioner at Carnoustie, where he was also M.O. for the burgh, and surgeon to the Admiralty, besides holding several other offices as a medical man. He served also for some years at Darvel and Newmilns, Ayrshire, and for a time York Dispensary had him as their surgeon.

When he came to practise in London he soon attracted a large and devoted clientele in the south-west district. In Streatham as elsewhere, he conquered the hearts of the people whom he served. He is on the Committee of the Weir Hospital, was M.O. to the Home Guard, H.Q. Staff, to the local A.T.C., and he took charge of the No. 5 First Aid Post attached to the Streatham Hill Congregational Church. The loyal work that he did, and the hairbreadth escapes that he made during the bomb-dropping period in the 1939-1945 war are recalled to his credit by his many war-work colleagues.

In connection with the Wandsworth Civil Defence Services our President arranged a great carnival and ball, secured cups and other prizes for competition, and organised a demonstration under Leslie Henson, and received the thanks of the borough for his services.

The practice of the art of medicine, and all that it meant, did not absorb the early energies and imagination of our new President.

In one of his many visits to Canada he developed a natural ability to write and paint, and to illustrate by line and colour, medical and other scientific works before he finished his medical course. His drawings of anatomical specimens were a distinguishing feature of his art studies.

Besides this professional work, Dr Stewart Hunter exhibited his pictures in oils and water colours at many exhibitions; and medals were awarded his work by London, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Cardiff.

His output of literary matter was considerable, including, as it did, works on *Canton and its Environs*, *The Medical Art in China*, *Some Impressions of Japan*, and *The Treatmeut of Surgical Emergencies*.

In addition Dr Stewart Hunter lectured frequently on the subjects to which he had devoted himself.

It is inevitable that a man with the initiative and drive of our new President should have striking experiences in the course of his career. He began early. When seventeen years of age he enlisted in the Army and sailed for the South African War. His father objected, and the recruit had to return. The following year at Liverpool, on the way to a holiday he and some companions heard of a strike on board a ship on the way to America, and he signed on as a stoker. This gave him great pleasure and sore bones.

Then there was that daring exploit from Carnoustie where he was resident during the 1914-1918 war.

On a stormy night, with a sea running mountains high, a patrol boat in the North Sea signalled for an Admiralty surgeon to be sent on board at once, as a member of the crew was seriously ill. This was at 3 o'clock on a wild February morning. The coastguard men found that Dr Stewart Hunter had just gone to bed after a thirty-six hours spell of hard war-time work. But he sprang out of bed, clothed himself, and joined two sailors in a small boat which swung and rolled perilously in the heavy seas. At last the doctor and sailors reached the parent ship, but their boat was dashed to pieces against the patrol boat. The doctor and the two sailors were thrown into the sea. They were rescued; and it is on record that Dr Stewart Hunter "with the greatest nonchalance, made his examination of the patient, and coolly suggested a return to shore for the necessary instruments and anæsthetics." This was done, in spite of the tempestuous sea, and the return passage was safely accomplished. There was no other doctor on board, so Dr Stewart Hunter had to administer the chloroform himself. "With the decks surging beneath him, to the rise and fall of the water, the doctor carried out the operation, which resulted in the saving of the man's life."

The father of the patient declared that he would never forget the unselfishness or the self-sacrifice of the doctor who performed the operation at such an hour and under such terrifying conditions.

We have the story, too, of Dr Stewart Hunter's intervention in an incident that might well have ended fatally. He was walking down a street in Newcastle when a cart-horse bolted. A woman, with a pram and two children, was crossing the road, but Dr Stewart Hunter, seeing the danger, seized and stopped the horse. Thus, at great personal risk, he saved the woman and the children probably from death.

In his student days at Edinburgh our President was one of the leading athletes, boxing having been one of his major accomplishments. But it is impossible to follow this all-round man in detail into his many activities. In promoting a presentation to the Doctor on him leaving Carnoustie, the local newspaper wrote of him as bearing a name deeply impressed on the memories of the people. To them he was doctor, motorist, angler, actor, philanthropist, boxer, adventure seeker, and entertainer. He was a *siffleur* "of the first rank," said the *Morning Post* when he appeared at a great Newspaper Press Fund concert at the Coliseum, with Sarah Bernhardt, George Robey and other leading artists.

And so we leave this wonderful man in charge of the Society for the twelve months of session 1947-1948.

The New Office-bearers.

At the Council and General Meetings held in the Rembrandt Hotel on 14th November, 1947—the President, Mr T. Atholl Robertson, in the chair—the following nominations of office-bearers for 1947-1948, (from 1st November, 1947, to 31st October, 1948), were submitted by the Council and confirmed by the General Meeting: President, Dr C. Stewart Hunter, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.; Vice-President, Mr A. W. Russell; Hon. Secretary, Mr William M. Miller; Hon. Treasurer, Mr David Houston; Hon Auditor, Mr Walter B. Morison; Hon. Historian, Mr William Will. The Council with the addition of Mr J. M. Napier were re-elected.

Dr Stewart Hunter, on being invested with the chain of office, said he was deeply conscious of the great honour that had been done him, and said that he would give the best that was in him to the service of their ancient society.

At this meeting it was decided, on the suggestion of Colonel Bennett, that the Society's Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London," should be played at every social meeting prior to the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The London Scottish: Our Regiment.

At the Little Dinner, over which the newly-elected President, Dr Stewart Hunter, presided, the Government's limit of 100 diners was almost reached.

The gathering was the first of the meetings at which the Society's connection with the London Scottish Regiment is to be recognised annually, and a large number of the "Scottish" members, past and present, sat down. Among the officers present were: Lieut.-Col. F. Gordon Maxwell, T.D.; Lieut.-Col. James Peddie, D.S.O., T.D.; Colonel A. T. Law, D.S.O.; Major Angus McLeod, M.B.E.; Captain David Ord, M.B.E., Regimental Secretary; Captain R. B. Goepel, editor of "London Scottish Gazette"; Captain H. R. Stewart Hunter and Captain Edward Stewart Hunter, sons of the President; Mr W. H. Thomson, son of Past-President James Thomson; Mr John Houston, son of Hon. Treasurer Mr D. Houston.

Among Caledonians present who are or were of the Regiment, were: Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott, chaplain; Col. L. Duncan Bennett; Past-President James Thomson; Mr W. Gordon Simpson; and Mr J. McW. Simmie.

Other guests present were: E. T. C. Milligan, M.D., F.R.C.S.; Sir John Calder, K.C.H.G., a native of Dundee, a graduate of Edinburgh University, and a great British Colonial servant; Major-General G. S. Szlumper, C.B.E., outstanding Railway and Transport administrator; Mr Walton Cole, editor of Reuters, and Mr Frank Whittaker, the editor of *Country Life*.

THE FIERY CROSS.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, the President acknowledged the confidence which the members had placed in him and in calling upon Past-President Atholl Robertson to give his Sentiment, "The Fiery Cross," said he was conscious of his difficulty in following in the chair so able a president as his immediate predecessor had proved himself to be. Every one knew and appreciated all that Atholl had done during his year of office, and the arrangements made by him for the reception of the Fiery Crosses in London and their despatch overseas were no small part of his work as President. He now called upon him to give them his Sentiment.

Past-President Atholl Robertson said that the outstanding event in his year of office had been the ceremony of the reception of the Fiery Crosses and he was now able to supplement what they already knew.

The Fiery Cross, like so many matters of Scottish history and folklore, said Mr Robertson, was taken as granted, and its origin and history were little known.

The best story of the Fiery Cross is to be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Canto III, where he describes the Gathering of the MacGregors on the shores of Loch Katrine, and the despatch of the Fiery Cross round the MacGregor country:

> And fast the faithful Clan around him drew
> And while the Fiery Cross glanced like a meteor round.
> The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
> A slender crosslet form'd with care,
> A cubit's length in measure due;
> The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
> Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
> Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave.

You will notice that the priest blessed the Cross, which was made from the wood of the yew trees that grew around the MacGregor graveyard on Inch-Cailliach, the Isle of Old Women, or of Nuns, situated at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The respect of the Highlanders, even the wild MacGregors, for the graves of their clan, lent an added significance to the cutting of the yew for the Fiery Cross.

> Speed, Malise, speed, the dun deer's hide
> On fleeter foot was never tied.
> Speed, Malise, speed, such cause of haste
> Thine active sinews never braced.
> Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
> Burst down like torrent from its crest;
> With short and springing footstep pass
> The trembling bog and false morass;
> Across the brook like roebuck bound,
> And thread the brake like questing hound;
> The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
> Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
> Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
> Yet by the fountain pause not now;
> Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
> Stretch onward in thy fleet career.
> The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
> Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
> Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
> With rivals in the mountain race;
> But danger, death, and warrior deed,
> Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed.

The Fiery Cross is mentioned as having been sent round by Galgacus in

83 A.D. to call Scots to fight the Romans. Its origin goes back to before recorded history, and can be traced in folklore and legend all over Europe, but only in Scotland did it survive strongly. The Robertsons of Struan and the Stewarts of Appin have documented records of the Fiery Cross having been sent round. Symbol of war and emergency in peace, it was used to call out five hundred men of Glenurquhart, in 1770, to stop a devastating forest fire. Once again it is the symbol of Scotland's faith in herself. This faith in turn was symbolised in the successful Scottish Exhibition which has just ended in Edinburgh.

Mr Atholl Robertson then gave in detail reports of how the Crosses were received in the various capital cities to which they were sent ; and of the ceremony at the return of the Crosses on 10th October, 1947.

THANKS FOR THE SENTIMENT.

In proposing thanks to Past-President Atholl Robertson for his vivid report, Mr E. Duncan Macmillan said Mr Robertson had done much for Scotland in London, but perhaps the work that we were most grateful for was his continuing the publication of Past-President John Douglas's creation *The Scots Year Book.*

THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott proposed " The London Scottish."

Dr Scott said they did not need to be reminded that the tune the piper had played a few moments ago was the regimental march of the London Scottish, and an inspiring and inspiriting march it is. It was a special honour that had been done him in asking him to propose this toast, and particularly so since so many personal friends of his own from the Regiment were present. He didn't think there was a friendship or fellowship anywhere more sincere and deep than in the London Scottish.

Dr Scott, referring to the close connection between the Caledonian Society and the Regiment said that from the first the " Scottish " had upheld their now well-known reputation. In the Boer War, and on that memorable glorious Hallowe'en at Messines, in the 1914–1918 war, they faced what seemed certain defeat, and emerged with a brilliant reputation and great laurels won. (Applause.)

And in the recent World War the " Scottish " had maintained that reputation and won fresh laurels. Who will ever forget the Italian campaign in which Colonel Law, present with them that night, had led his gallant and victorious regiment. (Applause.)

Now, for a time at least, danger was over ; but they seemed to be facing a great challenge.

This is the resolution passed when the London Scottish was formed in 1859 :

" That as the present condition of affairs on the Continent of Europe may lead to complications that will render it impossible for Great Britain, with due regard to her material interests and high station among the nations, to maintain a position of neutrality, it is expedient that Scottish residents in London and its neighbourhood be invited to participate in strengthening the defensive resources of the country, by forming a Volunteer Rifle Corps, to be designated the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers."

I make bold to say (continued Dr Scott amid applause), that such a condition is again present in Europe. A Red Fiery Cross is passing through Europe, not through the peaceful glens of Scotland, but through the streets of London. The time is here for preparation by this country, for only in a strong Great Britain is there the bulwark of peace. (Applause.)

We were told to-night that from the yew trees over the graves of clansmen the Fiery Cross of old was fashioned. The Fiery Cross to-day is growing over the graves of the men of the London Scottish.

I am to couple this toast with the name of Colonel Gordon Maxwell, who led the 2nd Battalion in the recent war. The Regiment is mighty glad that he has come out again to lead them, although he is married and has a family, and might well claim immunity from further service. This is an example to us all to assist in raising the Regiment to its pristine state.

May the time never come when the London Scottish will be called to do battle for the old country ; but if the time does come, let it be said that the steadfast sons of Scotland in the English Capital were found ready to meet the call. (Loud applause.) I ask you to drink to the progress of the old regiment, and drink with enthusiasm and with our Caledonian honours. (Renewed applause.)

A " SCOTTISH " APPEAL FOR HELP.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. Gordon Maxwell, T.D., received with cheers, said it was a great honour to the London Scottish to be fêted by the Caledonian Society of London, which had been so largely responsible for raising the Regiment in 1859. They were greatly indebted to Dr Scott, the padre of the " Scottish," for the fine things he has said so eloquently about them.

The men who had formed the London Scottish (continued Lieut.-Col. Maxwell), were not finished with the Regiment when their service with the colours ended. They had the largest and most important Old Comrades Association, numbering 15,000, scattered about the world, and this number of men who had served in the Regiment did not include the 2,000 who had not returned.

Colonel Maxwell asked the Caledonian Society members to help, as they had helped before, in recruiting for the Regiment. In London many organisations with a national name did not insist on the members' nationality ; but the "Scottish" did insist. They had turned down a number of likely-looking lads, but as they were wholly English they had to be rejected.

As Caledonians knew, one of their difficulties was that London was largely a clearing-house for young Scots. Scottish firms sent likely youngsters to their London offices, and after a few years' training service here they were "pushed off" to Shanghai or other foreign place to conduct the firm's business. The average length of service in the Regiment before the war was two and a half years.

At present they had an establishment of only three companies, and they had not one company's strength. The recruits were just enough to make good the losses. On an average one man every fortnight left the Regiment. Since 1879 they had held firmly to the principle that all officers must be recruited from the ranks.

One of their present difficulties was that youngsters of eighteen or so, whom they used to get as recruits, were now doing their National Service. Older men are coming up for enrolment in any position, but they did want young men as well. "We do want recruits," Col. Maxwell said in conclusion ; "men up to forty-five, and we do want you, Caledonian friends, to help us to get them."

A Caledonian Welcome for the Guests.

Past-President James Thomson gave the toast, "Our Guests."

He said it was an honour in the Caledonian Society to be allowed to propose that toast, but the task was not without its worries. To one of their Little Dinners he had invited a friend from the Dutch East Indies, named Sparkes. He had given the member who was proposing the toast Mr Sparkes's name and particulars, but he failed to make the correction when Mr Sparkes failed him and he had substituted an English friend. Judge of his surprise when his guest was announced, "owing to my outrageous handwriting," as Mr Spukon from the Dutch East Indies. He (Mr Thomson) hurriedly whispered to his guest that he was being honoured, and if he was called upon to make a few remarks, he must speak with a Dutch accent.

Fortunately the need did not arise, but it reminded him of a friend of his who was travelling up in his usual train to the City one morning. When he was comfortably settled he got out his pipe and pouch, filled his pipe, took a box of matches from his pocket, struck one, which fell upon the floor, alight. My friend carefully picked it up, still burning, and lit his pipe with it. A man sitting opposite to him in the compartment said, "You must be a Scotsman." My friend had a very healthy Scotch accent and knew that if he opened his mouth the laugh would be on him, so after a brief space he put on his eyeglasses, frowned severely, and said to this man in a loud voice, "Vat you speaks ? " (Laughter.) At the next train stop, my friend thought it as well to change carriages.

Past-President Thomson (continuing), welcomed the many guests, besides those from the London Scottish.

Conditions in Germany.

Brigadier J. Melvin, C.B.E., M.C., Controller, Public Health Medical Service, Berlin, replied for the guests. He spoke of the present conditions in Germany as a sea of frustration, and in every way calculated to damp down humour. But fortunately the British people who were carrying out often disagreeable duties in Germany carried a humour that was unquenchable.

Mr. A. W. Winship's songs, " The Eriskay Love Lilt," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "The Skye Boat Song," were well sung and well received.

The Pipe-Major, J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., played "The Caledonian Society of London," Strathspey; and the verses of " Auld Lang Syne " were sung by the following London Scottish members : Colonel Duncan Bennett ; Lieut.-Colonel James Peddie, Captain H. R. Stewart Hunter, and Captain Gordon Simpson.

The Caledonian Society's first London Scottish Night was voted a great success.

A Member's Knighthood.

At the business meetings held prior to the Little Dinner—the retiring president, Mr T. Atholl Robertson in the chair—the congratulations of the members were conveyed to Sir Alexander Greig on the occasion of the conferment of a knighthood upon him.

The Hon. Secretary referred to the death of Past-President R. S. Kennedy. The members rose and in respectful silence passed a vote of deep sympathy with Mrs Kennedy and her family.

SCOTS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The High Commissioner for New Zealand, the Right Hon. W. J. Jordan, was the guest of honour and the giver of the Sentiment at the Little Dinner on 18th December, 1947. The meetings were held at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, S.W., and the President, Dr Stewart Hunter, was in the chair.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, the President introduced Mr Jordan as " the breeziest and wittiest man I ever met."

Mr Jordan was received with hearty cheering when he rose to give his Sentiment on " Scots in New Zealand." He said :

The story of Scotsmen in New Zealand would be the story of the settlement and development of that Dominion. Scotsmen were among those who left England in the first ships for Wellington in 1839, and three ships left from Scotland between 1839 and 1847. In October, 1839, the *Bengal Merchant* left the Clyde with 161 passengers, including the Rev. John MacFarlane, of Paisley, the first Scottish clergyman in Wellington.

Scotland's distinctive contribution to the colonisation of New Zealand lay, however, in the establishment of Dunedin, which to-day retains its distinctive character as the Edinburgh of New Zealand. The surveyor of Dunedin was instructed to reproduce as far as possible in the new town the features of Edinburgh, and the names of its streets are those of Edinburgh and Leith, Princes Street, King Street, Moray Place, and so on, but the resemblance goes far deeper than this mere reproduction of physical characteristics. Dunedin was planned as a branch of the Scottish Free Kirk, and the new settlement was remarkable for the careful and thorough planning of the community and the importance attached to religious, educational, and cultural foundations. Dunedin is still remarkable as a centre where Scottish traditions and outlook are vigorous and pronounced, and where education and the religious life of the community are of the first importance.

Early in 1840 a number of Scottish gentlemen began to look on emigration as a remedy for the unemployment which was becoming widespread, and began negotiating with the New Zealand Company for an agreement whereby the company was to cede part of its territory for a Scottish settlement, but the plans fell through because of the uncertainty of the company's title. Soon afterwards Mr. George Rennie began negotiating with the New Zealand Company for a new settlement in New Zealand on improved lines. He planned to send out a preliminary expedition to lay out the town, clear some of the land, and establish a farm which would provide stock for the settlers' farms, and supply enough food to keep the main body of settlers alive in the initial stages. Mr Rennie's plans were strongly opposed by the Colonial Office.

In 1843 the New Zealand Company reached agreement with the Government on land titles, and Mr Rennie and Captain Cargill approached the company with proposals for establishing a Scottish Presbyterian Settlement to be called New Edinburgh. The fund received for the sale of the company's land was to be devoted to promoting the immigration of Scottish labourers. The selection of the site and the preliminary arrangements were to be entrusted to the company's principal agents in New Zealand ; to this the company agreed.

In 1843 occurred the Disruption of the Established Church, and the leaders of the new Free Kirk listened eagerly to the plans of Captain Cargill and the Rev. Mr Burns for starting a Free Church Colony in New Zealand. Captain Cargill and Mr Burns travelled through Scotland, and with unflagging energy tried to interest people in the scheme.

Many well-known clergymen gave the plan their warm support, and invited the exponents to expound it from their pulpits. The idea was conceived as a great lay mission which might extend itself from New Zealand to the Pacific Islands, and then even to India and China. All agreed that the scheme should be strictly a Free Church one.

On 29th March, 1845, the General Assembly of the Church met in Edinburgh and expressed its approval of the scheme for forming a Scots colony in New Zealand. On the 16th of May, 1845, the first public meeting of laymen of the Free Church was held at the Eagle Tavern, in Glasgow, for the purpose of considering a scheme of Scottish Settlement at Otago in connection with the Free Church ; the chairman was Henry Dunlop of Craigton. Mr Burns, Captain Cargill and Dr Aldcorn addressed the meeting, and a Mr Whytlaw, who had just returned from New Zealand, gave a glowing account of the country. The meeting resolved :

(1) That this meeting do form itself into an association with such other members of the Free Church of Scotland as shall unite with it, for promoting the necessary sales of land, and of otherwise carrying into execution the Scotch settlement of Otago (New Edinburgh) upon the principles stated in Mr Cargill's letter to the Rev. Thomas Burns, of 29th March, 1845.

(2) That this meeting consider the facilities offered by the New Zealand Company for the formation of class settlement to be a great public boon, and calculated to give a new and elevated tone to British colonisation, and if duly responded to by the Churches at home, that it must have the effect of carrying the best specimens of religion and civilisation into the dark places of the earth, and of combining the benefits sought for by emigration with the diffusion of light and beneficence universal to many.

(3) That the association will therefore use every effort amongst those of their own denomination who are desirous to emigrate, for conveying the best of their people to the Free Church Settlement of Otago.

(4) That Dr Aldcorn, of Oban, be requested to act as secretary to the association.

(5) That these resolutions be communicated to the Colonial Committee of the Free Church in order to the scheme being brought under the notice of the General Assembly.

(6) That the secretary be requested to take all proper measures for circulating information through the members of Assembly when returning to their several presbyteries and congregations throughout the country, and that thereafter an early meeting of the association be called, either in Edinburgh or Glasgow with a view to further measures.

(7) That the thanks of the association be expressed to Mr Cargill for his

persevering labours in this interesting cause, and his support of the excellent minister, the Rev. Thomas Burns of Monkton, who has been appointed by the company, and that an early opportunity be taken to convey to the company their confidence and satisfaction as regards the position of Mr Cargill, and which he is so well calculated to occupy.

In the same year a New Zealander named Tucket was instructed by the New Zealand Company to select a site for the settlement, and, passing over Port Cooper and the Canterbury plains, he reported that Otago (or Atakou) was the very best place in the South Island. A block of 400,000 acres was bought at once from the Maoris for £2,400.

You will notice that the land was purchased for cash in 1845. We read that in 1839 there was a deed of purchase of the land later occupied by Wellington and suburbs ; the consideration was :—

> 100 red blankets, 2 tierces tobacco, 2 cases soap, 48 iron pots, 21 kegs gunpowder, 15 fowling pieces, 1 cask ball cartridges, 100 tomahawks, 1 case pipes, 50 axes, 2 dozen spades, 12 dozen shirts, 10 dozen looking glasses, 10 dozen pairs scissors, ten dozen pocket knives, 1 dozen umbrellas, 12 dozen jews harps, 10 dozen combs, one dozen razors, 2 suits clothes, and 12 pairs shoes.

The site of Auckland City was purchased in 1840 ; the consideration given to the Maoris for the 3,000 acres was :—

> £50 money, 20 tomahawks, 50 blankets, 20 pairs of trousers, 20 shirts, 10 waistcoats, 10 caps, 4 casks tobacco, 1 box pipes, 10 iron pots, 1 bag sugar, and 1 bag flour.

Renewed opposition from the Colonial Office disappeared with a change of Government, and the Scottish company sent out a surveyor to survey and plan the settlement in detail. By the end of 1846 this was completed ; a site of 146,000 acres was selected for the town, and one-eighth of this was set aside for religious and educational purposes. The price of this land was £2 per acre.

The port of the district was named Port Chalmers, after the great leader of the secession, and the town itself Dunedin, the old Celtic name of Edinburgh.

On 10th August, 1847, a public meeting in connection with the Otago immigration movement was held in the Trades Hall, Glasgow. Mr John McGlashan was appointed secretary of the Edinburgh Committee, and Dr Olocam was appointed secretary of the Glasgow Committee.

On 24th November, 1847, the *John Wyckliffe* sailed from Gravesend, and the *Philip Laing*, which carried the bulk of the immigrants, of whom there were 247, left Greenock on 27th November. The *John Wyckliffe* arrived in New Zealand on Thursday, 23rd March, 1848, and the *Philip Laing* on 15th April, 1848, to plant on the congenial soil of New Zealand the branch of the Free Kirk of Scotland.

The first public events after the arrival of the ships were a serious public address by Captain Cargill, and a religious service at which the Rev. Thomas Burns officiated. Within a week of their arrival the immigrants had chosen their sections, and within three months they had taken possession of their urban and rural sections. There were no land disputes ; no Maori troubles, which was a marked contrast to some earlier settlements which may have been connected with the method of purchasing the land. Before the end of the first year, a newspaper, the *Otago News*, began publication as a fortnightly, and there were 760 whites and about 100 Maoris in the settlement. Over 100 houses, a church and a school had been built.

On 26th May, 1849, a public meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, Dunedin, and protested against the expressed intention of the Secretary of State for the Colonies to send convicts to Otago. In November, 1858, the foundation was laid of the second Presbyterian Church in Dunedin. The influence of the Scots Church is still felt in the Dominion. It is the second strongest Church ; the last census figures were : Church of England, 700,000 ; Presbyterian, 400,000.

Scottish influence in New Zealand is by no means confined to Otago. Dunedin is merely the most striking example of it ; Scottish outlook and attitudes have played a notable and distinctive part in shaping New Zealand's history, and many notable Scotsmen have made important and unique contributions to our development. I will mention but a few :—

Sir John McKenzie, born at Ardross, Ross-shire, was responsible for the land reform of the Seddon Government, breaking up the land monopoly which threatened to paralyse progress, and his work made possible the growth of the dairying industry in New Zealand.

Sir Donald McLean, born at Kilmaluaig, Tyree, Argyllshire, went out to New Zealand as Protector of Aborigines, and later became a Member of Parliament and Native Secretary. He did valuable work in avoiding what may have been serious conflicts between the Maoris and early settlers.

Sir Robert Stout, born in the Shetland Islands, rose to be Prime Minister with Sir Julius Vogel, and later was appointed Chief Justice.

* The Right Hon. P. Fraser, our present Prime Minister, was born at Fearn, Ross-shire, was given the portfolio of Education when the Labour Party was elected to power in 1935. His attitude to education shows the influence of his Scottish descent. This is what he said in 1939 :—

" The Government's objective, broadly expressed, is that every person, whatever his level of academic ability, whether he be rich or poor, whether he live in town or country, has a right, as a citizen, to a free education of the kind for which he is best fitted, and to the fullest extent of his powers. So far is this from being a mere pious platitude that the full acceptance of the principle will involve the reorientation of the education system.

" The structure of the New Zealand school system as originally laid down (and indeed of practically all the school systems of the world) was based on the principle of *selection*. An elementary education in the three Rs was given to all the population, but beyond that, schooling had to be either bought by the well-to-do, or won, through scholarhips, by the specially brilliant.

" Under such a system post-primary education was a thing apart from primary education, and tended to be verbal and academic in nature. A definite penalty was placed on the children of the poor, especially on those who lived outside the main centres of population."

Mr Fraser is now our Prime Minister, he has done great work in international affairs as well as in the Dominion.

To keep within the usual time limit I will leave it at that, and thank you heartily for this invitation to speak to this Caledonian Society of London of Scots in New Zealand.

Mr Jordan's Sentiment was received with round and round of applause.

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* Mr Fraser died on 12th December 1950.

OUR THANKS TO MR JORDAN.

Major W. E. Watson, T.D., who thanked Mr Jordan for his illuminating Sentiment, proposed the toast of the High Commissioner's health. He said their guest of that night was a Kentish man, was born at Ramsgate, and grew up to love the sea. His was a sea-faring family, constantly "crewing" the lifeboat in times of stress.

Continuing, Major Watson said Mr Jordan is now a freeman of his native town. His occasions brought him as a youth to London, in the days before the police wore rubber heels, and as he wistfully saw the day dawn over St Paul's, the spirit of unrest took possession of him. He must go down to the sea again.

Remembering that experience, joined with common sense, to mortals is a Providence, he took passage to New Zealand in 1904, and no doubt made many friends in the Scottish communities there. He took an interest in Labour politics, and then came the clarion call of war in 1914. He heard it; and then a soldier:

> Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
> Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
> Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth.

Wounded, Mr Jordan returned to New Zealand to become president of the Labour Party.

Again down to the sea, selected by his confrères as High Commissioner to these islands, to take his place on the Council of the League of Nations. Courageous and outspoken he then was—he still is, and we are glad of it. The great University of St Andrews recognised his quality when they recently conferred upon him a Doctorate of Laws, illuminating him and their own Senate.

> Now wishing fate may never tax you,
> Wi' cross nor loss to thraw and vex you;
> But keep you hale till ninety-nine
> While you and yours in honour shine.

The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours.

GOLD BADGE FOR PAST-PRESIDENT.

The President calling upon Past-President John M. Swan, said:

It is my privilege to present to Past-President John M. Swan the gold badge of the Society, awarded to him for his services as President during the session

1945-1946. I am glad to have the opportunity of paying a tribute to him for his achievements during a difficult and trying session. (Hear, hear.) At that time it was impossible to arrange a complete series of meetings, and Past-President Swan is to be congratulated on having been able in the face of severe difficulties, to maintain the ancient traditions of the Society. (Applause.) I am pleased because this duty has fallen to me, and I have pleasure in inviting Past-President Swan to allow me in the Society's name to present him with this tangible evidence of our gratitude for his work. (Loud applause.)

Past-President John M. Swan, received with hearty applause, said he thanked the Society from the bottom of his heart for this honour, and continued :

One of the outstanding events in my life was my election to the presidency of this Society, and it is an honour which I shall never cease to cherish. When I remember the great figures who have held this office, I feel that I had small claim to the distinction which you bestowed on me. But I shall always be conscious of your confidence and loyalty.

The Society's gold medal means to me something more than the outward symbol of high office. It means not only the realisation of an ambition, but what is still more precious, the good-will and esteem of all my brother Scots who are—The Caledonian Society of London. (Loud applause.)

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Past-President Alexander MacDonald gave the toast, " Our Guests." He said they had with them a number of distinguished guests—all distinguished or they would not be there ! The Rt. Hon. Mr Jordan they had heard, and they had heard too, Major Watson's tribute. There were Mr Harry Hynd, M.P., assistant Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Defence. Mr Hynd was a leading official of the London Perthshire Association. There were also Mr G. H. Trott, C.B.E., the Rev. Joseph Moffett, whom they all knew and respected. Mr Thomas B. Robson, one of our leading accountants ; Mr D. B. Thomson, and others. He was sorry that the Society could offer their guests only the cold shoulder of austerity instead of the mighty haggis and the equally mighty whisky. However he could give them a Highland welcome and an invitation " Hist ye back ! " (Applause.)

A GEOLOGIST RESPONDS.

Dr W. F. P. McLintock responded to the toast. He said:

Reference had been made to the fact that he was a geologist, and they might wonder how it was that he was there that night as the guest of Mr Stirling at a gathering of their Society which, so he had been told, was an association of prosperous Scottish business and professional gentlemen, accustomed to meet periodically to dine and discuss a theme propounded and expounded by an eminent speaker. Geology was in the Scotsman's blood. Edinburgh was the cradle of modern geology, and he would remind them that only a short time ago there was commemorated in that city the 150th anniversary of the death of the founder of the science, James Hutton, a name still honoured wherever the science of geology is cultivated. The work of Hutton and other pioneers led to the formation, over one hundred years ago, of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, the first official institution of its kind in the world, and one with which he (the speaker) had been connected for over forty years. The work of the officers of that service led them into remote places, and sometimes gave rise to curious misunderstandings. Many years ago he found himself with two colleagues engaged on a geological survey of the island of Mull. One of the geologists was a doctor of science of Geneva University, and the other a young and vigorous athlete from the south, accustomed to stride over the hills, barelegged, and clad in the scanty garb of singlet and very short "shorts." The operations of this latter geologist quite naturally evoked wonder, speculation and intense curiosity among the local inhabitants, and eventually led to the following conversation between the head stalker on the deer forest and the doctor of science: "You are the doctor, are you not? Your name will be Doctor Lee?" "Yes; that is my name." "And the other gentleman; poor man! Poor harmless creature! He will be your patient!"

He had already thanked them on behalf of his fellow-guests for their characteristically Scottish welcome that night. Might he end on a personal note, and thank them for their broadmindedness in permitting the intrusion of a geologist, albeit in charge of a generous and kindly "keeper," Mr Stirling! (Laughter and applause.)

Mr Alexander Henderson was the vocalist of the evening, and his fine rendering of "The Piper o' Dundee," "Mary Morison," "A Man's a Man," "Kirkconnel Lea," and "Green Grow the Rashes," was received with great pleasure.

The Pipe-Major's toast was honoured, and his selection well received.

"Auld Lang Syne" having been sung, a memorable meeting ended.

CONGRATULATIONS TO PRINCESS ON HER MARRIAGE.

At the business meetings on 18th December, prior to the Little Dinner, the Hon. Secretary mentioned that he had sent the following telegram to Princess Elizabeth on the occasion of her marriage: "The President, Council and members of the Caledonian Society of London, established in 1837, desire humbly to offer to Your Royal Highness their sincere congratulations on your marriage to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten."

The reply from Buckingham Palace was: "Princess Elizabeth desires to thank all those who joined with you in sending the very kind message of congratulation, which gave Her Royal Highness much pleasure."

The President paid a tribute to Past-President Atholl Robertson who had just vacated the Chair, and moved that he be awarded the Society's gold badge in recognition of his service as President. This was agreed to unanimously.

The Hon. Secretary intimated the following gifts:

1. A beautiful powder horn from Miss Maxwell, late of the Royal Scottish Corporation. The horn had been the property of Mr D. Hepburn, President 1889-1890, and 1905-1906, the author of the first volume of the "Chronicles," 1837-1906. It was presented to the late Mr T. R. Moncrieff, Miss Maxwell's uncle.
2. From Mrs C. Ritchie, widow of the late Past-President Alexander Ritchie (1893-1894), the gold badge belonging to her husband. The badge bears as the date of the establishment of the Society, 1839, a mistake for 1837.
3. A wooden case for holding the Society's gifts and treasures from Mr A. Robertson, a member of the Society.
4. A handsome reading lectern from Mr E. A. S. Ellis, a patient of Dr Stewart Hunter, "as a very small token of my respect for you" (the President).

Mr Miller also read a letter from Colonel Gordon Maxwell, the London Scottish, who thanked the Society for the honour which had been done the Regiment, and for giving him (Colonel Gordon Maxwell) an opportunity of speaking for the Regiment.

A BURNS TOAST.

The New Year's Little Dinner was greeted with " Here's to the Year that's Awa'," sung by that veteran Scots baritone, Mr Tom Kinniburgh, who was welcomed heartily by his old friends in the Society. This followed the loyal toasts and the President's New Year greeting.

The President (Dr C. Stewart Hunter) announced that the first of the Society's revived toasts to " the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," was to be given that evening, and he called upon Past-President William Will to speak on the toast.

Mr Will giving his toast " Robert Burns, Scottish Patriot," said :

If I were to ask the members of this Society individually, " In what lies the power of this man Robert Burns, who died at the age of thirty-seven, and who has for a hundred and sixty years commanded the increasing admiration and love of Scots men and women ?" what would be your answer, or answers ?

Probably the man's humanity, his lowly origin and triumph over adversity, his satirical denunciation of sham and humbug, the beauty and fervour of his love songs, his defence of the common man, whose joys and sorrows he sang, his boisterous humour, his prophetic appeal for peace, his love of national and religious liberty, his spirit of independence, his devotion to his native land, and his pride in her successful struggles against oppression, would be among the reasons given ; and each one of them could be justified by numerous quotations from his five hundred songs and poems, and seven hundred letters.

Yes, Burns has written and sung himself into all our heads and hearts in various ways, and has given many reasons why he, poet, prophet, preacher, and philosopher should retain the love and adulation of his fellow countrymen and women.

In the short time allotted to this toast, on the night on which William Wallace is our theme, let me claim that one of the reasons—if not *the main* reason—for our intense devotion to Burns is the outpouring of his charged heart and vivid imagination for " Scotia, my dear, my native soil," and that his admiration for William Wallace actually aroused, perhaps created in him, and certainly fed, the sacred flame.

Did he not, in his biographical letter to Dr Moore in London, the father of Sir John Moore of Corunna, write : " The story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice in my veins which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

So I am speaking to you to-night of Robert Burns, the Scottish patriot, and shall bring together the Patriot Soldier and the Patriot Bard, both of whose beings were consumed with love of their native land.

And can I advance my plea more appropriately than by reminding you that the woman who had probably greater influence with Burns than all others outside his family circle, who advised and scolded him, and even led him to amend " The Cotter's Saturday Night," was Frances Anna Wallace (known to us as Mrs Dunlop), a direct descendant of William Wallace's brother. " My honoured first of friends," the poet called her, and wrote affectionately to her of Wallace, " my glorious countryman and your immortal ancestor."

For lack of time I can merely mention Mrs Dunlop's and Burns's elation at their discovery of each other, how the reading of " The Cotter's Saturday Night " probably saved her sanity, how she thanked the poet for his references to her great ancestor !

O, thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart.
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride
Or nobly die, the second glorious part ;

how warmly he responded to this descendant of " the Saviour of his country," and assured her that he intended to write a song on Wallace in some measure equal to his merits.

To this desire he returns again and again :

Is there no daring bard will rise and tell
  How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell ;
Where are the muses fled that could produce
  A drama worthy of the name of Bruce ?

he demands.

And this great passion for freedom and Scotland and Wallace and Bruce found its ultimate outlet in that great torrent of Scottish patriotism delivered by the poet with tremendous dramatic power :

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,

and so on to the last defiant commanding appeal, " Let us do or dee ! "

Scattered throughout Burns's poems, songs, and letters, we find overwhelming evidence of this perfervid love of his native land :

Even then a wish (I mind its power), (he wrote to Mrs Scot
A wish that to my latest hour of Wauchope)
  Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or beuk could make,
  Or sing a sang, at least ;

and this intense devotion to Scotland was the means, on one occasion at least, of keeping our liberty-loving but sometimes wayward poet on an even keel. When the French Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity affected his sensitive mind—and, incidentally, estranged Mrs Dunlop—there was a time of great tension, even suspicion ; but when the French threatened to invade this country the French Revolution was forgotten, the Patriot Bard sprang to action, and at one stroke confounded his critics. He was among the first to join the Dumfries Volunteers, and in this hour of national fervour he dashed off the song, " The Dumfries Volunteers," each line of which is charged with patriotic emotion :

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
  Then let the loons beware, sir ;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
  And volunteers on shore, sir.

And so on, went ringing from Maidenkirk to John o' Groats, and roused the country to a state of intense enthusiasm.

But I must be careful—I fear we are not always careful when speaking of Burns—lest you may think that I am claiming for our national poet the creation of our national patriotism.

In the Sentiment which Mr Miller is to give us to-night we shall hear something of the blows that were struck for the liberation of Scotland four hundred and sixty years before Burns was born; then there was the crowning glory of Bannockburn, and, six years later, the Scottish barons at Arbroath defied the Pope; and in their letter to His Holiness they declared that even if King Robert, their renowned leader, were to aim at placing Scotland under England, they (the people of Scotland) would instantly try to expel him as a common enemy, "for while a hundred of us exist we shall never submit to England. We fight not for glory, wealth or honour, but for that liberty without which no virtuous man can survive."

Oh, no! Scotland's independence was safe hundreds of years before Burns was heard of; but, although we have always had poets and prose writers in plenty, patriotic Scotland was without a popular voice until there came from Ayrshire upon a wondering world that spate of song and poetry; and the young lyrical Ayrshire farmer sang his way to the receptive hearts of a proud and a grateful people.

Burns presented Scotland's independence and patriotism and his own philosophy to his brother Scots, just as later, Sir Walter gave the romance of Scotland to a wider world.

What Burns did for Scotland's Lowland language is further reason for our allegiance to him; but that is a subject which I dare not elaborate here. Merely let me say that when great literary Scotsmen of his day were deliberately suppressing and attempting to destroy completely our Lowland language and idioms, Burns burst forth in our vernacular, and blew to crockanation the published anti-Scottish manuals compiled by Beattie, the poet; Robertson, the historian; and Sir John Sinclair, politician and agriculturist.

I dare not mount this hobby horse, but I maun jist saddle 'im, as it is part of my argument that the loyalty of Scots of succeeding generations to Burns has been due partly—perhaps largely—to the fact that in reaching their hearts he used his and their own living, expressive common language.

It is hardly possible to speak on this subject to an audience of London Scots without speculating on what would have happened to Scotland and Burns had the poet accepted the invitation to come to Fleet Street to write for the *Morning Chronicle*.

It is safe to say that he would have continued to write and to rail against the irritating, the insulting, habit of speakers and writers, ignoring Scotland by using the words England and English instead of Britain and British.

His vitriolic pen would have pilloried any Prime Minister who dared to form a Cabinet without one Scotsman in it to preach efficiency with economy.

There certainly would have been greater congestion in the Law Courts even than there is to-day, for newspaper libel actions would have been numerous and picturesque; and it is even possible that our national poet might have found himself at the Bar of the House of Commons as a consequence of his defence of Scotland's rights.

What Burns would have written of Mr Strachey (a Scottish member but no Scotsman) when he put porridge on points—" the halesome parritch " of the cotter, then and now—probably would have been unprintable; and his language on the restriction, not to mention the price, of whisky would have been more potent than the spirit, but perhaps the strength of the poet's language would have depended on how the restrictions affected the Little Dinners of the Caledonian Society of his day. In any case, his declaration that "Freedom and whisky gang thegither," gives some indication of the fire and direction of his denunciation. We know, too, that wi' tippeny he feared nae evil, and that for usquabae he'd have faced a personage more terrifying than a mere Cabinet minister.

But fortunately for Scotland—and Whitehall—Burns remained to write and sing in his native land.

In conclusion, let me say that Burns would have taken and maintained his place in literature by the sheer artistry of his Scots lyrics and poems, in which he expressed his rich, sensitive human qualities; but if we Scots closely analyse our sentiments, I believe that the depth and warmth of his love for Scotland, and the sublime passion with which he was able to express that love, will lead us to the conclusion that *this* was the quality that, January after January, invites us to hold Albert Hall Concerts in his name, and to drink to his glorious undying memory, which I ask you once again to do, not in solemn silence—we are celebrating his birth not his death—but with hearty Caledonian Honours.

Brother Caledonians the toast is "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns, Scottish Patriot."

The toast was received with applause and Caledonian Honours, and the President thanked Mr Will for his toast.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

The President said their Honorary Secretary was appearing in a new rôle that evening, namely as the giver of the Sentiment, "William Wallace," and he was sure that in this capacity he would prove equal to his thoroughness as an official.

Mr Miller, received with applause, said:

In March, 1286, Alexander the Third of Scotland was riding along the coast near Kinghorn. His horse stumbled, he was thrown over a rocky cliff, and rider and horse were instantly killed. Although only forty-four years of age, Alexander's family had previously been swept away by death, and two years earlier he had wisely decided to settle the succession. For this prupose he summoned a Parliament at Scone, in February, 1284, and there the nobles bound themselves to acknowledge as their sovereign, Margaret, usually called the Maid of Norway, only child of Alexander's late daughter, who had married the King of Norway.

But no sooner had Alexander died than trouble began. Eric, King of Norway, was then only eighteen, and his daughter, the Princess of Scotland, hardly three. Not unnaturally, Eric looked to Edward the First of England, the uncle of his late wife, for advice and counsel.

The astute and unprincipled Edward was not slow to profit by the circumstances. He immediately began his intrigues and, while making a great show of disinterestedness, he determined to annex Scotland. Even before the young princess sailed from Norway, and prior to her death in the Orkneys in September, 1290, Edward declared to his confidential minister, " Now the time is at last arrived when Scotland and its petty Kings shall be reduced under my power." It is also on record that, in 1291, " the King of England, having assembled his privy council and chief nobility, told them that he had it in his mind to bring under his dominion the King and the realm of Scotland, in the same manner that he had subdued the Kingdom of Wales."

Everything favoured Edward's scheme. Dissension amongst the Scottish magnates enabled him by unscrupulous diplomacy and brazen effrontery to gain the right to bestow the Kingdom of Scotland on someone of his selection. With apparent impartiality, he planted on the Scottish throne in 1292, a puppet, John Baliol, whom he expected to respond obediently to his wire-pulling. This servile underling was subjected by Edward to so many insults and humiliations that, on 5th April, 1296, he finally renounced his allegiance. Soon after, he was imprisoned in the Tower of London. There he remained for three years, and was then allowed to go to France, where he died in 1315.

But Edward had not waited for Baliol's renunciation. On 28th March, 1296, he crossed the Tweed at Coldstream with thirty thousand foot and five thousand armed horse. Two days later, on Good Friday, he fell on Berwick and committed one of the most dastardly crimes in British history.

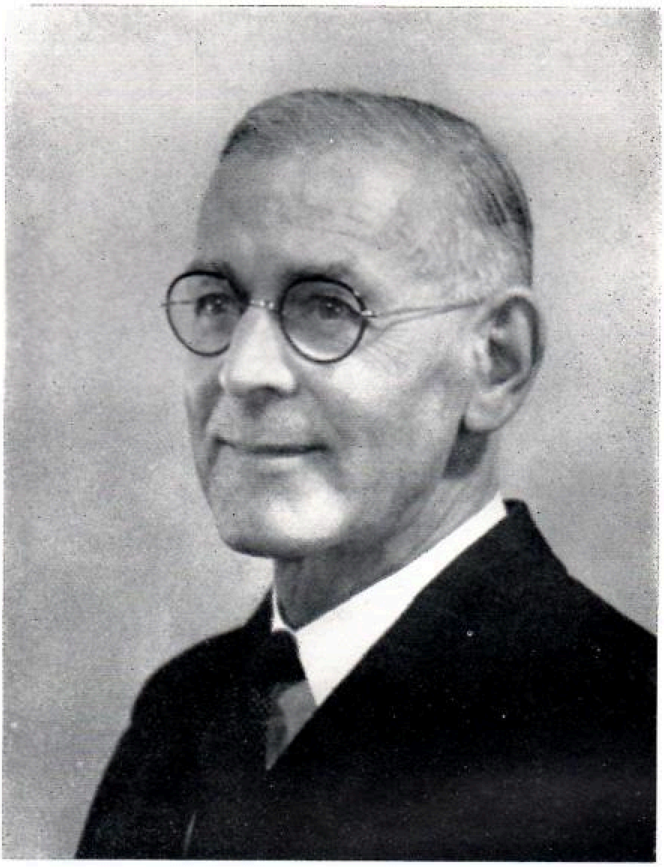
The city of Berwick was, in those days, a rich prize. Not only was it the chief seaport of Scotland, but it was the wealthiest in Britain. Its merchants were prosperous ; its foreign commerce extensive and its customs equal to a quarter of all the ports of England.

The Berwick garrison put up a spirited but unavailing defence. The town was quickly captured, its people, irrespective of age or sex, were slaughtered, and the streets ran with blood. The lowest estimate of the dead is seven thousand, the highest sixty thousand.

The Scottish army which turned eastwards was defeated in a brief battle at Spottsmuir, near Dunbar, on 27th April. Unchecked, Edward continued his campaign throughout a large part of the country, and in the process he stole or destroyed the nation's most sacred possessions, the one treasured beyond all others being the Lia-Fail, the Stone of Destiny, enshrined in the coronation chair of the Scottish Kings.

Edward's conquest was complete. Scotland lay prostrate. The hour demanded a man. Destiny produced William Wallace.

William Wallace was the second son of Sir Malcom Wallace of Elderslie, and of his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Reginald de Craufurd of Loudoun. The origin of the family is obscure, but there is evidence that in 1174 a Richard Wallensis was a vassal of Walter Fitz-Alan, who was appointed Steward of Scotland by King David the First. It has been contended that the very name shows that the family was Welsh or Celtic, and that it was used not so much as a surname as a description, indicating that the Wallaces came to Scotland from the Welsh marches, or that they were of old stock in Strathclyde. The name is widely diffused, and at least twenty-one different spellings are recorded. But the family origin is not of great consequence. What *is* important is that Wallace's ancestors were domiciled Scots for at least a century before he was born, and that from his forefathers he inherited a tradition of authority and leadership.



WILLIAM M. MILLER

Hon. Treasurer 1940–1945; Hon. Secretary from 1945 and still acting

The exact year of Wallace's birth cannot be determined, but most reputable authorities put it at 1274 or 1275. Although Blind Harry states that Wallace received his early education at Dunipace, and later at Dundee, it appears more reasonable to conclude that he was taught at Paisley Abbey, which was not only near his home but had a long association with his family. One thing at least is beyond doubt. His early training instilled in him a passionate love of freedom, the keynote of his character. Nearly every historian has given us a different interpretation of the actual words employed by his preceptor to imprint on Wallace's mind the inestimable value of liberty, but in each case the sense is the same. I quote Major's verse :

Freedom is best, I tell thee, of all things to be won,
Then never live within the bond of slavery, my son.

Of his appearance and bearing there is no contemporary description. All we have are Fordun's words, " He was of wonderful daring and endurance, comely countenance, and of an unbounded generosity."

From the time of Wallace's birth until he reached manhood, Scotland had enjoyed unbroken peace so he could have had no instruction in the arts of war. Major declares that " he learned warfare in no other way but by trial and his own genius." While many of his early exploits make inspiring reading, they are based on the most flimsy hypotheses. It is, obvious, however, that he could never have become the great strategist he later proved to be if he had not gained training and experience in minor engagements.

The first of Wallace's adventures of which there is contemporary evidence occurred in May, 1297, when he attacked the sheriff of Lanark, and this was the first of the crimes with which he was charged at London in 1305. There are many highly coloured versions of this episode. Wallace is believed to have escaped through the house of a woman, and Blind Harry's romantic account makes this woman his wife. Dr Charles Rogers, however, after a thorough investigation of the whole subject, states definitely " the entire narrative is baseless ; the patriot died unmarried ; nor does he seem to have had any illegitimate offspring."

Whatever the truth of this incident, it is regarded as the most momentous of the spasmodic revolts against Edward's rule. All the English chroniclers accept Wallace's advent as the turning point, and to his compatriots this action brought the first ray of hope. " From that time," says Fordun, " there gathered to him all who were of bitter heart and were weighed down beneath the burden of bondage, under the intolerable rule of English domination. And he became their leader."

That was the beginning. Having shown that he possessed the qualities of a leader, Wallace was accepted as chief of the marauding bands which maintained an incessant campaign against the English in the south-west of Scotland. Similar operations were going on in the north and north-east. But none of the magnates had yet thrown in their lot with the irregular bands of patriots. The common people, headed by the country gentry, were the first to offer active opposition to the tyrant.

Wallace's successes, however, were telling. The nobles were weakening in their allegiance to Edward. The plunge was taken by Sir William Douglas, who joined the Scottish forces. At that time, Ormesby, the English judiciary, was holding his Court at Scone. By a speedy march, Wallace reached Perth, where he was joined by Sir William Douglas. Together they continued to Scone, surprised the judiciary, and although he escaped, were rewarded with a rich booty and many prisoners. Given new confidence by this raid, this little army openly and boldly ravaged the country, and was later joined by a few of the nobility.

When the news of this uprising reached Edward, he was preparing for his Flanders campaign, and was perhaps willing to delude himself into thinking that conditions could not be so bad as reported. By June, however, Edward had to admit that the rebellion was not so trifling as it had at first appeared, and he ordered the Earl of Surrey " to reduce the insurgents."

Ranging over the country between Forth and Tay " not in secret as before, but openly," as Hemingburgh says, Wallace despatched all the English troops he met and ejected the priests installed by Edward. More Scottish barons joined his standard, but mainly, it must be confessed, to serve their own ends, not those of their country.

Surrey, with a great army, was advancing from the south. He sent before him, under the command of his nephew, Sir Henry de Percy, a powerful force which met the Scottish army at Irvine. This army was sufficient under good leadership to give battle to Percy, but although Wallace was there to supply that leadership, dissension amongst the Scottish mobles made effective opposition impossible. On 7th July, the Scottish army surrendered, and, amongst others, the steward of Scotland, his brother, the Bishop of Glasgow, and Sir William Douglas, made their submission to Edward.

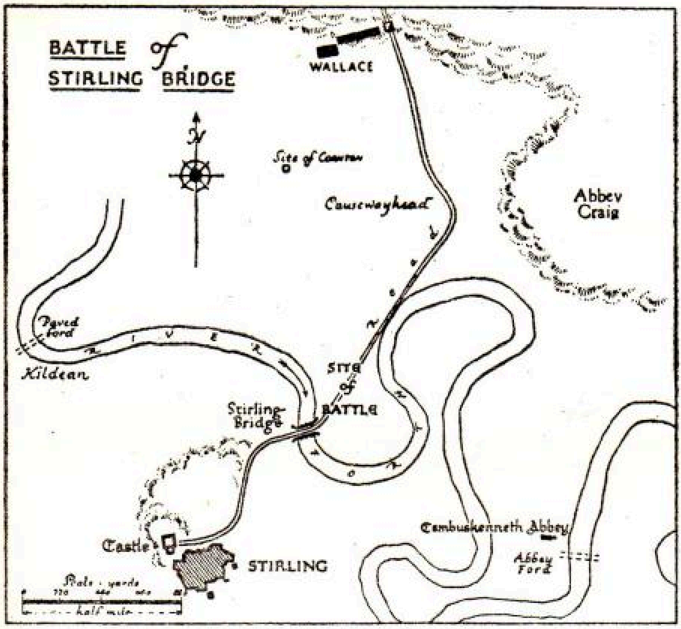
But Wallace did not capitulate at Irvine. He continued to direct the only force active south of the Forth. Resistance in the northern counties under Andrew de Moray, became more general. Aberdeenshire revolted, the castles of Aberdeen, Urquhart, Inverness, Montrose, Brechin and Forfar were seized. Wallace extended his activities " to the other side of the Scottish sea " (as Edward's treasurer, Cressingham, called the Forth), where he began a siege of the castle of Dundee. The country was roused, and Wallace's army had become a formidable force. Dundee had not surrendered when Wallace learned that the English army, under the Earl of Surrey and Cressingham, the treasurer, was marching northwards towards Stirling. Wallace acted swiftly. Fully acquainted with the country, and appreciating the substantial advantages possessed by his opponents, he realised the importance of making the enemy fight on ground of his choosing. Defeat at this juncture, when Scottish hopes and confidence had soared to great heights, would have meant eclipse.

Stirling's solitary bridge over the river was the key to the situation, and Wallace determined to prevent Surrey turning that key. The latter's strength, estimated at fifty thousand foot and one thousand armed horse, is known to have been superior to that of Wallace. The English army included not only seasoned troops, well armed and thoroughly experienced, but a strong contingent of heavy cavalry and armed knights on armed horses. Moreover, it possessed the great moral advantage of having already defeated its opponents. Many of them must have been present at the massacre at Berwick, the rout at Spottsmuir and the fiasco at Irvine. The military experience of the Scots was confined to guerilla warfare; none had ever participated in a great battle, and they were not adequately armed. In two things only were they superior—they were fighting for their native land, and they had a commander in whom they had implicit trust.

The English commander, Surrey, was elderly, ill and at loggerheads with his colleague, Cressingham. If Lord Hailes's description of the latter as "a voluptuous, selfish, ecclesiastic, proud, ignorant and opinionated," is to be relied upon, it will be seen that Surrey started under a serious handicap. Cressingham was detested in Scotland, unpopular with his own countrymen and, as he was a bastard, despised by the English nobles who regarded his interference in military affairs as an insult.

On 10th September, 1297, the English army reached Stirling. Surrey seems to have had little stomach for the battle, and he promptly accepted the suggestion of some of the Scottish barons adhering to Edward, that they should attempt to bring Wallace to terms. But these efforts failed.

By sunrise the next day, the 11th of September, five thousand English infantry and a large body of the Welsh had crossed over the bridge. But Surrey was still asleep and these troops having had no order to advance, returned to the south side of the river. Throughout all these preliminaries, the Scots remained unmoved.


BATTLE of STIRLING BRIDGE
N
WALLACE
Site of Cowton
Causewayhead
Abbey Craig
Paved ford
Kildean
RIVER
SITE of BATTLE
Stirling Bridge
FORTH
Cambuskenneth Abbey
Abbey Ford
Castle
STIRLING
Scale: yards
half mile

PROBABLE ROUTE OF WALLACE'S ARMY.

Surrey, still reluctant to attack, decided to try another ruse. He despatched two friars to offer terms to Wallace. He could have gained little comfort from Wallace's reply, which was categorical and inflexible. The exact words of the message have not been preserved, but all the historians give similar versions. Hemingburgh, whose account of the battle was compiled from the reports of eye-witnesses, quotes Wallace's answer in these words: "Return to your friends and tell them that we came here with no peaceful intent, but ready for battle and determined to avenge our own wrongs and set our country free. Let your masters come and attack us; we are ready to meet them beard to beard."

It is a pity that Wallace's battle position is not clearly described by contemporary authorities. From Hemingburgh's narrative, however, James Fergusson, a modern author, reaches the conclusion that the Scottish army was *not* drawn up on the Abbey Craig, but probably about three-quarters of a mile to the north-west. The Abbey Craig, a rocky promontory rising at its crest to a steep cliff, about the same height as the rock of Stirling, is precipitous on its southern face, and could not, he says, have been descended quickly nor in battle array. Fergusson has gone so far as to give a plan of the area. I feel that the plan is worth study and having some little influence with the Honorary Secretary, I have been allowed to attach a copy to your programme.

Wallace's defiant reply to Surrey's overtures incensed the English. The hotheads demanded immediate attack and were supported by Cressingham. "Why," he cried, "do we protract the war and spend the King's money? Let us pass on as becomes us, and do our duty."

Stung by this reproach, Surrey reluctantly ordered his army to cross the bridge. Two horsemen abreast could hardly ride over it, and even after many hours about half the English army was still south of the Forth. During this prolonged manœuvre, Wallace held his men. He was in the enviable position of being able to choose exactly the odds against which he could fight. And so he waited "until," as Hemingburgh says, "as many of the enemy had come over as they believed they could overcome." At the psychological moment he gave the signal to advance. The whole Scottish army charged. The right wing, composed mainly of spearmen, was ordered to make a circular movement, and to seize and hold the bridge-head, thus not only severing the vanguard from reinforcement but blocking its retreat. The moment the success of this manœuvre was apparent, Wallace with the main body of the Scottish army fell upon the enemy, ferociously attacking the mounted troops, which had been injudiciously pushed forward, and throwing the English into panic and confusion. In the mêlée, the detested Cressingham was trampled to death under the hoofs of his charger. Wallace's attack forced the enemy into the loop east of the bridge, where, outnumbered and outfought, they were either slaughtered or perished in the waters of the Forth. English historians put Surrey's losses at five thousand infantry and about a hundred cavalry, but it is more likely that something like half the English force or about 20,000 men were cut to pieces or drowned. Scottish casualties were small, but they included one who could ill be spared, Andrew de Moray, who received a severe wound from which he died a few weeks later.

The Scots were not tardy in following up their victory. Closely they pressed the disorganised foe, and so desperate was Surrey's ride to Berwick that, according to Hemingburgh, his charger "never tasted corn again."

The decisive nature of Wallace's triumph is evident from the events which immediately succeeded it. Dundee surrendered, Stirling Castle capitulated, the castles of Edinburgh and Roxburgh were seized. Berwick was hastily evacuated and not a fortress or castle remained in Edward's hand. "Thus," in the words of Tytler, "by the efforts of a single man, not only unassisted, but actually thwarted and opposed by the nobility of the country, thus was the iron power of Edward completely broken and Scotland once more able to lift her head among free nations."

But Wallace was not merely a warrior. In Alexander's time, Scotland had enjoyed a flourishing trade with the Continent. War had destroyed that trade, and it was essential for Scotland's prosperity that it should be restored. Wallace's business acumen is illustrated by a letter which he and Andrew de Moray addressed "to the prudent and discreet men and well-beloved friends, the Mayors and Commons of Lubeck and Hamburg." This letter intimated, *inter alia*, that the foreign merchants could have " safe access to all the ports of the Kingdom of Scotland " and asked them to " forward the business " of two named Scottish merchants. Sent from Haddington, and dated 11th October, 1297, the letter was discovered in Lubeck in 1829. Whether after the destruction of the recent world war, the document is still extant, I cannot say, but I believe that our Honorary Historian is making enquiries.

There is not time to-night to examine Wallace's invasion of England. Not all his activities were successful, but they brought much needed food and a substantial quantity of loot.

There is no doubt that, if he had so desired, Wallace could, at this stage in his career, have taken the crown of Scotland, but whatever his faults, disloyalty was not one of them. John Baliol, although incarcerated in the Tower of London, was still King, and Wallace was no usurper. Soon after his return from the English expeditions, however, Wallace was knighted and later elected Governor of Scotland in name of King John and with consent of the community of Scotland.

While Wallace's actions during the winter of 1297 are obscure, there are indications that he raised more troops, trained and reorganised his army, selected and installed able and patriotic men in offices of trust, ejected from the churches the clerics imposed by Edward and attempted to improve the conditions which the ravages of war had laid on the country.

Edward in the meantime had returned from Flanders. Determined to avenge himself on Scotland, he concluded a truce with the King of France, and after a parliament at York, on 25th May, 1298, ordered his army to rendezvous at Roxburgh a month later.

Against the power which he knew would confront him, Wallace made such preparations as his resources permitted. In these preparations the nobility took little part. Only a few, whose names deserve to be remembered with honour, gave him active support. John Comyn of Badenoch, called the Red; Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; Sir John Graham of Abercorn and Macduff, the great uncle of the Earl of Fife, were his main adherents. Thus, as always with Wallace, his strength came from the common people; men inspired by patriotism, fighting for their homes, not for the glory of their feudal masters.

On reaching Roxburgh, Edward found himself at the head of an army stated to have been composed of 3,000 armed horse, 4,000 unarmed horse and 80,000 foot, mostly Irish and Welsh, and on 3rd July, he and his main force crossed the Tweed. His progress, however, was slow, because his provision ships were late in reaching Queensferry. When a few ships did arrive in the Forth and the supplies were distributed, the Welsh contingent, feeling that it had not had its fair share, attacked the English infantry and threatened to desert. The whole army was dispirited, and even Edward began to lose his self-assurance. He issued orders for a retreat to Edinburgh, hoping to meet his ships at Leith, and then to resume his operations.

It was apparently at this juncture that Wallace, knowing that the English were depressed by uncertainty and weakened by famine, decided to attack. His intention, however, was learned by a spy, who, early on 21st July, reported that the Scottish army was but a few miles off, near Falkirk. Edward's order to retire on Edinburgh was cancelled, and an immediate advance was substituted.

There is no agreement amongst the historians as to the actual ground on which Wallace awaited the English, on the morning of 22nd July, 1298. But wherever it was, the Guardian must have known that it was his supreme test.

Wallace has been severely criticised for his conduct of this battle, but in the absence of his detailed plans we cannot justly assess his generalship. The only full contemporary account of the action, that of Hemingburgh, the English chronicler, is likely to be prejudiced and the Scottish versions, the first written over a century after the event, are more concerned at finding excuses for Wallace's failure than at seeking the truth. I would have liked, however, to present for your consideration the explanation for the Falkirk defeat, submitted by one historian, but I cannot take up the whole evening. All I need say is that this historian claims that it was Andrew de Moray, and not Wallace, who was the guiding genius at Stirling Bridge, and that as de Moray had died of wounds between the battles, Wallace alone was not equal to the task. We can, I think, dismiss as groundless, this explanation for the defeat.

Hemingburgh has given us precise information on the battle formation of the Scottish army. The infantry was divided into four circular, compact divisions, called schiltrons, composed of double lines of lancers, facing outwards, the centre probably holding a reserve to take the place of those who fell. The front rank crouched on the ground, their twelve-foot spears inclined upwards ; the rear rank stood with their weapons raised over the heads of their comrades. Since Hemingburgh takes pains to describe these formations, it would appear that they were something new, which seems to justify Dr James Moir's claim that Wallace was the inventor of this porcupinish mass. Between the schiltrons were disposed the Border archers, under the command of Sir John Stewart, and, in the rear, the horse.

To initiate the battle, Edward ordered the Welsh to attack. Still smarting under their grievance of two nights earlier, they refused to stir, so he had to employ his horse. The first line, checked by a broad stretch of moss, wheeled westward ; the second line, under Anthony Beck, the martial Bishop of Durham, slanted off to the east and then decided to halt until they were joined by the third line. The barons with the second line, however, having told Beck exactly what they thought of his ability as a soldier, ignored his orders and threw themselves at the left schiltron and almost at the same moment, the first line flung themselves on the right formation. The schiltrons stood firm. The charges were shattered on the circle of spears. But the spectacle of the large horses with their armoured riders pounding down on the schiltrons, overawed the Scottish cavalry, which scattered without striking a blow. It was this ignominious flight which fostered the impression that the Red Comyn, who commanded the horse, had deserted Wallace. There is, however, no reliable evidence for this assertion.

While the spearmen continued to stand firm, the Scottish archers were no match for their opposite numbers—not because they lacked courage, but because their short bow did not possess the striking power of the long bow which could send a shaft through a coat of mail. Their ineffective weapon could not halt the cavalry charges, which poured in between the schiltrons. In a final effort, Edward brought up his reserve of archers and slingers, and threw in the remains of his English and Irish infantry. A shower of arrows supplemented with volleys of large round stones, and backed by the heavy mounted assaults, at last broke the edges of the schiltrons and threw them into confusion which turned to defeat when they were charged by cavalry which had worked round to the Scottish rear. It was only then, when the battle was won, that the wily Welsh joined their confederates.

In this disastrous battle the Scottish dead numbered, at the lowest estimate, ten thousand, and amongst those who fell were Sir John Stewart, Sir John Graham, and Macduff.

Wallace, with the remains of his army, retreated northwards. But his career was virtually ended. Voluntarily he resigned the office of Guardian. Beaten, discredited, his reputation destroyed, he ceased from that moment to exert any influence on the national resurgence which subsequently followed.

After his eclipse Wallace visited France, and there is evidence that King Philip recommended him to the Pope. Thus we see that, shorn of his power to help his country by military means, he was willing to serve her by diplomacy. Although these representations to the Pope appear to have had little practical value, they again illustrate that Wallace was not only a great warrior but a sagacious statesman.

For some years after his return from France, Wallace disappears from the pages of history. In the interval, Edward bent all his energies to the conquest of Scotland, the major part of which he appears to have overrun. All the authorities in the land seem to have submitted to him, and most of them, except Wallace, were given some sort of pardon. Wallace remained implacable. The English King demanded his unconditional surrender, and employed every subterfuge to secure his capture. On 5th August, 1305, Scotland's hero was seized. The historians are practically unanimous in ascribing Wallace's capture to the treachery of Sir John Menteith, uncle of Sir John Stewart, who fought so gallantly at Falkirk. While one or two authorities have attempted to clear Menteith of this disgrace, they have never satisfactorily explained why Edward awarded him a large sum of money, and showered on him many other marks of royal favour. Professor Murison is quite definite in his opinion. " Apart from the capture of Wallace," he says, " it is simply incredible that Menteith's services would have been deemed so markedly valuable in the eyes of the English King."

Wallace reached London on Sunday, 22nd August, 1305. The following day he was taken to Westminster and brought before the five commissioners previously appointed to try him. Having been declared an outlaw, he was not allowed to plead. The indictment, which was comprehensive, included sedition, homicide, spoliation, robbery, arson and other felonies, the only offences specifically detailed being the slaying of the Sheriff of Lanark and the raiding of Northumberland, Cumberland and Westmorland. He was accused of being a traitor to Edward, his King, and *that*, as everyone knew, was a lie. He had always denied that Edward was his sovereign, he had refused to give him allegiance, he had broken no oath. This he stated when, as the brief record tells, " he answered that he had never been a traitor to the King of England." To the other accusations, he submitted no defence.

The barbaric sentence was pronounced, a separate punishment being allotted to each offence of which he was found guilty. For sedition the judgment was that " he be drawn from the Palace of Westminster to the Tower of London, and from the Tower to Aldgate and so through the midst of the City to the Elms " (the modern King Street, West Smithfield); for robbery, etc., that " he be there hanged and afterwards taken down from the gallows " ; for outlawry that " he be decollated and decapitated " ; for his base deeds towards God and the Holy Church that " the heart, the liver, the lungs and the internal organs be cast into fire and burnt " ; and finally, for his other acts, that " the body be cut up and divided into four parts ; and that the head so cut off, be set upon London Bridge ; and that one quarter be hung on a jibbet at

Newcastle-on-Tyne; another quarter at Berwick; a third quarter at Stirling and the fourth at St. Johnston, 'as a warning and a deterrent to all that pass by and behold them.'" The sentence in all its savage details was faithfully executed.

Thus died one of Scotland's greatest sons—a man whose fame will endure, whose deeds are immortal, whose name will live for ever.

Mr Miller sat down amid loud applause, and the President, in calling upon the Vice-President to move a vote of thanks, congratulated the giver of the Sentiment most heartily.

THANKS FOR THE SENTIMENT.

To Vice-President A. W. Russell was entrusted the toast, "The Giver of the Sentiment." Mr Russell said:

Our Honorary Secretary has appeared this evening in a new rôle, and you will agree with me that he has filled it with his customary distinction. (Hear, hear.) Brother Caledonian Miller deserves all the tributes we can give him. As Hon. Secretary he succeeded an energetic secretary in the person of our lovable friend Past-President Peter McFarlane, and if he does not display quite the same ebullient exuberance in carrying out his duties, he is not less energetic and effective. He is fully alive to our traditions, and will maintain them; he takes a broad view, and at the same time he is master of details.

We think in the Caledonian Society that we know our secretary fairly well; but those of us who know him in the Royal Scottish Corporation know him better. (Hear, hear.) There we see his business capacity, his practical sagacity, his knowledge of the pensioners and of their circumstances; and in the welter of the present social legislation he has the details at his finger ends. (Hear, hear.) He knows what you can do and what you can't. He knows all about Government pensions and Supplementary Pensions.

At the present moment I would say that now, when we have been and are so deeply concerned with the struggle for freedom, Brother Caledonian Miller has done us a service in recalling to our minds the life and deeds of Wallace, "the saviour of his country." (Hear, hear.)

A CHARING CROSS ROAD INSULT.

Mr Miller replying to the toast made playful allusion to the large number of Williams on the programme, and continued:

Brother Caledonian Russell has shown you a portrait of someone completely unknown to me, one endowed with qualities which I am sure my family, at least, would certainly never recognise. At the same time, I value the good opinion of our Vice-President, and I am glad to think that, although we have been associated in this Society for more than a dozen years, he has not yet found me out. (Laughter.)

While it has nothing to do with to-night's Sentiment, I am registering a protest against a base insult to this Society, and to Scots in general, which is being perpetrated by one of the large book-sellers in Charing Cross Road. Some months ago I was advised that a few of the earlier issues of our "Chronicles" were being offered for sale by this firm, so I hurried to buy them before they became defiled by Sassenach hands. I need not, however, have feared the Sassenach, because, when I reached the shop and enquired for Scottish books, I was, to my shame and humiliation, directed (how I hate that word) to the "Hebrew section." (Loud laughter.) I cannot conceive the purpose of this absence of partition in Charing Cross Road. It may be that, because Bruce wanted to deposit his heart in the Holy Land, they think that there is still an affinity between the Pict and the "Chosen People." (Laughter.) But, whatever the object, I decline to give a gratuitous advertisement to a firm which cannot distinguish between the Caledonian and the Palestinian. Without disclosing their name, I can, however, ask you to "foil" their design. (Laughter.)

Mr Vice-President, again I thank you for your complimentary remarks. To you, Mr President, Brother Caledonians and honoured guests, I express my gratitude for the sympathetic way in which you have received my Sentiment. (Loud applause.)

The President received the new members—Sir George Campbell, Mr Walton A. Cole, and Mr David Andrews.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Mr Charles M. Stirling in proposing the toast "Our Guests," said that they had many distinguished guests with them that night. They had Sir Edward Reid, a director of Baring's Bank and the chairman of directors of the Royal Caledonian Schools; Sir George Harvie Watt, Bart., K.C., T.D., M.P., whose name is familiar to us all; Mr John Mackay-Muir, a contributor to the "Fortnightly," the "New Statesman," and a *Times* leader writer, who studied at Oxford, and whose special subject is Education; Mr W. Stewart Allen, chief of the Scottish Clans Association, which raises much money annually for our two great charities; Dr Lucas, a distinguished member of the medical profession; and Captain Colin Burn, D.C.M., one of the brave men of our Regiment, the London Scottish. Our guests, said Mr Stirling, are men we delight to honour.

EDUCATION TROUBLES.

Mr Mackay-Muir, M.A., after an entertaining opening, said :

If there is one subject on which editors are agreed, it is that they have lost their glamour, and for that we have to thank the B.B.C. In whatever other respects the B.B.C. may, in the twenty-five years of its existence, have been guilty of inconsistencies, it has never wavered in its policy of " debunking " editors, always, of course, in a nice way and with the best of intentions. Let me tell you what I mean. You have only to think of that period a year ago, when we had a crisis within The Crisis, and weekly periodicals were ordered to suspend publication. " This," said the B.B.C., " amounts to the suppression of free opinion. We shall see that it does not happen. We shall devise a feature which we shall call ' Editorial Opinion,' and we shall invite the editors of suspended periodicals to express their views on the air." What happened ? Those who had been accustomed to read with delight the rapier thrust, the rounded phrase, the conditional clause so subtly interjected that all fear of the contradiction of what had been written in the past, or of what might be written in the future was immediately removed, heard something very different. They heard those editors in whose written word they had delighted, stumble and stutter ; they heard them contradict themselves and each other ; they heard them mouth and mumble as they read extracts from each other's writings. If any one of them was still an idol to his readers, he was revealed as an idol with feet of clay. It was, I imagine, at the end of one of those broadcasts that Herbert Morrison turned off his radio with a sigh of satisfaction, and said : " Now we can safely set up a Royal Commission on the Press."

Nor, sir, was it for long that I deluded myself into believing that you had invited me to address you this evening because I am concerned with education. To speak about education in a gathering of Scots is almost an impertinence. It is certainly to take the risk of speaking to an audience of experts. I have still to meet the Scot who does not regard himself—whatever else he may be and whatever eminence he may have achieved in his chosen profession—as an expert on education. It was, I think, this fact which Sir James Barrie was trying to impress upon the students of St Andrews University when he reminded them, in his Rectorial Address, that the universities of Scotland are not four but five—and that the fifth and greatest of them all are the poor, proud homes from which we come.

Mr Stirling should, I think, be warned. If, instead of having finished his soldiering thirty years ago, he were an officer in Emmanuel's Modern Army, he would know that to speak about a soldier as he has spoken about me this evening would have two direct consequences. The soldier would immediately ask to see a psychiatrist, and he would write to his member of Parliament.

I do want to suggest that there is to-day an urgent need to see our educational problems in a new light. We are worried, and rightly worried, about many things : the inadequacy of school buildings, the over-large size of many classes, the shortage of teachers. These are among the problems that must be solved ; but to attempt to solve them as isolated problems may well result in the pursuit of a lost cause and the defence of an impossible loyalty. We must see them in a different way. We must visualize them against a background that embraces both life and learning. What is the purpose of better schools, smaller classes and more teachers until we have decided what we want our children to learn. And how are we to decide that until we have rediscovered the meaning of life and moulded a plan for living ?

My own answer to these questions is to be found in the concluding passage of one of the last speeches made by Lord Tweedsmuir—whom some of us prefer to remember affectionately as John Buchan—as Governor-General of Canada. Speaking at a rally of Canadian Boy Scouts, he said : " Democracy will only succeed if it becomes an aristocracy, in the classical sense of the word, where the rule of the Many is also the rule of the Best. . . . Of the aristocrat I know only one adequate definition. He is the man who gives to the world more than he takes out of it."

Mr Mackay-Muir sat down amid loud applause.

The songs selected for the fine bass voice of Mr Tom Kinniburgh were done full justice to, and "Scots Wha Hae" and "The Battle of Stirling" roused the audience to great patriotic fervour.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., besides playing the Strathspey "The Caledonian Society of London," gave as his selection, "Pibroch of Donal Dhu," "Stirling Castle," "The Fairy Dance," and "Blue Bonnets."

"Auld Lang Syne" closed a memorable evening.

The Rules Revised.

The President, Dr Stewart Hunter, was in the chair at the Council and General Meetings, and at the Little Dinner on 19th February, 1948, held at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington.

At the General Meeting, Past-President William Will, chairman of the Committee appointed on 7th November, 1947, to revise the Rules of the Society, presented the Committee's report, and explained that generally there had been little alteration in the old rules which, however, had been re-arranged.

The only rules that had been materially altered were those concerning the objects of the Society, the annual subscription, the nomination of members, and the consequences of misconduct. It had hitherto been understood, although not definitely stated, that the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools were the principal charities cared for by the Society, but it was felt that this fact should be expressly stated and emphasised.

It was suggested too, that the annual subscription should be two guineas instead of one guinea; that new members must be recommended by the proposer "from personal knowledge," and that the rule concerning possible misconduct be strengthened.

The new rules as submitted were unanimously adopted, with the enrolled age of life members fixed at twenty years' membership instead of twenty-five years as hitherto.

The Committee which consisted of Colonel Bennett, Messrs W. M. Miller, J. M. Napier, Past-President J. B. Rintoul, Mr J. R. Steele and Past-President William Will, were thanked for their services and discharged.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner, a tribute was paid by the President to the memory of Past-President J. B. Rintoul (see pages 111–112).

THE NAVY IN WAR TIME.

Sir Cecil Wakely, K.B.E., C.B., D.Sc., F.R.C.S., gave an address on, "The Navy in War Time in Scotland."

Sir Cecil gave an interesting, amusing, and mainly personal account of some of the happenings in the first and second world wars.

The President in proposing "The Author of the

Sentiment," said that Sir Cecil Wakely was a surgical specialist in the Navy in the 1914-1918 war, and as he has just told us, spent his time on service at Scapa Flow Hospital, the Firth of Forth, and in the Baltic. In the 1939-1945 war he was Senior Consulting Surgeon to the Navy, with the rank of Surgeon Rear-Admiral, and served at home and the Middle East. At present he is Civil Consultant Surgeon to the Royal Navy.

Sir Cecil is the senior vice-president of the Royal College of Surgeons, and is a member of the General Medical Council. His hospitals include King's College, West End, for Nervous Diseases, Belgrave, and Royal Masonic. He has contributed largely to the literature of his profession. He is editor of the " British Journal of Surgery," and " Annals of the Royal College of Surgeons," and he has edited several books on surgical matters. It is a great privilege to have Sir Cecil Wakely with us, and to be able to listen to him in his lighter moments. (Applause.)

NOTABLE GUESTS.

Mr J. A. Gemmell gave the toast " Our Guests."

Mr Gemmell spoke of the age of the Society, which that month had served Scotland in London for one hundred and eleven years. He was proud that on both sides of his family he had had half a century's connection with the Caledonian Society, for his father had been a member and his mother's father, George Grant, was mentioned in the " Chronicles " as having been " the President maker," for his opinion on the important matter of the Chair was always sought and always accepted. Mr Grant would, however, never accept the presidency himself.

They had with them that evening many men of distinction. The President had told them all about Sir Cecil Wakely, whose Sentiment had greatly amused and interested them. Sir John Duncanson, with whom I shall couple this toast, was one of the leading men in the steel industry. He is Commercial and Technical Director of the British Iron and Steel Federation, and is a member of the Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders, and the West of Scotland Iron and Steel Institute. Sir John is a worthy son of the capital of the West of Scotland, and bears the modesty of greatness. (Applause.) Mr George Calder, C.B., has held many prominent positions in our public life, and, added to his business activities, has the gift of the Gaelic, which he speaks fluently. (Applause.) Dr Archibald McHardy we know as the popular Scottish Air Force padre, and we all remember the brilliant Sentiment which he gave us about a year ago, "A Scottish Padre in the R.A.F." The Rev. F. R. Mitchell, of Harrow, is one of the honorary chaplains of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and acts in a similar capacity to the Harrow Caledonian Society, of which he is an active member. (Applause.) Mr Ian McGavin, the President of the Scottish Clans Association of London, which, as we here all know, raises hundreds of pounds every year through the Burns Nicht Concert in the Albert Hall, for the Great Scottish Charities in London. (Applause.) We welcome, too, Dr David Johnston, President of the Halifax (Yorkshire) St Andrew's Society, and we ask Dr Johnston to convey to the members of our kindred society in Halifax the good wishes of the Caledonian Society of London. (Applause.) Let us drink to our guests with hearty Caledonian honours.

Sir John McLean Duncanson thanked Mr Gemmell and the Society for the generous welcome which had been given the guests. As a lonely Caledonian for the past ten years he welcomed this first breath of fresh Scottish air, strong Scottish faces and healthy smiles. As he had signed the form for membership of the Society he almost felt himself a Caledonian, and in due course he would be able to entertain Scots friends just as he was being entertained that evening. He had enjoyed the friendship and the comradeship of his brother Scots, and, he was sure in saying this, he was representing the feelings of his fellow guests. Such gatherings, fostering such traditions as were theirs, was good for Scotsmen and for Scotland. (Applause).

The following new members were received by the President: Messrs J. C. Adamson (from Leven, in Fife), Ian B. White (Oban), and R. F. Fairley (Leith).

Mr Ronald Robeson sang "The Border Ballad," "The Road to the Isles," and several English songs.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson's selection included "The Portree Men," "Lady Loudoun," "The Grey Bob," "Frinley Pipe Band," and "Highland Laddie."

The Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London," and "Auld Lang Syne," closed the meeting.

SCOTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

At the Little Dinner which followed the business meetings, on Wednesday, 17th March, 1948, at Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, the President, Dr Stewart Hunter, gave the loyal toasts and introduced Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Thomson, M.B.E., who gave his Sentiment "Some Scots in the Middle East," which concerned episodes and personalities "in Iraq, Palestine and particularly Greece." Lieut.-Colonel Thomson continued :

The story starts in late August, 1942, when some six hundred London Scots boarded, in the Clyde, the s.s. *California* of the Anchor Line, for an unknown destination. Unfortunately, time insists that I skip many details, but I cannot omit reference to the Scottish character of the master and crew, the Highland dancing on board ship, and the hospitality of the people of Cape Town. I am sure the emigration figures to South Africa must have been considerably affected by this wonderful welcome, where the joyfulness of the stay was only marred by the fact that all the pubs closed at 8 o'clock. We were told that this was a new rule—8 o'clock when convoys were in—brought about by the extremely convivial behaviour of our predecessors. These turned out to be the 51st Highland Division ! From there we progressed safely to Bombay, where we trans-shipped and eventually arrived at Basra.

There our first sight was something that set us thinking. The War Memorial for the first world war was opposite us when we landed, and the dates on it, unhappy augury, were 1915-1922. Does history repeat itself ? After a short stay in the desert outside Basra, we went by rail *via* Ur Junction —we were continually being brought to earth in this romantic land—through Baghdad to Kirkuk, where the mission of the 56th London Division was to guard the Mosul oilfields, the refinery, and the beginning of the pipe line.

We found that we had to spend the whole winter here under canvas. The country was wild in the extreme, and first-class for full-scale training manœuvres. The rules were somewhat similar to those in North Africa, where it cost the British taxpayer £5 in compensation if by some fell mischance one killed a native, but £150 if a lorry backed into and demolished an olive tree ! Luckily in Iraq there were no olive trees !

Letters were taking ten to fourteen weeks to get to us, and the arrival of the most charming and unsoldierly of Scotsmen, by name Alistair MacLeod, was a great event. He was an emissary of a welfare organization called the Scottish Huts, and was a Church of Scotland worker. The troops loved him, and, since we were the only Scottish unit, he was allocated, almost permanently to us. Willing squads dug out and covered over a very fine canteen, and it was as cheery a place as any in the whole of North Iraq.

In the spring we found ourselves on the move, and we went across to join the 8th Army. The excitement was great, and so was the thrill of motoring across the desert.

Most of the division, incidentally, did what must have been one of the longest approach marches by motor in the history of the British Army. The division, less one brigade, in which was the London Scottish, did over 3,400 miles in 27 days, and fell straight out of its trucks into the reserve area at Enfidaville and was in action two days later. In actual fact we took over from the 50th Division at 12 o'clock mid-day on Good Friday, 1943. The better the day the better the deed—perhaps !

We went through Palestine. I had the good fortune to be in the car of the divisional chaplain since at that time I was a staff officer at divisional headquarters. One should always have a minister to take one around such a place, because, especially in the spring in normal times, it is a country of great beauty. I think anybody who has the good fortune to see Palestine in peaceful times can have a better understanding of the Testaments. In many cases things happen there now, exactly as they happened 2,000 years ago. It was a wonderful moment when we left the desert of the Iraq hills and dropped down from Mafraq into Palestine through fields solid with wild flowers and through air laden with their scent. We scooted ahead of the convoy and got to Jerusalem. The King David Hotel was the last word in luxury, especially if you came from further east. Practically our first visit was to St Andrew's Church, not far from the King David, to the south of the city. Here the Church of Scotland has put up a most lovely building. It harmonises with the general style, with olive trees and stony ground around it, but it is plain. Inside it is so simple as, at first, to strike one as being positively severe, but as one grows accustomed to it, one drinks in its beauty thankfully and gratefully, a sure foundation in the midst of a kaleidoscopic countryside, where nearly everything else is cheap and gaudy. Next door was the hostel, where there was always a welcome for the Scot and accommodation for the lucky few who got any leave in those days. It is a part of Scotland of which we can all be very proud, and I am glad to say that as far as is known, it is still a safe refuge on the edge of a very troubled city. May it remain so.

A considerable time after this I was with another Scottish regiment, the 2nd Camerons, and we were posted to Greece from Italy, in November, 1944. We were part of the 4th Indian Division, and were the British battalion in the 11th Indian Infantry Brigade. Our sector was the Western Penelopenese, based upon Patras ; and although we took over responsibilities from another Scottish unit, the 2nd H.L.I., they did not leave at once, but we were eventually the only Scottish battalion in that area during the troubles.

The Jocks got down to the job of showing the flag with terrific verve, and I am sure that few troops are quite so quick at " getting their feet under the table," as we used to put it, as the Scot. Language was never a difficulty, and the Jocks always made themselves welcome. They had done the same with the Indian troops. They had got on wonderfully well straight away with both our Indian battalions the 3/12 Frontier Force Regiment, and the 2/7 Ghurka Rifles.

We were there, of course, during a very difficult period, but in those good old days the drill for Greek revolutions was laid down in the unwritten laws of the country. Normally the rebels, whoever they might be, attempted their coup in Athens. The whole countryside awaited the result, and then they followed the winners. This procedure was followed faithfully in those dark days at the end of 1944. We were greatly outnumbered in Patras, and all our outposts had to be withdrawn, not without loss of life. Some of our soldiers in the outlying islands were more or less murdered. When I say that, I mean it, since we went into Greece in those days with our personal weapons only, to show the flag, to open the roads and safeguard the UNRRA supplies. For example, the Tank Brigade in Athens took no tanks. They had only their rifles. Our gunners had only eight guns per regiment instead of twenty-four, just enough for training purposes. I could give other examples to show that we went into Greece with peaceful intent, in fact, for what we hoped was going to be a well-earned rest after having been in action as a Division more or less continually for the better part of 1944.

As can be imagined, the whole of December was a very anxious period. For various reasons we were unable to use the Indian troops, and the brunt of the work fell on what had become the only infantry battalion, the 2nd Camerons. Meantime, in Athens things were fierce. It is not perhaps generally known that the casualties with the 5th Indian Infantry Brigade who had to storm the Piræus to safeguard the harbour of Athens, were heavier there than they had been when they were the spearhead of the attack on the left of the Gothic Line in the last big battles that they had had in Italy.

It was here that the Jock was at his best. In spite of the misrepresentation of the whole affair, probably through sheer ignorance, in the Press at home, he kept up his spirits and those of the people of Patras. We had quickly got to know these people. One of the first links was the fact that their Patron Saint was St Andrew. On St Andrew's Day there was a very large religious procession, and we were more than intrigued to discover that the core of the procession was none other than the thumb of St Andrew himself. We enquired where the rest of the Saint was, and we were told that the remainder of the body had been exchanged with the Russians for a waterworks, which even now supplies the town with water. There is more in these Greeks than meets the eye. They are delightful people on the whole, but can be infuriating to a degree.

The ordinary folk of the town of Patras lived in mortal terror of the knock on the door at night, and the abduction of any male member of the family "to the hills." And that was no picnic.

But the pipe band played on the Square several times ; we held impressive exercises by night and by day ; we paraded on every possible occasion ; H.M. cruiser *Ajax* lay off the harbour ; the Royal Marines also paraded, and between us we managed to instil some confidence into the townspeople, and some hesitation into the minds of the ELAS leaders. Incidentally, the ELAS troops were billeted all over the town, and in some cases were cheek by jowl with our billets, and even within our perimeter. This last fact was the cause of an amusing incident. Naturally, we had had to make plans for the liquidation of any such post within our gates. One in particular was a great threat to us, and we longed to know what they had got inside it. The responsibility for dealing with this menace had been placed upon a small detachment of the 2nd Bn. H.L.I., who were under our command, but who left unfortunately, soon after. After the Christmas dinner, when all were in exceptionally good heart, the officer in command of the detachment put his monocle in his eye, led the diners up to the roof, across the tiles and down into the house occupied by ELAS, armed only with bottles of whisky and other intoxicants. They burst into all the rooms, roused the inhabitants, offered them drinks, and went out by the front door before the ELAS detachment knew what was happening. The sequel to this was that at midnight that night we got an excited call at battalion headquarters to report that ELAS lorries had arrived and were evacuating the ELAS detachment and all their stores.

We were not above currying favour with the locals, and one day in an excess of zeal we offered to have a children's party. The bishop accepted this offer gladly, but rather shook us by saying that the number to be entertained between the ages of 5 and 10 would be about 2,800. Nothing daunted, we farmed some of them out to the smaller units, but the 3/12 F.F.R., the 2/7 Ghurka Rifles, and ourselves joined forces. We took over a huge school, and we took most of them in two shifts, one of 1,100 and the other of 900. We organized the Greek mothers and the Greek Red Cross. We paraded them for bread-cutting early in the morning. We raided the NAAFI and the R.A.S.C. Depot; and we gave them a terrific spread. The pipes and Highland dancers from the Camerons, sword dances from the Pathans of the F.F.R., and country dances from the Ghurkhas formed the entertainment, and at the end we cleared the hall by making them go through the exits where half a dozen Santa Clauses wished them goodnight and handed them each a bar of chocolate. It should be noted that practically every kid took some of his or her tea home in the paper napkin that we had provided almost expressly for that purpose, for we were sure that that would happen.

Not long after this we celebrated Hogmanay. It was that day that two Jocks, pleasantly happy, were wandering up the street and passed an ELAS billet with the usual sentry outside. They insisted on inspecting his rifle, which caused the ELAS sentry to be placed under arrest by his superior officer, and a complaint to be put into our brigadier that we were impugning the honour of ELAS. It may sound rather peculiar that we were on terms of negotiation with the ELAS in Patras when we were fighting them in Athens, but we had no option, and in any case, in those days that's how Greek revolutions worked.

However, shortly after this, news came through that we were getting the upper hand in Athens, and by the middle of January we received some reinforcements in the shape of another battalion of infantry and a squadron of tanks. We were then able to take the offensive and clear the town, and later the immediate countryside, of ELAS, and, at the same time have the pleasure of avenging oursleves for the well over 100 casualties that we had hitherto had to suffer in silence.

It probably is not generally realized that the attempt by ELAS to take control of Greece caused a very considerable upheaval in the administrative arrangements of Central Mediterranean Force. Originally only one division, the 4th Indian Division, was supposed to show the flag in Greece, but in the end the 4th British Division, the 46th British Division, the 4th Indian Division, an armoured brigade and a parachute brigade were fully committed operationally in quelling the rebellion. Vast unnecessary movements of troops and arms had to take place and those units instead of training had to be kept on a war footing and suffered considerable dislocation and casualties.

So much for the claim by ELAS that they were not helping the Germans when they were fighting against us.

After the fighting had finished, there was a re-grouping, and our brigade joined the rest of the division concentrating in the Salonika area. There, in 1918, the same battalion of the Camerons had seen the first war end, and it turned out that we were to see this war end in the same area in 1945. For several Sundays we were even able to worship in the same chapel that the old 2nd Battalion had used.

It was a bleak country, and our duties were to enforce the truce which had finished the Civil War with the main object of restoring confidence in the outlying areas and finding caches of arms which should have been given up but were not. Many of the arms which were, in fact, handed in had obviously never seen the light of day since the Greek War of Independence away back in the 1820's.

We succeeded in great part after a sticky welcome. Our officers and troops were always able to become friendly with the locals where and when, as sometimes happened, we were not too well received. In Ardhea, just below Yugoslavia, our detachment had a very stand-offish reception, but before they left they had, besides making friends, unearthed a vast ELAS dump of sugar, flour, small arms ammunition, explosives, rifles and machine guns, which were dug out of the middle of a field under wheat—it was springtime—from a bricked-in trench the bottom of which was some eight feet below the surface and the top under two or three feet of soil. Needless to say, we were able to make great propaganda with the finding of the food which was part of the UNRRA supplies. That, of course, was not our only find.

Headquarters at that time were at Edessa, with other detachments at Florina and Kastoria, all places which have recently been in the news. Later we moved eastwards and took over the whole of the Struma Valley with H.Q. at Serres, from the Bulgarian frontier to the sea. It was another remarkable coincidence that the 2nd Camerons had fought here before and the older generation must have looked many a time with longing eyes, during the first world war, at the hills around Serres where we were living, in what had been lice-infested barracks previously occupied by Bulgarian and then by ELAS troops. However, we soon had them cleaned out and made habitable. As a matter of interest the father of one of our officers had won the M.C. in the first war practically within rifle shot of where we were stationed.

We soon got to know that area pretty well, and one day several of us took time off to inspect the 1914-1918 war cemeteries. While not as beautiful as the Palestine war cemeteries in early summer, when they were a mass of flowers, they were equally well looked after, and in keeping with the countryside. Among the graves, of course, were those of many Scots.

This policing was hard work, but the villagers felt safer, than they did at first, to welcome us when we came around, and we enjoyed seeing them working hard in the fields and on the roads virtually under our protection. Unfortunately all that has since changed, especially in Macedonia.

One day we received orders to return to Salonika where we were told that we were to fly straight away over to Austria because the 4th Indian Division was being regrouped for service in the Far East. The 2nd Camerons had evidently done their share, although goodness only knows every other unit in the division had already done its share. The next day the advance party of the battalion taking over from us arrived. It was the Lovat Scouts, commanded by Donald Cameron, Lochiel's eldest son, both of whose brothers were in the Camerons, and whose youngest brother was with us in the 2nd Battalion. Two or three days later the first flight of the Lovat Scouts arrived. We got into their planes and flew, except for one plane which forced landed in Albania and had a job to get out, without incident, to Klagenfurt in Carinthia. There we found ourselves, in the most beautiful countryside, part of the 6th Armoured Division. Also, we found once again a home from home, a canteen run by the Scottish Huts. Many of you, I am sure, subscribed directly or indirectly to the

Scottish Huts during the war. I know you will be interested to hear that your money was not wasted, and that many a Scots lad passed a pleasant evening in the atmosphere of his own people.

So, with two Scottish battalions arriving in strange lands and finding on arrival links with the Home Country, I end this Sentiment. (Loud applause.)

THANKS TO LIEUT.-COLONEL THOMSON.

Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., in proposing the toast of Lieut.-Colonel Thomson's health and thanks for his Sentiment, said :

Let me give you a little of Brother Caledonian Thomson's past history. He was educated at Marlborough, and at Cambridge, where he read economics, geography, and law, and studied sufficiently, in his own modest version, to pass the necessary exams.

Following in his father's footsteps he joined the Scottish in 1936, and was commissioned in September, 1938, in which year he also joined the Caledonian Society. Shooting was one of his main hobbies, and seldom a week-end passed which did not find him at Bisley. He became one of our best shots, and won Queen Mary's Cup and the regimental championship in 1937.

When more serious shooting threatened, he was called up with the Key Party, on 24th August, 1939, and embodied with the battalion on 3rd September, 1939. He was appointed adjutant in March, 1940, the first Territorial officer to hold that appointment since the 1914-1918 war.

In 1942 he became a major, and retained that rank, first as a company commander, then as brigade major to 168 Brigade, and for a short time he was chief instructor with 3rd C.R.U. in Italy.

After this he was posted second-in-command 2nd Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and, as you all know, he finished the war in command of that regular unit. For his services in the campaign he was awarded an M.B.E., and was mentioned in despatches.

Brother Caledonian Thomson this evening has given us a splendid Sentiment, extremely interesting and eloquently expounded. When I think of Scots in the Middle East my mind runs on parallel lines to those of the author of the Sentiment. Possibly, being a little older, I may be forgiven for going back a little further, and recall the gallant part played by Scotsmen in Palestine in the first world war, and of those who gave their lives for the liberation of that troubled land.

Of that grand church of St Andrew's in Jerusalem, built very largely by the vision of two Scotsmen, one an elder of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, who afterwards became minister of the church, and to whose memory a plaque was recently unveiled. I refer to the Rev. Ninian Hill. The other Scotsman was Judge James Harry Scott, of Cairo, who also conceived the idea of a memorial church in that very heart of Christendom. (Applause.)

That church contains memorials to the Royal Scots, Camerons, Black Watch, Seaforths, 52nd Lowland Division, and there is also a memorial to some ninety-seven all ranks of the London Scottish, which was unveiled on St Andrew's Day, 1934, by the then High Commissioner, Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Wauchope, late Black Watch, and an elder of our beloved Church of St Columba's. (Applause.)

When we think of that troubled land the names of two other great Scotsmen occur to us—General Sir Alan Cunningham, the High Commissioner, and Lieut.-General Macmillan, and our prayers go up for them in the trying and difficult parts they are called upon to play in maintaining law, order, and sanity. (Applause.)

One other name I feel I must mention. We have among our own members one who has played an important part in Middle East affairs, Past-President Murdoch MacDonald, whose contribution as consultant to the Egyptian Government and his splendid work in two world wars in that theatre will always be remembered with gratitude by his fellow countrymen. (Applause.)

Colonel Bennett then gave the toast, which was heartily drunk with Caledonian Honours, and Lieut.-Colonel Thomson feelingly replied.

A HUMOROUS WELCOME TO THE GUESTS.

The Honorary Auditor, Mr Walter B. Morison, was entrusted with the toast " Our Guests," and in a speech which was punctuated with laughter said :

There are more ways of killing a cat than by drowning, and there are more ways of proposing the toast of " Our Guests " than one. There is the platitudinous method when mere platitudes given in a pompous vein sound like profound deliverances. There is the personal method, and there is the " Who's Who " method, which shows but the façade, and never really reaches the core. It does not show what lies behind. It does not show, if there are any, the dirt, the dust, and the slovenliness. There may be a stiff collar, or a boiled shirt, and rags beneath.

We have with us to-night Sir Alexander Roger, a great business man who has given valuable service to his country ; a fine sportsman, a keen deer stalker, a member of the Beef-steak. But what we want to know is : Does he help to wash up, make the beds, or step off to his study to drink a glass of port ? Do the bus conductors call him " Mate," and the conductorettes " Ducks," without rebuke ? Alas, " Who's Who " is silent on those vital points.

Sir Claude James we know is Agent-General for Tasmania, but does he get tins of butter from that delectable country and share them with his friends ? Does he sleep in pyjamas or a night-shirt ? Does he wear a dicky when he dines out ? Again, " Who's Who " answers none of those questions.

Sir Robert Fraser is a leading light of the Treasury, but is he heard going along the corridor of that modern inquisition chuckling at the screams and groans of the tortured taxpayer, or do the tears stream down his cheeks in sympathy ? Does he over-call his hand at cards, or swear when he misses a three-foot putt ? " Who's Who " is mute on these points.

Sir George Waters is a brilliant classical scholar, was for twenty years editor of that great newspaper *The Scotsman*, and is now, for what sins I know not, a member of the Royal Commission on the Press. But does he read the classics in his spare time, or the latest in detective fiction ? What is his average in breakages when he is helping with the washing up ? Does he know how to make his bed so that the blankets will stay tucked in at the bottom ? Alas, " Who's Who " does not tell us.

The Church is well represented here this evening. The Right Rev. James Rae, an Aberdonian, is Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England ; the Rev. H. Burns Jamieson, of Ealing, was a padre in the war until taken prisoner in North Africa, and the Rev. Joseph Moffett of Crown Court, is known to many of us here. But behind their austere exteriors lies what ? Do they keep their tempers when their dinners are served up as burnt offerings or bloody sacrifices ? Do they cheat when they're playing patience, or cast the mallet on the ground when they hit the hoop at croquet ? Joseph Moffett is daft enough to ride a bike through the streets of London, so he at least is capable of anything.

> O, wad some Pow'r the giftie gi'e us,
> To see oursels as others see us,

is an admirable sentiment, and no doubt it would be a highly embarrassing gift to some of us, but how much more embarrassing it would be if we could get up and tell others exactly and truthfully how we see ourselves, but I fear that the exercise of such a power would destroy the fabric of society. We do well to remember that other adage, " Always speak the truth, but the truth need not always be spoken." So, our guests, you may set your minds at rest. If there were time, and you had the inclination, you could all rise to your feet with that way of escape open—the truth need not always be spoken.

There remains but one more thing to be said, and I can say it truthfully, without evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation of any kind—that we of the Caledonian Society of London offer you a warm welcome. We are wholeheartedly glad to have you with us, and we hope you have enjoyed yourselves so much that you will badger your friends to bring you again and again. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours.

EISENHOWER AND THE SCOTS SOLDIERS.

Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E., replied.

He acknowledged the unusual but clever and highly-diverting speech with which they had been welcomed, but he was not quite sure if they could live up to it ! He apologised for coming unprepared with a speech, but he had just last week returned from America, and it took him at least ten days to prepare an impromptu oration ! (Laughter.)

As had been suggested, he had done a bit of travelling, and he had many lively recollections of his work in India. There was the American lady who, having been asked if she had seen the Taj Mahal, replied : " Yes. I have seen the Aga Khan."

Sir Alexander told a story of Sir Harold Macmillan and General Eisenhower ; how the American soldier resented the appearance of the British representative in North Africa without any " by your leave " from Mr Churchill or Mr Roosevelt, how Ike, finding Macmillan " not a bad chap," relented, and at the inspection by Eisenhower of the forces under his command, invited Macmillan to sit by his side. Together they watched the great army parade.

There were the French, rather down at heels, but cheerful; then came the Americans, spruce, fine fellows; then the British soldiers, sprightly and confident; and last came the Scots, buoyant and picturesque. Macmillan described the effect on the spectators of the Highlanders and the music of their pipe bands. He was not ashamed to say that he burst into tears. Turning to Macmillan the American chief, with tears in his eyes, said: "Here am I, an old colonel in the American army, and I command those great men! It is a humbling thought!" (Applause.)

Speaking of Americans reminded Sir Alexander of a story in which the late Mr Winant figured. The late American Ambassador was receiving the freedom of the City of Aberdeen, and with him was the Chinese statesman Wellington Koo. It was market day in Aberdeen, and the traffic was congested. One old farmer, in his Ford, was stuck in the crowd, and he demanded, "Futs a' the steer the day?" "Oh, ye surely ken 'at Wellington Koo's in Aiberdeen." "Wellington Koo," said the old farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, "Weel, I've heard o' the Collyuie bull, but I never heard o' a Wellington coo!" (Loud laughter.)

Now, continued Sir Alexander, I'm a native of a famous little village called Rhynie, in Aberdeenshire. There we are, or were, a serious sentimental people, and here is a sentimental, patriotic true story of Scotland. It happened just after the 1914-1918 war was declared. I was stalking near Cape Wrath. It had been a stormy day, but the evening was wonderfully fine, with a calm loch and a blue sky. The ferryman on the loch was tying up his boat. He had finished for the night. There was a clatter on the road, and a horseman appeared at the loch side. He wished to use the ferry boat, but the ferryman stubbornly refused to move until the morning. He was pleaded with, but to no purpose. Then the horseman quietly declared: "In the name of the King, you will take me over the loch." Immediately, the ferryman undid the chain, and the messenger, carrying his vital news, passed over the loch.

"Gentlemen," concluded Sir Alexander, "if that spirit remains in Scotland, then we need fear nothing. Scotland stands where she did!" (Loud applause.)

A TRIBUTE TO THE OFFICERS.

The President proposed the toast "The Officers," and praised the valuable work of the Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Auditor, and the Hon. Historian. He heartily acknowledged the invaluable work of Mr Miller, the Hon. Secretary, who had been a great supporting pillar during his year of office. He and the members were all grateful to Mr Miller for the enormous amount of successful work which he had accomplished.

Mr Houston, Hon. Treasurer, and Mr Miller replied. Mr Miller facetiously said that "wisely our constitution demanded that the President should be changed annually, and suggested that with advantage the rule might apply to the Secretary. (No, no).

In the course of the evening a new member, Sir Edward Reid, Bt., was introduced to and welcomed by the President.

Mr Rex Leslie, the possessor of a fine voice, sang "The Border Song," and several English songs.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave his pipe selection and the Piper's Toast. The pipe music pieces were: "Kintara of El-Arish," "Shepherd's Crook," "Miss Proud," "The Plains of Gaza," and prior to "Auld Lang Syne," "The Caledonian Society of London," Strathspey.

GIFT FROM THE PRESIDENT.

At the business meeting prior to the Little Dinner, a gift of a beautiful powder horn from the President was accepted with thanks.

FIRST POST-WAR FESTIVAL.

A large company of members and their ladies met the President, Dr C. Stewart Hunter, at the first evening Festival since 1939, the food regulations having recently been modified to permit the attendances at meals of more than one hundred persons. The Festival was held on Wednesday, 21st April, 1948, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington.

The Royal toasts having been honoured with enthusiasm, the President welcomed the members and guests and proposed as a toast "The Caledonian Society of London." He said that in its long life of one hundred and eleven years it had faced and solved many problems, and to-day was as vigorous and virile and alert as it had been at any time in its history.

It is not easy (continued the President) to be modest in submitting this toast to ourselves by ourselves. Of this I have been chary since the experience of one of my colleagues. Some years ago, at a banquet to doctors, he was proposing the toast, "The Medical Profession," and in the course of his remarks he said : " We medical men have many enemies in this world." A Scot, sitting beside me, who had had more than enough of doctors, exclaimed in a loud voice, " Maybe ; but you'll have a lot mair in the next." (Laughter.)

I feel, however, that on one occasion in each year we may be forgiven if we suggest, like the Pharisees, that we are not as others. As a nation we have our own peculiar qualities, and no one will deny that some of them are good. As a Society we have our peculiar traditions, characteristics and objects, and again some of them make us proud, not the least being our consistent and generous financial support of the ancient and great London Scottish charities, The Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. (Applause.)

It is now nine years since we had our last annual evening Festival. The war, and then austerity, interrupted our anniversary celebrations, but neither has been permitted to interfere with the accomplishment of our objects, or to weaken the zeal of our members. The past session has, I believe, been as successful as those of pre-war times, notwithstanding the frugality brought upon us by the fruits of victory. Our national dish, the haggis, has gone. Our national beverage is limited to less than 25 per cent. of pre-war consumption. Our oatmeal is on points, and our potatoes, the best in the land, are rationed ; but we still have the inspiration of the bagpipes which even the substitution of trousers for the kilt in Highland regiments during the war could not silence. While we apologise for the absence of the haggis, we have to-night done our best to entertain you within the limits permitted by food controls. For we are, we hope, a hospitable Society, and, unlike the Aberdonian of whom I heard recently, our friends never impose upon us. This particular Aberdonian, visiting a relation in London, had overstayed his welcome. Christmas was drawing near, so his host suggested that he might like to be with his wife and family. " Man," he replied, " that is real thoughtful of you. I'll just send for them." (Laughter.)

In the past session we restored to our toast list an important toast peculiarly appropriate to this Society, " The London Scottish Regiment." With the Highland Society of London, this Society was responsible for the raising of the Regiment in 1859, and our members have always been associated with its activities. The prowess, not only in battle but in other directions, shown by the London Scottish has at times been the envy of our compatriots beyond the Border. I recall a private of the London Scottish, exchanging with a Gordon Highlander experiences of the 1914-1918 campaign. The former explained that one Christmas the Scottish were at a base near Bethlehem. " Ay," said the Gordon, " and I bet the shepherds had to watch their flocks that night." (Laughter.)

The President made reference to the part played by the Society in the passing overseas of the Fiery Cross to signalise the opening of the Edinburgh Exhibition of Scottish Industrial Design, and concluded :

In the state of the world to-day, when the outlook is so obscure, when some of the great nations seem to have lost that comradeship and co-operation which marked their war activities, when the pursuit of peace is proving so distressingly difficult, it is a comfort to remember that one of this Society's objects is the promotion of good fellowship amongst our compatriots. If a similar aim could be adopted in the intercourse between nations, the world would be a better place in which to live, and I do not despair when I recall the enmity and bitterness which at one time characterised Scottish exchanges with the English. To-day we stand as one nation, tolerant of each other's prejudices, cognisant of each other's difficulties, but strong in friendship. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours.

OUR WELCOME GUESTS.

The Vice-President, Mr A. W. Russell, in proposing "Our Guests," said :

It is one of the duties of the Vice-President to pledge the ladies and other guests at this annual festival ; and therefore in the name of the Society I offer to you a most cordial welcome and greeting. It was one of the Dickens families—the Kenwigses was it not ?—who, at the close of a social evening in their house, expressed the hope that their guests had enjoyed themselves only half as much as they themselves had. I would not like to limit your pleasure to that extent, but I can assure you that you have greatly added to it.

Mr Russell, in welcoming as one of the President's guests that evening, Mrs J. B. Rintoul, paid tribute to our late brother John B. Rintoul, whose work for the Society and for all Scottish charitable organisations in London, they all knew so well.

God send us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands ;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;
Men who possess opinions, and a will ;
Men who love honour, men who cannot lie.

For the memories of Mr Rintoul and for one who gave her husband such devoted support, we welcome Mrs Rintoul here this evening. (Applause.)

We welcome, too, a great Scot, who occupies a leading position in the City, and whose business ramifications are world-wide, Lord Forres, and with him Lady Forres, and we welcome, too, two eminent medical men, friends of the President, Mr Gywnne E. O. Williams, and Mr W. H. Romanis ; and we welcome, too, the member of Parliament for Dumfries, Mr Niall M. S. Macpherson, with whose name the toast is coupled. (Applause.)

THE VALUE OF SCOTLAND.

Mr Niall M. S. Macpherson, M.P., received with applause, said :

I must begin my thanks with an apology, for I should have saved my host, Mr Stirling, the trouble of inviting me to this gathering : I should have been a member of the Caledonian Society myself. I was struck by the fact that your membership is limited to the same number as that doughty and illustrious body famed in song, " A hundred pipers." You are of course, not so ornate as they were, with their bonnets and feathers and glittering gear. But, after all, it is not what is *on* the heads of the members that matters, but what is *in* them. Since the days that the hundred pipers " danced themselves dry " on English soil, the English have become tamer, if we haven't. On that day, " Dumfoundered they a' ran awa'," but now they tumble over themselves to become clients, patients, or customers. (Laughter.) As the song asks, " Will they a' return to their ain dear glen ? " Now, the most interesting feature of Scottish psychology is the studied scorn of the Scot who remains at home for those who leave Scotland in search of adventure or livelihood ; and the sentimental envy of those who go away for those who stay behind. The Scot at home takes the view that all true Scots live in Scotland. The Scot abroad takes the view that Scotland would be all right, but for the Irish invaders. (Laughter and applause.) It is left to the Englishman to say that England would be all right but for the Scots invaders. (Renewed laughter.)

The truth is that England knows she cannot get on without the Scots. The trouble about the English is that they are all so jealous of each other that they will never allow an Englishman to rule them. Normans, Welsh, Scots, even a Dutchman—anything but an Englishman. The great thing about the Scots is they know their limit—unlike the Jews they do not claim to be divine favourites. It is enough for them that they are the chosen of the English. As a Frenchman once said to me, " Enfin c'est Angleterre qui domine le monde, et ce sont les Ecossais qui domine l'Angleterre." (Laughter and applause.)

Scotsmen returning from abroad find a new atmosphere in Scotland, an increasing intellectual and spiritual activity. At the same time they find a growing self-consciousness which is not wholly good. A tendency for Scotland to turn in on herself, a resentment against the loss of all the talent and skill that Scotland has for the past two centuries lavished on the world. Why should not Scotland derive the benefit from her progeny ? Has she not nurtured them, taught them all they knew ? Has she not a right to retain them, or the best of them, to make Scotland better—to put Scotland on the map ?

I believe this doctrine to be as pernicious as it is alien to our traditions and our faith. It postulates a Scottish state, which does not exist, and denies the Scottish nation which is not bounded by the territorial limits of Scotland. In conformity with the ideologies we have fought against, it subjects the individual to the State. If there is one thing distinctive about the Scot, it is his personal dignity and independence, and dignity without arrogance ; independence without anarchy.

Nothing incongruous for a village ploughman to go like Burns into the salons of Edinburgh and not only appear to be at home, but seem to be the most distinguished person present. And it was he who said, " The man of independent mind is king o' men for a' that." There are said to be some twenty million Scots in the world, owing allegiance to many Governments, yet " Still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland." They represent one of the stoutest of the intangible bonds of Empire. What do they demand of Caledonia ? Surely this, that the roots shall remain strong, that the tree shall continue—(applause)—that the fruit shall retain its excellence and the seed its high quality ; that though there may be grafting, the tree shall not lose its essential character ; that it shall not be transplanted away from its present surroundings to one isolated spot. In short, we want Scotland not to become less united with England, but more closely united with her, with the Empire, and with Europe. But we want Scotland to remain Scottish, the spiritual home and inspiration of Scotsmen, a source of moral strength flowing out into the world. We want the Scottish way of life, Scottish ideals and Scottish character to endure and flourish. (Loud applause.)

At this point the President asked the company to honour a toast, "The health of the Duchess of Edinburgh," for that was the Princess Elizabeth's twenty-second birthday. The toast was heartily honoured.

OUR MANY-SIDED PRESIDENT.

Past-President James Thomson in proposing "The President," said:

Had I known when, some twenty years ago, I introduced our President to the advantages of the Caledonian Society of London, through the good offices of Past-President William Miln, who was also responsible for my admission to the Society—had I known then that I should be called upon to propose a toast twenty years later to such a great personality as our President, I think I should have led him one hundred miles from the Society, for no other reason than that he is a man of such diverse attainments that it is difficult to do him justice outside the covers of a book, and a big volume at that.

Dr Hunter was born in Edinburgh, educated in Edinburgh, London and Brussels. He really began his medical career at Carnoustie, where he was M.O. for eight years, and where he earned the esteem and affection of everybody in that part of the world.

Towards the end of the first world war Dr Stewart Hunter burst upon London. It was then that I met him, and it was not long before we were firm friends. Everyone who knows him becomes his firm friend. His practice, which is a wide one, covers a great number of outside activities, not the least of which is his connection with the theatrical profession, where he has many friends, and also amongst the leading lights of the concert world, many of whom have entertained us.

In Streatham, where he is so well known, he is loved by his people, and I think that our President is only happy when he is engaged in his professional work. He has a wonderful record there of work during the last war, where his bravery and reckless disregard of self were a bye-word. You all know how Streatham suffered from the bombing later in the war, but no matter, our President was not deterred by any bomb, large, medium or small—or dud! He was not upset by nearby explosions, one being so near one night that his signet ring was snapped and his helmet crammed down over his ears. Another time he walked into a newly-made crater wearing his steel helmet, and, as an added protection, a pillow over his shoulders. Luckily our President escaped all these dangers, but he never shirked them.

As a young man he was an athlete. In his university days in Edinburgh he was a well-known boxer, and brought championships to the university. His house is full of cups attesting his prowess, not alone for boxing. He is an artist, and has earned fame as an illustrator of medical and scientific works. He is a prolific writer on scientific subjects. He has written and reviewed many books. How he has time to do it I do not know.

Here Mr Thomson recalled the incident when our President saved a man's life, recorded on pages 59–60.

Our President is to be congratulated on a most successful session. He has filled the position with serenity and dignity, and his personality made the success of all the dinners we have had this season. He is happy in the possession of two fine sons whom I have seen grow up, and both of whom did their duty in the war and are a great pride to their father. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm, and the President thanked Mr Thomson for his much too flattering eulogy. He had led a rather busy life and of all his activities, his presidency of the Caledonian Society stood out as one of the most inspiring. He had had a session in which many brilliant sentiments had been delivered. He had been supported most enthusiastically by all the members and he had relied on their able Secretary, Mr Miller, who had pulled him through the session by dint of hard and highly-appreciated work. Mr Miller's foresight, urbanity and humour had been a great asset to him as President. (Applause.)

Songs and a duet were given by Miss Madge Meikle and Mr Raymond Newell. Mr E. C. Willson was at the piano.

A most enjoyable part of the programme was Mr William Dalgarno's Scottish monologues, which kept the company convulsed with laughter. His attempt to sell sewing machines was a droll and highly-amusing escapade.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., the Society's officer, played with his usual competence: "The Highland Wedding," "Rose among the Heather," "The Kilt is my Delight," "My Love, she's but a Lassie yet," and preceding "Auld Lang Syne," "The Caledonian Society of London," Strathspey.

A splendid rendering of "Auld Lang Syne," by Mr W. M. Miller, Dr R. F. V. Scott, Mr C. M. Stirling, and Mr J. R. Crawford, closed a most successful Festival.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting (Session 1947-1948) was held on 3rd November, 1948, at the headquarters of the Society.

The principal business was the confirmation in office of the Vice-President, Mr A. W. Russell, as President, and the selection of the other office-bearers. These were: Vice-President, Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D.; Hon. Secretary, Mr W. M. Miller; Hon. Treasurer, Mr David Houston; Hon. Auditor, Mr Walter B. Morison; Hon. Historian, Mr William Will, C.B.E.

Messrs G. S. Bonnyman, R. G. Davidson, Alex. Robertson, and C. M. Stirling, were added to the Council.

The President and Hon. Secretary were authorised to accept honorary membership of the Norway Scottish Society which had been offered by our brother Scots in Norway.

The annual grants to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools—£50 to each—were unanimously voted.

The deaths were reported of Mr J. O. Davidson, on 22nd June, 1948, and Mr Lachlan Campbell, on 15th October, 1948. (References to these faithful members will be found on pages 113–114).

The gold badge of the Society having been voted to the retiring President for his service in the chair.

Dr Stewart Hunter in thanking the members, said that what success had attended his presiding was due to the loyal support given to him, and particularly to the persistent work of Mr Miller, their ever-active Hon. Secretary.

Members elected were: Messrs W. A. Brown, I. G. M. McGavin, Sir John Duncanson, Messrs J. D. Cameron, Robert Orr, and J. S. Stiven.

Obituary.

Past-President John B. Rintoul.

The Society had no more loyal member than John Bennet Rintoul, who passed to his rest on 17th February, 1948. He was President in 1935-1936, and had served as an ordinary member and a member of Council, in all for twenty-three years.

A full account of our deceased brother's work will be found on pages 254-256 of "The Chronicles" for 1931-1938.

The death of Mr Rintoul was the main theme of speeches at the business meetings and the Little Dinner held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 19th February, 1948.

At the Council Meeting, Dr Stewart Hunter, the President, made sympathetic reference to Mr Rintoul's death, and at the General Meeting following, said that before turning to the usual business he had to report the sad and sudden death of Past-President J. B. Rintoul.

As he proposed, at the Little Dinner following that meeting, to pay a tribute to his memory, he would, at the moment, limit himself to saying that, by the passing of Mr Rintoul, the Society had lost an ardent member, an esteemed friend, a valued Brother Caledonian.

He moved that "the Council and members record with profound regret their sense of the grievous loss which the Society had sustained by the death on 17th February, 1948, of their colleague and friend, Past-President John B. Rintoul, a member since 1924, and

President during the session 1935-1936, whose unfailing interest in the Society's activities, his devotion to its objects, and his loyalty to its traditions, had proved an inspiration to all associated with the Society. The Council and members offer to Mrs Rintoul their sincere sympathy in her sad and irreparable loss."

Past-President William Will seconded the resolution, and added his tribute to his old friend, concluding :

> When it comes to our time to say goodbye, let us hope that we may all be able to leave behind us fragrant memories such as John Rintoul has left behind him.
>
> To-day we are thinking not only of our own loss, for we have in our hearts thoughts of the accomplished and sorrowing lady who has been his stay and his comfort during long years. That God may sustain her in her time of trouble is the wish of all Caledonians.

At the Little Dinner held later the President made reference to his and Mr Rintoul's personal friendship.

By the passing of John Rintoul he said, we have lost a loyal and devoted member, an unselfish friend, and a warm-hearted colleague ; a man jealous of the Society's good name, enthusiastic in the promotion of its objects, jealous of its traditions. While we mourn his passing we are proud to have enjoyed his comradeship ; we are honoured to have possessed his friendship.

At the President's suggestion a silent toast was given to the memory of our deceased Past-President.

A similar resolution to that of the Caledonian Society was submitted to the monthly meeting of the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation on 10th March, 1948, by the Chairman, Mr William Will, Vice-President, seconded by Rev. Joseph Moffett, Vice-President. The proposer and seconder spoke of Mr Rintoul's great work for Scotland in London.

Past-President James Thomson added his tribute to " one of my oldest and most valued Scottish friends in London."

JAMES ORKNEY DAVIDSON.

Mr Davidson was a member of the Society since 1925, and of the Council since 1929. He was a native of Berwickshire. He entered the service of The Commercial Bank of Scotland in 1879, and was transferred ten years later to London where the remainder of his business life was spent. He became manager of the Kingsway branch of the bank in 1925 and retired in 1930. The last years of his life were spent in Scotland, where he died on 26th June, 1948.

Mr Davidson was modest and unassertive in manner; he was of a very kindly disposition, and his quiet benefactions were made out of a sympathetic nature. He was a warm supporter of the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation. He served during the Hitler war at the Roxburgh Red Cross Prisoners of War Parcels Packing Station at Hawick until May, 1945.

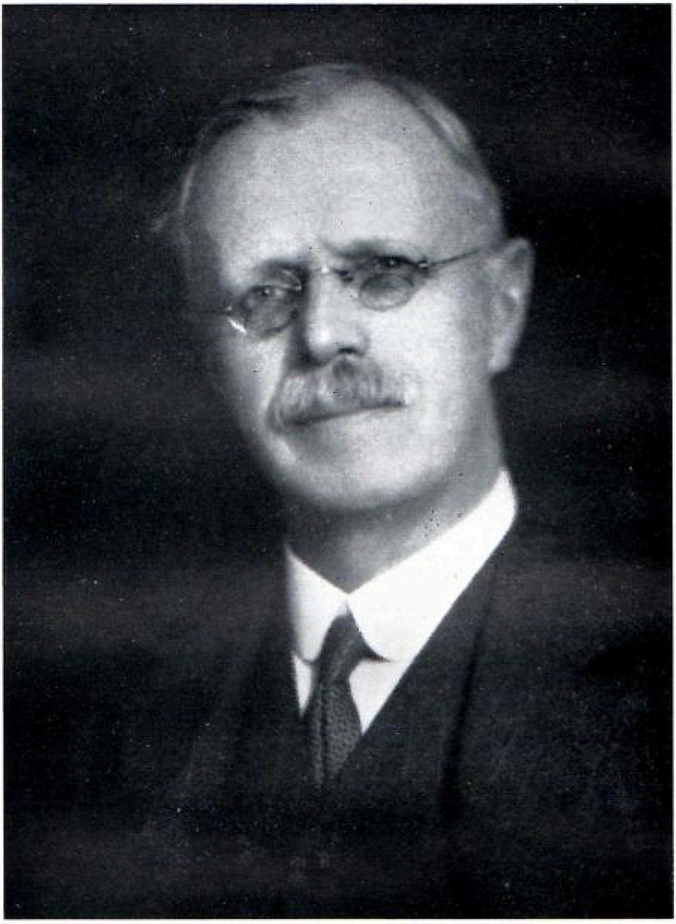
LACHLAN CAMPBELL.

This loyal Highlander and friend, who passed away in October, 1948, aged seventy-nine, became a member of the Society in 1924.

He came of farming stock near Ballachulish, and after his schooldays locally and at Inverness he entered the service of the Scottish Life Assurance Company in Glasgow. He came to London about forty-five years ago, and was promoted to be manager of the company. Like so many of the Highlanders of his day, he was an intense and devout student of the Bible, and made use of his profound knowledge in his speeches and lectures. In public speaking he excelled, using as he did his native Gaelic and perfect English.

Mr Campbell was a generous supporter of all Scottish charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools among them. He was a member of the Gaelic Society, the Highland Club, the

Caledonian Christian Club, and the Argyll and Inverness Association. In Crown Court he was one of the most active elders, and he was for a time treasurer. Naturally the Gaelic services there had his strong support. Indeed it was due largely to Mr Campbell's initiative and drive that they were established and an endowment fund for them established. On his death, Rev. Dr Moffett gave expression to his own and his congregation's admiration for Mr Campbell's great service to Crown Court.



A. W. RUSSELL
President 1948–1949

CHAPTER IV.

1948-1949: Mr A. W. Russell, *President.*

A Greenock Banker becomes President; London Scottish Colonel Vice-President; Congratulations to Princess Elizabeth; "What the Royal Navy owes to the Scots," by Rear-Admiral G. P. Thomson; Robert Boothby, M.P., on Scotland; "The London Scottish," by Mr W. M. Miller; "The Scot as Stockbroker," by Mr Walter B. Morison; "Burns," by Mr Ian Mackay; "Some Scots Abroad," by Colonel L. D. Bennett; "The Scot as Poet," by Mr Melville Dinwiddie; Ian Hay on Scottish Character; "The Glories of Scotland," by Lord Balfour of Burleigh; "The President," by Past-President Lord Alness.

A Banker as President.

Mr A. W. RUSSELL, who was elected to the presidency for Session 1948-1949, is not the first Greenock-born Caledonian to take the chair of our Society, for Sir George Paton, who presided over our affairs during the 1914-1918 war years, was also a native of the rain-favoured and genius-producing Clydeside town.

Mr Russell, after leaving school in Greenock, took up banking as a career, and in 1886 entered the service of the Commercial Bank of Scotland. In 1892 he was moved to the head office in Edinburgh, and so well did he acquit himself that he was transferred to the

London branch of the bank in 1920, and two years later he was promoted to the assistant managership in London. Three years later, in 1925, he became London manager, and in 1936 he retired from business.

His retirement, however, has not dropped his enthusiasm for social and church work. He has retained his interest in the Royal Scottish Corporation, of which he is a Life Managing Governor, and a member of the Finance Sub-committee.

Perhaps the most important part of Mr Russell's interest outside his banking hours has been church work. He has a close association with Highgate Church, of which he is an elder. He is a member of the Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church of England ; treasurer of the Presbytery Church Extension Fund (an important fund which deals with the erection of new churches, etc.); a member of the Treasurership Committee composed of twelve business men who are responsible for Church finance, and he is a member of the Malaya Committee.

So far as the man is concerned, he can be described as sincere in character, sympathetic in disposition, generous in spirit, wise in judgment, and tactful in argument.

COLONEL BENNETT AND THE SOCIETY.

At the Council and General Meetings held at the Rembrandt Hotel on Friday, 19th November, 1948, Major A. M. Borthwick, Mr D. G. Robertson, and Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E., were admitted to membership.

In opening the General Meeting, the President, Mr A. W. Russell, referred to the fact that the son of an old member, and the nephew of another, had been elected Vice-President, Colonel Bennett, who had seen much service with the London Scottish. He was glad that he (the President) had as his immediate supporter so doughty a Caledonian.

The Hon. Secretary reported that he had sent a message of congratulation to Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, on the birth of a son.

THE SCOT AND THE NAVY.

The President took the chair at the Little Dinner following the business meetings, and added to the loyal toasts "The Little Prince," which was heartily received.

The Sentiment for the evening—"What the Royal Navy owes to the Scot"—was given by Admiral G. P. Thomson, C.B., C.B.E.

Admiral Thomson, received with hearty applause, said he was reminded of the most pleasant evening he spent with the Caledonians some years ago, when they coupled his name with the toast of the Guests. Official communiques and bulletins, he said, issued during wartime did not tell us much about the officers and men who did the fighting, and it would be his duty that night to prove that the British Navy owed much of its glory and tradition to men of the Scottish race.

The Admiral said there was little or no trace of a Scottish Navy during the period of the disputed succession to the Scottish throne and the War of Independence with England; but once Scottish Independence had been established, King Robert the Bruce turned to the building of a navy. The Exchequer Rolls of 1326 record that feudal services were paid to Bruce in the form of vessels and the service of the crews in war. He also spent money building and equipping war vessels of the Viking type. Later James II introduced gunpowder and artillery into Scotland. During the reigns of James III and IV the Scottish Navy reached its highest development. From constant activities against the English and in naval expeditions against the rebellious Western Islands of Scotland there began a maritime tradition which has flourished strongly throughout the ages. After the union of England and Scotland in 1603 the few regular Scottish warships in existence were merged with the English Navy which then assumed responsibility for the defence of both countries.

The Admiral poured scorn on the popular belief that Scotsmen prefer to serve in the Merchant Marine rather than in the Royal Navy. It was not, however, until the Seven Years War, from 1756 to 1763—the war which founded what was until recently known as the British Empire—that Scotsmen were found in considerable numbers in the Royal Navy. Several who received their early training in that war were later to become famous in the Napoleonic wars.

One of these was Admiral Lord Duncan who was given the onerous duty of preventing the despatch of military expeditions from the Texel. In spite of having at times only two ships at his disposal, and having to deal with the great mutiny in 1797, he carried out a continuous and successful blockade of the Texel between 1795 and 1797. This long blockade ended in Duncan's great victory at the Battle of Camperdown, a victory which removed the threat of an invasion of this country from across the Channel, and freed our warships for duty elsewhere. The remains of the Dutch Fleet finally surrendered to Duncan in 1799, from which date Holland ceased to be a great naval power.

Admiral Lord Keith was another Scotsman who achieved fame in the Napoleonic wars. Apart from supervising the blockade of Malta which led to the surrender of the French garrison, Keith's activities made a marked contribution to the final round-up and defeat of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar. And it was to Admiral Keith, at that time Commander-in-Chief of the Channel fleet, to whom Napoleon surrendered. And another Scotsman, one of Keith's subordinates, Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, took Napoleon to St Helena and acted as his first " gaoler."

Before dealing with the two world wars, the speaker told us a good deal about Admiral Lord Cochrane, 10th Earl of Dundonald, who was descended from a long line of knights and barons from Renfrew and Ayr. Born at Lanark in 1775, Cochrane soon made a name for himself off the Spanish coast, when, as a young man of twenty-five, he commanded the brig *Speedy*. The Spaniards came to regard him with particular fear and respect.

One of the most brilliant deeds in the whole naval history of this country was Cochrane's exploit in the Basque Roads in 1809, when he destroyed the French fleet with fire and explosion ships. The French were then threatening our possessions in the West Indies, and Cochrane, though junior to many highly capable officers, was summoned to the Admiralty and asked to produce a plan for the destruction of the enemy fleet. This he did and was promptly ordered to execute it. He himself embarked with a volunteer crew in the largest explosion vessel and led the night attack. The explosions smashed the boom protecting the French fleet and damaged a number of ships. Others fired on each other. With the exception of two ships, the whole of the French squadron was driven ashore, and Lord Cochrane, though receiving little help from his superior officer, Lord Gambier, took his own ship, the *Impériecuse*, close inshore and bombarded the grounded ships.

Cochrance also figured very nobly in the South American wars, and his exploits in Southern Chile did more than anything else to cause the Spaniards to abandon the whole of their South American Empire. " Cochrane the Dauntless," as he was called, was indeed never happy unless in the forefront of every fight, and he was quite ready to supplant two other Scotsmen in the Russian War of 1854-1855—Admiral Napier, commanding the British Baltic fleet, and Admiral Dundas, who was our Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

Apart from stressing the magnificent part which Scottish fishermen played in both world wars, in manning our minesweeping and anti-submarine vessels, the speaker devoted little time to the 1914-1918 war, mentioning only two Scotsmen, Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss, the then First Sea Lord, who, with Foch, received the German surrender ; and Admiral Ferguson. He gave, however, a long list of Scottish Admirals who had done great things in the 1939-1945 war—Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton, Sir Robert Burnett, Sir Charles Forbes, Lord Fraser, the present First Sea Lord, Viscount Cunningham, and others.

We all of us knew well the exploits of these famous men, but it was pleasant to hear again from the speaker brief accounts of the deeds which made them famous. Truly, as Admiral Thomson emphasised again and again, the Royal Navy—and indeed the British Commonwealth and the world—certainly owe a great debt to the Scottish race for the part they took in building up British seapower.

Apologising for what he called a somewhat dry, historical Sentiment, the gallant Admiral ended up with one or two enjoyable naval yarns.

The Admiral's Sentiment was received with rounds of hearty applause.

THANKS TO THE ADMIRAL.

In proposing the toast, "The Author of the Sentiment," Past-President William Will said :

The first words of the new session must be of congratulation to you, Mr President, on having received the highest honour that your Brother Caledonians can confer on you.

In earlier years of the Society's existence Presidents were often re-elected for two or three years, or longer, so that, although the Society is one hundred and eleven years old, you are actually the sixty-seventh Caledonian who has occupied the chair.

And knowing you, sir, as we all do, and your record of service for Scottish movements in London, we are confident that you will lead the members as faithfully and successfully as any of your sixty-six predecessors have done.

But my duty now is to offer our thanks to Admiral Thomson for what has been a historical and a literary treat, with just sufficient claims of Caledonian superiority to satisfy the perfervid nationalism of members of this ultra-Scottish society of ours.

I know something of the Admiral's frank, emphatic, yet courteous use of words, and I was not surprised to hear a vigorous clear-cut account of Scotland's naval gift to the British Empire, served as it was with the characteristic humour and a clear diction—a diction in striking contrast to that of a parish minister in the Buchan part of Mr Boothby's constituency.

After the service one Sunday morning one of the elders was discussing with a visiting friend the sermon they had just heard.

"A gran' sermon the day," said the elder, with enthusiasm ; "a gran' sermon."

"Aye, it *wis* a gweed sermon," replied the visitor, a little less enthusiastically ; "it wis a gweed sermon, but, ye ken, I didna jist richtly unnerstan' 'im, whiles."

"Unnerstan' 'im !" exclaimed the outraged elder ; "unnerstan' 'im ?

Man, when oor minister's at his best naebody in the fowr pairishes can unnerstan' 'im."

What a wonderful procession of Scottish seamen Admiral Thomson has presented to us, and he could have extended his list and his address for hours.

There was John Paul (the son of a Kirkcudbright gardener) who became a pirate and changed his name to Paul Jones. Here was a good example of different assessments of values. In Scotland John Paul was just a pirate; in America Paul Jones was the founder of the United States Navy, a most able seaman who fought desperately and successfully against his own country —his native land.

Then there was Dundonald, born thirty years after Paul Jones, equally notorious in many ways; but there was this difference: Paul Jones was a pirate, Dundonald was a patriot.

We know something of the forthright language of the sailor, and I can assure you that when Admiral Thomson was chief censor at the Ministry of Information during Hitler's 1939-1945 war, Mr Vyshinsky's now historic "No" would have had nothing on our Admiral's emphatic negative when he had made up his mind that the publication of some suggested newspaper statement would be against the national interest. The Admiral has made a close study of the history of the British Navy from its earliest days, and as we have heard, he has made valuable use of the knowledge acquired.

I ask you, Admiral, to accept the thanks of your audience for your breezy, informative Sentiment.

The toast was drunk with hearty Caledonian Honours.

Sir George Campbell, K.C.I.E., in proposing the toast, "Our Guests," said:

It is my privilege to propose to you the toast of our guests, and, following established custom, I couple with that the name of him on whom lies the burden of having to respond—Mr Robert Boothby. I admit to feeling that the results of the custom may be somewhat invidious, because I look on hospitality as having no distinctions, either of class or attainments. Indeed, was it not an old Highland custom that even the murderer of one of your clan had to be given, on his own appeal, a night's hospitality, and a reasonably good start in the morning?

However, it has its advantages in that I am relieved of the necessity of making all our guests hot in the collar by a recital of their virtues, or otherwise, and we can concentrate our attack on the leader of the gang, not forgetting, of course, that he has the last word. (Laughter.)

All the same, I would make brief reference to officers of the London Scottish, the health of whose regiment is to be drunk shortly. We welcome these gentlemen led by Colonel Ogilby. Then there is Admiral Thomson, but you have already heard about him. And one more, Lieut.-Colonel Donald Cameron, Younger, of Lochiel, who is Chief of the Scottish Clans Association of London, a society which this year celebrates its jubilee, and which has for years given valuable support to the two great London Scottish Charities—the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. (Hear, hear.)

Our guests can, if it is any consolation, liken themselves to the soldiers of Germanicus who, after a long and arduous campaign, clamoured to get home for, as they claimed, they might not have acquired distinction, but they had at least worn out their teeth on the army bread. (Laughter.)

I found Mr Boothby so modest in the information he has supplied to "Who's Who" that to supplement my own inadequate knowledge of a brither Scot, I had recourse to newspaper editors. I found something there, but I was cautioned that as part of the material was for obituary purposes it must be used with restraint. (Laughter.) Whether that was to save me from a libel action or to spare Mr Boothby's blushes, I leave to your own imagination.

Mr Boothby, as you know, has been M.P. for East Aberdeenshire since 1924, so that he can justifiably claim to have upheld Lord Birkenhead's dictum that the first essential in politics is a territorial base. And it is a good granite base that he has got. He was, by the way, a friend of John Strachey at Oxford, but we won't hold that against him, as I believe Strachey was then a Tory. (Laughter.)

Our guest has been more conservative, and I hope will remain so, though I confess to some qualms that he, a specialist in economics and finance, should have been one of the earlier advocates of the transfer of the Bank of England to a State-owned Corporation. I hope his ideas of nationalisation do not go further.

One very good job he did was when he was Under-Minister for Food; he successfully held that down during the trying time of the London blitz. (Hear, hear.)

I am told he was too busy then to tell people how to cook a herring, but he has gone gay on that subject since. Mr Boothby has a good reputation as a lecturer in the U.S.A., where they said of him that he could put across in one hour what would take most people three. I therefore can but ask for your close attention to what should be a really concentrated reply to the toast, which I now call on you to drink—"Our Guests," coupled with the name of Mr Robert Boothby. (Applause.)

Mr Boothby, in opening his remarks, made great play with the obituary notes that Sir George Campbell had quoted when proposing the toast, and said that a funeral at sea—from a Buchan drifter—would have no terrors for him! He had advocated the nationalisation of the Bank of England for twenty years, and it had always been his object to do roughly, or try to do, what he said he would do.

Referring to the great part that Scotsmen played in the last war, and speaking of Admiral Thomson's tribute, Mr Boothby said that our country had "a terrific record." "Take the story of Admiral Cunningham in the Mediterranean," he said; "it was equalled only by Nelson himself."

Mr Boothby spoke of the pride of ancestry of the

Scots. "My people were English," he said. "In the middle of last century my great-grandfather lost all his fortune, a catastrophe repeated by his great-grandson!—(laughter)—and he took the road north. My father was resident in St Andrews." Why not reverse the process? queried the speaker. Why should Scots not go back to Scotland and develop their own country? There were plenty of jobs in Scotland.

He spoke of the high opinion of Scots held by the Americans. He had recently addressed large audiences in the Middle West, and had endeavoured to make the position of Great Britain clear to the American people, who are sympathetic when they understand the fight that we are putting up. And let it be understood that we have got to fight, and fight hard, for our position which must be in the forefront of nations. The future progress of the human race depends upon the British Commonwealth and Empire and the United States of America. And that is the issue. We cannot escape from it. We must not forget that these Moscow boys and Stalin recognise only physical power. They are watching closely and carefully. If we are strong they will not strike, but if we are weak they will not hesitate. (Applause.)

The London Scottish.

Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, proposed the toast, "The London Scottish Regiment." Mr Miller said:

"Strike Sure!" That is the motto of the London Scottish; confident, bold, positive. That motto reflects the spirit of the London Scottish: resolute, determined, inflexible, a spirit which has inspired and dominated the Regiment since its inception.

Raised in 1859 on the initiative of this Society and of the Highland Society of London, the London Scottish, compared with some famous regiments, is young in years. But it is old in experience. In three wars it has been tested and proved in the forefront of battle. In three wars it has built a glorious military record, it has established a noble martial reputation. In three wars it has sent 30,000 of its men into battle, and for its country's honour 1,900 have died. In three wars it has won three Victoria Crosses, 382 other decorations and 173 mentions. In three wars it has shown itself to be the complete fighting machine. (Applause.)

But the London Scottish is more than a fighting machine. It is a body of comrades, of companions, and of friends; a body whose morale was matured in times of peace, whose selflessness was ripened in periods of tranquillity, whose brotherhood was perfected in days of harmony. Its *esprit de corps* was matured on peaceful pursuits rather than on wartime violence; its strength was achieved by mutual trust rather than by rigorous discipline; its history was made by fervent amateurs rather than by insipient professionals. In peace or war it never shirked a duty or evaded an obligation. It has never forgotten those whose sacrifice has added lustre to its laurels; it has never forsaken those whose devotion has advanced its prestige; it has never abandoned those upon whom adversity has fallen. Twice in the last thirty years it has created funds to help members who had seen war service or to assist their dependants, funds to which no less than £70,000 has been contributed, from which close on £50,000 has been expended and in which, with interest, more than £45,000 remains.

In a regiment possessing these qualities, can you doubt the truth of the assertion that, once a London Scot, always a London Scot? Can you be surprised that every man who has soldiered with the unit is for all time referred to as "one of ours"? Can you wonder that those who have fought in its ranks are united in an unbreakable bond of loyalty?

On the sure foundation of efficiency, courage and kinship, the London Scottish was built and brought to greatness. It is the sincere wish and confident hope of every member of this Society that the Regiment's future will be no less brilliant than its past, and that, until war is outlawed, it will maintain its splendour and enhance its fame. (Applause.)

APPRECIATION OF MR MILLER.

Caledonian Honours were heartily accorded the toast, and Colonel R. J. L. Ogilby, D.S.O., D.L., J.P., replied. He said:

This honour paid by the Caledonian Society of London to the Regiment is greatly appreciated, and by none more than by myself as its Colonel.

As you all know, within the Caledonian and Highland Societies the Regiment was born. On 4th July, 1859, Lord Elcho and Sir Charles Forbes got together in the Freemason's Tavern, and conceived the idea of a London Scottish Regiment. Therefore you, gentlemen, are the parents of the baby.

The deeds of the Regiment are well known to you, and it would be an impertinence for me to elaborate these again; but no one who has served in the "Scottish" is prouder of those deeds than I am.

It is thirty-four years since I first came in close contact with the Regiment—that was when I was in the Cavalry and was sent with my section to support the London Scottish at Hell-Fire Wood. I was ordered to retire and evacuate Messines, and some time later was joined by forty-four men of the Scottish under Major Cartwright, who were full of fight and filled us with great confidence. Later in the war I was posted to command the 2/14th London Regiment, and when I got there I discovered it was the 2nd Battalion London

Scottish. Captain Miller, as we know, can be very forthright in his language, and in proposing this toast he said that the Regiment's history was made by fervent amateurs rather than insipient professionals. I am afraid I am one of the insipient professionals—(laughter)—but I can only say that since I went to the Regiment over thirty years ago and saw what manner of men they were, they have been first in every thought I have got. Before the end of the 1914-1918 war I felt that some form of charitable fund should be raised for our comrades who fell by the wayside, and the 1914-1918 Memorial Fund was the result. A Benevolent Fund is also in existence for the men of the recent war. We owe a great debt to Captain Miller for the help he gives us with these funds—as a matter of fact, he more or less runs them. As to the new Battalion, Colonel Maxwell has rightly decided that quality is what we want and to maintain the Scottish qualification. Our numbers are small but the quality is right, and I ask your assistance to see to it that when the young men from Scotland are sent south to hold down all the good jobs, you send them along to our headquarters in Buckingham Gate to complete their military service. (Applause.) I must take this opportunity of publicly thanking Captain Miller for all he has done and is doing for the Regiment, and all that he has said about us to-night. (Applause.)

Mr J. C. M. Campbell supplied the songs of the evening, Mr Robert Eadie accompanying him on the piano. Among the songs excellently rendered were: "Land of Heart's Desire" and "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen."

Pipe-Major Robertson, M.B.E., gave a spirited bagpipe selection: "Lord Alexander Kennedy," "The Piper's Bonnet," "Miss Proud," and "General Smuts."

Our Strathspey "The Caledonian Society of London" and "Auld Lang Syne" ended a varied and inspiring programme.

THE BABY PRINCE CHARLES.

At the Council and General Meetings held in the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, on Thursday, 16th December, 1948, the following letters were read:

From the Hon. Secretary, Caledonian Society of London, to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, 24th November, 1948:

"We the Council and members of this Society of Scots in London, established in 1837, beg to be allowed to convey to the Princess Elizabeth and to Your Royal Highness our hearty congratulations on the birth of a son.

We desire to be permitted to associate ourselves with the rejoicing which this auspicious event has brought to the peoples of this country and of the Empire, and we ask Her Royal Highness and you to accept our sincere wish that happiness and prosperity may continue to bless your married life."

From the Duke's equerry this reply, dated 26th November, 1948, was received :

" The Duke of Edinburgh has asked me to thank you and all those associated with you, on behalf of the Princess Elizabeth and himself for the charming message of congratulations that you have sent."

THE SCOT AS STOCKBROKER.

At the Little Dinner held after the business meetings, the President added to the loyal toasts, one for " Prince Charles of Edinburgh," the Duke and Duchess's son, which was greeted with Caledonian Honours.

Mr Walter A. Morison was responsible for the evening's Sentiment which was " The Scot as Stockbroker." Mr Morison said :

I beg of you not to harbour feelings of resentment against me if you find this talk flat, stale and unprofitable. I did my best to save you and, incidentally, myself. I will leave you to judge which deserves the greater sympathy.

Any resentment you may feel should be reserved for an unknown whose innocent agent or fellow conspirator was, as you might expect, Mr Miller. I suspect the latter, because Mr Miller has a way with him, and we know the old saw that links a Will with a way. (Laughter.) Clearly, I was as clay in the hands of the potter.

If, however, this thing was to be inflicted on you, I suppose I was the appropriate instrument, because not only am I a member of the London Stock Exchange, but my father was at one time—over seventy years ago—a member of the Glasgow Stock Exchange.

The Scot as a Stockbroker ! Whoever heard of such a theme ? The Scot as Banker ! Yes. We all know that he overruns the earth to its remotest parts. (Laughter.) Probably the first Scot who crossed the Border hot foot for London was a banker, intent on extracting his modest rate of interest from the innocent Southron. How well he has succeeded, and how firmly he has entrenched himself, is in evidence around us this evening and well we know his " sterling " worth. (Laughter.)

The Scot as Lawyer ! and with his keen, logical mind, with his Celtic fire and oratory, has established himself as law maker and advocate, and has swelled the bankers' balances in so doing.

The Scot as Divine ! We know him too. Little as you might suspect it, I had a paternal great uncle who was a Doctor of Divinity. I give the suggestion to Mr Miller as a possible future Sentiment. The Scot as Administrator, as Writer, as Soldier, Artist or Doctor—in any of these rôles we could follow him, pleasantly enough in the by-ways of reminiscence.

But the Scot as Stockbroker ! What can I say of him ? He and his kind, of whatever race, are like a haggis to an Englishman—a bag of mystery to the generality of men who never contact him. In works of fiction the stockbroker is often found as the villain who drives from Kensington or Bearsden to his city at 11 a.m. in a high-powered and glittering car, smoking a Havana cigar, wearing an outsize button hole ; who lunches from 1 to 3 and returns home in the same opulent way at 4 or 4.30, having ruined a number of elderly widows and clergymen, or fought a financial duel with a rival, in the meantime, and who spends his nights in riotous living. (Laughter.) What sort of character is that about which to speak to a society of douce and decent men such as this ?

Or what sort of character would it be if it were aught but a novelist's fancy or a cartoonist's nightmare ? But in sober truth the stockbroker, be he Scot or not, is far otherwise. For the most part he is a very hard-working family man, struggling to make an adequate income, enjoying his round of golf or his garden at week-ends and his evenings at bridge for threepence a hundred, and all too often in and out of business hours giving anxious thought to the problems and difficulties of his clients.

But my subject is not so much " Stockbrokers " as " The Scot as Stockbroker." Should I deal with him on his home ground or as an emigrant to London, or even further afield ? It is a curious thing, but I have never heard of Scots leaving Scotland to take up stockbroking at Leeds or Manchester or Liverpool or Birmingham. No. They make a bee-line for London. Perhaps they thought—and who shall say they were wrong—that the hard-headed Northerner or Midlander would be tough nuts to crack—that London, after all, was the marrow bone, and the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.

But perhaps I am meant to speak of the Scot as a stockbroker on his native heath—that may not be a very realistic picture of the surroundings of most stock exchanges, even though they are the haunt of the shy and nervous " stag," the rampaging " bull," and the surly " bear." (Laughter.)

This is where I fear I must stop being flippant, treat the subject with some sense of sobriety, though sobriety was not the strong point of some Scottish stockbrokers I have known. But I have sitting beside me a deputy chairman of the council of the Stock Exchange, and I don't want him to report me to the council as having brought stockbroking into contempt.

As you probably know, there are several Stock Exchanges in Scotland—at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen and Greenock—but the two which are outstanding are at Glasgow and Edinburgh ; both have now been established over one hundred years. It won't surprise you that Edinburgh, with it's cold east wind and dry legalistic atmosphere, where learned Writers to the Signet examine every word in a document to find, perchance, a hidden or double meaning, and canny bankers and insurance managers are infected with the same virus, is pre-eminently an investment market, following the Law and the Profits—by no means forgetting the profits.

It is, besides, the home of many investment trusts, and the stockbroker there must grow, and in the course of time has grown, a protective colouring to fit in with his surroundings. Not that I would have you think him a humbug. Long years of close collaboration with the conservative elements in the city's business life, aided by his native caution, have made these characteristics a part of his nature.

But Glasgow is a different kettle of fish! Glasgow has long been an industrial and commercial city, facing the western ocean—the highway to old and new lands, calling men to enterprise and adventure. With every argosy that sailed down the Firth into the Atlantic, Glasgow's merchants have long been accustomed to take a risk. Their ships and their merchandise, either made their landfall and returned with a rich reward, or it may be, swept out of their course by the inscrutable tides of God, foundered on the way, bringing loss, perchance ruin, on the merchant and sorrow into the lives of wives and children at home. In a word, those old merchants were a typical example of self-reliant individualism, willing to take a risk and not asking to be sheltered behind the petticoats of Government controls and safety-first admonitions. It is not to be wondered at, then, that in their share dealings the same spirit prevailed, and Glasgow was and is much more of a risk-bearing or speculative market than Edinburgh. At one time it was commonly said in Glasgow that you couldn't throw a stone in Buchanan Street without hitting a " bull " of Chartered.

Not that Edinburgh has always escaped having it's fingers burned by the fever of speculation though perhaps the worst epidemic occurred before the Stock Exchange was established. In 1825-1826 a wave of speculation swept over the city, and all sorts of wild projects were formed. The inevitable collapse cost the citizens of Edinburgh what, in those days, was an immense sum of money, and involved many in utter ruin.

Still speaking of Edinburgh, I am reminded of an old rhyme which pillories the stiff-necked pride of some of its families, representatives of at least one of which ultimately made their way to the London Stock Exchange, which is really the only reason why I quote it. Many of you may remember the verse which ran something like this, if I recollect aright:

Tod, Murray and Jamieson,
Jamieson, Murray and Tod,
The Blackburns speak to the Pitmans,
The Pitmans speak only to God. (Laughter.)

Needless to say, the London Stock Exchange soon pricked that bubble, and descendants of that haughty family learned it was both easy and profitable to converse with Mammon. In Glasgow many of the original members were accountants, and to this day there are a few who hold to the dual capacity, though the rules of the Exchange provide for its ultimate extinction. The Glasgow Exchange has had to meet more than one financial crisis during its existence, apart from the two world wars, crises which of course, affected all other Stock Exchanges as well.

While Glasgow was still a mere infant the wild boom in railway stocks broke out, and as with all booms was followed by collapse which put a young and untried institution to well-nigh intolerable strain; when it was just twenty-one years of age, the Overend Gurney crash came, and in 1878 it had its own crisis when the City of Glasgow Bank failed, but the young Stock Exchange weathered all those storms.

In 1895 the first gold mining boom overwhelmed all Stock Exchanges with business from an excited public, and not least Glasgow. The collapse came in 1896 and continued for more than two years, bringing great losses to the public and stockbrokers alike. One might think that stockbrokers who have seen or whose records show what the inevitable aftermath of boom is—that what goes up must come down, that after the rocket has exploded in the upper air, the stick will come hurtling back to earth—would be immune from the speculative fever—and particularly Scottish stockbrokers. Not a bit of it; and if they do attempt to warn the unwary from time to time, they are likely to get the answer, " Physician heal thyself."

Communications between Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other Scottish Exchanges and between them and London and other Exchanges in England, is and has been for a long time rapid and continuous by means of public and private telephones, telewriters and telegrams, and a constant flow of messages is passing all day long: quotations, changes in prices, orders to buy or sell in whatever market is the most favourable. We may yet see a broker in London walking round his Exchange with a walkie-talkie under his arm, talking to his opposite number in Scotland. But I would only weary you if I attempted to deal further with the technicalities of dealing and stockbroking generally.

What are they like, these Scottish stockbrokers, when they are gathered together in the Exchanges or at work at their desks? Like most bodies of men who work together in one place there tends to be little formality and a good deal of chaff. In the London Exchange perhaps the most prominent notice posted on the walls all round the house and no doubt directed at its Scottish members as much as anybody, reads: " The throwing of paper balls and other missiles is strictly forbidden." I need hardly add it is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. There is plenty of chaff and horse-play. Members are not slow to pick on a foible or a habit and make fun of it. There was a member of the Glasgow Exchange whose favourite theme was the Deepening of the Spiritual Life. It was not long before he was known as The Dredger, and the Dredger he remained till the end of his life. (Laughter.)

It is perhaps symptomatic of the more staid atmosphere of Edinburgh that I have never heard any anecdote concerning it's members, or of any horse-play or practical jokes. Life must be a bit dull in Edinburgh. There is no doubt that the Scot as a stockbroker, by his native canniness, which is usually in the ascendant despite those occasional lapses into fevers of speculation such as I have referred to, and which appear to be due to a kind of mass hysteria which affects even the most unlikely people—by his native caution, by his training and surroundings—legalistic in Edinburgh, accountancy in Glasgow, and just Aberdonian in Aberdeen—is specially fitted to act as guide, philosopher and friend to his clients.

I have no doubt that in Scotland, as elsewhere, they find the clients who cost them the least work and anxiety are the rich men—though they are becoming fewer and fewer—and the wealthy insurance and trust companies and banks. The Institutional investor is a very profitable client and less trouble than most. He usually knows what he wants, and to a very considerable extent carries out his own research, though many stockbrokers in Scotland and elsewhere maintain expensive statistical staffs for the use of their clients. The clients who cause the brokers most worry are the elderly spinsters and even ministers of the kirk who are struggling to maintain a way of life on a quite inadequate income. It is a hard task and a thankless one to persuade such people that 8 per cent. and security do not go hand in hand, and hardest of all perhaps to persuade the occupant of the manse of the truth of the old saying, " to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away "—though I remember one Glasgow broker telling me that after he thought he had persuaded an elderly minister not to put a considerable windfall which had been left to him, into a patent swindle at £2 a share, the same minister came to see him six months later, and told him he had disregarded his advice and had just sold the shares at £8 a piece ! Well ! he was luckier than he deserved, because six months later again they were not worth as many pence. So you see they were baith richt. Speaking of spinsters, I remember some years ago having a transfer for some J. & P. Coats shares which I had bought from a Glasgow broker, put in front of me for signature. The witness to the seller's signature described herself as " spinster," and had then added, " but I hope not for long ! " (Laughter.)

When the Scot migrates south to try his luck in the Great Wen and its famous Stock Exchange, he does not change his ways. He brings the same painstaking methods, the same keen mind, and the same integrity to his new surroundings, and he sometimes brings with him a certain pugnaciousness like the Scot who came to London some time before the day when brokers carried on their business under licence from the Corporation of London and started the " open Stock Exchange " at Lothbury. He finds a larger canvas to work on and some differences of technique, but the basic principles are the same.

Difficulties of language occasionally present an obstacle. I know one Scot at least who came to London not so long ago and joined the Stock Exchange. It was quite a time before the English stopped begging him to bring his interpreter along when he wanted to deal. The years have made some difference, and he can now be understood by the Sassenach, except when he gets excited and then his Doric is broad beyond belief.

Well, there is your Scottish stockbroker at home and abroad, much the same as stockbrokers in Lancashire, Yorkshire or Wales ; hard working and painstaking, for his clients' benefit as well as for his own—by no means infallible—making mistakes the same as other people, harbouring, too, the occasional black sheep.

Every day in the Stock Exchanges of this country thousands of transactions take place, each of which may vary from a few pounds in value to several millions, and all done on a nod or a quietly spoken word, without witnesses, without any written record beyond a brief entry in a note-book. Then realise that seldom indeed is there a serious dispute about any of these thousands of bargains and you will understand that the Scottish stockbroker, wherever he carries on his business, is proud to remember and act up to the great motto of the London Stock Exchange :—

" Meum dictum Pactum—My word is my bond."

THE VALUE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The Sentiment was received with hearty applause, and Past-President James Thomson, F.R.S.E., asked the company to thank Mr Morison in a toast. Mr Thomson said :

Seldom have I listened to a more interesting or informative Sentiment. After listening to Mr Morison, I have come to the conclusion that I have, in the past, done the author an injustice. When, at meetings of the Royal Scottish Corporation, the Committee of Management have been informed that the market value of the Charity's investments exceeds, to a comfortable extent, the book value, I have always been inclined to regard that happy position as a mere fluke. Now, having heard of the success of Scots as stockbrokers, and recalling that Brother Caledonian Walter Morison is chairman of the Corporation's Finance Sub-Committee, I feel that, after all, skill and knowledge may have played at least some part. (Hear, hear.) I do not propose to say much to-night about the business career of Mr Walter Morison. Many of you are either investors, or gamblers, or both, and as such, his name and profession must be known to you. It is only right, however, that I should remind you that, apart from the opportunities which, as a jobber, he affords to all who imagine they possess inside information—information on which they never hesitate to act, seldom, I may say, with success—he has other interests. He is a trustee of the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund, and, as chairman of its committee, he devotes much time and thought to applications from members who have fallen upon evil times. From your own unprofitable excursions into the Stock Exchange you may feel that no member should ever meet adversity ; in fact, you may think that the Stock Exchange ought to institute a charitable fund for those who furnish to its members the great affluence of which daily we see evidence in the newspapers in the large sums left at death by stockbrokers. (Laughter.) Mr Morison is not only on the Board of the Middlesex Hospital, *but is chairman of its Food Committee. From this brief recital, you will* appreciate, therefore, that he does not spend all his time taking the money which a generous public always seems anxious to thrust upon those whose forefathers were, on one famous occasion, driven from the Temple. Mr Morison, we thank you for your Sentiment.

The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours and Mr Morison replied.

WELCOME TO DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Mr Andrew R. McFarlane gave the toast " Our Guests," and in doing so said :

All down the years it has been a privilege of the Caledonian Society to entertain many distinguished men in all walks of life, and to-night we have with us those whose names will add lustre to the long line of eminent men who from time to time have responded to this toast.

As most of you know, this Society is a very ancient one. It was formed as *long ago as 1837,* the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne. It is not for me to say which of these two events has exercised the greater influence on *our public life. (Laughter.)*

Talking about ancient things reminds me of a story told of an old village joiner in a remote place in the Highlands. He had been a ship's carpenter in his early days, and he loved nothing better than to have some of the lads of the village round him in his shop, to tell them tales of his travels, and of the strange places he had visited. One night he was asked if he had ever been to the Garden of Eden. "Oh, aye," he replied, "I've been to the Garden of Eden." He was then asked, "And how was it looking?" To which he quickly replied: "Damned auld-looking." Although our Society is not so old as the Garden of Eden, it is getting on.

It is not possible for me to mention by name all the honoured guests we have with us to-night, but I should like to tell you something about some of them.

First of all, we have Sir Oliver Goonetilliki, High Commissioner for Ceylon. We give him a specially warm welcome, for he comes to us as the worthy representative of our latest self-governing dominion. Our relations with Ceylon have always been most cordial, as is only to be expected with the island's welfare in the hands of such broadminded and far-seeing statesmen as that of our distinguished guest to-night. (Applause.)

If I might add a personal note. I am happy, on my own behalf, to welcome Sir Oliver, for, during the forty years I was in the city, I was closely interested in the financial prosperity of Ceylon, and her near neighbour, India.

It would take me too long to enumerate all the high offices Sir Oliver has held, but he has been Minister of Home Affairs, Ceylon; Food Commissioner; Member of Ceylon War Council; and Financial Secretary.

I think you will agree that Sir Oliver is a man of many parts, and we are proud to have him as our guest to-night. (Applause.)

We are also glad to have with us to-night Sir Archibald Forbes. Sir Archibald is a chartered accountant, and a very busy man. He is, or was, chairman of the Iron and Steel Board; member of Aircraft Supply Council; vice-chairman Air Supply Board; and director of Capital Finance, Air Ministry. One of his friends says he has mastered everything he has tried, except golf.

I should like to give a specially warm welcome to two visitors from overseas—one from New Zealand and one from New Brunswick. The New Zealander is Mr Donald Robertson, whose father was a member of this Society for fifteen years, so he deserves a double welcome. The New Brunswick man is Mr A. D. Harper, who has come to London as manager of a Canadian Bank, and we are very glad to see him too. (Applause.)

To every guest here to-night I give on behalf of this ancient Society, a hearty welcome to our gathering. (Applause.)

Sir Oliver Goonetilliki, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., received with hearty applause, said he would be a vain man if he thought that the honour done him, and the kind words that had been spoken by Mr McFarlane, were personal to himself. He must regard them all as an honour to his little island home. Ceylon as you may know, he said, is a small place—smaller than England, but larger than Scotland, with a population similar to that of Australia and Tasmania. I am interested in the age of your Society, for in Ceylon we are interested in ancient things. We are a very old country, dating from 500 B.C. Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, and French from time to time have occupied the island, and you British have been with us for one hundred and fifty years. You will see, therefore, that 4th February, 1948, when we gained our whole independence, was a memorable day for us.

No nation in the world is held in greater respect than is Great Britain. (Applause.) We did our share in the difficult days of the war ; and I, like others, had the pleasure of serving the Allied cause. There was not one Allied enemy in the whole island. (Applause.)

But what of the future ? Well, we are seven million people, we have a considerable national debt, and our land is mainly in the hands of the Government. We take our full place in the Commonwealth.

There is a saying, " God looks after the lunatic and the gentleman rider." Let us assume that God looks after the British race and the members of the Caledonian Society of London. (Loud laughter and applause.)

The following new members were welcomed by the President : Sir John Duncanson, Mr Ian G. M. McGavin, Mr Robert Orr, and Mr J. S. Stiven.

Mr Alexander MacRae, an accomplished tenor, treated the audience with " The Mull Fisher's Song," " Road to the Isles," " Maiden of Morven," and " Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes." Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., was at the piano.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave as his selection : " Bonnie Anne," " Tulloch Gorum," " Grey Bob," and " Margaret Duncan."

Our Strathspey, " The Caledonian Society of

London," and "Auld Lang Syne" brought a happy evening to a close.

A GUID NEW YEAR.

The New Year opened with full meetings of the Society, held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 27th January, 1949.

At the business meetings the President, Mr A. W. Russell, offered the members the greeting, "A Guid New Year to ane and a'," and hoped that the past year of frustration had given place to a year of hope and brightness.

GIFT OF A BADGE.

Colonel Bennett presented to the Society one of the Society's small gold badges worn of old as brooches by members' ladies when attending the Festivals. The badge had belonged to one of Colonel Bennett's relatives; he was thanked for the gift. It was agreed that the badge should be worn by the Hon. Treasurer.

Admitted to membership were: Lieut.-Colonel D. H. Cameron, yr., of Lochiel; Professor W. F. P. McLintock, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., F.G.S.; and Mr H. W. Wilson, O.B.E., T.D.

A JOURNALIST ON BURNS.

The Little Dinner proceedings were devoted largely to the memory of Robert Burns. After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President introduced Mr Ian Mackay, who offered the toast, "The Immortal Memory."

Mr Mackay, after a humorous introduction, said:

Mr President, Brither Scots, and fellow travellers.—When I thought over what I should say in proposing the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns, that would not be either political, false, hackneyed or what the Americans call "corny," it occurred to me that perhaps the supreme characteristic of Burns

—the thing which distinguishes him from every other British poet except Shakespeare—is his universality.

There have been many greater poets than Burns. Indeed, if there are any standards in these matters at all, it would be foolish to suggest that he stands in the front rank with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe.

Far too often on occasions like this the Bardolaters make fools of themselves and of their hero by letting their enthusiasm run away with their judgment. They make claims for Burns which not only sound extravagant when they are uttered over the haggis and the barley bree, but look even more foolish and ridiculous when they appear in print.

Walt Whitman, the good grey poet, who was one of the first Americans to write about Burns with love and understanding, puts this very well. Here is what he said : " The admirers of Burns at these anniversary suppers over the hot Scotch will not accept anything less for their favourite than the highest rank alongside of Homer and Shakespeare. Such are not the true friends of the Ayrshire bard, who really needs a different place quite by himself, a niche of his own, all fragrant, fond, quaint and homely, a lodge very near but outside the mighty temple of the great Gods of song and art."

That, I think, is the true assessment of our national poet. But if Burns was not another Shakespeare, there is one quality he shares with him which no other British poet—and only Dickens among prose writers—can claim. And that, as I have said, is his universality.

So I ask you to bear with me while I develop this theme a little further. To do this, I shall have to refer to some of the great men of the world, who have acclaimed him in all languages during the past one hundred and fifty years. And to explain his even more extraordinary appeal to common men and women everywhere, I will have to introduce some personal experiences of my own during my wanderings about the world as a Fleet Street reporter. So I hope you will forgive me if I have to take you on a kind of a Cook's tour from the rostrum of the United Nations in Paris to the forecastle of a Soviet tramp in Antwerp, and the Hungarian President's room in Budapest and from the headquarters of the Italian miners in Milan and the Warner studios in Hollywood to the office of the Lord President of the Council in London and the dance floor of a Chinese night club in San Francisco. For in my time, in all these places, I have come into close contact with the warm, living personality of Robert Burns.

Now, the odd thing about Burns is that his universality was immediately recognised. No poet was ever so quickly acclaimed by the world. He was no flower born to blush unseen, though it must be admitted that on occasions he wasted his sweetness on the desert air. Even more than Byron he could have said on the day after the Kilmarnock edition was published, that he awoke to find himself famous.

His working poetical life was briefer than that of any other major poet except Keats and Shelley. Yet before he died his fame had spread over Europe, and had reached and influenced some of the greatest writers and philosophers, not only in England, but in France, Germany and Scandinavia as well. Goethe, probably the greatest literary genius since Shakespeare, said to his friend Eckermann, " I esteem this Robert Burns to be amongst the first poetical spirits which the past century has produced." The great German poet was fascinated by " Tam o' Shanter," and you have only to read the Walpurgis Nacht in " Faust " to see how much this famous scene on the Brocken was influenced by what went on at "Alloway's auld haunted kirk" that night. Later on, Goethe, speaking to Ampere of all men—the man, you know, who started the electric lamp business—said that Burns's songs would live forever because they touched the eternal and universal harp strings of life. His own songs, he said, compared with those of Burns, would all be forgotten, except maybe one or two which he hoped might be sung now and again by some pretty girl at her piano.

Goethe, as we now know, was far too modest here, as anyone will agree who has ever heard Elizabeth Schumann singing "Kennst du das land," or the spinning song in "Faust." But was it not praise, indeed, for the simple ploughman to have received the accolade from this great prince of letters. Incidentally, before I leave Goethe, I wonder if he knew, when he wrote "Faust," how much he owed to old Betty Davidson, of Alloway, who filled Burns's young mind with fables and fancies, and in her way was responsible for the macabre bent of his genius which led to "Tam o' Shanter."

The poet paid his debt to her in his famous letter to Dr Moore in 1787: "She used to come to our house," he wrote, "and tell us tales. She had the largest collection in the county of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, dwarfs, enchanted towers, dragons and other trumpery." That was the start of "Tam o' Shanter" and the greatest scene in "Faust." Trumpery, indeed!

In France, through Tom Paine and Douglas, Napoleon's Scottish chemist—the man, incidentally, who discovered chloride of lime—Burns had his influence on the course of things in Paris. Many of the great French poets have acknowledged their debt to him, including Hugo, Beranger, de Vigny and Gerard de Nerval, who used to lead a lobster on a pink string down the boulevards. And Taine, the greatest French authority on English literature, describes Burns as the first star in the poetical renaissance of Europe.

He was acclaimed in America almost as soon as he was in Ayr, and to this day you can hardly set foot in a hamlet between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, that does not have its Burns Club.

The secret of this universal appeal lies in the fundamental purity and simplicity of his genius. When Burns arrived, poetry had become very much a matter of the salon, the boudoir, and the coffee shop. Pope and Addison, with their austerity of line, had left the Muse still cluttered up in her classical chains. It was Burns who released her and set her down where she was much more happy in the ingle neuk by the fireside in every labourer's cottage in the land.

As Whitman pointed out, Burns, like Shakespeare, has no basic philosophy in the sense that poets like Milton, Shelley and Wordsworth have. Mentally he was a veritable will o' the wisp. You have only to consider his attitude to religion to see this. Some people, indeed, find it difficult to believe that the same pen could have written "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Holy Willie's Prayer." And indeed the earlier critics, like Professor Shairp, were so disturbed by what they considered the heathen side of him, that they actually proposed that poems like "Holy Willie" and "The Jolly Beggars" should be suppressed. But to-day, most people consider that, after the love songs, these infidel compositions are the finest flowers of his genius. For the fact is that Burns, like Shakespeare, had this universal mind, though it was not so deep, lofty, or wide, as that of the English poet.

He was, indeed, a queer mixture. His mind was an odd dichotomy. He was what would be called in the Bloomsbury jargon of to-day a spiritual schizophrenic, a kind of God-fearing atheist, who believed devoutly in the Almighty, but still had a soft spot for the Devil.

Sometimes, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," he could be as devout as old Daddy Auld, the local minister, who persecuted him. And then again, especially when he was dejected or angered by intolerance or hypocrisy, he would burst forth into bitter questionings which even to-day would startle Bertrand Russell.

Oddly enough, however, Burns was not a great lover of Shakespeare. When he was young, somebody read *Titus Andronicus* to him, and he was so shocked by the savagery of it that he never quite got it out of his mind that Shakespeare was a kind of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* writer.

Milton, on the other hand, had a tremendous influence on him. Like Origen and St Augustin, Burns was very fond of the devil. He was fascinated by Lucifer in *Paradise Lost.* In fact, Burns was almost the first to spot that Satan is really the hero of that great epic. If you don't agree with him on that, I suggest that when you get home to-night you should try and read *Paradise Regained* where the Devil has practically nothing to do.

When he got home from his visit to Edinburgh, Burns read *Paradise Lost* again, and put it on record that he was "tremendously impressed by the dauntless magnanimity, intrepid unyielding independence, desperate daring, and noble defiance to hardship which Lucifer displays."

He flamboyantly identified himself with Satan and for weeks went about Mauchline reciting the thundering revolutionary slogans which Lucifer hurls at Heaven from the fiery lake. But I had better lay off that, perhaps, as I am getting too near to politics.

As I foreshadowed at the start, the devil's horns are beginning to show. But perhaps I may be allowed to say in passing, that in his politics Burns was just as inconsistent and illogical as he was in his religion. He was like Shakespeare in that too.

I remember once, some years ago, during a general election, that my friend Frank Owen and I drew up a list of quotations from Shakespeare and Burns which could have been used by the Tories, the Socialists, the Liberals, the Fascists, the Communists, the brewers, the teetotallers, and even the interesting sect in Buckingham who believe the earth is flat. Burns combined romantic love for the Jacobites with extreme contempt for the monarchy, and, as Wordsworth was to do after him, he changed his mind about the French revolution so quickly and completely that he did the jump from "A man's a man for a' that" to "Does Haughty Gaul invasion threat," almost without taking a breath.

Perhaps we can sum up this queer dualism of Burns by recalling what two of his most famous countrymen said about him. Carlyle said that he had a head of gold, and Stevenson that he had feet of clay. That might stand as his epitaph.

But the strange thing about Burns, again like Shakespeare, is that the farther we get away from him, the greater and more widely spread his fame and influence become. Even Bernard Shaw, who as a rule has little patience with any of the poets except Shelley, has confessed that Burns is his favourite poet. And, I am told, though God knows what it means, that M. Sartre has claimed that he derives part of his existentialist philosophy from Burns. I should be less surprised if Sartre had said he was influenced by Burns's letters. They must be the worst letters in the world, though here and there there is just a touch of the magic of his genius. When he got going on poor Clarinda, he became as turgid and flatfooted as Ancient Pistol. Just listen to this dreadful piece of prose pottery: " Oh, Clarinda, should we not meet next in some yet unknown state of being, where the lavish hand of plenty shall minister to the highest wish of benevolence, and where the chill north wind of prudence shall never blow over the flowery fields of enjoyment." It reminds me for all the world of Oscar Asche in " Chu Chin Chow," or of the fellow with the fez who used to tell fortunes on the front at Blackpool.

But I can hear some of you saying, " When are we to get to that Chinese night club ? " Well, it happened like this. Last June I attended the I.L.O. conference in San Francisco, and one night when the speechifying was over, somebody invited me to go on a prowl round Chinatown and the Barbary Coast. Incidentally, in the very middle of Chinatown there is the famous memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson (who lived and married there), a marble model of the *Hispaniola*, the immortal galleon in *Treasure Island*. After paying our respects to Tusitala, we went to a famous night club called the Forbidden City, which is run by a Chinese millionaire called Charlie Low. It has the loveliest floor show on earth, and I was thoroughly enjoying it when one of the Chinese chorus girls shuffled up, and without a word of warning began to sing " Auld Lang Syne " in Cantonese. As she sang, the other Chinese girls did a kind of a Highland fling and emitted strange metallic squeaks which Mr Low, who arranged it all for my benefit, told me represented Highland "hoochs" and "och ayes." A day or two later, in Hollywood, Bette Davis told me that Warner Bros. were thinking of making a film about Burns, and that the poet would be played by Bing Crosby. I just could not resist it. I suggested they should call it " Crooning through the rye." To my horror, this crack was accepted as a stroke of genius, so, if ever you see a film of that name, remember me. I believe, if I had only had the wit to suggest that Highland Mary should be played by Jane Russell and Bonny Jean by Carmen Miranda, they would have made me their technical adviser.

But far and away the greatest Burns worshippers I ever came across are Andrew Szakasitz, who is now President of Hungary, and Guiseppi Meri, leader of the Italian miners. The President and I, when he was the Minister of Labour, before the iron curtain clanged down on him, went for a pub crawl, and he sang several of the songs in fairly good Scots and told me he thought " Ae fond kiss " and " Of a' the airts " the finest love songs in the world. And if any of you ever go to Rome, you should call on Signor Meri at the Miners' H.Q. You will find him sitting under a picture of Burns—alongside Mazzini and Garibaldi—and a silver plaque with the last verse of " A man's a man for a' that," on it in Italian. When Mussolini banished him to Lipari, the police overlooked his Burns, and for years he read it to his fellow prisoners on that devil's island.

The Russian sailors in Antwerp, I regret to say, were not nearly so ideological as Comrade Meri. They went down on their hunkers and did a wild Cossack dance while one of them played " Duncan Gray cam here to woo " on a balalaika. Then somebody sang what they said was " My love is like a red, red rose," but I fancy the music must have been by Meri, for I couldn't follow it.

And it was not Hector McNeil but one of the Mexicans that I heard announcing in ringing tones from the rostrum of the United Nations that " Man to man, the world ower shall brithers be for a' that."

As for the Lord President, he has become such a Burns fan since they asked him to propose the Immortal Memory in Ayr two years ago that he is claiming to be descended from Mary Morison herself. Only the other night the Speaker had to call him to order when, instead of moving that the question be now put, he started singing " Ca the ayes to the noes."

There are just two other things I should like to say before I sit down. One is to dispose of the idea that Burns was an uneducated semi-literate rustic who, just because he was a genius, miraculously wrote some of the world's greatest poems. There never was such nonsense. He was one of the best-educated men of his time, which is not surprising, for he educated himself. Just look at the library he had gathered round himself on the farm at Ellisland. Here are only a few of his books : The Bible and Catechism ; Shakespeare ; Milton ; Pope's *Homer* ; Adam Smith ; Locke on the Human Understanding ; *A Life of Hannibal* ; Hervey's *Meditations* ; the novels of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Mackenzie's *The Man of Feeling* ; a treatise on Astro-Theology ; and the poems of Thompson, Goldsmith, Blair, Shenstone, Beattie, Gray, Ossian, Ramsay and Fergusson. On top of this he had rows of treatises on agriculture, and before he was fifteen he was reading Fenelon's tragedy *Telemaque* in the original. Where is there a ploughman to-day, I wonder, with a library like that ?

Finally, I should like to end, as I began, back in Fleet Street.

I wonder how many of you know how close a thing it was that Burns might have become a Fleet Street man. In 1788, when he was twenty-nine, he was offered a job on the London *Star* but he turned it down. He became, however, the Ayrshire correspondent of the *Star* and next year he had several poems published in it under the *nom de plume* " Agricola."

Even then, Mr Will, the sub-editors were on the job. For in a letter to Lady Harriet Dow he complained bitterly that his poems were always " savagely mangled in the *Star*."

On that sympathetic note, I will leave him. But before I ask you to be upstanding and drink to the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns, I should like to couple with it the names of all the ladies that he made love to, at least in rhyme. Last night I counted them in the Oxford edition. I made it forty-two. Here they are :

Menie, Clarinda, Maria, Jean, Jeannie, Anne, Annie, Anna, Nancy, Tibbie, Lucy, Jessie, Mary, Nannie, Meg, Elisa, Peggy, Phely, Chloris, Bessie, Maggie, Mally, Maisie, Nelly, Mary Ann, Betty Ann, Phyllis, Bonnie Leslie, Polly, Mysie, Catherine, Sophy, Bella, Lovely Davies, Fair Burnett, Miss Smith, Miss Morton, Miss Markland, Miss Adair, the two Eppie MacNabs, and lastly, the most intriguing minx of the lot, " The lass that made the bed for him."

The toast is the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.

THANKS FOR A BRILLIANT ADDRESS.

Mr Mackay's brilliant contribution to Burns literature was received with great enthusiasm, and the President, in thanking Mr Mackay, admitted his difficulty in acknowledging their indebtedness to the speaker. It was a most suggestive and educative essay; it dwelt upon the universality of Burns's appeal; on his humanity, his honesty, his hatred of sanctimoniousness. That address by Mr Mackay was an outstanding addition to the tributes to Burns, and an indication of the broadmindedness and erudition of their guest that night. (Applause.)

THANKS AND WELCOME.

Mr William Spark offered the toast "Our Guests," and in doing so gave a warm welcome to all who had honoured the Society that evening. Mr Spark continued:

Mr Ian Mackay, who gave us the eloquent Sentiment "The Immortal Memory," hails from Wick, and shares his birthday with St George of Merrie England, Lord Haw Haw, Charles Peace, and Shirley Temple. The star o' Robbie Burns has nothing on this group, which also figures in the calendar alongside William Shakespeare and Thomas Hardy. Like them Mr Mackay has literary endowments of a high order, and has made his name in journalism. He believes in the old maxim, "A gangin' fit's aye gettin'," and in a very active and successful career has burnt candles at many shrines, and at both ends if his own revelations are to be taken seriously.

As I listened to his Sentiment I was reminded of an amusing incident at a banquet given by our sister society in Paris a quarter of a century ago. Monsieur Poincare, the former President of France, was a guest on that occasion, and it had been arranged that Lady Hardinge should cut the haggis. The trencher was played in ceremoniously with its escort of whisky, and the speaker proceeded to give the address. He got as far as the line "His knife see rustic labour dicht," and the piper handed his dirk to Lady Hardinge. At that moment it was discovered that the French waiter, probably scunnert o' Robbie Burns, had absconded with the haggis, or surreptitiously removed it for execution elsewhere, and to the general consternation, her ladyship was left standing with the dirk suspended over the head of the distinguished visitor. The address came to a resounding end on the right theme, "But if ye wish her grateful prayer, gie her a haggis," a sentiment very different from what the poet intended, but never more fervently or more insistently echoed. (Laughter.) I hasten to give our guests the assurance that our whittles are all of the corkscrew variety.

There is, unfortunately, no haggis on our menu. Necessity knows no law, but austerity knows nothing but law, and in a masterpiece of understatement and ambiguity the powers omnipotent have laid down that haggis is a dish and a main dish at that! In the circumstances, we have a difficult choice to make. If I may put it colloquially, we must either "dish" our Caledonian epicures or give our guests " the bird." Happily, the proposition cuts both ways, and we hope that the interest of good fellowship has been generously served.

Mr James McKechnie, whose name I am privileged to couple with this toast, is well known to us through radio, stage, and screen. He is a native of Glasgow, and has had a fascinating career in the world of entertainment to which he has given the greater part of his life. We remember with pleasure and appreciation the parts he has played in the films " Colonel Blimp," " Cæsar and Cleopatra," and " The Years Between " ; also his broadcasts in " Abraham Lincoln," " Ghosts," " Marco Polo," " Charles I," and many others. We look forward with keen anticipation to hearing his very attractive and resonant voice in this more intimate circle. As we are off the record, we hope that he may feel free to " reminisce " or philosophise at will.

Sir Peter Innes, C.B.E., M.A., D.Sc., is director of the National Foundation of Educational Research in England and Wales, and has held in succession a long list of academic and public appointments which reflect a career of great distinction in the service of this country. I was interested to note that he was educated at Perth Academy before going to Edinburgh, Trinity College, Cambridge, and Heidelberg.

It is a far cry from Ian MacLaren's beloved " Young Barbarians " to the National Association of Boys' Clubs and the National Playing Fields Association, but Sir Peter's disinterested work on the councils of these bodies indicates an unbroken sympathy and a fine spirit of service to the younger generation of to-day.

Sir James Brown is, I understand, a London Scot, and we may claim credit for his Scottish character and achievements. He has inherited the native virtues and philosophic sympathies of his Fifeshire forbears and is secretary of the Church Commission.

I must perforce omit the individual names of many whom I include collectively in this toast, but before I close I must refer briefly to Mr John Mackie who is a great rotarian and a director and immediate Past-President of Rotary International of Great Britain and Ireland.

We are delighted to have our friends with us. They bring an invaluable contribution of grace, distinction, and breadth of interest to this ancient Society, and on your behalf I convey to them the traditional Scottish valediction, " Haste ye back again."

The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours.

THE CLAN SPIRIT CALMED.

Mr James McKechnie, speaking of Scottish gatherings which he had attended, said that that night's meeting was something very near to his heart. Old Scottish animosities, so easily roused, were that night silenced. It was different from the day, not long ago when a man with a Campbell kilt met a Macdonald.

The Campbell asked the Macdonald to drink with him. "Excuse me," said the Macdonald, "would you be a Campbell?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the Macdonald, "please excuse me; your clan massacred us!" "I'll have none of your damned Sassenach cheek here!" was the Campbell's reply: and the clansmen separated without coming to blows.

Mr McKechnie thanked Mr Spark for his kindly welcome. Their love of country was responsible for a great upsurge of emotional feeling. Such gatherings as those of the Caledonian Society were valuable in reminding them of their native land.

The following new members were introduced to the President: Major A. M. Borthwick, M.C.; Messrs W. A. Brown, J. D. Cameron, and Douglas G. Robertson, who were reminded of their obligations to attend meetings regularly, and to have in their minds the Society's care for the aged of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the children of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

The musical part of the programme was contributed mainly by the Scottish Banks Male Voice Choir of voices who sang "There was a lad," "Scots wha hae," the "Border Ballad," and a Scots Psalm tune. The singing of the choir was greatly appreciated, and the President, in thanking them, said it gave him particular pleasure to see among the singers, faces belonging to his old institution.

Pipe-Major Robertson besides giving us "The Caledonian Society of London" Strathspey, included in his selection: "I'll gang nae mair to yon Toon," "The Braes o' Mar," "Kate Dalrymple," and "A Man's a Man for a' that."

"The year that's awa'" was sympathetically rendered by Mr J. W. Ollason, Mr John Johnston accompanying on the piano. "Auld Lang Syne" ended the gathering.

SOME SCOTS ABROAD.

Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., gave the Sentiment, " Some Scots Abroad," after the loyal toasts had been honoured at the Little Dinner, held on Thursday, 17th February, 1949, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington. Colonel Bennett said :

This Society has been favoured with many grand Sentiments, most eloquently proposed, dealing with the Scot overseas. We have had " The Colonial Scotsman," " Scots in Canada," " Scots of the Southern Seas," " The Scot in the Southern Hemisphere," " The Scot and his Work Overseas," " Some Scottish Pioneers in South Africa," " Scots in the Middle East," which would, on the face of it, leave me little more to say in praise or otherwise of the Scot in foreign parts, were it not for the fact that the world is so big, and there are very few places where the Scot has not trod, lived or had his being.

It was Dr Johnson who said that the finest prospect to a Scotsman was the road to England. Well, the objective, London, this great city of our adoption, has provided an excellent springboard to the Scot in his plunge forward to open up trade and develop British interests, not only within the Empire, but in many other lands beyond the seas.

Let me first give you a glimpse of some Scots in Britain's oldest colony, Newfoundland, which we are given to understand is shortly to become a province of the Dominion of Canada. Newfoundland is not, I would say, a colony where Scots predominate. If anything, there is a bigger Irish community, as one soon learns if one runs up against the police force. It was my good fortune to have as my host one Andrew Campbell, a second-generation Scot, whose forebears hailed from Ayrshire ; and thanks to his good offices I met one way and another most of the Scottish community in the capital, St John's.

The Scottish life in that city is centred round the Presbyterian kirk, and its virile congregation certainly catered for the social well-being of its members, particularly those of the younger generation, with its sports and social clubs and a most energetic Scottish Country Dancing Society. It did one's heart good to see the Boys' Brigade Company of that church performing the functions of well-trained troops at the ceremonial opening of the Legislative Assembly by the Governor of the Colony. The drill was carried out with military precision, and their pipe band was a real treat for sore eyes.

In the absence of any real theatre, and with few cinemas or other places of amusement, the home life is a reality, and I shall not readily forget the warmth of hospitality I enjoyed in some of those truly Scottish homes during my all-too-brief stay in that chilly but homely land.

The scenery and climate of Newfoundland is not unlike that of Scotland. They have longer and more trying winters, and it is a land where men and women must be prepared to live hard, a country in which it can truly be said that despite the very difficult times through which this Colony has passed, the Scot and his descendants have played their part as true citizens, and with few exceptions have thriven and prospered.

As in Canada, rail communications were opened up and developed by a Scotsman, and although the old railway, like our own, has now fallen under the national axe, one can still see rolling stock bearing the name of the founder—The Reid Newfoundland Railway Co.

Before I leave the rugged shores of our oldest colony, let me just tell you of a certain Rotarian luncheon that I attended as the guest of that year's president, who happened to be a Scot. You may know, but I certainly did not, that it is customary on such occasions for at least one guest not merely to say a few words but to give what one would regard in this society as a Sentiment: but whereas our worthy secretary gave me two clear months warning of the infliction you are now hearing, I was on that occasion not even given two seconds. Imagine my consternation when my Scots friend announced after an excellent meal, " And now, the Major from the Old Country will tell us something of the armed forces of the Crown." What I said I just cannot remember, and trust they didn't either, but can only hope that as a result of my weighty words they all went home feeling that the Major and the high head yins in Whitehall had the safety of Newfoundland well under control.

And now we cross Newfoundland on the old narrow-gauge Reid Railway to Port aux Basques, and proceed in the S.S. *Caribou*, a somewhat ancient ice-breaking barque, to Port Sydney in the extreme north of Nova Scotia. The small boat has sleeping berths, but as the bar is open all night, few bunks are made up.

We all know that not only in name is Nova Scotia truly a land of Scots, but in the north of the province there are to be found families who speak little else but Gaelic, and the number of Scottish societies in New Scotland is legion.

I was looking recently at Past-President Atholl Robertson's Year Book, and I see it recorded that in Canada alone there are six Gaelic societies, eight Caledonian, twenty-five St Andrews, and ninety-one other Scottish societies —this, for the size of the population, beats easily the capital of the Empire, where, I think you will agree, we do endeavour to keep alive the spirit and tradition of our native land.

In Halifax, which incidentally is dry, I met one or two thirsty Scots who lost little time in making it very clear that laws were made to be broken; but the speed with which they broke them at midday required the constitution of an ox. In Toronto, which has so essentially a British atmosphere compared with Montreal and Ottawa, I came across a great number of Scots, and was very glad to have the opportunity of paying a semi-official visit to the Toronto Scottish which is affiliated to our own London Scottish, and with whom they share the proud privilege of wearing the Hodden Grey. Toronto is also the home of the 48th Regiment, who, like the London Scottish, are allied to the Gordon Highlanders, a grand battalion with whom I spent many happy evenings, and enjoyed in particular listening to their excellent pipes and drums on their band practice evenings. It was certainly with regret that I left Toronto where I had made many friends both in the military sphere and elsewhere among the hospitable Scottish community in that great city.

Unfortunately, my knowledge of Montreal, from the point of view of coming in contact with brother Scots, is limited, for although I have visited that predominantly French centre on two separate occasions, once in 1934 and again just before the last war, the few Scots I ran across I met mainly in the course of business, but I did manage to find time on my last visit to call in and see the 5th Regiment, The Royal Highlanders of Canada, who, you will gather from the title, are affiliated to the Black Watch.

Later, in 1938, on my way home from New Zealand, that great Dominion of Scots, I travelled *via* Vancouver, and was thus able to see something of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, a very smart and efficient unit who gave an excellent account of themselves, as part of the Canadian Armoured Division, in Italy during the recent war. They were at the time of my visit commanded by Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, who had served in the ranks of the London Scottish away back in 1912, and thanks to him we managed to gather together another eight old members of the Regiment for a re-union dinner, including ex-Sergeant Train, who won the Victoria Cross with the 2nd Battalion of the London Scottish in Palestine in 1917.

Of Scotsmen in the U.S.A. I can say very little, for my visits to the home of Uncle Sam have been confined to New York and Boston, and I had little time to spare in either place for the social round. The number of Scottish societies in the States bears testimony to the love which still binds the exiled Scot to his native land.

From New York I sailed in the luxurious Clyde-built ship, the *Monarch of Bermuda*, to Hamilton, and witnessed how the wealthy and, I thought, rather foolish Americans squandered their dollars on British soil. The only Scots I came across in Bermuda were four, a petty officer at a football match which I tried to referee at the Naval Dockyard on Somerset Island ; the Chief Justice, now retired ; and two wine waiters in the Bermuda Yacht Club, both of whom had taken their discharge from the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders when that battalion completed its tour of overseas service in the colony in 1932. These two Scots, one of whom came from Stirling and the other from Glasgow, were excellent fellows and a real credit to the distinguished Regiment in which they had served.

Those among you who have visited the Caribbean will know that Scotland has truly played her part in the development of the British West Indies, as also on the mainland in British Guiana, and also in the recently disputed colony of British Honduras, while in the military sphere the battle honours on the colours of the Black Watch and the Cameronians bear testimony to fighting in the now French Islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe, the K.O.S.B. in Martinique, and those of the 1st of Foot, the Royal Scots, in St Lucia. The last-named was, of course, a French Island, but is now British.

As one lands at Basseterre on the island of St Kitts, also known as St Christopher, so closely associated with the exploits of Lord Nelson, one is confronted with a large store, a cross between Harrods and a village shop, on which there appears, in good firm gold lettering, " The Scotch House." This universal provider is none other than Alec Kirkwood, who hailed from Glasgow.

There is to be found on that most loyal little colony of Barbados a hilly strip of land which possesses pretty well the only rugged piece of coastline on the Island—this area is known as Scotland District. The name, however, was not so given merely on topographical grounds, for there is a tragic story to the naming of this small area. Students of the history of our Highland regiments will know that away back in 1743 all was not well with Lord Sempill's Highland Regiment, better known to-day as the Black Watch. Truth to tell, that famous Regiment mutinied, following an inspection on Finchley Common by General Wade and prior to its projected embarkation at Greenwich for Ostend. We need not go into all the history leading up to the mutiny and desertion of some hundred Highlanders; suffice it to say that, while mutiny can never be justified, the grounds on this occasion were of the Government's own making, and tragic were the results. The offenders were court-martialled, three of them were shot, and the remainder, after being imprisoned for some weeks in the Tower of London, received the King's pardon, and were despatched under escort to various regiments doing garrison duty in the West Indies. Mutiny in Highland regiments was not confined to the Black Watch, for thirty-five years later the Government of those days had still to learn that a contract made with an enlisted Highlander was a matter of honour, and so for exactly the same reasons the then 78th Regiment of Foot, the Seaforth Highlanders, demonstrated their disaffection at the Port of Leith on receiving orders to embark for India. These orders were subsequently cancelled, and they were dispatched for garrison duty in the Channel Islands.

But to return to those hundred men of Lord Sempill's Highlanders. The survivors, after completing their overseas service, remained in the West Indies, and a large number of them selected as their future home that part of Barbados to which I have referred. Nature being what it is, they took unto themselves negro wives, and one saw as recently as 1934, in that degenerate community who have always kept very much to themselves, a queer mixture of dusky men, women, and children, some with sandy hair and blue eyes, others as black as your hat, but obviously not of pure negro strain.

And now let me tell you of an incident, really a story against myself, to which I will give the title "What's in a name." For some months prior to visiting the West Indies I had been doing business with a firm in Castries St Lucia which rejoiced in the name of Duncan McGregor. Most of the transactions had been effected by cable, but such correspondence as had been exchanged with them gave one the impression that one was dealing with a fine old Scots house of substance. Imagine the honour I felt when I received a most pressing invitation to stay during my visit to St Lucia with none other than the McGregor himself, which kind invitation I tentatively accepted without final commitment. This Scots caution on my part was indeed fortunate, for on disembarking I was greeted by my host, who, to my dismay, was as black as ink, and his wife and children even blacker. A quickly-engineered excuse and a hasty retreat saw me safely ensconced inside St Castries Hotel, and I like to think a wiser man. Trust not in princes, to which I would add, nor yet in names.

It is unnecessary for me to say that many businesses in that part of the world have been pioneered by our fellow-countrymen. The names of such old-established firms as T. Geddes Grant, of Trinidad, Barbados and Jamaica, James Brodie of Belize British Honduras and Alston in Trinidad, while the name of Gordon Grant is legendary and that concern's interests, legion.

One could say much about the Central American Republics and the Dutch West Indies, not forgetting that rich oil country of Venezuela, so aptly described as the land of mañana, but it would scarcely come within the scope of my Sentiment. There are, however, many Scots, for example, with the oil companies in Venezuela, Mexico, and Curaçao, and they are also to be found in the many branches of Barclays D. C. & O., the Royal Bank of Canada, and the Bank of Montreal, a great number of whom I had the good fortune to meet. The only Scot I came across on the Dutch island of Aruba was an ex-member of my own regiment, one Farquharson, who was in his way a pioneer, having opened up on that island as an employee of Andrew Weir & Co., on behalf of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey.

Since my visit to Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies, there has been a large-scale invasion of that island by Scots, for when Corporal Hitler's hordes took possession of Holland, a Territorial battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders took possession of Curaçao, and remained there as an occupation force for quite a considerable period.

And now let us leave Central America and journey farther south. Unfortunately my stay in Brazil and Uruguay was too brief to permit of my meeting as many Scots as I would have liked, and with few exceptions my only contacts were with those of my own firm, whom I had known before but never seen in harness, and being Scots you may take it that they acquitted themselves well. Brazil, usually associated by the music hall comedian as the country where the nuts come from, has, as you all know, large cotton-growing areas and it would be incongruous in any reference to the Scot in Brazil to leave unmentioned that enterprising house of J. & P. Coats of Paisley, who provide a livelihood for vast numbers of Brazilians, but, of course, with Scotsmen in the key positions, a considerable number of whom I was fortunate enough to meet.

The Argentine! What a country that has been for foreign enterprise, and how much they owe to British initiative for their rapid progress can never be assessed in black and white. Suffice it to say that having profited by the initiative and labours of others, they now, it appears, place us, like our American friends, in the ranks of the great unwanted.

That the Scot has done his share in the development of that country would not even be challenged by the most ardent Argentine. We have only to look at that wonderful network of railways which opened up communications to make their industries possible, but like so many other utility services is now alas no longer under British ownership.

Scotsmen, too, have made a big contribution to the development of the Argentine meat industry, and we must not forget the splendid Scottish pedigree bloodstock which has left our shores to produce more meat, which we no longer receive.

In Buenos Aires I naturally met many Scots. That city is full of them, and few there are who do not belong to the flourishing Scottish society, the St Andrew's Society of the River Plate, and I have as a guest one of their members here to-night. There are two Scots kirks in Buenos Aires, the leading one being St Andrew's, whose minister, Douglas Bruce, I witnessed singing a Harry Lauder song at a Scots concert. This singing of Harry Lauder's songs seems to be a prerogative of quite a number of ministers of the Church of Scotland! As a Scots comedian, Mr Bruce left little to be desired; of his oratory from the pulpit I am in no position to judge, as he was preaching away on the morning on which I attended there.

The education of children of Scottish parentage has not been overlooked. St Andrew's School at Olivos, a suburb of Buenos Aires, is thoroughly up to date, and staffed almost entirely from the homeland.

Before leaving Buenos Aires I attended a London Scottish reunion held, I am ashamed to say, at the English Club, that presumably being the only place which would provide sustenance for such an unruly mob. Fourteen ex-members of the Regiment foregathered, some coming from long distances. Many battles were fought over again, we had a good time, and in due course we departed, reporting in good order and condition to our respective wives.

Previous authors of Sentiments, in dealing with their travels in South America, have made reference to the hospitable land of Chile, but their journeys it would seem, have taken them principally to such flesh-pots as Valparaiso and the capital of Santiago. Little has been said of Scots in that wilder territory to the extreme south of South America, which is known as Chile-Patagonia.

When I told my friends in Buenos Aires that I was visiting Patagonia, I was informed that I would feel thoroughly at home there, for the place was infested with Scotsmen and sheep; and sure enough I was not disappointed. The journey from Buenos Aires to Punta Arenas, on the Strait of Magellan—the end of the Pan-American highway—can be taken either by air, round by sea, or, as my wife and I undertook the trip, by train to San Antonio and thence by a four-day and one-night journey in a so-called Pullman bus, interesting but somewhat tiring and uncomfortable.

It was at Commodoro, our second night's stop, that my first indebtedness to a Scot in Chile began, for not being a Spanish linguist I had some difficulty in making myself understood in the hotel, and so to my rescue came a most friendly farmer Scot. At Rio Gallegos we spent the night under the hospitable Scottish roof of one, Archie Morrison, a well-known character in those parts, whose father and a Frenchman called Reynard brought the first three hundred sheep over from the Falkland Islands to the mainland of Chile, and whose mother, a fine old Highland woman, still survives, of whom more anon.

My friend Morrison took us across the Argentine-Chilean frontier by the back door, a method he often used by the simple process of dropping the frontier police a sheep or two, and so, after many vicissitudes, we arrived in Punta Arenas, our destination, a trifle part worn.

A brief word in passing of the earlier days in Chile. In the year 1826 H.M. ship *Beagle*, a vessel of 200 tons, under command of Captain, afterwards Admiral, Fitzroy, was sent by the Admiralty with other craft to make a study of the Southern Ocean, and to chart the intricate and then little-known coast of South America. The expedition took four years, and one sees on the maps to this day names which serve as a memorial to Scots who took part in the expedition—Murray Narrows, Cockburn Channel, the Kirk Narrows, Gordon Island, and so on.

No Scot can think of Chile without recalling the achievements of that sailor Scot, Admiral Lord Cochrane, who so materially helped that country, as also Peru, to gain their independence, but I suppose few know that Colonel Wavell, who had fought with distinction in the Peninsular War, became Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Chilean Army, and whose grandson, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, we claim as a former officer of the Black Watch, to-day as a Scot by adoption.

As I have already indicated, that country to which Lucas Bridges, in his recent book, gave the title "The Uttermost Ends of the Earth," is truly a land of sheep and wool, and it is little wonder that it has attracted so many Scots to its soil.

It will give some idea of the emigration of Scots to that tough part of the world when I tell you that, according to the most recent official publication issued by the Argentine Government, dealing with estancia owners in Argentine Patagonia alone, there appear sixty-three Scots names, and, apart from a very large number of Scottish owners of properties in Chile, many of the large companies make a point of employing Scots to manage their estates—this in addition to a considerable number of Scottish shepherds, who have come over from the Falkland Islands.

Sheep stations in Chile vary very much in size: few hold less than 50,000 sheep, while a great number have as many as 120,000; some are considerably more. Oh, yes, some of you are no doubt thinking, why, with all that meat, do we queue up for a shilling's worth of rubbish per week per head perhaps? I could elucidate, but I think it would be better to refer you to the Minister of Food for a suave answer, ably assisted by our Dr Edith.

With so many Scotsmen, the St Andrews Society of Magellanes is naturally a very live concern, and is fortunate in having as its secretary David Mair, who, in addition to his many other attributes, holds a most remunerative whisky agency whose supplies never seemed to fail. Unfortunately I was not present on St Andrew's night, which is perhaps just as well, for I can imagine what sort of celebration would satisfy those wild but warm-hearted Scots of the south.

The hospitality extended to the visitor throughout Southern Chile is overwhelming, and in this respect the Scot is not lacking: one is made to feel straight away that their home is yours, for just as long as you like to make it. I referred earlier to that grand old Scots lady, Mrs Morrison, the wife of the pioneering husband who, as a shepherd, brought over the first sheep from the Falkland Islands to the mainland in 1874. Here you have the true product of Scotland, who as a very young woman went out from a Highland village to marry in the Falkland Islands, and the story of those early pioneering days is one of courage, enterprise and endurance, but is also one of material ambition. The old lady, who must be well over eighty, is in her way quite a character: she is wealthy, in fact I should say extremely wealthy, has a magnificent homestead on an estancia away in the back of beyond, where she lives, or perhaps I should say rules, with her three somewhat dour sons.

Her home has an ever open door, and woe betide anyone who passes within twenty miles who fails to call in for a dram or partake of a bite of food under her hospitable roof. It will be a sad day when Mrs John Morrison passes on, for she has indeed not only become an institution but is almost the last link in Chile with those early Scots settlers who have done so much to build up the sheep and wool industry of that country.

One could go on painting the picture of Chile with its mountains and lochs, not unlike the scenery of Scotland itself, of that wonderful Andean range which has to be seen to be believed. I could also tell you something of those Scots in Valparaiso and Santiago, and of the achievements of such enterprising concerns as Balfour Williamson, Duncan Fox, Hardy & Co., and that great engineering firm Rose Innes on the Pacific coast, all of whom have made enormous contributions to the economic life of Chile.

I might even touch on those of our fellow countrymen abroad, fortunately few in number, but whose voices are sometimes heard the loudest, who in their desire to acclaim Scotland as the greatest country on earth, and the Scottish race superior to all others, unconsciously do an injustice to the fair land which gave them birth.

But I fear I have wearied you long enough, and I would prefer to leave with you the picture of that fine old Highland soul at the foothills of the Andes, who like countless Scottish mothers have gone forth with their guid men to so many parts of the world, and with Scottish grit, determination, adaptability, and independence have achieved so much and truly made our race revered at home, beloved abroad.

And so, my Brother Caledonians, whether the Scot be in Chile, the

Argentine, or in Newfoundland, his feelings can be summed up in those well-known lines of the Canadian Boat song :—

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
Fair these broad meads, these hoary forests grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

These are the sentiments not of some Scots but of all true Scots abroad.

Thanks to Colonel Bennett.

Loud applause greeted Colonel Bennett's Sentiment, and Lieut.-Colonel James C. Thomson, M.B.E., asked the company to accord a hearty vote of thanks to the Vice-President. Colonel Bennett (said Mr Thomson) had given a comprehensive view of the Scot in foreign parts, and must have given great pleasure to the host of brither Scots whom he had met. Lieut.-Colonel Thomson spoke further of the great services which Colonel Bennett had rendered to the "Scottish."

Colonel Bennett replied to the toast and the vote of thanks.

The Influence of the Society.

Mr James Abernethy proposed the toast "Our Guests," and in doing so referred to the influence which the Caledonian Society had had on that healthy twenty-five-years-old association, the Harrow and District Caledonian Society, which now had more than five hundred members. The booklet which that Society had issued to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of its foundation had these well-known lines in its preface, which illustrated the continuance of the tradition of the London Society by its Harrow offspring :

When first the human race began,
The social, friendly, honest man,
    Whate'er he be ;
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
    And none but he.

It was to those social friendly men their guests that the members of the Caledonian Society offered their hospitality. They had with them that night as guests, among many others, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, G.B.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Sir Hugh S. Turnbull, K.C.V.O., Sir Alexander Fleming, F.R.S., and Mr Alistair Macdonald, son of a famous father. They always offered their guests a hearty welcome, and never did they do so more enthusiastically than on that evening. (Applause.)

A TRIBUTE TO SCOTS.

Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, K.C.B., replied to the toast. Sir Geoffrey said he had learned in a hard school to obey and not to quibble, so he had, in replying to this toast, just done what he was bidden. If he failed them, the blame was not his, but the agitators who had urged him on! He was glad to be a guest of the Caledonian Society of London, for he found the Scots here no different from those he had met abroad. All over the world they were famed for their hospitality; and the more one travelled the more one realised the truth of this statement. He recounted some of his experiences in different parts, and declared " China is full of Scots! Every year they have St Andrew's Day celebrations, which include a Service in St Andrew's Church. On one occasion the Governor read the first lesson, and he (Sir Geoffrey) read the second." Scots abroad, said Sir Geoffrey, never forget to speak of the beauties of their native land. Their emigration in large numbers was much to the advantage of the British Empire, for their industry, their tact, and their desire to understand the peoples among whom they serve was a tremendous asset. " I take off my hat to the Scots, and I thank you again for your hospitality." (Applause.)

The President thanked Sir Geoffrey for a wise and witty speech.

During the evening the following new members were introduced to the President: Lieut.-Colonel Donald H. Cameron, Younger, of Lochiel; Professor W. F. P. McLintock, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., F.G.S.; Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E.; Mr Hugh W. Wilson, O.B.E., T.D.

The President thanked Mr Robert Scott, and Mr John Johnston (at the piano) for their outstanding musical contributions. Mr Scott sang "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," "Bonnie wee thing," "Of a' the airts," "The March of the Cameron men," and "Eriskay Love Lilt."

The Pipe-Major's selection included "Arthur Bignold of Lochrosque," "The Braes o' Tullymet," "Sandy Duff," and "The Atholl Highlanders."

After the Pipe-Major had played "The Caledonian Society of London," "Auld Lang Syne" by the company closed the meeting.

THE SCOT AS POET.

Council and General Meetings were held at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, on Thursday, 17th March, 1949. The President, Mr A. W. Russell, was in the chair.

Dr R. G. Henderson, C.B.E., was admitted to membership.

At the Little Dinner following, the President gave the loyal toasts, and introduced Mr Melville Dinwiddie, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., as the giver of the evening's Sentiment, "The Scot as Poet." Mr Dinwiddie said:

I approach this subject with some diffidence, for I have no special qualifications for the task. I was reared in the Lowlands, in a small country parish, but it is an interesting parish, to which Burns went to take the waters at the Brow Well, on the Solway, a few weeks before his death. So I was steeped in his works, and we looked forward each January to the celebration.

It is also the parish where Alexander Anderson, the surfaceman poet, worked. It was a stretch of railway line near my father's manse about which he wrote his narrative poem, " Notman " : " That was Notman waving at me," etc. You remember his most popular poem, " Bairnies cuddle doon."

On the borders of the parish, too, lived Mrs Miller Morrison, daughter of Hugh Miller, a poet in her own right, who ran a Browning Readers' Club so that the works of that great English poet were always being read and studied in our house. Browning was ousted only by Milton, most of whose *Paradise Lost* was known by heart. Close to her lived F. V. R. Branford, another poet of fine sensitivity, though somewhat exotic. He was a school and 'varsity friend of mine, and I was sorry to notice his death recently, after a long illness.

The schoolmaster, J. G. Horne, was also a poet of real ability in the vernacular, and his school children knew Scots words, and he and they were not ashamed of them, as many are to-day.

I have mentioned these personal acquaintances because they illustrate my subject, and Ruthwell parish is probably like many other Scottish rural parishes, which have given their share to the sum of a nation's literary output.

These poets represent the traditional, the expert in the vernacular, and the modern rebel. They are symbolic of the strands running through the poetic history of Scotland. To illustrate this, I want to use as much vernacular verse as possible.

The earliest of our poets whose work has come down to us, wrote in a language known as Old Scots. That was more than six hundred years ago, when the infusion of English and Norse words caused Gaelic to cease to be the language of the Scottish Court. Gradually a richer and more expressive Scots tongue was evolved, and the great makars, or poets, before the Reformation—Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, and Sir D. Lindsay—wrote in Middle Scots.

Dunbar composed a poem, " In praise of London," said to have been recited by the poet himself at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor in 1501 to the ambassadors sent south to negotiate the marriage of James IV to Margaret Tudor. Here are a couple of stanzas :

London, thou art of townes A per se,
  Sovereign of cities, semeliest in sight,
Of high renoun, riches and royaltie :
  Of lordis, barons, and many goodly knight :
Of most delectable lusty ladies bright :
  Of famous prelatis, in habitis clericall :
Of merchauntis full of substaunce and might :
  London, thou art the flower of Cities all.

Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis ;
  Wise be the people that within thee dwellis ;
Fresh is thy river with its lusty strandis ;
  Blyth be thy churches, wele sownyny be thy bellis ;
Rich be thy merchauntis in substance that excellis ;
  Fair be thy wives, right lovesome, white and small ;
Clere be thy virgins, lusty under kellis (caps).
  London, thou art the flower of Cities all.

That was in traditional style, resembling Chaucer, quaint and friendly, one hundred years before the Union.

The satire of "The Three Estates," by Sir David Lyndesay, which proved so popular and successful at last year's Edinburgh Festival, was almost the last long work in this poetic form. With the Union of the Crowns and the Authorised Version of the Bible, the poetic use of Scots died out.

The revival came with Burns. The common tongue of the Lowlands was given world currency by his genius. He began to write in English, but the study of Robert Fergusson, his eminent predecessor, turned his talent to use a Scots selected from all periods and airts. This was Lallans, the virile speech of the Lowlands, suited to his songs and themes. Of these we find a good example in the use of the language in these verses from his "Address to the Haggis":—

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak' the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve (by-and-bye)
  Are bent like drums;
Then, auld guidman, maist like to rive,
  Bethankit hums.

But mark the Rustic, *haggis-fed,*
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve (massive fist) a blade,
  He'll mak' it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
  Like taps o' thrissle.

Sir Walter Scott wrote mostly in English, though he had an unique knowledge of our history and folklore. Lord Wavell, at the dinner of the Sir Walter Scott Club in Edinburgh a few weeks ago, asserted that Scott set a low value on his poetical achievement, but his simple, virile poetry had a special appeal to adventurous youth. He evidently had not the present-day younger poets in mind, because he expressed concern about the decline in our poetical tradition. The makars of these modern days are certainly adventurous, and their output is quite prodigious.

Hugh MacDiarmid (C. M. Grieve) is their chief representative, and has been hailed as the greatest Scots poet of our day. He uses the Doric in his longer works. In "The Sign of the Thistle" he has expressed his poetic "mission" with powerful verse.

  Easy to heed
  Nocht for the mob
And trauchle on
  Wi' a pickthank job
When ye ken what it is
—But the like o' this
It disna seem worth't,
Yet 'yont kennin' I ken
  That the best I can dae
For mysel' and a' men
  Is to tyauve wi' the thistle
Till Gabriel's whistle.

Curiously reminiscent of Burns in the use of words!

It mustn't be forgotten that R. L. Stevenson used the Doric Scots with fine effect. Do you know his "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," almost a sequel to "The Cotter's Saturday Night"?

The clinkum-clank o' Sabbath bells
Noo to the hoastin' rookery swells,
Noo faintin' laigh in shady dells,
Sounds far an' near,
An' through the simmer kintry tells
Its tale o' cheer.

Thus, on the day o' solemn things,
The bell that in the steeple swings
To fauld a scaittered faim'ly rings
Its welcome screed;
An' just a wee thing nearer brings
The quick an' deid.

Probably the most mature of the modern poets is Sir Alexander Gray, who uses the Angus dialect with rare appreciation. Though in standard English, I cannot omit a quotation from his "Scotland." It is the modern counterpart of the "Arbroath Declaration" and Scott's great poem "Breathes there the man!"

This is my country,
The land that begat me.
These windy spaces
Are surely my own.
And those who here toil
In the sweat of their faces
Are flesh of my flesh,
And bone of my bone.

Hard is the day's task,
Scotland, stern Mother—
Wherewith at all times
Thy sons have been faced;
Labour by day,
And scant rest in the gloaming,
With Want an attendant,
Not lightly outpaced.

Yet do thy children
Honour and love thee,
Harsh is thy schooling
Yet great is the gain;
True hearts and strong limbs,
Thy beauty of faces,
Kissed by the wind
And caressed by the rain.

The themes of our poetry are as numerous as the emotions and sentiments of our national character. Love, Romance, Humour, Heroism, Sarçasm, Reverence for God and Man and the simple things of life, are never far away from the poet's mind.

The Scot as poet is a great Lover. Our National Bard, Robbie Burns, leaves everyone else far behind in his love poems. What in the whole world of poetry could surpass his passion and tenderness in such familiar songs as "My love is like a red, red rose"?

And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

Or this stanza from "Of a' the airts."

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Or, to my mind, the greatest couplet on the subject ever penned, from "Ae fond kiss."

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 !

Scott described that verse as containing the essence of a thousand love tales.

Romance is prominent in every period of Scottish poetry. John Buchan says he found it "always at call, an airy, diaphanous romance." "In Scots," he adds, "the transition from the commonplace to the fantastic and back again is especially easy, since each mood has its source in the history and character of the race."

Probably "Tam o' Shanter" is the finest example, but that must be reserved for a Burns Nicht. But do you remember this verse, from the "Address to the Deil" ?

Let Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
  Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yairds renew their leagues
  Owre howket dead.

I think James Hogg's "Kilmeny," such a favourite on the Borders, reveals the romantic sentiment at its best.

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?
Lang ha'e we sought baith holt and dean ;
By linn, by ford and green-wood tree,
  Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
What gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen ?
  That bonnie snood o' the birk sae green ?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?
  Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?

Our poets are perhaps not celebrated outside Scotland for their humour, but while it doesn't stick out a mile, one cannot read much Scots poetry without sensing a quiet pleasant strain of humour in it. Listen to this verse from "The Whistle," by Charles Murray, or "Hamewith," that grand poet of Aberdeenshire :

He cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,
He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on his knee ;
He never heard the teuchat when the harrow broke her eggs,
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the seggs ;
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they strayed,
But you should ha'e seen the whistle that the wee herd made !

On the same humorous plane is "The Mermaid," by Dr George MacDonald.

Up cam the tide wi' a burst and a whush,
  And back gaed the stanes with a whurr ;
The king's son walkit i' the evenin' hush,
  To hear the sea murmur and murr.

His meeting and frolic with the bonny sea-maidens is full of fun.

But hard is the day's task, Scotland, Stern Motherland and our national character is expressed in loyalty as well as love, heroism as well as humour, and we can be sarcastic when we want.

" Scots wae Hae " and " The Flowers of the Forest " are too familiar to need quotation, but I'd like you to hear a verse or two of W. S. Morrison's " Address to the German Gun in the Old Quad " at Edinburgh, and enjoy their sarcasm.

Ye grim auld deevil, how's yersel' !
Oft hae I cursed your snoovin' shell,
But since ye've come wi' us tae dwell,
Let bygones be !
There's much in common, strange to tell,
'Tween you an' me.

An' I can aiblins hear you say,
Thus was it on anither day ;
Thus did you mortals preach an' pray
Sae glib an' cheery,
Till I your douce, well-ordered way
Gang tapselteerie !

Weel, weel, auld Roosty, bide you there ;
A captive's lot is hard to bear ;
But tell the sage in ilka chair
That your dread reign,
The auld, unaltered phrases fair,
Will bring again !

And if there's time, I'd feel it a privilege to quote two verses of Neil Munro's " Pipes in Arras."

In the burgh toun of Arras
When gloaming had come on,
Fifty pipers played Retreat
As if they had been one,
And the Grande Place of Arras
Hummed with the Highland drone !

So played the pipes in Arras
Their Gaelic Symphony,
Sweet with old wisdom gathered
In isles of the Highland sea ;
And eastward towards Cambrai
Roared the artillery.

There you have great poetry on a grand note of loyalty and love for his native Highlands.

I hope I have given you enough to establish the marvellous appeal of the Scot as poet ; but before I finish I would like to touch on the contemporary scene in Scottish poetry, and look into the future.

The Scottish Press has given much space recently to Scots poetry. It started with a broadcast discussion. One of the speakers referred to some of the words used by younger poets as " plastic " Scots, and as a result the correspondence columns of the newspapers were filled.

There is great poetic activity these days, much of it experimental in the widest sense of that term—much subjective, difficult to understand by anyone except the poet himself—and some quite pitiful. Let me quote some verses by that modern poet, Sydney Goodsir Smith, written in 1946. " Say ye sae ? " :

There is a demon in ma breist.
Say ye sae ?
I pray the Lord tae gie me rest.
Mebbe it's yersel'.

It is a worm in ma hert.
Say ye sae ?
It has two fangs are unco shairp
Like the lowes o' hell.

It chacks my hert whan I'm ma lane.
Say ye sae ?
An frae its jaws drip dule an bane,
Is the wine o' hell.

I ken it breeds frae my ain minn.
Say ye sae ?
Its lugs are deif an its een blinn,
But its tongue dings lik a knell.

Frae hit there's ane can gie me bield.
Say ye sae ?
But she kens nocht the pouer it wields,
Yon fient frae hell.

She thinks me wud ; mebbe she's richt.
Say ye sae ?
Lord, dumb this demon o ma nicht,
Mebbe its yersel'.

What I feel is so interesting and important is that the Muse of Scots poetry is loud and strong, and with encouragement some fine verses may result, because it takes a long period of apprenticeship to make a Tennyson or a Wordsworth, a Burns or a Byron, and Scotland hasn't so far provided her share of poetic genius. The difficulty of the younger poets is to get their material published or brought to the ears of the public. Broadcasting has been able to help in this, and I think the general level is improving.

Not only is our history defective in poets, but we have produced no Shakespeare or great dramatists down the centuries. " The Three Estates " at last year's Edinburgh Festival, represented the last of the pre-Reformation plays. I know the Church was largely responsible for this situation, and there was a gap of nearly four hundred years without any real dramatic progress. Curiously enough, it is the Church of Scotland, which owns a theatre in Leith Walk, in Edinburgh, that is doing most to encourage new Scots plays, because our great dramatists, Barrie, Bridie, and Ian Hay, write or have written for the London stage as much as for Scottish entertainment. The Gateway Theatre has staged some interesting plays in the vernacular, such as " Wives tak tent," adapted by Robert Kemp from the French " L'Ecole des Femmes " ; " The Scientific Singers," an Aberdeen story ; and " The Heart of Mid-Lothian," another adaptation of that great story by R. J. B. Sellar, which delighted audiences during its run.

I firmly believe that, if our young poets are wisely encouraged, their creative activity may easily blossom out into drama in Scots and maintain and enhance the prestige of the land we love so well.

That is my Sentiment : my earnest wish. May I sum up " The Scot as Poet " in these familiar lines of our universally known song ?

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

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

Mr Dinwiddie's Sentiment was received with great appreciation.

In Praise of Mr Dinwiddie.

Past-President Lord Alness, in proposing thanks to the giver of the Sentiment, said :

I feel sure that we do not wish to part from Mr Dinwiddie without thanking him very warmly for his informative and thought-provoking address. I need not say more than that it fully maintains the high standard of speech set by this ancient Society. Higher praise than that we cannot accord to our guest speaker. But we expected just such a speech from Mr Dinwiddie. For he has had a distinguished and colourful career. In the first world war he displayed, if I may say so, the courage of a leal-hearted Scot. He was mentioned in dispatches. He won the M.C. and D.S.O. decorations, and was awarded the O.B.E. (Applause.)

Then he became minister of St Machar's Cathedral—that ancient fane in Aberdeen—where he served from 1925 to 1933. I do not think it is too much to say that his ecclesiastical background in Aberdeen has coloured the whole of his subsequent career, to the great advantage of the community at large. (Hear, hear.) Then, in 1934, Mr Dinwiddie became Scottish Director of the B.B.C., and, during his term of office, he put Scotland on the map. The splendid development of the B.B.C. in Scotland is largely due to him. Under his guidance the B.B.C. has the largest staff and programme output it has ever had. New stations have been opened, and new programmes devised. But Mr Dinwiddie's genial personality has throughout dominated the scene. (Applause.)

I have hitherto been talking about Scottish broadcasting from the point of view of the listener. I wonder if I may add a word about broadcasting from the point of view of the broadcaster. It has been my privilege to broadcast on various occasions from Mr Dinwiddie's studios in Edinburgh, and I would like to testify to the friendly and welcoming atmosphere which prevails there. The result is that one looks forward to a broadcast as an occasion, and, in retrospect, as a delight. It is not surprising that, thanks to his services in Scotland to broadcasting, he was awarded by the King the C.B.E. (Applause.)

I cannot conclude, after paying tribute to Mr Dinwiddie as a soldier, a minister, and an administrator, without also referring to his qualities as a man. He has, as far as I know, few, if any, enemies, and I am well aware that he has countless friends. All public men are not so fortunate. I recently heard a Socialist peer at a dinner in Edinburgh, relate this incident with regard to a well-known member of the Cabinet : He was in a telephone box off the Lobby of the House of Commons, where he intended to telephone to a friend. He found, however, that he had no money in his pocket, whereupon he dashed out of the telephone box, and nearly collided with Mr Churchill, who happened to be passing through the Lobby at that moment. " What's all the hurry ? " said Mr Churchill. " Oh," said the Cabinet Minister, " I went into that box to telephone to a friend, and found I had no money in my pocket. Will you give me twopence ? " Mr Churchill thought for a moment, and then said, " Here's fourpence. Go back into the box and telephone to *all* your friends." (Laughter.)

You will observe that I have not given you the name of the Cabinet Minister referred to in this little story. I prefer to leave it to you to guess it.

So, Mr Dinwiddie, we thank you for your address, and we say to you, echoing the traditional wish of the city you know so well—" Bon Accord : happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again." (Applause.)

Mr Dinwiddie replied briefly.

A WELCOME TO THE GUESTS.

Mr William Dalgarno, in proposing the toast, " The Guests," said he had been told by one or two of his friends that the submission of a toast like that was really quite simple ; but as none of them had ever spoken in public, their formula was lacking in authority. He would probably agree with the speaker who said : " My speech was an outstanding success, but the audience proved a dismal failure." (Laughter.)

This Society (continued Mr Dalgarno) has in many sessions entertained men distinguished in letters and affairs, but I venture to suggest that to-night we have in our guests a concentration of talent that has seldom if ever been surpassed as regards either quality or quantity.

We are honoured with the presence of the Mayor of Westminster, Mr Hall Gutteridge, an Australian, and no doubt proud of the fact that his mother was a Scot. Mr Gutteridge is a consulting engineer and a member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, and he took part in the 1914–1918 war as a member of the Anzacs who earned undying glory in Gallipoli and France. He became a Councillor of Westminster in 1933, and this year he became Mayor. (Applause.)

We offer, too, warm welcomes to Mr Dinwiddie, who, in his learned Sentiment, raised many memories, including his tribute to Dr Charles Murray, our Aberdeenshire poet ; and to Oldmachar, the " outside " of whose cathedral I know better than the " inside " ; to Mr Ian D. Davidson, the Shell Group's British representative, just returned from Mexico ; to Brig. J. Greenshields, M.C., T.D., and U.S.A. Legion of Merit, an Edinburgh man who, in the late war, commanded the 6th H.L.I. and the 156 Brigade 52nd Division ; to Mr H. C. Leach, chairman elect of the British Insurance Association, General Manager of the Northern Insurance Company. Mr Dalgarno created great laughter by observing : " Here I adopt the police formula, 'Anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you,' for Mr Leach is my chief, and you will understand why I refrain from further comment."

Mr Alex. Campbell, another of our guests, is president of the London Burns Club, a native of Ayrshire, and, of course, a great admirer of the poet. Then last, but most certainly not least, we have Mr Finlay Creerar, C.B.E., an Aberdonian, well known in the R.E. and R.A.F. before the last war. In 1939, prior to the war, he confounded Goering, who denied that a Zepp had been spying over this country. Finlay Creerar produced photos of the raiding Zepp taken by our friend's observer. We heartily welcome him. (Applause.)

A Scottish Novelist.

With regard to our principal guest to-night, continued Mr Dalgarno, I cannot say as a chairman on one great occasion said: "This is Mr Blank; I ken naething aboot 'im"; for our guest of the evening is none other than Major-General John Hay Beith, C.B.E., M.C.* (Applause.)

Now, no Scotsman needs to be told the details of the life of the man who, as Ian Hay, brought fame to his native land and, as Major-General John Hay Beith, gave vital service to the British Empire. We all know the extensive literary and theatrical output of our principal guest to-night, and it would convey no new facts if I were to repeat the titles of the more than fifty novels and plays with which Ian Hay has delighted the British public over the past half-century.

It must be heartening to their creator, as it is pleasant to us, to know that some of those plays defy time, for television viewers declare that old comedies such as "The Housemaster," "The Middle Watch," and "Tilly of Bloomsbury," are as fresh to-day through the new radio medium as they were when produced thirty years ago.

Whilst we know all this about General Beith, the public are unaware of the enormous amount of delicate and important work that he has done for the country and the Empire at the War Office. As the Director of Public Relations, our guest had the great responsibility of advising on what items of information should be issued to the public and, equally important but much less palatable, to those enemies of silence, the Press, what should not be issued. In peace time, Service Departments are criticised for their secrecy, but in wartime, when the publication of certain items of news may give valuable information to the enemy, discrimination such as that shown by General Beith is vital. (Hear, hear).

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* Major-Gen. Beith died on 22nd September, 1952.

Therefore, let us combine our appreciation of his coming here to-night with our thanks to him for his great work for our country. (Loud applause.)

The toast was heartily drunk, with Caledonian Honours.

IAN HAY ON SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

General Beith was heartily cheered on rising to reply. He said :

First, Caledonian brethren, I must thank you for the most generous response you have made to the much too flattering remarks of Mr Dalgarno. It is always pleasant to meet Caledonians from their homes in the North, which I have done in many parts of the world. But I must admit that, I daresay, like many of you here, the old country has a great pull ; and if I hadn't had to work here in London, I'd have been back in my beloved Edinburgh long ago. And speaking of work and Mr Dalgarno's reference to my War Office duties, I shall always be grateful for the help given to me by your Hon. Historian, Mr William Will, in the toughest job I ever had to do here in London. I was the Director of Public Relations at the War Office in 1938 to 1941. During that critical period the Department of Public Relations was subject to the complaint of the Army Council that too much news was given out, and the complaint of the Press was that too little was released. In those strenuous days Mr Will was a tower of strength to me. The nightmare to me in those days was the danger of premature release of vital news ; but let us leave behind us the war troubles and turn to Scotland where the thoughts of us all are.

Every country has a character of its own, and the smaller the country the more definite the character, because a small nation develops and standardises its way of life more easily and permanently than a big one. That is why it is impossible so far to generalise about the American character, because America is a comparatively young nation and is still developing its Ego.

Scottish character is built up in the main on three traditions. The first is the tradition of self-help—the memory of an early struggle for existence against a harsh climate and a comparatively unproductive soil. This has bred a sturdy, independent, and enterprising race. The second is the tradition of freedom—a freedom only bought and preserved by centuries of dogged resistance against a powerful and oppressive neighbour. The third is the tradition of religious piety, dating back to the advent of Columba and his saints upon Scottish soil. This has rendered the Scots a serious-minded people—a seriousness which extends even to their sense of humour. Let us begin by noting one marked and definite difference between the Scot and his nearest neighbour, the Sassenach. The Scot is an intensely reserved person, but he is not in the least self-conscious. He is never backward in acknowledging his own worth. It never occurs to him to pretend that he has no ambitions and does not intend to make his mark in the world. Neither, when by taking infinite pains, he has achieved some notable success in life, does he attribute it all to some happy accident, as an Englishman is apt to do.

The English are funny that way, and in other ways too. If an Englishman performs an unusually meritorious or even heroic action, he will hasten to ascribe to himself the lowest posssible motive for what he did. It is all part of his ingrained fear of being considered a "show-off." I once knew a young English officer who walked out into no man's land under heavy fire and carried back a wounded friend. When congratulated for his courage he replied : " Well, he had my cigarette-case in his pocket, and I had to get it back."

Now for the Scot as the Englishman sees him. Let it be admitted that Scottish custom and tradition are not invariably regarded by his neighbours with the same reverence as the Scot himself bestows upon them. Englishmen have quite a lot of fun with Scottish institutions, such as haggis and porridge and bagpipe music. And to the average Englishman the Scot of tradition is a person distinguished by two main characteristics—excessive thrift, and entire inability to see a joke.

As a matter of fact, the Scot is anything but parsimonious : indeed, Scottish charitable benefactions, whether public or private, are quite remarkable. But he has a very proper horror of waste, and declines to throw away good money upon unworthy or unnecessary objects. He objects, for instance, to giving tips, because he regards tipping as a form of blackmail, and he is right. I can conceive of circumstances under which it would be far easier to get a thousand pounds out of a Scotsman than a threepenny bit.

For the same reason he declines to throw away good laughter on bad jokes. That is the key to his humour. He is not frivolously minded ; you cannot make him giggle. To him the best jokes are those which can be delivered, and even received, without a smile. But do not think he has missed the point, or is not savouring it to the full.

From his pious upbringing he has derived a quiet fondness for what may be called ecclesiastical humour. To quote a single example, there is the story (a great favourite of my own) about the parish minister who discovered, after entering the pulpit one Sunday morning, that he had left his sermon at home. He promptly set his congregation to sing the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm ; then hurried off to his manse, some distance away, to retrieve his manuscript. Upon his return he found his beadle and general factotum waiting for him in the vestry.

"How far have they got, Andrew?" he asked anxiously.

"Puir bodies," replied that functionary; "they're at vairse a hunder and twenty-seven, and they're jist cheepin' like mice!"

So much for the Scotland that we know and love—Scotland of history and romance, loch and burn, mountain and flood. But there is another Scotland upon which I have not touched—the Scotland of industrial enterprise, research, and skilled labour, in mine, mill, and shipyard. And there is another Scotland still—Greater Scotland, we will call it—the vast world-wide community of Scottish men and women who have left their native shore and gone out into all lands, taking with them the Scottish tradition and Scottish way of life.

These three Scotlands are naturally diversified in their point of view and habit of mind. But in one respect all are bound by the same link—a sturdy belief that whatever another country can produce, Scotland can produce equal or better.

Nearly twenty years ago I found myself one of a ship's company bound upon a pilgrimage to British war-graves in Salonika and Gallipoli. We were of all walks of life, and a most harmonious ship's company. One dark night in the Mediterranean we steamed past the island of Stromboli, near Sicily—a lofty cone of volcanic rock, clearly outlined by its incandescent glow.

I turned to an elderly Scotsman who was leaning over the rail beside me. He held some job under the Glasgow Corporation, and had joined our excursion in order to visit the grave of his son on Cape Hellas. He had never been out of Scotland before.

I pointed to the glowing island. "That's an impressive sight," I said.

For answer he put his hand into his pocket and brought out a picture-postcard, which he tendered for my inspection.

" Did ever you see Ailsa Craig, in the Firth of Clyde ? " he asked. Scotland for Ever ! (Loud laughter.)

General Beith ended a delightful speech by again thanking his brother Scots for their hospitality and for the apparent pleasure with which they had received his remarks.

To the Office-Bearers.

The President gave the last toast of a long programme, " The Office-Bearers of the Society." He said that earlier he had mentioned the work of the Hon. Historian, and all that he would add was " Get the ' Chronicles '." There they would find in the work of the historian a valuable account of the Society's proceedings and the interesting speeches such as some of those they had heard that night. The Hon. Treasurer (said Mr Russell) has served for a long time as a banker, which was a severe training, and in that capacity he had been a great success. As the Society's treasurer he had been equally successful, and they thanked him whole-heartedly. In their Hon. Auditor they saw a man of force of character, with a smile—and with an iron hand in a glove ; with a banker as treasurer and a stockbroker as auditor they were perfectly safe.

When they came to the remaining office-bearer they came to the man who " ran " the Society. They knew him as the accomplished secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, but since he became President he knew Mr Miller as one who had made him aware that there were in the conduct of the Society a hundred and one things of which he had no previous knowledge. He thanked Mr Miller for the tremendous assistance he had been to him as President.

The toast having been pledged, Mr Miller said :

Hitherto, in replying to this toast I have had the assistance of the Hon. Treasurer, but on this occasion the treasurer is silent. But then he is a banker, and all bankers, especially Scottish bankers, are strong, silent men ! Ask any of them for an overdraft, and you will find them almost speechless ! (Laughter.)

And it would be unreasonable to expect the auditor to speak because the word "auditor" means a "hearer." Moreover, in the course of his duties, he obtains explanations ; he does not give them. It is natural, therefore, that an auditor should not be an orator, although we know that ours is an exception. An auditor checks, sums up and, at every opportunity, "ticks off," and, finally, when he has become so confused that he sees no prospect of ever understanding the true position, he certifies. I have known occasions in this Society when the teasurer's explanations have been so complicated that the auditor would gladly have certified, not only the accounts, but the treasurer as well. (Laughter.)

There is, I feel, an equally good reason for the silence of our Hon. Historian. As editor of our "Chronicles," he records the eloquence which pours from the lips of our members, and as he has done this for more than twenty years, I can imagine that he has become so scunnered at our oratorical efforts, that he now cannot thole the sound even of his own voice. The amazing thing to me is not that he has efficiently performed this duty for so many years, but that, in the process, he has retained his sanity. (Laughter.) I am confident that you, Brother Caledonians, will agree that, to this Society, the Hon. Historian is a pearl of great price, and I am equally sure that you would unhesitatingly affirm that, to this Society, the Hon. Secretary is a peril—at any price ! (Laughter.)

As for my own services, I thank the President for being so generous in his recognition of them. For his complimentary remarks I am deeply grateful. Long experience has taught me that a secretary is the legitimate target of all industrious members, and every one knows how important it is in these days to hit your target. To-night, I have not been hit ; in fact, I feel that, with the President at least, I have "made a hit." (Loud applause.)

Messrs J. C. M. Campbell and L. O. McGavin, new members, were introduced to the President.

Mr Campbell provided the greater part of the musical programme. He (with Mr R. Eadie, L.R.A.M., at the piano) sang : "Bonnie wee thing," "The Herding Song," and two Gaelic songs, the rendering of which was greatly appreciated.

The Pipe-Major's selection was composed of "Corn Riggs," "Balmoral Castle," "Dancing Feet," and "The Back o' Bennachie."

The Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London," and "Auld Lang Syne" closed an enthusiastic gathering.

THE LADIES' NIGHT.

A memorable Festival or Ladies' Night was that held on Thursday, 21st April, 1949, at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, when a large company of Caledonians and their ladies and other guests met under the chairmanship of the President, Mr A. W. Russell.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, the President offered the toast, "The Caledonian Society of London." Mr Russell said:

This toast is one of those ancient customs which our traditions oblige us to observe on our Festivals—the last occasion of our gatherings for the season. You have heard of the laws of the Medes and Persians "which altered not." Now, I am almost sure that if occasion arose it would have been possible to get round these laws in some way or other. I suppose that is one reason why laws exist—that we may exercise our ingenuity in evading or getting round them; but I assure you that does not hold in the case of the Caledonian Society of London. Its traditions and customs have to be strictly adhered to.

But if a toast like this is laid before you yearly for a hundred years or so, there is bound to enter into its presentation something of a sameness. There are gifted speakers among us who, however commonplace or prosaic their subject may be, can enliven it with flights of fancy and imagination, and with more or less irrelevance can enlighten and instruct, like the old minister of Free St George's, Edinburgh, of whom it is related that after preaching on Sunday he set out to do a little district visiting on the Monday. In the course of this he called on one old lady, and, after greeting her, said: "Well, Janet, I saw you in the kirk yesterday; what did you think of the sermon?" "Weel, doctor," said she, "I can only say this, that if your text had the scarlet fever, your sermon would have been clear o' a' infection." (Laughter.)

But with pedestrian speakers, among whom I must rank myself, who, having a text, do not get very far away from it, there is apt to be a great danger of platitudinous repetition.

Now, I wanted if possible to avoid this, and so I did what I think you will agree was a very wise thing. I fell back upon our Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will, and I said to him: "Is there anything you can tell me about the Society that has not been said time after time?" Those of you who know the Past-President and his knowledge of the Society, and his absorbing interest in it, will not be surprised to know that his instant response was, "I think I can," and in a day or two I received from him a sheaf of notes which told of one or two incidents, hitherto unknown to members. These notes, I should say, were expressed fully, and with all the Past-President's kindly humour, and it might have been to your advantage if I had read them to you as my speech; but I felt I would have been sailing into harbour under false colours, and I came to the conclusion that I had better follow Touchstone's example, and present what may be "an ill-favoured thing but mine own."

The year 1843 is a memorable date in the Scotsman's Calendar—the year of the great Disruption of the Scottish Church, a rent that it has taken nearly a century to repair. But that year witnessed also what was almost a disruption of the Caledonian Society. The enthusiasm and brotherly feeling which had led to the institution of the Society in 1837 had apparently to some extent evaporated, and there was evidence of grievous dissension in its membership. This came to a head when a member resented his expulsion from the Society and brought an action in the Queen's Bench Division against those whom he regarded as responsible. *Nemo me impune lacessit* he evidently felt to be not only a national motto but a principle to be followed through life. As far as the legal judgment was concerned he was apparently justified, for the decision of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Denman, was in his favour.

About this time also a strange discovery was made. There had apparently been no Hitler to insist on a pure Nordic strain in the membership, and it was found that there were no fewer than eight Englishmen and one Irishman enrolled in the Society, rather an extraordinary thing from all points of view, as you will agree. On what grounds they were admitted it is not possible now to say, and why they sought admission to a Scottish Society is equally difficult to understand. However, it could not happen now, for our portals are more closely guarded—the thistle bars the way and the lion rampant stands at our gates.

It is right that I should say that all those difficulties that I have spoken of were happily overcome, and in the course of time Mr. Robert Hepburn, who was president for a period of ten years, was able to say : " We have raised a standard in this metropolis around which men with honest hearts may rally ; we have formed a vantage ground on which men with kindred spirits may meet, and while doing so we have not been unmindful of the claims of the fatherless or neglectful of the tottering steps of age and infirmity," a reference to the Society's interest in the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

I think we may say we have carried on in the spirit of the claim which Mr Hepburn made for us so many years ago. I hope also that our very welcome visitors are able to sense in these our gatherings the atmosphere of cordiality and brotherly kindness in which we live. (Applause.)

In those early years of the Society, the wearing of the kilt was imperative at our meetings, and this leads to the reflection that ninety years ago we were responsible, with the Highland Society, for the raising and the introduction to this City of London of a kilted regiment, the London Scottish—a regiment which in peace and war has distinguished itself, making for itself an outstanding reputation. (Applause.) Our interest in it is still maintained, and it is perhaps right that I should bring it to your notice to-night. You are aware that the War Office authorities are concerned about the re-establishment of the Territorial battalions throughout the country, and are faced with a reluctance on the part of young men to come forward to fill up the ranks. The London Scottish Regiment, I understand, compares very favourably with others in this respect, but is yet much below strength. Apart from the military training it affords, it is a very fine meeting ground for young Scotsmen coming to London, and I commend its claims to you upon any young men you are in a position to influence. (Hear, hear.)

I have detained you too long, ladies and gentlemen, and I now ask you to drink to the continued prosperity of the Caledonian Society of London.

The toast was drunk with hearty Caledonian Honours.

COLONEL BENNETT ON LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., Vice-President, submitted the toast, "Our Guests." He said :

Of Lord Balfour of Burleigh what can be said that every Scotsman at home and abroad does not know? Is it his 1914-1918 war service? Then we have the story of a young man of not too robust health, but with a fine knowledge of languages acting as interpreter and being posted to the Meerut Division through the first winter in Flanders. Having been wounded at Neuve Chapelle, he was sent on dangerous work in German-occupied territory, and he emerged from the war one of the most valued British Intelligence officers.

Is it his early City life? That, too, is a tale of hard work and great achievement. Deprived by bad health of the education which he expected from Eton and Oxford, he was obliged to spend his winters in Switzerland, but that led to his prowess in skating and other winter sports. Instead of the Diplomatic Service young George Bruce went into the City, and his life there in finance and commercial houses led to the high position which he occupies to-day as the chairman of Lloyds Bank, chairman of the National Bank of New Zealand, a director of the Standard Bank of South Africa, and other important positions.

Is it his public service, apart from his war work, by which we would measure his lordship's worth? Then we consider his valuable work in Parliament, for in the House of Lords the voice of our principal guest has been frequently heard, and his opinions on general political questions are highly respected. On agriculture, housing, and on matters concerning City finance Lord Balfour of Burleigh is always heard with the respect due to the expert; and, as was the case with his father, his opinions are given free from extreme party bias. His prowess as a golfer is known, too, in Parliamentary circles, and his fellow members and staffs of both Houses have had to acknowledge him as their peer.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh's heart is in his native Scotland, and in one corner of it particularly—that corner occupied by Brucefield, the family seat. We are delighted to have him with us to-night. (Loud applause.)

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH ON SCOTLAND.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.L., warmly greeted on rising to respond to the toast, said that when he received the invitation of the Caledonian Society to be their guest, and knew of the many friends—some of them friends of over half a century—whom he would meet, he had no hesitation in accepting. Their president, Mr Russell, was an old friend ; indeed, when Colonel Bennett referred to some of his (Lord Balfour's) early work in the City, he was reminded that Mr Russell was the first man with whom he had done business in bill discounting. Their president was a man whom they had rightly, he was sure, delighted to honour ; a man of greater integrity did not work in the City of London. (Hear, hear.)

He thanked the Society for their hospitality. Colonel Bennett had apologised for the meagre fare, But Dr Scott and he had been checking up on the menu, and they agreed that they could rough it for the evening. (Laughter.)

But (continued Lord Balfour) Mr Miller sent me a copy of the last volume of your monumental " Chronicles," and when I read the great and informed orations which you had listened to, I wondered how I was to keep up your standard.

I knew of your work for Scotland ; I knew of your work for the Royal Scottish Corporation, and the great sums of money you have raised for that ancient and honourable organisation of which my father was treasurer for so many years, and of which I am proud to act in a similar capacity.

But these and other recollections did not get me far in my search for material. I remembered that, Mr Russell being a banker, I would tell you the story of the man who became a guarantor for a friend for a considerable amount of money. A short time later he called on the banker and said he wished to withdraw his guarantee. The banker was surprised, and said so ; it was only a few days before that the guarantee was entered into ; why was he withdrawing ? " Well," said the repentant guarantor, " since I became guarantor my uncle has died and left me some money." (Laughter.)

And my neighbour at this table, Rev. Dr Scott, reminds me of the old story which I remember my father telling. It concerned a minister who had deputed an elder to deliver cards for the coming communion. The elder, having been entertained to a dram at almost every house at which he had called, returned to the manse rather the worse for the wear and the whisky. He reported to the minister that he had personally delivered the cards, " a' excep' the anes to some teetotalers ; but I jist sent them through the post ! " (Loud laughter.)

Two stories, however, does not get one far enough. Not much more than twenty-four hours ago, on returning from my home, Brucefield, and when crossing the Forth Bridge, I said to myself : Tell them about Scotland. Tell them about the land they love. Tell them about what I am seeing now—of the white horses in the Forth, of the hills of Fifeshire, of the green Ochils, of Arthur Seat rising above Auld Reekie, of Grantown, of all the old landmarks.

We Scots can boast when we are by ourselves. The English, doubtless proud of their country, do not seem to have the same draw to their homeland that we Scots have to ours.

I had just left my home, Brucefield, where, lying in bed I had heard the curlews calling, had seen the beautiful line of birch trees, not at their full beauty yet, but giving ample promise of the glories of springtime. And Brucefield to me is just what some corner of Scotland is to somebody else. Every one has his or her own corner in his or her ain countrie.

Two places in Scotland stand out in my memory. Fifty years ago I spent a holiday in Skye in June. Skye in June ! The memory abides with me now ! With old John Mackenzie as guide, I climbed hills. John always took a rope with him. Of course he never used it—I was too young—but it gave me a great feeling of importance and adventure to be with John Mackenzie and his rope!

What a wonderful sight that is—Skye from Sligachan; there a great bowl on Scuirnan-Gillean, with moisture like steam. When one gets to the top one finds a wee platform from which one looks down on Coruisk. What a glory—Skye in June! without the bloom of the heather at that time of the year, but with a grandeur all its own!

The second corner of Scotland which I have in my memory, going back forty years or so, is in the East—from Naver to the promontory of Farr, among the Sutherland bens. They are deeply religious in those parts. For a population of about 250 there were no fewer than five churches. That holiday in Sutherlandshire is a wonderful memory to me.

To those whose tastes lie in the South, Edinburgh is still the great magnet. The capital has still the principal call to whatever part of the country one belongs. Once, greatly daring, I said to a company in which were a number of Glasgow men: "Edinburgh is the loveliest city in the world!" There was hesitancy, but grudgingly they admitted that it might be so. But Edinburgh is, assuredly, the corner that comes back to us in our memories.

It was Stevenson who wrote in far Samoa: "Still for you and me, the bloom is in the North Countrie."

I hope I have said something to-night to bring back to you some memories of that corner of Scotland to which you are thirled. (Loud applause.)

Our President.

Past-President the Right Hon. Lord Alness, P.C., G.B.E., received with applause, submitted the toast, "The President." Lord Alness said:

I have the honour of inviting you to pledge the health of our President. A speaker is often confronted, as I now am, with the dilemma of being adequate or being brief. I shall at once relieve your minds by informing you that I always select the latter alternative.

Well, we first of all salute our president as a banker. Our society is popular with bankers. We have, I am told, fourteen bankers as members of the Society, and we are glad to have them. (Hear, hear.) But I should not be a bit surprised if at any time one of them was to propose that the name of the Society should be changed and that it should be re-christened "The Institute of Bankers." That, however, is by the way. Our President has had a distinguished banking career, covering over half a century, both in Edinburgh and in London. His London assistant in Lombard Street was a young man named Erskine. To-day, Mr Erskine—thanks no doubt largely to his training under Mr Russell—is now General Manager of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, and on my invitation addressed our Society some years ago when I was president. He writes to me of his "very dear friendship for many years" with our President, and aptly enough designs him as "a man of real sterling worth." I am sure you will agree. (Hear, hear.)

We salute our President, also, as an indefatigable church and social worker. He is an elder of the Highgate Church, he is or was superintendent of its Sunday School, and he holds many other responsible offices in the Presbyterian Church of England. Moreover, he is a life managing governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation. These activities are characteristic of the man, and increase our respect and admiration for him. (Applause.)

But to-night we salute Mr Russell chiefly as President of the Caledonian Society. Unfortunately illness has prevented me from giving first-hand evidence regarding the manner in which he has discharged the duties of that high office; but, from hearsay evidence—which is in this case, I think, permissible —I may be allowed to say that echoes of his success as President reached me from time to time even in the London Clinic, and conveyed to me a message of good cheer. We all regard our president as a man of shrewd and wise judgment, of kindly and generous spirit, and of deep sincerity. (Applause.)

I cannot help feeling that what I have been trying to say is quite superfluous. I cannot help feeling that, if I had simply said, "the toast is our President," and then, allowing his character and life to speak for themselves, I might well have resumed my seat. If I have added nothing to my theme, I can only hope that I have not subtracted from it. As the mouthpiece of our ancient society, Mr President, I wish you all the happiness that life—in your case a Christian life—can yield in the leisure which you have so well earned. I wish to assure you that, in your retirement, you will be encompassed by the goodwill and the good wishes of every member of the Caledonian Society. (Loud applause.)

In replying to the toast the President said he was greatly honoured that Lord Alness had proposed the toast, but he was quite embarrassed, and he did hope he would live up to something like his lordship's estimate of him. He (the President) was of rather a retiring disposition, and if his service in the chair had met with their approval he asked for no greater reward than the encomiums of Lord Alness, one of the most distinguished presidents the Society had ever had. (Applause.) He thanked Mr Miller for his untiring assistance and the members for their loyal support.

At the Festival we had the pleasure of listening to some of the finest of our Scottish songs rendered by the London Orpheus Choir under the leadership of Mr John Johnston, who accompanied the choir at the piano.

Mr Johnston selected the following songs: "Eriskay Love Lilt," "Come along," "O, wert thou in the Cauld Blast," "The Piper o' Dundee," "Loch Lomond," "Comin' through the Rye," and "The Dashing White Sergeant."

Mr Robert Scott, a member of the choir, sang in a fine robust tenor voice, "Macgregor's Gathering," and "Sound the Pibroch."

Mr Wm. Dalgarno gave the company two of his humorous monologues—"The Police Court," and "The Marriage"—as only he can reproduce the broad Aberdeenshire dialect.

Our officer, Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave as his bagpipe selection: "The Inverness Gathering," "Arriston Castle," "Loch Carron," and "Dornoch Links."

Our Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London," followed by "Auld Lang Syne," closed a successful gathering, the arrangements for which were made and carried through by our Hon. Secretary.

Obituary.

Past-President JOHN MACMILLAN.

By the death at his home, Chip Chase, Hadley Wood, on 29th August, 1949, of Past-President John Macmillan, the Society lost a valued member and the

City of London one of the leading men in its shipping community. Mr Macmillan was a Highlander, having been born in Kintyre. He was educated primarily for the Church, but instead commerce claimed him, and for twelve years he was employed by the British India Steam Navigation Company. Having served at sea as a purser, he returned to the head office. Thereafter Mr Macmillan was with the Bucknall Line as Chief Accountant, and later as its General Manager. The Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company at the instigation of Sir John Ellerman, induced young Macmillan to enter its service as Manager, later appointing him its General Manager. Success followed success, the managership of George Thompson & Co., and the general managership of the Australian Commonwealth Line having been added to the duties of Mr Macmillan. In 1929 he was appointed a Director of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company.

Those who knew John Macmillan knew a man with a strong stern exterior and a heart that was constantly beating with friendship and actuating good deeds. Many a young Highlander who came to London was introduced to the business life of the City by our kind-hearted past-president, who was never weary in his support of the charitable London organisations affecting his native land.

Past-President Macmillan joined the Society in 1921, and was elected to the presidency in November, 1929.

On Wednesday, 14th September, 1949, a large company of City men and social friends of our past-president attended a memorial service in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, conducted by Prebendary G. F. Saywell, and at which Rev. Douglas Clark gave an address of appreciation of Mr Macmillan's work. The Society was represented by Colonel Bennett, Vice-President; Messrs W. O. Hunter, W. M. Miller, Hon.

Secretary; Dr MacDonald, Messrs A. Macmurchy, and J. C. M. Campbell.

Mr Macmillan was a warm and liberal supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation of which he was a life managing governor, and of the Royal Caledonian Schools, of which he was a life governor.

At the monthly meeting of the Royal Scottish Corporation on 14th September, 1949—the Rev. Dr Moffett, vice-president, in the chair—the following resolution was passed:

" That the Committee record with profound regret their sense of the loss which the Corporation has suffered by the death on 29th August, 1949, of Mr John Macmillan, a Life Managing Governor since 1924, whose practical interest in the Charity was reflected not only in his generous donations, which amounted to over £840, but by the substantial contributions which he annually persuaded his business associates to make."

Dr Moffett, in presenting the resolution spoke of Mr Macmillan's life of big shipping business and big-hearted charitable actions.

T. H. BANKIER.

The records of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Society contain the name of no one who has given more steadfast service than Mr T. H. Bankier. Constant in his attendance at meetings, hesitant in expressing his opinion, but always free in his contribution to the work of our Society, Mr Bankier was a greatly-respected member. He joined the Society in 1920, and became a member of the Council in 1924-1925. He died in July, 1949, aged ninety-two. In Wimbledon, where he made his home, Mr Bankier devoted much of his life to hospital work; and as was stated in " The Caledonian Society at War," in the last volume of the " Chronicles," Mr Bankier " served throughout the whole war with the Wimbledon Division of the Red Cross, first as honorary secretary, and later as deputy chairman."

C. P. L. ANDERSON.

This lovable member of the Caledonian Society was born in London of Aberdeenshire parentage, and began his banking career in the Fleet Street Branch of Barclay's Bank in 1911.

The start of the 1914–1918 war found young Anderson in the London Scottish; 1915 saw him married; and in 1916 he was commissioned in the Essex Regiment.

In the second battle of Gaza he was so severely wounded that he was demobbed, and with the rank of captain. This sent him back to Barclay's, and after acting in several of the provincial branches he was appointed manager at Edgware Road, at his first love, Fleet Street, and at Pall Mall, where he became local director.

In the social life of Scotland in London Mr Anderson was also active. He joined the Caledonian Society in 1946, but prior to that he had acted as vice-president of the Harrow and District Caledonian Society, and became its president in 1945.

Mr Anderson suffered the sad loss of two sons in the 1939–1945 war, one of them having been killed in France soon after D Day.

Mr Anderson died in June 1949.

Colonel L. DUNCAN BENNETT, O.B.E., M.C., T.D.
President 1949–1950

CHAPTER V.

1949-1950: COLONEL L. DUNCAN BENNETT, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., *President*.

A London-Scottish Colonel as President; "The Scottish Tradition in Surgery," by Mr W. A. Law, M.D., F.R.C.S.; Very Rev. Alan Don's Reminiscences; "The London-Scottish," by Mr Hugh W. Wilson; "As Others see us," by Mr J. M. Napier; An Englishman on Scotsmen; "The Year that's awa'"; "Burns," by Rev. Dr Scott; The Queen and St Columba's; "The Scottish Soldier in the recent War," by Col. James Peddie; "The Scot as Geologist," by Dr W. F. P. McLintock; "The Society," by the President; The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, our Guest; "The President," by Past-President Lord Alness.

IN the long history of the Caledonian Society of London, only two soldiers had occupied the chair before Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., was elected President in 1949.

That ever-youthful Caledonian, Colonel Sir John S. Young, C.V.O. (1904-1905) was a Red Cross officer of great distinction, who saw service in all parts of the world, beginning with the Russo-Turkish War of 1887-1888 (mentioned in dispatches); and six years later (1911-1912) Colonel Bernard Green, C.M.G., T.D., came to the chair. We had to wait for thirty-eight years (1949-1950) before we selected another soldier, Colonel Bennett, who, let it be remembered, has hereditary interest in the Society. His father, Mr Lewis Bennett, was for many years a member of the Society and was on the Council until his death in 1912. Indeed, one of our treasures is a Caledonian Society's brooch or badge worn by ladies, which belonged to Colonel Bennett's father and presented to the Society by our new President.

Colonel Bennett is of Glasgow stock, and was educated south of the Border. Life for young Bennett really began in 1914, the year that the Kaiser plunged the world into war. It was in that year that he joined the London Scottish, and by 1916 he had become a sergeant—" the youngest sergeant in the British Army." Having been gazetted second-lieutenant in the same year, he went overseas, and was seconded to the P.O. Rifles.

After three months, however, he was returned to C Company of his own " Scottish." In April, 1918, he was promoted lieutenant, and in August following he became captain. When the Armistice came, Captain Bennett went with the 1st Battalion of the " Scottish " to the Army of Occupation in Germany, and when that battalion was disbanded he went to the 2nd Battalion and served with it until it was demobilised in September, 1919.

Before we follow the Captain into temporary military inactivity in 1919, let us read what the official *London Gazette* had to say about the Military Cross which he won in May, 1918 :

" Lieutenant L. D. Bennett, 1st Battalion London Scottish, showed great dash in leading the platoon in a surprise attack, when he personally rushed an enemy machine-gun. Later he held a bombing block in a captured trench against four counter-bombing attacks, and led a few men over the block drawing the enemy down the trench. He set a good example of good leadership and contempt of enemy fire."

Having "rested" from military duties for two years, young Bennett, in September, 1921, joined the post-war battalion as lieutenant in A Company, and in January, 1924, he was appointed to the command of B Company; and, says an authority, "made it one of the finest companies in the battalion." In 1930 he became second in command, and in 1937 he took over the command.

To his other honours he added the Territorial Decoration.

All this activity was reflected in what happened in 1939, when the war clouds lowered on the world. Due largely to the great organising ability of Colonel Bennett, the "Scottish" was the first of the new authorised second battalions to be completed; and when war did come in September, 1939, the battalion was already mobilised.

Up till August, 1941, Colonel Bennett continued to command the 1st Battalion during its preparatory training in Kent, and actually exceeded his term of command by ten months.

He was for two years commander of the Maidstone Sub-Area, and was promoted to the rank of Colonel. In 1943 he went overseas, and in the following year he was commander of 67 Garrison in North Africa. Later he was an Area Commander in charge at Barletta and St Vito and Naples.

It was in recognition of his work in Italy that he was awarded the O.B.E., and also a "mention in dispatches."

The end of the war did not end Colonel Bennett's interest in the "Scottish." The two charitable funds—the 1914-1918 and the 1939-1945 funds—found in him an active worker. He is chairman of the Regimental Old Comrades' Association (Overseas Branches) and chairman of the Regimental History Committee.

In business Colonel Bennett is as active as he was in his military life. On demobilisation after the 1914-1918 war he joined the firm of W. Weddel & Co., meat importers, and in 1934 he became a director. For his firm he has made world-wide tours, some of the experiences in which he gave members in a Sentiment titled " Some Scots Abroad." Among the countries which he visited, besides most of the European countries are: New Zealand, Newfoundland, Canada, U.S.A., Chile, Argentine, Brazil, Uruguay, Columbia, Venezuela, the Carribean Islands, and the British, Dutch, and French Guianas.

It will be seen that Colonel Bennett enters his year of office well equipped for the many duties which he will be called upon to perform.*

THE SCOTTISH TRADITION IN SURGERY.

Colonel Bennett's opening meeting was held on Thursday, 24th November, 1949, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington.

Following the business meetings at which the new President took the chair, the loyal toasts were succeeded by a Sentiment, " The Scottish Tradition in Surgery," given by the eminent surgeon, Mr W. Alexander Law, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.S.

The President introduced his friend whom he affectionately called " Scottie " Law, an Edinburgh-born man, who had made an international name for himself, and who was bound to go further in his profession. It is customary (said Colonel Bennett) when welcoming a new member to this ancient Society to address a homily to the member or members concerned, but on this occasion I am satisfied that this is entirely unnecessary, for having known Scottie Law for so many years, I am convinced that he would never commit his signature or put his hand to anything which he was not prepared to carry out, and I feel that in Mr W. Alexander Law we have a member who will abide by the rules and regulations which govern the conduct of this Society.

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* Since his election to the presidency Colonel Bennet has been made an elder of St Columba's, Church of Scotland.

As President of this Society, I extend to you on behalf of my brother Caledonians a warm welcome and hope you will make many friendships and spend many happy years in our ranks. (Applause.)

Mr Law received a hearty welcome, which he acknowledged, and proceeded :

I chose the subject title though I am quite unworthy to follow at all closely in the steps of Sir David Wilkie who spoke to you on " The Genius of the Scot as a Surgeon " in your centenary year. My own super-specialised field of orthopædic surgery is, as yet, too young for me to speak of the influence of the Scot in this sphere, without discussing too many present living personalities and being too technical, but I thought that some aspects of the part played by the Scot in the evolution of modern surgery viewed from a historical aspect might be of interest to you, the more so as you will see that this recent year or two have not been the only years in which Government interest or policy have had some influence.

A short time ago, while entertaining a friend and colleague from the Mayo Clinic (U.S.A.), I happened to open his guide book to this country—Temple Fielding's *Guide to Europe*, 1945—and noted the following definition of a Scot :—

" A Scotsman—' say Scotch only when you are thirsty '—is a genius with his hands, a stickler for thrift, a conscientious workman, who thinks like a Frenchman."

I don't quite know how to interpret the last phrase. I know that many of you here must have ideas, but historically and medically speaking there is a close linkage between Scotland and France. The first part of the definition obviously befits a surgeon. It is interesting to note that the present professor of surgery at Edinburgh—Professor Sir James Learmonth—who a year ago so successfully executed an intricate and vital operation on His Majesty the King, spent several years on the staff of the Mayo Clinic in the earlier part of his career.

Some of you may know that both in Scotland and in England the surgeons and the barbers were originally very closely related.

In England, in 1462, Edward the Fourth granted a charter to the Company of Barbers, and in 1540 the Barber-Surgeons Company was formed. Prior to this, surgeons had had to obtain a licence from their Bishop to practise, and then, following the Act of Supremacy and Succession in 1534, from the King.

As a result of forming the Barber-Surgeon Company, surgeons were forbidden to practise barbery or shaving. The barbers could draw teeth, but were not allowed to practise surgery or to bleed.

The surgeons displayed a special sign, the pole, with the spiral suggestion of venesection. This nowadays, of course, has been taken over by the barbers !

Surgery was defined to consist of "The treatment of tumours, fractures, dislocations, ulcers, wounds, syphilis, and female diseases."

By Act of Parliament in 1745 the barbers and surgeons separated, and in 1800 the authority of the Surgeons Company was demised to the Royal College of Surgeons of England by Royal Charter.

Now let us turn to Scotland, and we shall see that in spite of her being wrongfully called a "barbaric country," not only did she keep pace with English events, but she produced men who became the great leaders of English and future British and world surgery.

James IV did much to forward the art of surgery in Scotland, and even practised it himself. Perhaps he was the first nationalised surgeon! It is interesting to note that the surgeon's fee of those days was thirty-two shillings. Would that we received the corresponding sum now!

Anatomy, the study of the structure of the animal body, is the foundation stone of surgery and public dissection which was allowed in Venice in 1368, was allowed by law in Scotland in 1506, and in England only in 1540. "Vesalius de fabrica humani corporis (1543)" is regarded as the commencement of the anatomical renaissance, so the drive for anatomical study in Edinburgh was, therefore, independent or uninfluenced from continental sources, and is a proof of the high aspirations of the sixteenth century medicine in Scotland.

The barbers and the superior calling of surgeons granted a charter to incorporate a guild by the town council of Edinburgh in 1505, and among their privileges was the sole right of manufacturing and selling "aqua vitæ" within the burgh. The national drink of Scotland then was "aile," but if the monopoly had not been allowed to lapse, the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh would be one of the wealthiest corporations in the country.

The training of a surgeon in those days consisted of five years' apprenticeship to an established practitioner, though this was usually combined with lectures at the university or some continental medical school. Nowadays we require at least seven years' training for specialist stature.

In 1567 the surgeons and apothecaries in Edinburgh were made into one body; henceforth they ceased to act as barbers, and after 1722 there was no connection between the profession and the trade, save that the surgeons kept a register of barber apprentices. A distinction was drawn between physicians and surgeons in due course. Though the College of Physicians of Edinburgh was decreed by James VI in 1617, the charter was only finally obtained in 1681.

In the early part of the seventeenth century anyone who desired to practise medicine and surgery in Scotland might do so without let or hindrance so long as he did not invade the district in and around Glasgow supervised by the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons or practise as a barber-surgeon in one of the burghs where a guild existed. The necessary qualifications elsewhere consisted simply in the ability to obtain patients, somewhat like our modern osteopaths!

The University of St Andrews was the first of the Scottish seats of learning to be instituted, being founded in 1411, and the celebrated John Knox planned a medical school there, but this failed.

In Glasgow the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons was established by "Maister Peter Lowe" in 1599. He served on the Continent for the previous thirty years, and published his textbook on surgery, "Chyrurgy," in 1597. The faculty was a very early example of State medicine, embracing within its powers the regulations of the practice of medicine, surgery and pharmacy in the West of Scotland. It is interesting to note that the physicians and surgeons have remained united to this day, and this has brought about a very excellent general training.

In 1602 the barbers were adopted by the faculty as a necessity of the times, but on a distinctly inferior plane, and they separated themselves in 1708.

During the seventeenth century, Scottish military surgeons appear to have occupied a good standing and to have been well paid. In 1649 the Scottish army had two surgeon-generals at £40 per month. They also had eight ministers classed as generals at £66, 13*s.* 4*d.* per month, and a writer of the history of the times at £200 a month! The disaster at Worcester in 1651 put an end to all this.

Richard Wiseman is described as the Father of English Surgery. He accompanied Prince Charles (later Charles II) from Holland to Scotland in 1650 as his medical attendant and surgeon to his troops, and took part in the operations against Cromwell, which ended with the battle of Worcester. He practised for a year in Stirling and Perth, and his descriptions of the treatment of battle wounds tally quite well with present-day experience considering their facilities.

Both in Scotland and in England the early part of the eighteenth century was characterised by the movement for the erection of hospitals. The foundations of the Royal Infirmaries at Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Glasgow were laid during this period, and in London many of the present large teaching hospitals were also established. These included Westminster, St George's, Middlesex, and my own hospital the London, and St Bartholomew's, which had been founded some centuries previously, and was rebuilt.

The obtaining of bodies for dissection specimens was always a difficult problem in those days. In London they were obtained from the gallows at Tyburn, and in Edinburgh many are the stories of so-called "body-snatching"! A story was told by Robert Liston (1794-1847), who later became a celebrated surgeon. An innkeeper died in Leven. Two students had snatched the body and were conveying it away, when one of them suddenly felt ill. They took refuge in a "pub," the body being enclosed in a sack. The "pub" was the one formerly kept by the innkeeper, and was now kept by his widow and daughter. The students were shown into a bedroom upstairs with a closed-in box-bed, and then a hubbub arose downstairs as the town officers searched the house for the stolen body. The students hastily put it into the bed and escaped through the window and were seen no more. The room was the one used by the widow, and you can imagine what happened when she retired for the night!

On another occasion, when Liston was a student, he heard from a friend on the Firth of Forth of an interesting case where a post-mortem was indicated in the cause of science. With some of his pals dressed as sailors he collected the body, and on the way home they called in at a "pub," leaving the body in a sack under a near-by hedge. Suddenly they heard a loud shout, "Ship ahoy," and in staggered a drunken sailor with the sack on his shoulders. Producing a knife he ripped it open saying, "Now if that ain't something good, damn them chaps who stole it." The sight of the contents induced immediate sobriety in the sailor and hysteria in the barmaid! Liston seized the body, and with his pals made a successful return to Edinburgh.

A certain Miss Wilson, of Bruntsfield Links, was courted by two admirers. She showed a marked preference for one, and when he died she seemed heartbroken. The other, not content with having the field to himself, engaged the services of a professional body-snatcher and proceeded to Buccleuch burying ground. Miss Wilson was mourning at the grave; they waited until she had gone, and then set to work, and the surviving rival soon had the cruel satisfaction of knowing that the body of the other was on the anatomical table at the University.

In 1711 the rifling of graves for bodies drew an official reprimand from the Incorporation of Surgeons—this was rather more exculpatory than sincere, and the practice probably continued with greater caution.

In 1720 after a woman had been executed, there ensued a fight between her friends and some surgeon apprentices for possession of the body. In the middle of the fracas the supposed corpse came to life and lived for many years with the popular name of " Half-hangit Maggie Dickson."

Eighteenth-century surgery both in Scotland and England was dominated by one man—a Scot—who to this day is remembered by the annual Hunterian oration at the Royal College of Surgeons of England. His name was John Hunter, born in Lanarkshire, the youngest of ten children. He joined his brother William in London when he was aged twenty, and though regarded as the " black sheep " of the family, he rapidly became a most expert anatomist. John Hunter eventually was trained in surgery at Chelsea Hospital, St Bart's, and St George's, where later he was appointed to the staff. He was a tremendous worker, and as a result his health suffered, so he spent three years in foreign service in the army, and so built up his strength again.

He equipped himself with a dissecting room, a most amazing collection of animals for specimens, and at the same time built up a large surgical practice, working a twenty-hour day! His immense collection of anatomical specimens known to this day as " The Hunterian Collection," at the Royal College of Surgeons, was unfortunately damaged in the blitz in 1940. John Hunter's powers of observation and logical deduction put on a certain footing the science of comparative anatomy, and so opened the door to surgical progress in the future. He died in 1793 at the age of sixty-five, and his museum was taken over in 1799 by the Surgeons Company, and in the following year the authority of the Company demised to the Royal College of Surgeons by Royal Charter. In Edinburgh the College had received its new charter and Royal title in 1778, from George III, so it can claim seniority to that of London!

On present-day standards the surgery of those days was a little crude.

Robert Liston (1794-1847), who became an eminent surgeon after starting as Barclay's assistant, when operating one day with the Professor of Clinical Surgery, Russell, was confronted with a bleeding vessel which could not be controlled or reached by a ligature. Liston, with the amputation knife, hacked off a piece of wood from the operating table, shaped it into a cone, and inserted it so as to plug the vessel and stop the bleeding.

Professor James Syme, with whom Liston worked later, was one of the greatest surgeons of his time. It was said of him that " He never wasted a word, nor a drop of ink, nor a drop of blood."

A contemporary of Syme's was Sir William Fergusson (1808-1877). He was one of a brilliant band of Edinburgh men who did so well in London, and later he became P.R.C.S.(Eng.) All surgeons in those days had to be speedy, and the students when watching him operate used to say of him: " Look out sharp, for if you only even wink, you'll miss the operation altogether." Another of this band, Sir Charles Bell, is reported to have said that " London is the place to live in but not to die in." He had a brother, who was a well-known Edinburgh surgeon, who charged large fees for his operations.

A rich country laird once gave him a cheque for £50, which the surgeon thought was much too small, so as the butler opened the door for him he said : "You have had considerable trouble opening the door for me, here is a trifle for you," and he tossed him the bill. The laird took the hint and immediately forwarded a cheque for £150. It is noteworthy that Joseph Bell (1837-1911), who sprang from the same family, was the original Sherlock Holmes. Conan Doyle graphically portrayed his powers of diagnosis, and these stories should be read by every man practising the medical art.

Turning to more recent days, British surgery has continued to have Scots amongst its leaders. One need only mention names like Professor Caird, Macewen, Sir Harold Stiles, Sir David Wilkie, and Sir John Fraser, and, most recently of all a London Scot, who, although not a surgeon, has revolutionised our treatment of wound and other kinds of infection by means of penicillin, Sir Alexander Fleming. His powers of observation and deduction are well worthy of the tradition of John Hunter, and true Scottish genius.

In conclusion, I can only say we Scots have a glorious tradition as our heritage, and a reputation for skill and conscientious workmanship which is second to none. Long may this continue to flourish both in Scotland and in the far flung corners of the earth, including England, where Scotsmen invariably congregate.

Mr Law ended his Sentiment amid loud applause.

Dr D. Macrae Stewart offered the thanks of the Society to Mr Law. He said :

You will all agree with me that Mr Law has given us a Sentiment which is of great historical interest and one which has been very instructive and entertaining. He has outlined the progress of surgery from the crude workers of the earlier days to the scientifically trained and highly-skilled operators of to-day. In this development we are proud to note that Scotland has played no mean part.

Very few are better qualified than Mr Law to speak on "The Scottish Tradition in Surgery," for, if he will pardon my saying so, he is the embodiment of all that is best in the tradition of surgery in Scotland and in England. Though still a young man—he is not yet forty—he is one of the leading orthopædic surgeons of to-day, and is already achieving an international reputation. He is specially interested in that very crippling disease, spondylitis, and is doing orthopædic work of a very high order. He is successfully performing very delicate and intricate operations on the spine and hip joints, operations which bring new life and hope and the prospect of useful service to those sufferers, mostly people in the prime of life, who would otherwise remain condemned to lifelong deformity and permanent incapacity. If I may quote, in all sincereity, "he is making the crooked straight and the lame walk."

Mr Law was born in Edinburgh in 1910 of Scottish parents, he migrated with his parents at a very early age to Yorkshire, but in his exile he remained loyal to the traditions of the land of his birth, and showed his devotion by always wearing the kilt.

He entered Cambridge in 1929 to study medicine, and showed his ability by gaining an open scholarship to the London Hospital at the age of twenty-one. He took his Cambridge M.B. in 1935, and the English Fellowship in Surgery, F.R.C.S.(Eng.), two years later. He was a keen and talented rugby player, and played for Cambridge, the Eastern Counties, the London Scottish, and the London Hospital.

He went through the war in various capacities. He was for a short time M.D. to the 1st Battalion London Scottish, and he was appointed surgical and orthopædic specialist at various hospitals. He was in West Africa, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Greece. He held the rank of Lieut.-Colonel until he was demobbed in 1945. For his brilliant work he was awarded the O.B.E.

His list of post-war successes is too large to repeat, but it is evident that we have here a Scotsman of unusual mental ability allied to Scottish grit, determination and capacity. (Applause.)

Mr Law briefly acknowledged the compliment.

OUR GUESTS WELCOMED.

Sir Edward J. Reid proposed the toast "Our Guests." He said:

The London Scottish were receiving a toast for themselves, but he would like to welcome Colonel R. J. L. Ogilby, D.S.O., J.P., D.L., colonel of the Regiment; Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Maxwell, T.D., the commanding officer; Colonel Torrance Law, D.S.O., who commanded the 1st Battalion during the recent war; Lieut.-Colonel James Peddie, D.S.O., who, besides his service with the "Scottish," commanded a company in the Norwegian operations and later commanded the 6th Gordons; Captain David Ord, the regimental secretary, and Captain Stuart Monro. And in addition our singer, Mr Sam Ross, and his accompanist, Mr John Craig, are both London Scottish men. He welcomed them all.

As chairman of the London Caledonian Schools, he welcomed also two of the School's most ardent workers, Mr Alexander Wallace and Mr William Lindsay. These two gentlemen are barristers, and for barristers, I, and no doubt all of us, have a great respect, and for that reason I hesitate to tell a story—likely untrue—that a barrister once told me.

There was a legal dispute between Heaven and Hell over the ownership of a bit of property, but when the time for the trial came the representative of Heaven pleaded for an adjournment as he was not ready. After a fortnight's adjournment Heaven asked for a further adjournment. But the judge demurred, and before he would consent to an adjournment he demanded a reason. The representative of Heaven then explained that they had great difficulty in finding a barrister to conduct their case, because in spite of careful search among all the inhabitants of Heaven they had been unable to find a single barrister, and they were afraid they would have to abandon the case, unless Hell would lend them one out of the thousands who must be there. (Loud laughter.)

They had with them, also, Lieut.-General Sir William MacArthur, the eminent physician. Sir Claude James is a frequent guest here, and again we offer him our hospitality. Mr R. A. McWilliam, until recently manager of the Buenos Aires office of the Bank of London and South America, and now returned to London to occupy the general manager's chair, is with us, and we are delighted to welcome him. Sir Robert Watson Watt is already known to us all as are his scientific researches and their valuable results. Rev. Dr Archibald MacHardy is also an old friend whom we again welcome.

AN EMINENT CHURCHMAN.

Finally, said Sir Edward, I come to our principal guest, the Very Reverend Alan Campbell Don, Dean of Westminster, whom we are also very pleased to welcome to the Caledonian Society. Dr Don was born in Broughty Ferry, and graduated into the Church of England. I will not cause him to blush by enumerating the stages of his brilliant career, and so I will merely say that, like so many of our fellow-countrymen who come to England, he has now become the " heid of a depairtment " in the great institution which he serves. We all know that in recent years several prominent men in the Church of England were Scots, and Dr Don is carrying on the tradition of two recent archbishops, one of whom he himself served as chaplain.

I will not say that Dr Don's eminence is unprecedented because you know the City, dear to many of us, which grew up on the mouth of the River Don and which in old maps and old books is sometimes called Aberdon. I only mention it because, if you will pardon me for making rather a bad joke, there is at least that precedent for " Don " becoming " Dean."

I must point out, however, with a note of regret, that in spite of his eminence in Church circles, you will observe that Dr Don has a lean and under-nourished look. You might think that this indicates that asceticism is prevalent in the higher ranks of the hierarchy of the Church of England, but I can assure you that it would be rash to assume this. You might also think, after looking at Dr Don and then looking elsewhere, that the Church of England grinds its servants down to the bone more than certain other employers do, but I can assure you also that that is not necessarily the case either. I speak with some confidence because I can tell you the real reason, namely that not long ago a thief broke in and stole his and his wife's ration books. (Laughter.) That was a coorse thing to dee. We all sympathise with him in this mishap and by our hospitality to-night we have done our best to make up for the lean period that that theft must have caused him. (Laughter.)

There was once a Church of Scotland minister who was young and inexperienced. His wife, to whom he was recently married, was young and inexperienced too. When they moved into their first manse some repairs had to be done and the man who did them, when he had finished, in accordance with the agreeable custom of those times, came to receive his dram. The minister's wife, being as I said inexperienced, gave him his whisky in a very small liqueur glass, little bigger than a thimble and then went away and left the minister to talk to him. The man tossed off the drink, and then stood looking wistfully at the glass and saying nothing, as many of us might do in similar circumstances. The minister, to start the conversation, said to him, " You seem to be very interested in the glass." " Mmph," said the man not committing himself. " Do you know how it is made ? " said the minister. " Na," said the man, and the minister explained to him that it had been blown and gave him a short, but clear and interesting description of glass blowing, to which the workman listened attentively. When the minister had finished, the man said in a thoughtful way : " Weel, he must ha' been terrible short o' win' the mannie that blew this glass ! " (Laughter.)

Unless I stop soon you will think that there is no shortage of wind where I am concerned and consequently I ask fellow members to drink to the health of " Our Guests." (Applause.)

DR DON'S REMINISCENCES.

The Rev. Dr Alan C. Don, K.C.V.O., D.D., who was applauded on rising, thanked Sir Edward Reid for his welcome, and the members of the Caledonian Society for their brotherly reception of him. Sir Edward made some austere remarks about his (Dr Don's) austere countenance, and prominent cheekbones ; but surely high cheekbones were a characteristic of the Scots which he was not ashamed to carry through the streets of London. Indeed, he could no more help those high cheekbones than Sir Edward Reid could help his chubby cheeks and his youthful blush. (Laughter.) His Scots characteristics just followed his ancestry, for he was fifteen-sixteenths Scots and one-sixteenth Dutch. He had not one drop of English blood in his veins. That was not a bad amalgam, Sir Edward would admit.

Dr Don caused much amusement by his recollections of the people of Dundee and that part of Angus. He remembered the confusion in the minds of some of the residents because of the robes of the Episcopalian clergy. " Wha's yon laddie wi' the woman's claes ? " or " Mammy, here's a Hielander gaun to a funeral," were remarks one might have heard on the streets. The Presbyterians and the Episcopalians called each other Presbies and Piskies, and these were not supposed to be complimentary names.

But all that was forgotten to-day when one got into a train and was away across the Border. For one holiday he went to Florence ; but he was glad to get back to St Andrews for a good " blow " on the links, or on the Stincher with a rod. " How wise my parents were ! " said Dr Don, " to live on a sheep farm. Gathering in the sheep on a summer morning was something that one did not try to forget. But we must not get sentimental. So again I thank you." (Applause.)

THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

To Mr Hugh W. Wilson fell the duty to propose the toast, " The London Scottish." He said :

When our President asked me to propose this toast—" The London Scottish "—my mind went back to the days when he and I both had the honour to serve in that famous regiment, but he was its commanding officer and I was that peculiarly low form of animal life, a subaltern. The polite request was in reality an order, but an order which I am proud to obey.

When I accepted this so-called invitation Col. Bennett wrote to me, and said : " I knew that you would accede to my request, as to refuse would be to let the regiment down." In these words you have the spirit of the London Scottish, and indeed of the whole of the British Army—the spirit which, as Mr Eric Linklater wrote, gives to a regiment more than fire power. In battle the Japanese soldier positively seeks death, that he may thereby the more rapidly rejoin his ancestors. The Russian no doubt is urged on by the picturesque clarion of dialectical materialism. The American G.I., for all I know, invokes some tribal deity of his own, and the unashamed slogan of the Frenchman is " Vive la France." But the British soldier wipes a dirty hand across a sweaty brow, spits and says, " Och " or " Blimey," " I can't let the b—— regiment down." That is why the retreat to Corunna ended at Waterloo ; and that Dunkirk had its consummation on D-Day.

The London Scottish was formed nearly a hundred years ago. It has seen service in three wars, and its honoured dead lie in many lands—in South Africa and Flanders, in Palestine and Sicily and Italy. In the early stages of the war of 1939-1945 no fewer than 1,400 officers were commissioned from its ranks, and altogether 10,000 men served in one or other of its units. Its honours lie thick upon it, and it is a Regiment of which every member of this Society, and of all Scotsmen everywhere, may feel justly proud.

In times of peace men joined the Scottish for a variety of reasons, but in all my years of association with it, I never knew anyone who joined the regiment for what he could get out of it. In its ranks men found that it was of more consequence to do their duty than to exercise their rights ; that work came before reward—and was its own reward. This simple truth is outmoded and unfashionable now, but none the less it remains the truth. It is perhaps the Territorial Army's greatest contribution to the national life ; for this, if for no other reason, the Territorial Army has been, and is abundantly, worth while.

There has just come into being (with the considerable assistance of two members of this Society—Sir Edward Reid and Dr Scott) a fourth battalion of the London Scottish—the Cadet Battalion. It is officered by members of the parent regiment, and its headquarters adjoin those at Buckingham Gate. Later it will have a separate company, based on the Caledonian Schools. When the time comes for their National Service these cadets, if they get Certificate A, will be assured of serving in the regiment of their choice in the Highland or Lowland Brigades ; and when that is finished and they return to London they are certain of doing their part-time service with the London Scottish again, in the first battalion.

If any of you, Brother Caledonians, have boys of your own, or know of boys, bring or send them to 59 Buckingham Gate, where they will be welcomed and recruited by ex-officers of the regiment. This may seem, perhaps, an unorthodox occasion for a recruiting speech; but, gentleman, this Society was partly instrumental in raising the London Scottish in 1859. It is your regiment and mine. If you believe, as I do, that the preservation of the volunteer spirit—of the spirit of the London Scottish—is as important now as it ever was, then no apology is due from me in asking you to help it now, if you can. It needs your help and we must never let the regiment down.

With the toast of the regiment I link the name of its Colonel, Col. R. J. L. Ogilby, D.S.O., D.L., J.P., London Scottish in 1916, when he was appointed to command the 2nd Battalion. Since that day in 1916 Col. Ogilby has done much for the London Scottish, just how much is known only to a very few people, for he is of the sort which prefers to do the job and let the credit go. He is very proud of his regiment. His regiment is very proud of him. (Applause.) Let us pledge "The London Scottish."

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

Colonel Ogilby had a hearty reception. He emphasised what Mr Hugh Wilson had said about the need for recruits, and said the Caledonian Society could perform no more patriotic action than by urging members to do their utmost to increase the ranks of their own regiment. He said he and his colleagues were honoured by the prominence which the Society had given to this toast and gathering.

Mr Sam Ross, soloist, and Mr John Craig, accompanist, treated the company to beautifully-rendered Scots songs: "Maiden of Morven," "Westering Home," "Bonnie Strathyre," and "My Love is like a red, red Rose."

Pipe-Major Robertson, M.B.E., gave his selection and drank his toast, and after our Strathspey had been given, "Auld Lang Syne" ended a successful gathering.

THANKS TO PAST-PRESIDENT RUSSELL.

At the business meetings held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 15th December, 1949, the President, Colonel L. D. Bennett paid a tribute to the work of his predecessor in the chair. Past-President A. W. Russell (Colonel Bennett said) had presided over their deliberations with great tact and courtesy, the result having been a session of outstanding distinction. In the name of his fellow members he thanked Past-President Russell for his great services to the Society.

Past-President Russell said he appreciated greatly the President's generous words.

Mr Miller, Hon. Secretary, read a letter from Past-President Sir Murdoch Macdonald, in response to the Society's congratulations on his and Lady Macdonald's celebration of their golden wedding.

As Others See Us.

At the Little Dinner which followed the business meetings, Colonel Bennett presided, and after giving the loyal toasts called on Mr J. M. Napier to give his Sentiment on " As others see us." Mr Napier said:

Ever since I promised to give this Sentiment I have wrestled with two problems—problems which I expect every humble Brother Caledonian who has ventured into this position has tried to solve—the first, what induced me to be so rash as to agree to speak at all; and the second, the subject.

As to the first, you know how it is. I wandered into a certain room at Fleur-de-lis Court and there found the President, the Honorary Historian and the Honorary Secretary discussing " Sentiments "; and before I really knew where I was I found myself under an obligation to rise to my feet here and speak. There is a poem which explains the position, which I venture to quote:

> Whit gars me gang an' dae this thing,
> It canna be jist richt
> For me to think that I can haver
> E'en for a while this nicht.
> The reason's clear to a' wha ken;
> It's nocht to dae wi' siller;
> It's jist that nane can e'er say na
> To Bennett, Will an' Miller.

The second problem was a subject. There is only one on which I can say I know a little more than most folk—the Common Law of England, but it's only twelve years since that most distinguished Scotsman, Lord Macmillan, gave a Sentiment to this Society on Scots Law and the great pride of place it holds in the esteem of all Scotsmen, and in the jurisprudence of the world, and I feel it is too early yet to start any discussion on another system.

I might have ventured on a talk on those Scotsmen who have helped in the development of English law, but frankly that's too big a subject, and besides, that process is going on to-day, and I venture to prophesy that historians of future generations will count the judgments of Lord Morton of Henryton as among the classic pronouncements of all time. So I looked elsewhere.

I was moved to choose this subject, " As others see us," after recalling the entertainment and enlightenment which came to me when reading a book, *The Scot in History*, written by an American, Professor Notestein, who claims Scottish descent from both Wallace and Bruce. (Laughter.) I say " entertained and enlightened," or perhaps partly enlightened, because in my reading of Scottish novels I had, quite wrongly according to the Professor, given to the Highlander and to the clan system attributes of romance to which, apparently, he or it were not entitled. I formed a picture of a benevolent chieftain surrounded by faithful clansmen, whereas, according to our American writer, Scottish life was pretty uncivilised, the people unbroken to law, passionate and cruel. Indeed, in his introduction he puts the question, " How has the bloodthirsty and often treacherous Scot become the highly respected and worthy citizen of to-day ? " a question which, perhaps, whilst complimentary to you and me, says very little for our ancestors. But I must say, in spite of reading *The Scot in History*, I still cling to my picture of the old loyal and romantic Highland clan.

New Haven, Connecticut, is a long way away, and three centuries is a long time, and perhaps the first-hand account of one who was at close grips with the clansmen at that time is to be preferred as an answer to this first critic I have produced. When the Highlanders under Prince Charlie had won the Battle of Prestonpans, General Hawley, who commanded the vanquished, in reply to the charges made by his Intelligence Staff, said : " As to your diminishing their numbers and ridiculing their discipline, you see and I feel the effect of it. I never saw any troops fire in platoons more regularly, make their motions and evolutions quicker, or attack with more bravery or in better order, and these are the very men you represented as a parcel of raw and undisciplined vagabonds."

So much for the point of view from the United States of America. Let's search out some more.

I suppose the classical critic of Scotland was Dr Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer. His remark about the high road to England being the noblest prospect that a Scotsman would ever see, his suggestion that the Scottish tongue is offensive to the ear, his view that Scotland is one large desert, his objection to their extreme nationalism, all seem, I would suggest, to be rather born of irritation than of very sound judgment. After all, his biographer Boswell, seems to have hung about the great man a great deal too much and he, Boswell, did not seem to appreciate that there may have been occasions when his mentor would rather have been alone, or perhaps, what is an interesting speculation, that his leg was perhaps being pulled.

That crack about the high road arose during a discussion which Johnson overheard between Boswell and some of our countrymen who were discussing Scottish scenery and vying as to which was the best prospect—as we are all very much prone to do to-day ; and it was on Boswell's seeking the great one's view that he uttered his remark about the noblest prospect. Likewise, I feel he must have been somewhat short-tempered when Boswell remarked to him, " Sometimes I have been in the humour of wishing to retire to a desert," and he replied, " Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland." But whether the

Doctor meant this or not, it was clear that on his visits north of the Tweed he had a high old time and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

This distaste for Scots on Johnson's part was, of course, to be expected in those days. It was a legacy which had its historical roots in the sudden accession of a Scots king, the menace of the Jacobites in the north and the bitter trade rivalry between England and Scotland which at one time existed.

It might have helped the export trade and the Chancellor's plans if it had continued to exist, or if somehow it could have been revived. But to return to Johnson and his contemporaries. One of them, Dean Swift, compared Scots conversation to the drone of their own bagpipes. Another, Lamb, was most offensive of literary giants.

This incursion into the writings of these has somewhat of a corrective influence on any one with excessive nationalistic feelings. Charles Lamb, for instance, the gentle " Elia," was by no means gentle when he spoke of Scots to one of them : " I have a great respect for Scotsmen if they did not think such a damned deal of themselves." On another occasion he wrote : " I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desert the experiment in despair. The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire of one another." Living as he did among a limited circle of friends, and occupied much by the illness of his sister, one can only hope that he had not met many of our countrymen.

Charles Knight, who lived at the beginning of last century and founded several magazines and two encyclopædia, confessed to a repulsion against Scots, stated—and the statement is probably true to-day—you meet more intense Scottish nationalism in London than in Scotland. Knight, however, made a much more controversial allegation when he wrote, " Scots are in demand not merely when accidents happen, but in all times that they may be ready against emergencies. They are first-rate second-class men."

Passing from men to the country itself, Sydney Smith, who died in 1845, made a most severe reference to our country. He called it " that garret of the earth—that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oatcakes and sulphur." He was the first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Then, too, the same idea was in his mind, for he proposed as the motto for the new publication, " We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal." This rather jaundiced view of Scotland was perhaps due to the fact that he came to Edinburgh in 1798 rather against his will—he had been engaged as tutor to a young man, and was bound for Weimar in Germany when war broke out there, and in the stress of politics they put him into Edinburgh, where he stayed five years.

Another interesting reference to Scots I found among the works of Charles Churchill, an associate and supporter of John Wilkes. As a matter of fact, he was nearly arrested with Wilkes, but he refers to Scots thus :

> The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride,
> True is the charge nor by themselves denied ;
> Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,
> Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here.

Then I found rather an interesting reference in the diary of Samuel Pepys. I would first say (from his Diary) there was in his time, 1666, in existence those Scottish Tea Rooms which drew quite good custom in the Metropolis and in the suburbs where their shop signs appeared, for he mentions buying Scotch cakes from a shop in Westminster. But the extract that is interesting is under

28th July, 1666, when Samuel, along with my Lord Bruncker, went to Lord Lauderdale's house to speak with him. I may say that Lord Lauderdale was then Secretary of State for Scotland. His house was on Highgate Hill. The purpose of the visit isn't given. John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale, 1616 to 1682, is described in a book of reference: "Though a man of considerable learning and intellectual attainments, his character was exceptionally and grossly licentious, and his base and ignoble career was unrelieved by a single redeeming feature." I mention this because obviously the Scots folk that Samuel Pepys met there may not have been of the highest character. Samuel goes on, "We find him and his lady and some Scotch people at supper. Pretty odd company. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the violin some Scotch tunes only, several, and the best of their countrie, as they seemed to esteem them, by their praising and admiring them, but Lord, the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life and all of one cast." That's rather interesting, especially as Pepys knew something of music. But he goes on: "But strange to hear my Lord Lauderdale say himself that he'd rather hear a cat mew than the best music in the world, and the better the music the more sick it makes him and that of all instruments he hates the lute most, and after that the bagpipe." The fact that his Lordship died in 1682 in disgrace, stripped of all his offices, is a fitting punishment for one who spoke so disrespectfully of the bagpipes.

So far, you can rightfully claim that these others who see us have not said much in praise of Scotland or of Scots. Well, perhaps not, but I've found that a criticism favourable to our country and countrymen can usually be offset by remarks by some one else far from complimentary. Listen to this. One, Locken, a doctor of divinity, who lived round about 1600, said: "In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense." Against that there is a remark, anonymous I fear, "There never came a fool out of Scotland; they all stay at home."

Then again there's the extreme in praise—Benjamin Franklin: "I think the time we spent there was six weeks of the densest happiness I have ever met with in any part of my life, and the agreeable and instructive society there in such plenty has left so pleasing an impression on my memory that, did not strong connections draw me elsewhere, I believe Scotland would be the country I would choose to spend the remainder of my days."

Contrast that with this: "The houses are shocking to humanity; the fare of the inhabitants is equally mean. The men are thin, idle and indifferent about what is not absolutely necessary to their existence. The women are remarkably plain *but* more industrious than their husbands." So writes Thomas Pennant in 1769. Add to that another remark of Dr Johnson's: "Their weather is not pleasing; half the year is deluged in rain," and you get as dismal a picture of Scotland as you could wish.

Of Scottish ladies, Charles Nodier said of the young women of the mountains of Scotland: "There is a charm in the arrangement of their hair and an ease and grace in their manner of holding their heads. They have the beauty of strength." Of the ladies of the towns a Frenchman, de Saint-Fond (1784) said of those of Glasgow: "The women display an elegance and agility in their gait and many of them have charming persons."

Then there is this one—also from a Frenchman, Pichot (1877): "The ladies of Edinburgh possess a more graceful deportment than those of London."

Yet in "Scotland characterised" (1701): "Their women are, if possible, worse than the men. Their voice is like thunder and will as effectively sour all the milk in a dairy or beer in a cellar as forty drums beating a perparative."

But may I set that last one off against another remark, also from France: " Nothing prompts the desire to get married like the sight of the numerous happy households which are to be found in this country. I have often said that Scotland is the husbands' paradise. These gentlemen, however, don't appear to appreciate their good fortune and take it all as a matter of course."

And here is a moderate comment which is worth while hearing (Korsuth, Hungarian D.P.) : " The chief characteristics of the Scot are constancy and unwearied perseverance. This steady perseverance which has wrought such wonders of material progress does not belie itself in respect of political sympathy and faithfulness to principles. When once a Scotsman has become somebody's friend he steadily remains his friend. When once he has taken up any matter, he does not drop it again through good or evil report. His interest is not like a fire of straw, but like that of the gathering coal he burns in his hearth."

I could go on for a very long time, but as a Sentiment is an expression of a desire, or view, a definition which obviously prefers brevity to a long dissertation, I must draw to a close. If these extracts have been for your entertainment I am content. They do show that the onlookers, the outsiders, the Sassenach, have not always the high opinion of ourselves that we are prone to have ; and if they do show our weaknesses, out of that knowledge can always come action required to offset those weaknesses. The great qualities that have and are making our country a great nation, can give a united affirmation to that last quotation from William Shakespeare : " Stands Scotland where it did " ?

Mr Napier was loudly applauded as he finished his Sentiment.

THANKS FOR AN EXCELLENT SENTIMENT.

The Vice-President, the Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott, in offering thanks to Mr Napier for his Sentiment, said that Mr Napier, one of his elders, had had an opportunity of giving him (Dr Scott) a bit of his own medicine. Mr Napier had spoken for twenty-five minutes, but if he (Dr Scott) were to preach to Mr Napier and the rest of his congregation for twenty-five minutes on a Sunday morning, he feared for the consequences.

Mr Napier had given them a most excellent Sentiment ; the research, of which it was the result, must have been very great. It reminded him of the time when the late Lord Beattie, when giving his Rectorial Address at Edinburgh, spoke exhaustively of sea power. So thorough was he that there came the inevitable voice from the back of the hall: "My Dear Davie, you've been swotting up your history all right." (Laughter.)

Some of Mr Napier's facts and perhaps the aptness of some of his quotations will remain with us, and we may go away much the better for those truths which we had just heard. He was reminded of an incident at a marriage ceremony in St Columba's during the ministry of his predecessor, Dr Fleming. The couple being married belonged to the very well-to-do class, and the printer's error in the order of the service sheet was most appropriate—the 100th Psalm was printed: "All people that on earth do well." (Laughter.)

On reverting to Mr Napier's Sentiment, Dr Scott said there could be no fear of the real opinion of Scotland. Scotsmen of the stamp of Mr J. Murray Napier uphold the reputation of our native land; he was a man whose good deeds were known to few. He (Dr Scott) had sent many poor people to Mr Napier, and he had never failed him. He is indeed a worthy Caledonian, and he has given to-night a Sentiment worthy of himself and the Caledonian Society. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with Caledonian Honours, and Mr Napier feelingly replied.

THE CITY AND ARMY OUR GUESTS.

Mr J. F. Minty asked his brother Caledonians to honour the toast, "Our Guests." The gregarious proclivities of Scots led them to gather at these monthly meetings, and to further enjoy the company they invited their friends to partake of their hospitality. They had had many distinguished men of many races at these gatherings and to-night they had among their guests, Brigadier G. E. M. Portman, T.D., A.D.C., a soldier and a man highly respected in the City. He saw war service in 1914-1918 in the Rangers, and when the Territorial Force was reformed in 1920, he rejoined the Army and ultimately commanded the Rangers, later becoming commanding officer of the Queen's Rifles. In 1939 he was appointed brigadier in command of the 168th Infantry Brigade, and later he served in India. His heart is still in the Territorials and in his old regiment.

In the City Brigadier Portman is recognised as a man whose word is his bond ; and as the managing director of the banking and discount house of Allen Harvey, & Ross he is implicitly trusted.

Mr H. G. Garrett, O.B.E., another of our guests is also an Englishman who, after specialising in languages at Cambridge, took a position in Valparaiso, Chile, with a company associated with Balfour, Williamson & Co. On returning home, Mr Garrett entered the shipping industry, and while business interests here occupy his time he still retains close contact with Latin-American affairs.

Another of our guests is Mr W. B. C. Scott, manager of the British Law Insurance Co. Mr Scott, an Edinburgh man, has not been long in London, but already he occupies a prominent place in the insurance world.

Brother Caledonians, we offer to our guests a hearty welcome and I ask you to drink to their good health and prosperity, with Caledonian Honours.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON SCOTSMEN.

The toast having been honoured, and Brigadier G. E. M. Portman, T.D., A.D.C., replying, thanked Mr Minty for the pleasant things he had said about the guests, and about himself in particular—he, an Englishman, and a Dorset man at that. But there were similarities about the products of a rural area. They had a good opinion of themselves, and of their sagacity and cunning. But you Scots seem to concentrate on yourselves—in your love of freedom, prosperity, saving, good food, the family and its discipline.

Speaking of the number of bankers who had been attracted to the Caledonian Society, Brigadier Portman mentioned the Bank of England, and asked where the idea of its nationalisation came from. Strangely enough, the idea of a national bank for England came from a Scotsman, who founded the Bank. William Paterson was an ingenious speculator, but of his early life little is known except that he was a native of Scotland, and that he had been in the West Indies. In what capacity he had been in the West Indies was a matter on which his contemporaries differed. His friends said he had been a missionary ; his enemies that he had been a buccaneer. At any rate he seems to have been gifted by nature with fertile invention, an ardent temperament, and great powers of persuasion, and to have acquired somewhere in the course of his vagrant life a perfect knowledge of accounts. He persuaded a sufficient amount of capital to enable him to found the Bank of England, which thus in our capital created a monument to Scottish sagacity and perseverance. The Brigadier thanked the Society on behalf of the guests for the great hospitality and fine entertainment they had received.

New members : Mr John G. Bridges, M.B.E. ; Dr R. G. Henderson, C.B.E. ; Dr K. Campbell MacKenzie ; and Mr J. W. Ollason were introduced to the President.

Mr Angus Stewart sang with feeling : "Turn ye to me," "The Skye Boat Song," "The Bonnie Earl o' Moray," "My love is like a red, red Rose," and "The Piper o' Dundee." Mr John Johnston accompanied on the piano.

Pipe-Major Robertson's selection was : "Donald

Cameron," "Delvinside," "Cameronian's Rant," and "The Green Hills of Tyrol."

The bagpipe Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London," and "Auld Lang Syne" by the company closed a successful gathering.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

The President, Colonel L. D. Bennett, took the chair at the Little Dinner, held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on 19th January, 1950.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, Colonel Bennett said:

To-night we are reviving an old custom. For many years prior to his death in 1934, Past-President T. R. Moncrieff sang, at our first meeting of the year, "The year that's awa'." Past-President Moncrieff was for over thirty years Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation. Our Honorary Secretary, Brother Caledonian W. M. Miller, has been Secretary of that Corporation since 1935. To-night he has been persuaded—in fact, he has been ordered—to follow the precedent set by his predecessor. And so, much against his will, he will now sing "The year that's awa'." Perhaps I ought to add that he has made it very clear to me that I must accept responsibility for any repercussions which may arise from what he himself calls his "raucous sergeant-major's voice." (Laughter and applause.)

Mr Miller sang the old song with great feeling, and was loudly applauded.

REV. DR SCOTT ON BURNS.

Rev. Dr Scott proposed "The Immortal Memory of Burns." He said:

It is one hundred and ninety-one years since that celebrated "blast o' Jan'war' win' blew hansel in" on Robert Burns. In all these years, his reputation as a poet has never stood higher than it does to-day. His works have been translated into every European language, and he is as highly thought of across the Channel, particularly in France, as he is in his native land.

Robert Burns was a man richly gifted in the faculty of fellowship. The imagination and insight out of which his poems grew were quickened and inspired by fellowship. He wrote as all poets must write—alone (though he had more difficulty in finding a room apart than most); but the genius of the man was fired into flame in the company of his fellow men and also, of course, in the company of women! Yet for all his fondness for the fair sex, nothing would have delighted his heart more than a gathering such as this is to-night—a gathering of fellow Scots meeting in happy fellowship. And though he be not here in body, indeed his spirit joins our company, and to-night in celebration of his birth, we bid him welcome. (Applause.)

In any estimation of the poetry of Burns, it is always necessary to draw a clear distinction between his rhetorical verse, which, however powerful, is not great poetry, and his epistolatory, comic and lyric verse, much of which is poetry at its very best.

Burns uses his rhetorical effusions almost entirely as a preacher. He writes to point a moral or to persuade to some great truth. Take, for instance, these two verses of the Cotter's Saturday Night—so often wrongly referred to as his greatest poem:

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
  The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing."
  That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
  No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise
  In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride
  In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
  Devotions every grace, except the heart;
The Power incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
  The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
  May hear, well pleased, the language of the Soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

How wonderfully in the glowing rhetoric of these lines he thrusts home the lesson of the necessity for sincerity and devotion.

Or take the two stanzas of his lines " On seeing a wounded hare limp by ":

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor never pleasure glad thy cruel heart.

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains;
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

With what power and what pathos he stirs the heart to passionate pity for the victim of man's cruelty. Yet however much and however well he wrote in the rhetorical vein, Burns could never keep the lyrical from breaking through. Take just one example, the opening verse of his Ode to Despondency :

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
  I set me down and sigh :
O Life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
  To wretches such as I !
Dim backward as I cast my view,
  What sick'ning Scenes appear !
What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
  Too justly I may fear !
    Still caring, despairing,
    Must be my little doom ;
  My woes here, shall close ne'er,
    But with the closing tomb !

See how, in the last four lines of that verse, the lyrical strain surging up in him breaks through the sombre structure of the rhetoric.

But it is when we come to Robert Burns in his comic vein and in his songs that we find him at his very best. Few poets have had a keener sense of humour, and it is one of the things that brings him closest to us to-day. For his humour was not a matter of glittering, superficial wit ; but a seeing in to the funny and the ridiculous as they appeared round about him in the common ways of common life.

Take that quite marvellous little poem, " Address to the Toothache." Bevan had not appeared in Burns's day, and there were neither free dentists nor dentures for the poor sufferer from this appalling malady, a malady for which to this day one receives no sympathy. " I have a headache," " I have earache," both of these will bring the sympathetic reply, and even the aspirins or the olive oil ! But to say " I have toothache " is to touch the risible rather than the sympathetic faculty of the hearer. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

Listen to Burns as he lets himself go upon this " hell o' a' diseases " :

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang ;
And through my lugs gi'es mony a twang
  Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang
  Like racking engines !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle,
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
  To see me loup ;
While raving mad I wish a heckle
  Were in their doup !

Do you remember, too, that Sunday when as he sat in church he saw a great, fat louse making its way to the top of the gorgeous bonnet of the young lady sitting in front of him? With what glorious fun and rich, rough language he takes off the whole scene.

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

But you remember, too, that he closes this piece of boisterous fun with one of the neatest and most often-quoted bits of moralising:

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels 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.

The spirit of comedy in Burns rose to its greatest height in that quite matchless comic epic, "Tam o' Shanter." It is too long, of course, for me to quote, but it is known, I am sure, to all of us. It was written, believe it or not, complete and unattended from beginning to end, at one sitting—written on the backs of old envelopes whilst the poet lay on a mossy wall on the banks of his beloved Nith.

From its opening in the vividly sketched evening scene in Ayr; through the marvellous picture of the waiting wife at home:

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm;

through the miraculous description of the carousel:

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

through the charming little moral lyric on the shortness of life's pleasures:

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; etc.

Through the comic yet breathless heightening of the ghostly atmosphere of Alloway's auld haunted kirk; to the stroke of genius in the twisted moral at the end:

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

I say, from beginning to end, it runs with clear, shining, bubbling humour; effortless ease, and flawless rhythm—a perfect masterpiece. (Applause.)

But, of course, it is by his lyrical poetry and particularly by his songs that the true fame of Robert Burns stands and will ever stand. In this field he can truly stand comparison with the greatest—even with Shakespeare. Shakespeare's lyrics are lively, but you never feel there is any one singing them. They come from the head rather than the heart. With Burns it is quite different. He sings from the heart and therefore sings to the heart. These songs of his will never die so long as humanity lasts. We have heard some of them sung again to-night. Not only do we not get tired of them; but the more we hear them the more they become part of our very life and experience. What a God-given power to sing as freshly and as movingly for us all to-night, one hundred and ninety-one years after his birth! (Applause.)

Like all great song writers he rises to the greatest heights not from some rapturous experience of joy (though he can write of joy), but when he sings out of sorrow. This surely is one of man's greatest gifts that he should be able to sing—not only of that which is joyous and pleasureable—but sing even better out of the darkness of grief and despair. Here Burns is quite supreme. He reaches a simplicity, not the simplicity of superficiality but the simplicity of depth, in some of his songs which is only equalled by the great French writers, if even by them. Take, for instance, this little song which alas you hardly ever hear sung to-day:

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever:
Aften hast thou vowed that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken:
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary een I'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken!

For economy in the use of words; for power in the use of repetition; for stark simplicity, grief has never been better expressed, except perhaps in the famous four lines of "Ae fond kiss," which Professor Grierson used to say to us were the finest four lines in the plain, impassioned style ever penned by man:

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!

One could go on quoting in similar strain and in words almost as fine for hours on end. But surely even in these few fragments the time has permitted us to use we have testimony beyond all doubting; testimony to convince the most critical judgment that one hundred and ninety-one years ago the auld clay biggin' at Alloway saw the birth of a great poetic genius. (Applause.)

It is not to be wondered at that during these years the life story of Robert Burns has attracted great attention. Where this attention has been given to connecting his poetry with the events of his own life or his own personal experiences, and thus truly to add to our knowledge of his verse, it is to be welcomed and encouraged. The trouble is that much of the writing about the life of Robert Burns in recent times seems to dwell with unhealthy enthusiasm upon his faults and foibles, of which he himself was well aware, and God knows never sought to hide. This prying, like some peeping Tom into the errancies of a nature burning with passion, is not really helpful to the understanding of the poetry of Burns.

Think for one moment of the cruel load of toil which Burns carried from early years. Think of the frail, tortured body and the crudity of any medical aids there were to help it. Think of that brilliant, lively mind, "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the narrow drudgery of rural life in Scotland as it was in the eighteenth century. Think of these things and tell me who, in this room, would have fared better; resisted more or come better out of a long and fierce inquest on every detail of life than the genius whose gifts have enriched us all? (Applause.)

In any case Robert Burns in all but his poetry has passed beyond the judgment of man. The fires of his passions are burnt out. Don't let us rake the ashes seeking to strike some second-hand spark from the past. For out of the fierce heat of these passionate fires there poured, for the delight and enchantment of millions, the pure gold of poetry. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

THE QUEEN AND ST COLUMBA'S.

The President in calling for the thanks of members and friends, for what he described as a masterly exposition, said he was sure that in asking Dr Scott to undertake the Sentiment, he was making no mistake.

It is customary, continued the President, when thanking the author of a Sentiment, to refer to his accomplishments, but in the case of our Vice-President, such introduction is not necessary, for Dr Scott's reputation as a minister of the Church of Scotland, and his outstanding gifts of oratory have earned for him such a pre-eminent place in Scottish circles, that anything I might say would be entirely superfluous. There must be hundreds of Scottish societies throughout the British Commonwealth—indeed throughout the world—who will forgather on Wednesday next, drawn by a common kinship, to do honour to the memory of our national poet, but there can be few such gatherings, if any, where the memory of Robert Burns has been more eloquently pledged than it has been by Dr Scott to-night. (Applause.)

You, sir, have provided us with a rare treat; and on behalf of my brother Caledonians and our guests, will you please accept our grateful thanks?

Before I ask you to drink to our Vice-President's health, brethren, may I as President of the Caledonian Society of London, on behalf of my brother Caledonians, tender to you, Dr Scott, and to the congregation of St Columba's Church of Scotland, our heartfelt congratulations on the splendid news which you were able to make public at the morning service on Christmas Day. We rejoice with you in the knowledge that immediate steps are now to be taken to commence the rebuilding of St Columba's on the existing site, and that Her Majesty the Queen has graciously consented to lay the foundation stone. (Loud applause.)

Dr Scott thanked the President and the brethren for their congratulations.

BANKERS AND MINISTERIAL GUESTS.

Mr Robert Orr, in the name of his brother Caledonians, offered a warm welcome to the many visitors, who, with members, had listened to the magnificent oration, and the sympathetic understanding and interpretation of Robert Burns by Dr Scott. (Applause.)

Mr Orr continued:

Mr R. A. McWilliam who would reply for the guests, was a native of Boharm, near Dufftown, Banffshire, was trained as a banker, saw service with the Camerons in the 1914–1918 war, went to the Argentine for the River Plate Bank, and by rapid preferment ultimately secured one of the banking plums in London. British interests in Buenos Aires were cultivated by our guest when resident there; among other positions which he held was the presidency of the St Andrew's Society of the River Plate.

Another of our guests, also a banker as a young man, is Mr W. A. McAdam, C.M.G., Agent-General for British Columbia since 1941. From the British Linen Bank in Edinburgh and the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Vancouver, he filled many important public offices, among them Deputy Minister of Finance, British Columbia. He was appointed to London as secretary to the office of Agent-General. He was Acting Agent-General from 1934 to 1941, and has since been Agent-General.

Rev. Archibald McHardy, C.B.E., M.C., K.H.C., D.D., is an old and valued friend known to us all here; and is deeply respected and always welcome.

Rev. L. O. C. White, Dr Scott's assistant, is a Tasmanian educated at the Scots College in Tasmania, and at the University of Melbourne. He has occupied several important positions in Church circles, among them Clerk of the Presbytery of Tasmania and Moderator of the Tasmanian General Assembly. As a military chaplain he was attached to various regiments in Tasmania. In 1944 he was called to the Parish of Evandale and Longfort, perhaps as important to us is the fact that he is a member of a famous Scottish family, the O in his name standing for Oliphant, the distinguished Jacobite family which gave us the talented poetess, Lady Nairne.

Captain J. P. L. Reid, R.N. (a brother of our member, Sir Edward Reid) has spent his life in the Royal Navy, and when he received his captaincy he was the youngest captain in the service. In the recent war Captain Reid served in the *Valiant* and in *King George* as Admiral Rawlings's Chief of Staff. He now holds an important staff appointment at the Admiralty.

One of the men who kept the oil supplies open during the war was Mr A. W. M. Robertson, an official of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. He was born in the Outer Hebrides, and spent thirty-four years of his life in Persia. He was one of the founder members of the Fields Caledonian Society, was chief of that society at Masjid-i-Sulaiman, South Persia, and helped to found the sister society at Abadan.

Mr Ernest S. W. Westman is an iron and steel merchant in London, whose ancestry is Swedish. Mr Westman has one ambition—to improve his education so that he may give the toast of the Immortal Memory some day in Sweden!

We have with us London Scots whom we always delight to honour—those who uphold the work of our sister societies in the metropolis. Mr David Fulton is a past-president of the Scottish Clans Association, which the great Scottish charities associated with the Caledonian Society have benefited so substantially.

With us, also, are the president (Mr George Nicholson) and the hon. secretary (Mr J. O. Cumming) of the virile Harrow Caledonian Society.

We welcome those I have named and those I have not named to our gathering to-night, and we drink with Caledonian Honours, to their good health. (Applause.)

Mr R. A. McWilliam, in reply, said:

After hearing such eloquent speakers as Dr Scott and Mr Orr, I feel very much like the old Scottish farmer who, as senior elder of the kirk, found himself one Sabbath morn in the unenviable position of having to take the service in the absence of the minister. He called for worship by the singing of the Psalm, and he continued, "nae that ill," to lead the congregation in the Lord's Prayer. The reading of the lesson and the singing of a Paraphrase offered no insurmountable difficulty, but when it came to the sermon, he was verily up against it. He chose for his text these simple words, "I am the shepherd, sayth the Lord, and ye are the sheep." He cleared his throat and wiped his brow, and repeated his text a second and a third time: "I am . . . the sheep," but past that he couldna' win. Presently, after a discreet pause, came a voice from the body of the kirk, "Ye better come awa' doon here, John, and be a sheep." (Laughter.)

However, Mr Chairman, I am up now, and I will not be a sheep.

But may I add my tribute for the truly magnificent discourse given us by Dr Scott. I have attended more Burns Nichts than I care to remember, and I've listened to some good tributes to our National Bard; but never have I heard anything half as good as Dr Scott's talk this evening.

Mr Orr's remarks about my hailing from that part of Scotland where all the best whisky is made, brings to mind an old story, which had its origin on an evening such as might have been enjoyed by Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie. The cronies in this case, however, were no other than two of the best-known distillers in Banffshire, who shall be nameless; but I shall call them William and James. One was an elder and the other the precentor of the kirk, and they got on to the subject of religion. "What dae ye ken about releigion?" said James. "Man, ye couldna' even repeat the Lord's Prayer!" "I bet you a poun', I can," said William, and slapped a note on the table. "Done wi' you," said James, covering the pound note. So William began: "The Lord's my Shepherd." "A' richt! tak' the siller, William," said James, "I didna ken ye had it in ye." (Laughter.)

On behalf of my fellow-guests and myself, I thank Mr Orr for the warm welcome he accorded us, and for all the kind things he had to say about us. I thank you, Mr President, and each and all of your fellow-members for a most enjoyable Burns Nicht. (Applause.)

Mr T. C. Boyd contributed four Scots songs to the musical part of the programme: "Ae fond Kiss," "Scots wha hae," "Afton Water," and "Ye Banks and Braes." Mr John Johnston accompanied on the piano.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, the Society's officer's selection was: "I'll gang nae mair to yon Toon," "Take your Gun to the Hill," "The wind that shakes the Barley," and "A Man's a Man for a' that."

The Society's Strathspey, followed by "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem closed an interesting programme.

THE SCOTTISH SOLDIER IN THE RECENT WAR.

After the loyal toast had been honoured at the Little Dinner held at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, on Thursday, 16th February, 1950, Colonel Bennett, the President, introduced Lieut.-Colonel James Peddie, D.S.O., T.D., to give a Sentiment on, "The Scottish Soldier in the recent war."

Lieut.-Colonel Peddie said he was appalled at the enormity of the task he had undertaken, and continued:

It is in a mood of some humility that I make these incomplete and random reflections on that grand chap, the fighting Jock of the late war.

Scotland's war effort cannot, of course, be separated from the general effort of Great Britain as a whole; but if it were possible it would be found to be stupendous, both military and civilian. As Dr Charles Murray wrote:

In Freedom's cause, for one that fa's
  We'll glean the glens and send them three
To clip the reiver eagle's claws
  An' drook his feathers i' the sea;
    For gallant loons, in brochs an' toons
      Are leavin' shop an' yaird an' mill,
    A' keen to show baith friend an' foe
      Auld Scotland counts for something still.

Apart from the large number of army units there were, of course, A.A.F. squadrons, R.N.V.R. units, and detachments of all the many organisations, both male and female, which are necessary for the waging of total war. Thousands, too, served in the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force, the Merchant Service, and throughout all arms of the Army. While popular imagination was caught, perhaps, by one of the famous citizen divisions such as 15th Scottish, 51st Highland, or 52nd Lowland, there were few divisions without one or more Scottish units, and none, I warrant, without their quota of Scotsmen. There was, for instance, at one time a Scottish officer in every one of the twenty-four Ghurka battalions, and they only take the best! So, throughout the British Army, in small bulk or large, existed this pulsating, energising spirit of Scotland at war. If the highest ranks were largely left to Ulstermen, the foremost ranks of battle did not lack for Scotsmen at all levels.

I was fortunate enough to serve for a large part of the war with a Scottish unit which was in an English formation, because the Scottish character here was seen in relief and the special contribution of her soldiers could more easily be distinguished.

I never hear those lovely lines—

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

without a pang. In the 1914-1918 war this feeling was immeasurably supported by the wearing of the kilt. Except for officers and the pipes and drums, the kilt was unknown in this war, in spite of strenuous efforts that were made for its retention by many eminent officers. But the kilt appeared, nevertheless, in many parts of the world and created great curiosity to many of the inhabitants. I remember in Rome how frequently one's kilt was fingered by interested signorinas. The tam-o'-shanter and the walking-out Glengarry bonnet were happily retained and were highly prized by those privileged to wear them as well as by souvenir-hunting members of the R.A.F. and Americans. Their possession did at least ensure that from pride alone the Scots soldier seldom went hatless. But these privileges must be jealously guarded. I remember being asked by H.M. the King why I was not wearing a sgian dhu on one occasion. I told him that the colonel of the regiment had decreed that they should not be worn in war-time. "A mistake," he said. "If you are not careful you'll lose it." I remember also, in connection with the Royal Family, that at one time during the war there were three battalions of Gordon Highlanders in Norfolk, two of which had recently been transferred to the Royal Artillery as anti-tank gun units (and very good ones they were, too, I believe). The Duke of Gloucester visited the infantry battalion concerned in his rôle of Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordon Highlanders. During the same week he visited the two gunner units in the same rôle, correctly dressed as a Gordon Highlander, and was greeted by so-called artillerymen similarly attired. No danger of those units losing any privilege of dress.

The other outward manifestation of our nationality was the pipes. A Scottish battalion was allowed, I think, six pipers on its war establishment, but every unit had more, and all sorts of subterfuges were resorted to so that S.B. or driver or signaller Jekyll could also be piper or drummer Hyde. The popularity of the pipes was unbounded, whether they were playing the battalion into or out of the line, or beating retreat in an English village square, or playing at a rest camp concert or an officers' guest night, or even showing the flag in some captured city such as Tripoli or Rome. And the possession of pipes and drums was deeply envied by English units, whether from the utilitarian value of having the daily duty calls in camp sounded off by the orderly piper or all that wealth of tradition and national pride and regimental and unit *esprit de corps* which they engendered and symbolised.

Nor did they only function on more peaceful occasions. The 51st Division were played into Alamein by their pipers, and many a cold, wet and danger-fraught journey was made to the front line by the pipers of many units in mule-trains and carrying parties. But the pipes and drums were so valued by a commanding officer that he took all steps to minimise casualties.

In my own unit we were aliens in our division, which in any case tended to emphasise our idiosyncrasies. But I remember the battalion always had a distinctive tang of north-east Scotland. Whoever heard in a Lowland unit a N.C.O. telling a party, "Get your gibbles!" I remember one evening in North Africa looking down from a hill on to the battalion bivouac area. The duty piper was sounding a call and the strains of the pipes came limpidly through the soft still air up the hillside to where I stood. There followed a call by a N.C.O. for Postie Gordon. Out streamed the Jocks to get their mail, unwrapping their beloved local papers—the *Banffshire Journal* or the *Aberdeen Press and Journal*, fingering letters with postmarks from Tomintoul or Macduff, Keith or Aberdeen, Glasgow, Hamilton, Hawick. I felt Scotland was very near. There is no doubt that these outward manifestations of our nationality were worth a great deal to our morale.

Being the only Scottish unit for a long time had its disadvantages when we were later joined by the Scots Guards. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred a Scots accent encountered in the dark was one of ours. But during the landing at Anzio, B. Coy. of the Scots Guards was landed accidentally on the same beach as B. Coy. of ours, and inextricable confusion resulted. Some nights later, on taking over from the same battalion, my signal platoon marched up to battalion H.Q. and were fallen out for a few minutes while the Scots Guards got clear. Some few minutes later the signal sergeant called to his platoon to fall in again, and found they had trustingly marched out with the Scots Guards signallers !

Another noticeable characteristic of the Scottish soldier, to my mind, was his handiness. The way they stood up to a bitter winter in Norfolk, cheerfully undergoing individual training in the open, was astonishing and fine training for the miseries of the last winter of the war on the Apennines. Trench foot, that menace of 1914-1918, threatened us again in the water-filled slit trenches of Anzio, but not one man suffered. And with what placidity and fortitude did patrols start out in the rain, lie out, shivering no doubt, for some hours, and return in the early hours of the morning, wet and frozen, to the dubious safety and comfort of a sodden slit trench. Heat they didn't stand so well, but that, perhaps, was understandable. In physique they did not compare so well with the enemy. I shall not soon forget the sight and sound of five hundred prisoners of the Afrika Corps, dressed in cap, shorts and shoes, marching with magnificent discipline, and singing as they marched, down to the River Madjerda to bathe.

Then the natural intelligence of the Scot and his respect for education undoubtedly fitted him particularly for the complicated business of war in an Infantry unit. There was never any real lack of specialists or of those suitable for training as specialists—it was the time and opportunity that were lacking. We were continually being called upon to supply men to brigade and division—signallers for transfer to the R.C.S., batmen, clerks, intelligence personnel, drivers, grooms, footballers, comedians. If one complained one might be told " Well, you have a better type than the other units." It was a backhanded compliment. For the same reason the record on courses of instruction was excellent. But I think possibly we suffered in the quality of our N.C.O.s. The men were either suitable for commissions or just privates. In a short time I had three policemen-officers—each of them first-class. Surely the English police force did not produce many of this type !

Discipline, I was told, did not come easily to the north-easterner. Perhaps this is true so far as its outward show of a smart and heel-clicking nature is concerned, but there was no lack of obedient co-operation, and there was a fine team spirit in sections and departments, run very often, I think, in a benevolent family fashion. Cleanliness was an outstanding feature of this, and the citizens of Horncastle never failed to marvel at the way in which the troops used to wash down the pavements in front of their billets. I remember in connection with discipline one Hogmanay in Italy. We were waiting to go up into the line and I had received orders late that night and crawled into bed just before midnight after a long session with my adjutant. It was bitterly cold and wet, and we were under canvas. I was just dropping off to sleep when a Glasgow voice outside my tent said, " This is the C.O.'s tent. Can we come in, sir ? " This was Yardley, who hailed from Rutherglen, and was something of a character and the M.O.'s batman. He brought a bottle of foul Italian cognac with him, and insisted I had a drink. Then he said, " The day I'm looking forward to, sir, is when I'll come into the pub at Rutherglen, and you'll be standing at the bar and I'll say ' Good evening, Mr Peddie,' and you'll say, ' Good evening, Mr Yardley ' ! "

The Scots' dourness and toughness of nature make them fine holding troops. Gone, perhaps, is something of the Highland dash of the past, but there are the exploits of 51st Division at Alamein, and in the Reichwald to give that the lie. I remember, too, one of my own company commanders, Robert Rae, a typical Highlander in appearance, and a battle winner to boot, leading two ferocious charges with the bayonet with overwhelming results. But in this last war the attack was often won by the concentration of force at the decisive point, and the most intricate co-operation of all arms—infantry, gunners, tanks, sappers, mortars and machine-guns, and the R.A.F.

In our simple life overseas, religion fell naturally into its appointed place. The padre was a respected, liked and busy person, particularly when out of the line. He had no nonsense about voluntary church parades—they always went down with a swing, and communion was always very well attended. You may have read in a recent biography of Archbishop Lang how much he admired the singing of the London Scottish in the summer of 1940 in Bridge Church in Kent. Religious observance was very much an essential part of life in my young days, and I am sure the presence of a padre of our own gave us strength and comfort and a link with homely things which helped us much to do our duty.

And so emerges in my eyes the figure of the Scottish soldier of the late war—clean, but not perhaps over-smart, workmanlike is the word, his bonnet cocked just a wee bit too much over the right ear, and worn with something of a swagger, loyal, hardy, straight, dour, self-confident and self-sufficient. I look back on those days when the elemental values were thrown into relief, and a common purpose bound us in all our doings, great and small, with pride that I was privileged to march alongside such men.

Inevitably one's thoughts turn to those who lie for ever under foreign skies, whose example and memory was not forgotten by their comrades, but helped them, together with their native upbringing, the resolution of their leaders, and the whole immense material power of the west, to march on to victory.

Colonel Peddie ended amid loud applause for a Sentiment which was listened to with wrapt attention.

An Inspiring Sentiment.

Mr W. Gordon Simpson asked members and friends to join in thanking Lieut.-Colonel Peddie for what had been an inspiring Sentiment.

It is clear (said Mr Simpson) that the author of the Sentiment applied strong powers of observation, a keen sense of humour, and an appreciation of the other fellow's point of view in arriving at his conclusions on the Scottish soldier in the recent war; and it is certain that this knowledge played no small part in the distinguished military career of Colonel Peddie, and was undoubtedly as great an advantage to the cause he served as it must have been to him and those who served with and under him. (Hear, hear.)

Colonel Peddie is a son of the Manse; he was educated at Glasgow Academy and Glenalmond; he was a graduate of St John's College, Cambridge, where he read for the Economic Tripos. At Cambridge he rowed in the Lady Margaret, 1st May, boat, and in the University trials. On coming to London he joined the London Scottish, was gazetted second-lieutenant in July, 1930, lieutenant in 1933, and captain in 1936. At the outbreak of war he held the rank of major in the 1st Battalion, and in 1940 he commanded No. 5 Independent Company, and after fighting in Norway he returned home in the spring of 1940. Later he was posted to the 6th Gordons, and promoted Lieut.-Colonel. He fought in North Africa and Italy, winning the D.S.O. at Anzio. When he left soldiering behind he retained a keen interest in the "Scottish," and gave his sound judgment as chairman of the Regiment Benevolent Fund.

Colonel Peddie in a few words thanked the audience for their appreciation of his Sentiment.

YOUNG LOCHIEL TOASTS THE GUESTS.

Lieut.-Colonel Donald H. Cameron, Younger, of Lochiel, in proposing "Our Guests," said:

Hospitality even to this day, has remained one of the great and enduring characteristics of the Highlanders, and indeed, of Scots in general; and the Caledonian Society of London in particular prides itself on the welcome it accords to guests. Many tales are told of Highland hospitality, but I like particularly the one of the sheriff-officer who came to serve a summons on one of the chiefs of the Clan McNab who had got into debt. The chief at once welcomed the sheriff-officer with great hospitality, persuaded him to stay the night, and plied him liberally with whisky. After dark, with the guest sound asleep, McNab had a life-size effigy of the sheriff-officer made, and hung it from a tree where it would be readily seen by the victim when he awoke. "What's that I see?" asked the guest. "Nothing at all," said McNab, "just a messenger who came the other day to serve a summons on me," and away back to Edinburgh went the sheriff-officer as fast as legs could carry him. (Laughter.) We here are not in the same unhappy plight as the sheriff-officer.

To-night we have among our guests, Mr A. T. Davies, a man well known in the banking world and the City; Mr J. W. Perry, a director of two well-known theatres; Colonel D. G. H. H. Smith, known to all who know the London Scottish, as Alphabetical Smith; Dr Joseph Moffett, who is known affectionately to every Scot in London; Mr Frank Webster, an eminent building and civil engineer, who is responsible for important buildings from Ceylon and Persia to London and our native Scotland; we have Captain Robert Semple, who, with great distinction served with our President in the London Scottish in the 1914–1918 war; and Robin Bailes, who has been appointed editor of the Regiment's "Gazette."

And now I am on sure ground. Of the Rev. Alan Davidson's military prowess and attainments I know something.

During the recent war I served in the Lovat Scouts—a rather unique regiment—certainly not martial—typified by the true story of the mother of one of our men, who, on being asked about her sons, said they were all serving in the forces—one in the Army, one in the Navy, and one in the Lovat Scouts! (Laughter.) We as a regiment owed a lot to Dr Davidson, and especially were we grateful to him for enabling us to get a fair deal financially.

To-day Dr Davidson is D.C.G. at the War Office, and as always is a staunch friend of the soldiers. When the arm-chair critics criticise adversely the army and the National Service men, or talk about the moral laxity of troops, Dr Davidson, from his real knowledge of the men and their circumstances, defends the soldiers with all his usual eloquence and courage.

Despite all his work at the War Office, Dr Davidson still manages to find time to take a very active part in the work of the Church of Scotland London Presbytery. I have great pleasure in submitting the toast of "Our Guests," named and un-named, and I couple the toast with the Rev. Alan Davidson, C.B.E., M.C., D.D., K.H.C. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with hearty Caledonian Honours.

THE FRIENDLINESS OF THE SCOT.

Dr Davidson thanked the Society for its hospitality. He said that if ever he were to find himself in a radio quiz, and were asked, "What is the predominant characteristic of the Scot?" he would immediately reply: "His friendliness; his addiction to showing hospitality." And I think I'd get the five shillings! I suffer greatly from this friendliness and addiction. In the past two years I have visited practically every military station in the army overseas. And my experience of these two virtues, almost amounting to vices, has been borne out by people of all nationalities. Why! In the Canal Zone in Egypt they had to have two St Andrew's nights, one on the 29th, and one on the 30th, so as to work in all their guests. The gala night in Nairobi was the night on which the Caledonian F.C. celebrated their position at top of the Kenya Football League—a wonderful atmosphere and astounding hospitality. And here I studiously avoid impinging on Colonel Peddie's terrain; but the finest ambassador for better relationship betwixt the nations is the British soldier, and above all, the Scottish soldier. It is to our great gain that at this moment there are five Jock battalions in the Far East, four in Germany, and one in Tripoli—all delicate situations in which the Jock is, by the very nature of us, making no mean contribution. And they are learning things, too! A Left-Wing M.P. who visited overseas, found himself alongside a burly sergeant to whom, with the hail-fellow-all-wet manner of his breed, he addressed the cheery query: "How are the boys getting along with our Russian Allies?" The sergeant beetled his brows, gazed down at his questioner and spoke: "There are nae communists *noo* in the Black Watch." (Laughter.)

Who would have friends must show himself friendly. We are the recipients of this friendliness. Long may the ancient Caledonian Society of London live to show this spirit. (Applause.)

Dr Davidson wound up his laughter-punctuated remarks with the story of a couple who had lived in the same house for forty-nine years and paid a visit to their married son on the evening before celebrating their fiftieth wedding day. They stayed so late that on making a rush for it the old lady's knees gave way and they missed the last bus home; they had to remain with their son for the night. As they were going upstairs to bed, her old man was complaining about the loss of the bus, and she to mollify him said: "Well, we've the Winter in our hair, and the Summer in our hearts; and we have nothing to complain about."

"Yes," said the old man, "but if you'd had the Winter in your hair, Summer in your heart, and more Spring in your knees, you mightn't have missed that last bus home."

Well, you members of the Caledonian Society of London have the Winter in your hair, Summer in your hearts, and the Spring in your knees, be they in trews or in the kilt ; and I and my fellow guests thank you and salute you for your great kindness and gracious hospitality to us. (Loud applause.)

Mr W. Alexander Law, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.S., a new member, was presented to the President, who reminded members that Dr Law had, at our November meeting, given us a most interesting and entertaining Sentiment on, "Scottish Tradition in Surgery," and that then Dr Macrae Stewart had recorded the fine story of Mr Law's progress from his birth in Edinburgh to his present position of Consulting Orthopædic Surgeon at London Hospital. The President heartily welcomed Mr Law to the Society.

The musical part of the programme was provided mainly by Mr J. W. Ollason, whose rich tenor voice was heard in: "In praise of Islay," "Westering Home," and "The Lass o' Ballochmyle." Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., was the accomplished accompanist at the piano.

The bagpipe contributions by Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., the Society's officer, were "The Scots Guards March through Jerusalem," "The Caledonian Canal," "Cabar Feidh," and "St Andrew's Cross," and preceding "Auld Lang Syne," the Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London."

THE SCOT AS GEOLOGIST.

On Thursday, 16th March, 1950, the Little Dinner was held at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington.

The President, Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, was in the chair, and after the loyal toasts had been drunk with Caledonian Honours he called on Mr W. F. P.

McLintock, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., F.G.S., to give the Sentiment, "The Scot as geologist." Mr McLintock said :

I approach my task to-night with a certain amount of misgiving and diffidence. I appear before you admittedly as a geologist, and experience which extends over forty years convinces me that however tolerant and sympathetic one's friends may be, however appreciative they may be of one's wit or eloquence or social qualities or attractive personality, they are inclined to be dubious about the profession of geologist. If you possess all the qualities I have just mentioned, they cannot understand how you ever decided to become a geologist, and if you don't possess these attributes, being in fact the dull dog so few of us will admit to ourselves we are, well, then, they say, "Geologist ! Poor fellow ; I thought so ; something peculiar ! " One thing, however, gives me confidence in my task to-night : there is probably no other science, either natural or exact, with whose history and development Scotland and Scotsmen are more intimately, constructively, and honourably associated than with the science of geology.

Geology in the modern sense took its rise in the eighteenth century, to be precise, in Edinburgh, in the latter half of that eventful century. Edinburgh during that period must have been a remarkable place : David Hume, James Boswell, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, the philosopher, Robertson, the historian, Joseph Black, the chemist, Alexander Munro, the anatomist, Raeburn and Nasmyth, the painters, were all a part of the literary, scientific and artistic society of those wonderful times. You will notice that I have said nothing about a geologist. But there was one, and a most famous one, who formed part of that society. His name, perhaps unfamiliar to some of you here to-night, was James Hutton. He was born in Edinburgh in 1726, the son of a respectable burgess of the capital, educated first at the High School, next at the University, where he read medicine and chemistry for three years, then proceeding abroad as was the custom in those days, first to Paris to continue his medical studies, then to Leyden, where he took his medical degree in 1749. On his return to his native city in 1750 he made no attempt to set up as a practising doctor, but devoted his attention to developing a farm near Duns in Berwickshire to which he had fallen heir. The better to attain this end he proceeded to Norfolk in 1752, and spent two years there studying farming practice and making journeys throughout England, even going as far afield as the Low Countries. It was during this period that he first began to take an interest in geological problems, an interest which, later, was to become the main preoccupation of his life. Armed with the knowledge acquired in Norfolk, Hutton returned to Berwickshire, and during the next fourteen years succeeded in making his farm one of the most prosperous and efficient in the country. He also turned his attention to chemical manufacturing, and entered into a successful business partnership with a friend who had studied chemistry with him at Edinburgh. By 1768, that is when he was forty-two years of age, Hutton found himself prosperous enough to be able to retire to Edinburgh and devote his time to geological studies, to philosophical speculation, and to the enjoyment of the intellectual society for which the city was so noted at that time.

Up till the time of Hutton many famous men had published works on the history of the earth. Not infrequently these books were replete with the wildest speculations and dogmatic assertions based largely on traditional beliefs and mosaic chronology. Thus, the great French naturalist, Buffon, in his *Époques de la Nature*, published in 1778, arranged the history of our globe into, significantly enough, *six* periods marked by catastrophes, floods, convulsions and tremendous revolutions after which there was peace and the earth was prepared for man. Although obviously inspired by biblical chronology, this extraordinary work saw publication only after the most careful and delicate negotiations with the ecclesiastical authorities of the Sorbonne; and even then, so it is said, Buffon's friends remained anxious on his account. Such was the state of earth history and men's ideas when Hutton entered the lists.

First, in a dissertation read in 1785 before the recently formed Royal Society of Edinburgh, and entitled "Theory of the Earth, an investigation of the Laws observable in the Composition, Dissolution and Restoration of Land upon the Globe," and second, in the two volumes published in 1795 entitled *Theory of the Earth, with Proofs and Illustrations*, he showed the way to common sense and sound induction based on observed facts, and, indeed laid the foundations of the modern science of geology. Like many great scientific discoveries Hutton's *Theory of the Earth* was original, simple and perfectly conclusive. He argued that all the phenomena exhibited in the rocks of the earth's crust might be explained by causes operating at the present day. A sufficiency of time alone was necessary. Rocks could be classified as of sedimentary or of igneous origin. The sedimentary rocks were built up of the fragments of older rocks weathered, disintegrated, transported and eventually deposited in sea, estuary, or lake, in the same manner as we see happening at the present day. The processes had gone on from the earliest times, and there was no sign of a beginning or of an end. The igneous rocks were ascribed to the action of the earth's internal heat; some of them were volcanic in origin, whilst others like granite had invaded, altered and baked the sub-surface rocks into which they had been intruded. These simple ideas, amply supported as they were by Hutton's acute observations in the field, and since confirmed completely by independent investigators, now form the basic principles of geology. But from what I have already said it is perhaps not surprising that for some considerable time after Hutton had announced them, and indeed for years after his death in 1797 they met with the most violent opposition and provoked the bitterest controversy.

Hutton, however, was fortunate in his friends, one of whom, John Playfair, professor of mathematics and philosophy in Edinburgh, undertook to let the world know its debt to Hutton whose writings, it must be confessed, were often prolix, obscure, and not too easily followed. Playfair was a born teacher and expositor with a gift for clear and elegant writing; he had, moreover, known Hutton intimately in his later years, and was fully conversant with his views. After his friend's death he prepared a popular and clear account of Hutton's labours, and published it in 1802 under the title of *Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*. This work still remains a classic in scientific literature. It won the battle for the modern science of geology, but the results had still to be gathered. Another of Hutton's friends was Sir James Hall of Dunglass, who, beginning by being quite sceptical of the Huttonian theory, ended as an enthusiastic supporter. Hutton maintained that the whinstones and basalts which abound in the Edinburgh district were of igneous origin and had originally been in a state of fusion. His opponents, on the other hand, argued that the effect of great heat on rocks was to reduce them to the condition of glass, and that granite and basalt being crystalline could never possibly have been melted. Hall took pieces of natural basalt, melted them, and found that when they were cooled quickly they solidified as glass, but when cooled slowly they consolidated as a stony crystalline basalt. The degree of crystallinity depended on the rate of cooling. Once more the truth was simple, and could be observed in an ordinary glass furnace if the charge were slowly cooled. Considering, then, the Scot as geologist, I would offer these three founders of the science as worthy of our homage: Hutton, the brilliantly original investigator, with all the intuition which is the mark of true genius; Hall, the founder of experimental geology whose experimental researches added powerful support to some of Hutton's most fundamental views; and Playfair, the great interpreter and expositor of the new learning.

The new learning eventually penetrated to all parts of the world. In London the Geological Society was founded in 1807 to investigate the mineral structure of the earth. The English geologists were at that time more interested in the accumulation of facts regarding the ancient history of the globe than in the elaboration of hypotheses to explain them, and to that end concentrated their attention on the sedimentary rocks covering a very large area of their country. It was soon discovered that in any succession of strata of sedimentary rocks the oldest lay at the bottom and the youngest at the top, and that each particular sedimentary formation is characterised by its own particular fossils which enable it to be identified from place to place across the country. In conformity with these two principles, William Smith, an English engineer and surveyor, arranged the stratified rocks of England from the oldest to the youngest in chronological order, and produced in 1815 a geological map in which, by means of different colours, he showed the distribution and relative ages of the different rocks throughout the country. Smith's discoveries, the interest aroused in geology by the labours of Hutton and his friends, the brilliant exposition of the new science in *Principles of Geology*, by Charles Lyell, an Angus man who settled in London and became one of the best-known geologists of his day—all these had their influence in establishing geology as a science, and in 1835 it was decided by Government to found a Geological Survey charged with the task of producing geological maps of the whole country. The Geological Survey of Great Britain was the first of its kind; it has been the parent of the Geological Surveys established throughout the Commonwealth and Colonies, and the model on which many foreign Geological Surveys have been organized.

In its very early days the Geological Survey had a staff of one, the first director, Henry Thomas De la Beche, but it was not long before the work was recognized as valuable to the country, and additional staff was recruited. De la Beche was not only an eminent geologist; he possessed administrative abilities of the highest order, and had the rare and extraordinarily useful gift of being able to extract money for scientific purposes from H.M. Treasury. Thus when he died, as he did in harness in 1855, he left to his successor an efficient and well-staffed Geological Survey, a Museum of Practical Geology to accommodate the material acquired by the Survey during the course of its work, and a School of Mines staffed by eminent professors. The whole was housed in what was then considered to be a first-class modern building, erected in Jermyn Street, and opened with considerable ceremony by the Prince Consort in 1851.

The development of the Geological Survey with its Museum is very largely the story of the development of geology in the last one hundred and fifteen years. During that long period Scotsmen have been in control of the Survey for an aggregate period of sixty-five years and Englishmen for fifty years. Comment on that extraordinary fact seems unnecessary! But it does emphasize, if further emphasis were needed, the intimate connection between the Scot and geology. The first of the long line of Scottish directors was Sir Roderick Murchison, who, in 1855, when he was sixty-three years old, succeeded De la Beche. At an age when most civil servants are thinking of retiring, this redoubtable Scotsman successfully undertook the direction of a large and growing Government organization, and remained in office till his death at the age of seventy-nine. Murchison was one of the heroic figures of geology. He was instrumental in founding three great geological systems—the Silurian, the Devonian and the Permian. He had travelled abroad extensively and had done a great deal of geological work in Russia and beyond the Urals; he was the friend of emperors, princes and statesmen and was a great social and scientific figure in his day. Under his régime the Geological Survey increased greatly in size, usefulness and prestige, and practically his last act before he died was to give £6,000 to the University of Edinburgh to found a chair of geology. Additional money was provided by the Government, and in accordance with Murchison's wishes Archibald Geikie was appointed first professor in 1871.

On Murchison's death Andrew Crombie Ramsay succeeded to the directorship. He had served on the Survey for thirty years, and was probably the best field-geologist of his day, and a first-class administrator. Ramsay was a recognized authority on the geological structure of Britain, on physiography, on the origin of lakes and the geological work of ice-sheets, and on his retirement in 1881 had approximately eighty papers, books and memoirs to his credit.

Perhaps two of the most famous Scottish Survey geologists were the brothers Geikie, the elder of whom, Archibald Geikie, joined the Survey in 1855, the year Sir Roderick Murchison became director, and retired from the post of director-general in 1901 after serving in that capacity for nineteen years. Through his scientific work and his voluminous writings, which included a standard textbook of geology, Sir Archibald Geikie, as he became, had a world-wide reputation, and worthily upheld the traditions of the Scottish school of geology. He was the first occupant of the chair of geology founded by Murchison in 1871, and by his lectures there during a period of ten years did much to popularise the study of the subject. On his retiral from the Geological Survey in 1901 he became successively secretary and then president of the Royal Society, and is the only geologist ever to have occupied that position, or to have received, as he did, the distinction of O.M. For nearly twenty-four years after his retirement this remarkable man continued to be the most prominent and famous British geologist, and died full of honours, and industrious to the last, at the age of eighty-nine.

James Geikie joined the Geological Survey in 1861, and after twenty years of distinguished service succeeded his famous brother in the chair of geology in Edinburgh in 1882, a position he occupied for the next thirty-two years. By his research work and his publications, which included *The Great Ice Age; Prehistoric Europe; Earth Sculpture; Mountains, their Origin, Growth and Decay; Outlines of Geology; Structural and Field Geology;* and many papers and memoirs. James Geikie, like his brother, acquired an international reputation and brought fame and distinction to his university and to the Scottish School of Geology. He was a great geologist and a great teacher, and I count it a privilege to have studied under him. Many of his students attained distinguished positions both at home and abroad ; two of them became directors of the Geological Survey of Great Britain ; one became director of the Geological Survey of India, and one, director of the Nigerian Survey.

Now, gentlemen, I think I have said enough about geology and Scottish geologists for one evening. I have no doubt that some of you may think that I ought to have mentioned Hugh Miller, the friend and helper of Archibald Geikie, who in 1902 wrote a charming appreciation of him on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of his birth ; another famous geologist was John Macculloch who wrote his celebrated description of the Western Isles of Scotland, and actually prepared a geological map which was published in 1836. But time presses, and perhaps you may agree that enough has been said to justify the Sentiment which I now give to you, " The Scot as Geologist." With that Sentiment I would wish once more to associate the name of the illustrious Hutton, who by the originality of his conceptions, the scope of his genius, and the massive dimensions and permanence of his achievements, firmly and truly laid the foundations of the science of geology.

Mr McLintock was heartily applauded for his able Sentiment.

A GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE.

Mr J. R. Steele, called for the thanks of the company for Mr McLintock's illuminating address. Continuing, Mr Steele said :

Our Brother Caledonian is the head of a great public service, the value of which may be illustrated by discoveries, during the recent war, in Loch Alvie and South Harris, to replace glass, sand and aluminium silicates, previously obtained from occupied countries on the Continent, and required in the manufacture of precision instruments for the forces.

Mr McLintock has worthily maintained the great Scottish tradition in geology, a tradition which he has so interestingly traced in his Sentiment.

Until 1935 London had a small geological exhibition in Jermyn Street. The Geological Museum, then built in Exhibition Road, was taken in hand by Mr McLintock, and it will stand as a lasting monument to his work. Now it is claimed to be the finest of its kind in the world. It is through men like Dr McLintock, who, by their infinite capacity for taking pains, their hard work and research, together with their great ability to apply the knowledge they acquire, that progress is possible. (Applause.)

Mr McLintock, in reply, said he appreciated greatly Mr Steele's remarks and their reception by his brother Caledonians.

THREE NOTABLE GUESTS.

Mr James S. Stiven in proposing the toast, " Our Guests," said :

Among our guests to-night your attention will be directed to three men : Sir Leslie Bowker, O.B.E., M.C. ; Mr Donald Black, C.A. ; and Mr W. Garfield Weston, who is accompanied by his son Garry. We offer to Sir Leslie Bowker, the City Remembrancer, our congratulations on being made a Commander of the Legion of Honour by M. Auriol, the French President, during His Excellency's recent visit to London.

I am always intrigued by Sir Leslie's official designation, City Remembrancer. The only other Remembrancer I know of is our King's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer in Edinburgh, who, among other functions, is responsible for ingathering the goods, gear and effects of convicted murderers and outlaws. He is also the Administrator of Treasure Trove, and I am sure we all hope that present operations in Tobermory Bay are to keep him fully occupied in that capacity. Sir Leslie's duties are different. His office goes back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whereas in Scotland the office dates from the Union of the Parliaments in 1707. Sir Leslie's duties include the Parliamentary agency work for the City, and Ceremonial Officer for the Corporation. Our guest was a captain in the London Scottish in the 1914-1918 war, and he gained the M.C. He is also a cricket and football administrator, Surrey County Cricket Club, and the Football Association, sharing his services. (Applause.)

Mr Donald Black is a Scottish C.A., who has been associated with the P. & O. and the administration of the Caledonian Club. He is now managing director of J. & G. Murdoch.*

Mr Stiven traced the life work of Mr Garfield Weston from his visits to the United Kingdom on his leave from France during his service with the Canadian forces during the 1914-1918 war. It was during those visits that Mr Weston saw the possibilities of great business in the bakery industry in which his father had made a pronounced success. It was in 1933 that Mr Weston came to Great Britain and took over a promising business in Aberdeen. From there, and then, he developed his holdings, and to-day he numbers sixty factories in Scotland, England, Ireland and Wales, not to mention the tremendous interests in the United States, Canada, Africa, Australia and India. And he grows coconuts in India and British Honduras.

In 1939 he was returned to Parliament for Macclesfield, but retired in 1945. On the first day of the Battle of Britain his sorrow at the loss of sixteen Spitfires was expressed by an immediate gift of £100,000 to the Ministry of Aircraft Production. The result was a fund of £13,000,000. Mr Stiven spoke appreciatively of Mr Weston's work in sending large numbers of British schoolboys to Canada.

Sir Leslie Bowker, O.B.E., M.C., City Remembrancer, in his reply said that whatever he might feel about his fitness to reply to such a toast he never now said he was ill-fitted for the task—not since once when he did so, someone shouted " Hear, hear." (Laughter.)

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* Soon after the date of this meeting Mr Black passed away suddenly.

He was proud to be with them, even if it were only to see his old friend Colonel Bennett in the exalted position of President of their old and influential Society. Colonel Bennet and he had soldiered together in the London Scottish in the 1914-1918 war and since. Those days of peril and adventure together brought memories that would last forever.

And in these days it was a great relief to dine out, when there was no cooking to be done by the womenfolk and no washing up by the men. (Laughter.) In this connection there was the gentleman, well and truly sunburned, who explained his brown complexion to his friends by saying that their sink had a southern aspect. And this brought to his mind the lines of enlightening verse :

The man was in the bathroom,
  Washing out his shirt ;
The wife was in the kitchen
  Sweeping out the dirt ;
The maid was in the parlour
  Eating bread and honey,
And in came a neighbour
  And offered her more money ! (Loud laughter.)

Mr Stiven had referred to his duties as Remembrancer, which reminded him of the letter he had received from a lady friend : " My dear Leslie, I cannot help it, but I shall always think of you as the City Forget-me-not ! " (Laughter.)

Sir Leslie said he was very proud of the honour which the French President had conferred upon him.

Among Sir Leslie's dear friends was Bill Jordan, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, who had risen to his high place from a humble position. At a public dinner which Bill Jordan attended, the company was dispersing, when Bill discovered that his watch was gone. He told his neighbour. As he had the watch when he sat down it must have been taken by someone at the table. The card of the man on the other side of him was produced. " Wait a minute," said the neighbour, and rushed away. In a few minutes he returned and said, " Here's your watch ! " " Had So-and-So got it ? "—" Yes." " What did he say ? "—" Nothing ; he doesn't know I have it." (Laughter.)

Mr Donald Black also replied to the toast. He told of some amusing incidents in his life, among them the story of Mearns, his caddie at Aberdeen. He was playing badly, and Mearns was despondent. After one bad approach shot, the gloom deepened, and Mearns asked : " Is there onything the maitter wi' ye, sir ? " " No," replied Mr Black ; " but golf's only a game after all." " Gowff's no' a game," was the caddie's reply ; " it's a damned scandal." " You miserable blighter Mearns ; leave my clubs at the first tee and never let me see your face again ! " " A' richt," said Mearns. The next morning there was Mearns and the clubs at the first tee. " I thought I told you I didn't want to see you again," said Mr Black. " Oh, aye, sir," said Mearns ; " but ye werena just yersel' last nicht, sir ! " (Laughter.)

THANKS TO THE OFFICIALS.

The President giving the toast, " The Office-Bearers," thanked the Hon. Auditor, Treasurer and Historian for their services, and said of the Hon. Secretary : " My task this session has been extremely easy, due almost entirely to the helpfulness and the guiding hand of Mr Miller. I am glad of this opportunity of expressing to him and to the other office-bearers our sincere thanks for the thoroughness with which they have discharged their duties." (Applause.)

A Breezy Hon. Secretary.

The toast having been heartily honoured, Mr Miller, Hon. Secretary said:

After the flood of oratory to which we have listened to-night, I cannot help remembering the schoolboy who said that in America people are put to death by elocution. (Laughter.) While I am beginning to doubt whether this subtle method of eradicating humanity is confined to the United States, it appears that, so far, at least some of you have survived, so I hope that this final speech will not be the means of bringing about the demise of the few who are still conscious.

While I can acknowledge with thankfulness the President's kind remarks about myself, naturally I cannot speak for the other honorary office-bearers, although I imagine they, too, are grateful for his eulogies. In this respect I feel rather like the cyclist who knocked down a pedestrain in Kilmarnock. Picking himself up, the pedestrian demanded, "Can ye no' ring yer bell ?" "Och, aye," the cyclist replied, "I can ring ma bell ; but I canna ride a bicycle." (Laughter.) It is now five long years since you thrust this office on me. It is comforting to remember that the first seven years are the worst. But I am prepared to admit that I have for the Caledonian Society of London a great affection—an affection similar to that which a young sergeant had for his regiment—the 1st Battalion, H.L.I. On the retirement of the regimental sergeant-major, this N.C.O. was offered that appointment. The commanding officer explained to the sergeant that he had been recommended over the head of some of his seniors, but that there was one difficulty—his religious denomination. It had been a tradition of the H.L.I. that the regimental sergeant-major must be a Presbyterian, and the sergeant was an Episcopalian. The commanding officer, however, hinted that people had been known to change their denominations ; and he suggested that the sergeant should take a week or two to think it over. "There's nae need to dae that, sir," said the sergeant, "I can gie you ma decision noo. To be regimental sergeant-major of the 1st Battalion, H.L.I. I'd change even ma sex." (Laughter.)

Mr President, I renew my thanks and, without their authority, I take the liberty of saying that the other honorary office-bearers are equally appreciative of your encomiums. (Applause.)

A new member, Mr Donald S. MacPhee, was received by the President.

Mr J. C. M. Campbell sang with fine feeling : "The Herding Song," "I gaed a waefu' gait Yestreen," and a Gaelic song. Mr R. C. Finlay accompanied on the piano.

Pipe-Major Robertson's selection, "King George the Fifth's Army," "The Market Place of Inverness," "The Piper o' Drummond," "The Portree Men," was given with the Pipe-Major's usual sprightliness and finish.

The playing of the Society's Strathspey and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," ended a long and interesting programme.

At the business meetings preceding the Little Dinner, the death of Mr William Waddell, a member of Council was intimated, and the Chairman made feeling reference to the passing of a faithful Caledonian.

SUCCESS TO THE SOCIETY.

At the Annual Festival—the Ladies' Night of the Session—the Society had as its principal guest the Right Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Andrew Murray, O.B.E., J.P.

The Festival was held in the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington, on Thursday, 20th April, 1950. A large number of ladies graced the gathering.

The President, Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., occupied the chair, and after the loyal toasts had been honoured he gave the Lord Provost of Edinburgh a hearty welcome to their 113-year-old Society.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE SOCIETY.

Colonel Bennett then offered the toast, "The Caledonian Society of London." He said :

For any member to toast his own Society may, on the face of it, savour of drinking one's own health ; and I suppose one might be justified in disposing of such a task by merely saying, "Here's tae us, wha's like us ?" and then leave the response to our guests, who in reply could not do otherwise than be complimentary. (Laughter.)

But the toast I have to propose goes far deeper, for when we think of the Caledonian Society of London our thoughts very naturally go back to its early history, and the great part it has played in Scottish affairs in London, and of the charitable work undertaken by its members, which is now our solemn heritage.

The Caledonian Society of London is of no mushroom growth, and we know, from those admirable records collected by Past-President David Hepburn, that thanks to a small band of perfervid Scots the Society was founded in 1837, the year of the accession to the throne of Queen Victoria.

Only a little is known of the early meetings, but we read in the " Chronicles " of the Society, that at a dinner held in the year 1843, fifteen toasts were proposed, and as it would be right to assume that there were, with the exception of the loyal toasts, an equal number of replies, one shudders to think of what hour of the night—or morning—those gallant Caledonians arrived home to their respective wives. (Laughter.)

No doubt those lengthy and purely male sessions were largely responsible for the introduction of the Annual Festival, to which it has been the happy practice of inviting lady guests. In fact, it is claimed that to the Caledonian Society of London belongs the honour of having initiated the excellent custom of inviting ladies to dine at public banquets.

Of the menus in those early days we have scanty record, but I do not for one moment imagine that scantiness could be attributed to the excellence of the meals or the number of the courses provided. There was, of course, no Ministry of Food in those happier days.

If I were asked, " What is the Caledonian Society of London ? " I think my answer would be briefly this : " We are a society of Scotsmen in London, limited to one hundred, exclusive of life and council members, whose objects are as stated in our rules, the advancement of Scottish national and philanthropic interests and the promotion of good fellowship among Scotsmen in London. Among the means to secure these objects we are pledged to support collectively and individually those two great London Scottish charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Ours is no secret society. We have no mysteries, but we do pride ourselves on a little traditional ceremonial, for, as you will have witnessed to-night, we used Burns's Selkirk grace, before meat, or perhaps I should have said before chicken. You will be subjected to many Caledonian Honours during the evening, the sequence of which baffle our new members and never fail to cause much amusement to our welcome guests.

The work of the Society has by no means been confined to philanthropic objects, for, as most of you know, the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, now the London Scottish Regiment of the Territorial Army, was raised in 1859, on the initiative of this Society and the Highland Society of London, and there are many of us here to-night who owe a deep debt of gratitude to those two societies for enabling us to enjoy the spirit of comradeship which is to be found in the ranks of that great regiment. (Hear, hear.)

In the 1914-1918 war, on the initiative of the Caledonian Society of London, there came into being The Federated Council of Scottish Associations in London, under the Presidency of that great figure in London Scottish circles, Mr John Douglas, a much-beloved Past-President of this Society, which association did so much valuable work in the providing and dispatching parcels to Scottish prisoners of war in Germany, and in visiting Scottish soldiers in hospital in and around London. (Hear, hear.)

And again, during the last war, a similar body was formed, entitled the Association of Scottish Societies, which was responsible for providing that magnificent hostel, "Caledonia," adjacent to the Hyde Park Corner, which was so greatly appreciated by Scottish soldiers passing through London, and of which Past-President Lord Alness was president from its inception until its disbandment on St Andrew's Day, 1945. Its principal office-bearers were members of this Society.

And so one might go on ruminating on the past, but in proposing the toast of our ancient Society, it is to the future we must turn our thoughts. Let us see to it that we uphold the proud traditions so firmly established by those far-seeing founder-members over one hundred years ago, maintaining our national character, and by our actions adding still further riches to the glories of the past. (Loud applause.)

The toast was heartily drunk with Caledonian Honours.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

Rev. Robert F. V. Scott, D.D., Vice-President, proposed "Our Guests." Dr Scott said:

It is always a privilege for any member of this Society to propose the toast of the guests, but it is a unique privilege for any member of the Society to be given this toast on the night when there are ladies present. And right at the very outset I should like to assure them, on behalf of every member of the Society, that they are most heartily welcome in our midst to-night. Their grace, their charm, their quality, and their beauty make all the difference. (Applause.)

Therefore, ladies, I should like to assure you, on behalf of every member of the Society, that the fact that you are excluded from our ordinary meetings has nothing to do with any desire on our part to get away from you. We are only thinking that it is delightful that there is one Thursday night in the month to which you can look forward without the need for any preparation of an evening meal, because we are at the Society meeting. (Laughter.)

I am reminded of a little boy in our Sunday School in Dundee. When I asked the class, "Who is going to the Christmas party?" every hand in the class went up except that of one little boy. "Are you not going to the Christmas party?" I asked him. "Na," he replied, "there are ower muckle lassies." (Laughter.) It is extraordinary the rapidity with which we grow out of this point of view. (Renewed laughter.)

Ladies, you are all in some way connected with us as members, but there is one visitor with us to-night from overseas—a lady visitor. I refer to Miss Reid from Toronto. She has been head of one of the important female educational establishments in that city, and she has made a great name for herself in educational circles in Canada. I had a few words with Miss Reid before this dinner, and those who have come under her charge must have been very lucky indeed, and I hope that among those with whom she has lived she will be long remembered for her genial and warm personality.

Amongst this wonderful gathering there are two mere males whom I have to mention. We are delighted to have with us Sir James Brown, who is the secretary of the Church Commissioners: they used to be called the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Sir James was not born in Scotland, but he was born of real Fifeshire stock. For some reason after he came south he deserted the Church of his fathers and joined the Church of England.

The Church Commissioners have had many bricks thrown at them, and many things said about them, but there is no doubt about it that they do a great deal of work for the Church of England. They control more house property than any other institution in the country; so if you are short of a flat, you know where to go. (Laughter.)

I would liken the Church Commissioners to the General Trustees of the Church of Scotland. Although they have to bear a great deal of criticism, without them a real, sympathetic running of the Church of England would be quite impossible, and, Sir James, we do welcome you very heartily indeed, as a member of that body which has striven so fairly in the past, and is still striving to-day, in the interests of the national Church of England. (Applause.)

We have with us as our chief guest none other than the Lord Provost of Edinburgh in person. (Loud applause.) It is a very great honour for us in this capital of England, capital of the Empire, to welcome the Lord Provost of the capital city of our native land. Indeed, it may be said that apart from His Majesty the King he is really the first citizen of Scotland.

Sir Andrew Murray has a very distinguished career behind him already. Through some slight mistake in the beginning, instead of going to the High School he went to George Heriot's. (Laughter.) But once there he was able to distinguish himself by becoming the games champion of the school, and he played rugger for the First Fifteen, and after school played for the Heriot's F.P.s (Applause.)

He followed in his father's footsteps, and quite early went into the Town Council. There he has done remarkable work. He has been in the most important committees of the Council. He has served for three years as magistrate. He has also been Treasurer of the City, and now he is in the splendid position of Lord Provost. (Applause.)

I would call the attention of the Society to one title he has, the Lord High Admiral of the Firth of Forth. You may think this is just a title and nothing else, and that it bears no weight and responsibility. Not so long ago it was very important. At the time of the Napoleonic Wars a resident of North Berwick wrote to the Provost. "Lord High Admiral of the Firth of Forth," the resident said, "please to send His Majesty's ships to rid us of this vile pirate Paul Jones, who has put the ladies in fear of their lives and who has fairly robbed us, stripping us even of the lining on our backs." For a moment I almost thought the name of this pirate might have been that of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, but it is Jones. (Laughter.)

But I think, members of the Society, that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh would agree, and I am sure his own citizens would agree, too, that he has added the greatest lustre to that position by his wonderful work in connection with the Edinburgh Festival. (Applause.)

If the Edinburgh Festival from the beginning was put upon the map of Scotland, it has fallen to the Lord Provost to put the Festival right on the map of the world. He has travelled in Europe and America in its interests. Edinburgh has made a great name for many Lord Provosts, but it is very few Lord Provosts who have made a great name for Edinburgh. (Applause.)

In connection with the Festival, we are pleased that the son of one of our members, Mr Hunter, has been appointed artistic administrator of the Festival, and is doing great work in that capacity. (Applause.)

In addition to his work for the Festival, the Lord Provost is chairman of the Planning Committee for Edinburgh's future. Now, far be it from me to enter into any discussion about the plans for the future of Edinburgh, but might I venture to say that you, sir, to your great credit and great honour, not very long ago were made a freeman of the City of Athens. (Applause.)

It is our proud memory that the capital city of our native land has been called the Athens of the North. Athens stood for freedom, democracy, and the right of the individual. She certainly stands for beauty, and we who live in the south and cast longing eyes north would only beg you that Edinburgh may still be preserved in all its beauty and glory to be the Athens of the North. (Applause.)

Do not let your planners do anything that will remove from that beauty. Whatever happens will you remember the Royal High School building? It is a perfect structure and a perfect imitation of the entrance to the Parthenon in Athens.

We are greatly honoured by your presence, and we are sorry indeed that your sister has not been able to accompany you, and we would ask you to convey our regards to her. (Hear, hear.)

We rejoice in the tremendous success that has attended your presidency over our capital city. We wish you every prosperity and happiness, not only for you and your household, but for Edinburgh and Scotland for the years to come. (Loud applause.)

SIR ANDREW MURRAY'S APPRECIATION.

The Right Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Andrew Murray, replied to the toast. On rising he received a hearty round of applause. Sir Andrew said:

You have this evening provided me with a memorable experience. It is said that we Scotsmen are dour. That may be so when we are uncertain of our company. But we are quick to respond to the kindly word and really touched by the generous impulse. Like my fellow-countrymen I have my share of sentiment, of which I am not ashamed, and therefore I confess frankly and willingly that I have been deeply embarrassed and touched by the kindly references of Dr Scott, and by the warmth of the reception accorded to me.

It is not an uncommon thing for a Lord Provost to be asked to pay for his supper. Indeed, in Scotland it is the usual thing. Sometimes I am afraid he makes poor payment for an excellent repast. I would not have it so this evening, even if it were, as I know it is not, your intention to so equate any remarks of mine, because I am so anxious to convey in this, the only way available to me, the measure of my appreciation for the invitation accorded to me to be present this evening. Furthermore, and somewhat to my embarrassment, I am asked, I presume, to reply for the ladies; but as a bachelor I am afraid I have always been somewhat inarticulate in their company.

You will have heard, Mr President, of the occasion when Sir Walter Scott crossed the Border south. His servant took ill, and the doctor was called. To

Scott's surprise he found that the doctor practising in this English village was a one-time blacksmith of Scottish origin, and upon the enquiry as to how his English patients fared, he got the reply: "Weel, some dee and some dinna dee, but, mon, it'll tak' a lang time to mak' up for Flodden!" (Laughter.)

But I am not here, Mr President, to entice you to any such thoughts or actions, even if that were possible. Despite many references in the Press—at least the Press north of the Tweed—to a resurgence of Scottish nationalism, no sensible man in Scotland hates the English, and no sensible man or woman would commit himself or herself to any measure of Scottish self-government until he or she had ascertained the facts upon which to build a reasoned and logical case, and until they had proof that such a measure would benefit a nation which for nearly three hundred years has been a not unimportant constituent nation of the United Kingdom. In New York, last year, on St Andrew's Day, I heard that great American General—a Freeman of the City of Edinburgh, General Eisenhower—praise the frugality of the Scot. The reference to frugality reminds me of the Aberdonian who was standing before the fire turning over something in his pocket. On being asked if it was his siller, he replied: "Na, na, it's my wife's false teeth—there's far too much eating goes on in this house between meals." (Laughter.) But there is a danger to both the individual and to a nation in over-plenteousness, as the General pointed out. We, as Scottish men and women have not suffered in character as a result of our never-ending conflict with circumstance.

Caution is the companion of frugality, and I am reminded also of the further member of the Granite City who came to Edinburgh and opened a small haberdashery business. One day the English traveller received a cold and chilly welcome, and was told that the Aberdonian wanted no more goods from him. "But why?" protested the Englishman. "Because your goods are bad," said the Aberdonian. "Every time I measure the elastic it breaks!" (Laughter.)

Frugality, caution in business and the power to laugh at ourselves are not our only exports. The records of your Society, Mr President, give evidence of the contribution of Scotsmen over three centuries. We have no reason to be ashamed of the past nor need we blush for the present, because, accompanying the resurgence of Scottish feeling is a growing realisation of the increasing part Scotland can play in the re-establishment of the economy of Great Britain. There is activity in every part of Scotland, and there is the desire in every true Scottish heart to help to our uttermost to win back the economic independence of these islands by the power of our own right hand and the native skill of Scottish craft and brain. (Applause.)

My own native City of Edinburgh, which is the Capital, although a friendly city in the west may *have* the capital, seeks to play her part, and doubly so, because she was virtually untouched by war. She saw the first enemy raid in the last war, but the noble buildings of the new town and the spine of Scotland, as her ancient Royalty has been called, remain untouched by bomb. Our industry flourishes, despite the cold spells around the Budget period. Our beer flows—or should it be rolls—in its barrels to all parts of the world. Our whisky, almost all of it, aids international goodwill and reduces the dollar gap. Our textiles bedeck the smartly dressed and our printing carries a message to those who do not live by bread or whisky alone! I could enumerate a long list of Edinburgh products from crystal to biscuits, and rock to golf balls, because our industry is most diversified; but modesty forbids. I do want to say a word, however, about our Festival—the International Festival of Music and Art and Drama—conceived in 1946 and staged in 1947 without Governmental financial aid, without the erection of special buildings on the south side of the Water of Leith, without 19,000 tons of cement, and without a fun fair being attached to it. This Festival, planned well nigh before the sound of the guns had been silenced, and certainly before our hotels had been derequisitioned, and when conditions were anything but favourable—this Festival is now established and brings to our city and thus to Scotland thousands of visitors. (Applause.)

The Festival is the most outstanding attraction to tourism in Scotland, and even in Great Britain, to-day, but this was not the purpose for which it was planned. We believed then, and we believe to-day, that the arts can provide a common denominator to all nations, and that through an appreciation of the works of the great masters, men and women can find a medium for an understanding of each other, and a pathway leading to world peace. We may be wrong, but I would not have it on *my* conscience that I had not tried, and already, from three Festivals, we have received much encouragement. Men and women of all races, creeds and colours have been brought together, and have found beauty and have given friendship. They come to us unknown but they do not leave without understanding. Life has been made the lovelier for us all. It has been enriched for each of us, from the humblest conductor on our trams to the noblest artiste on our concert stage. (Applause.)

Had a festival been proposed two hundred years ago, Edinburgh had been the natural place for it. Had a festival been mooted one hundred years ago, our city had been too provincial in its outlook to consider it. But Edinburgh is no longer a Victorian Museum piece. She throbs with life and vitality. She has a purpose and an ideal, a hope and a vision. She was the Mecca two hundred years ago of all who sought culture, and to-day we offer the Festival of the Arts again that she might be the meeting-place for men of goodwill, who seek truth and beauty and peace. Our hearts and our hearths are open to them all. (Applause.)

Sir, you have opened your hearts and your hearth to your guests to-night. It is my privilege to thank you. How can I do it? I have no gift to offer except the gift of my sincerity, and no adequate words with which to convey it. I am a Scot, plain as the fare of my northern ancestors of the red soil of Kincardineshire, so let me therefore content myself with the earliest words I was taught by which to convey my gratitude; Mr President, "Thank you very much."

The Lord Provost sat down amid great applause.

THE HEALTH OF THE PRESIDENT.

The toast, "The President," was proposed by Past-President the Right Hon. Lord Alness, P.C., G.B.E. Lord Alness said:

Before addressing myself to the toast entrusted to me, I should like to express the personal pleasure which I feel at the presence of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh with us to-night. It is extremely kind of him that, among his many commitments, he should have found the time and inclination to travel from Edinburgh in order to be with us, and to deliver the thought-provoking and admirable speech to which we have had the privilege of listening. (Hear, hear.)

Turning now to the congenial task allotted to me, the toast which I am to propose belongs to the category of toasts which requires neither argument nor eloquence in order to commend it to your instant acceptance.

I always remember the case of a speaker of whom you may have heard, who made a prolix speech at a gathering of this kind, and sought to excuse his prolixity by observing that there was no clock in the room. " Well," interjected one of his anguished audience, " Thank God there is a calendar." (Laughter.)

Our President, as we know, is a soldier. That is a high calling. I have just been reading the autobiography of Lord Reith. He recorded how, when he joined the army, his father, who was a distinguished minister in Glasgow, wrote to him : " You are doing a great work in defending your country, one of the greatest honours that can come to a man in this world." How right he was.

Our President soldiered in many lands—France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and North Africa, to mention just a few ; and in that sphere he won many distinctions and received many honours—well-deserved honours. (Applause.) I venture to think, however, that no honour which came to him pleased him more than the honour which came to him when he was invited to take the presidency of this ancient Society.

We all know with what distinction and success he has held that office. The prosperity enjoyed by the Society during his term of office is well known to all of us. (Applause.)

I was considering, when I was preparing some notes for this speech, " What, after all, are the chief characteristics of success, on the part of the President of the Caledonian Society of London ? " I think that I should put first of all Leadership. Under that head I propose, however, to abstain from any political reflections of any kind.

Epictetus, very many years ago, defined a leader as a man to whom each of his followers said : " Send us where thou wilt " ; a good motto, truly.

I think the second quality which I should name as characteristic of a President of this Society would be Tact. Tact is essential, but it is very difficult to define. I remember the tale of a minister in Glasgow who was asked by one of his parishioners to define tact. The minister replied : " If you should ever get to heaven, and you meet St Peter, don't talk to him about crawin' cocks." That is tact. (Laughter.)

The third quality I would require of the President would be Friendliness. That is vital. I think all of us value our friends more the older we get ; and by the same token, the older we get, the fewer our friends become. You remember how Mrs Browning once said to Charles Kingsley : " Will you tell me the secret of your life ? Tell me so that I may make mine beautiful too ? " Kingsley replied : " I had a friend." All of us have been fortunate enough to have friends who have guided our footsteps, and who have helped to make us what we are to-day.

Such is my little sermon. Now for the application of the sermon. The application was, as Dr Scott well knows, an integral part of it in the Scotland of bygone days. The application in this case is very simple. It is that our

President combines in full measure all these three qualities; and to-night, looking back on his term of office, we thank him for his Leadership, his Tact, and his Friendliness. So, without further parley, I ask you to raise your glasses and drink to the health of our President, Colonel Bennett. (Loud applause.)

Colonel Bennett feelingly replied. He thanked the members for their loyal support, particularly the Hon. Secretary for his guidance and assistance. Mr Miller had been to him (the President) indispensable.

SALUTE TO THE PRESIDENT.

In the course of the evening the Past-Presidents saluted the President, those forming the procession in order of seniority being Past-Presidents William Will, James Thomson, Lord Alness, John Swan, Dr Stewart Hunter and A. W. Russell. The Past-Presidents having thanked the President for his services during the session, the Immediate Past-President's badge was pinned on the coat of Mr A. W. Russell by Mrs Bennett, the wife of the President.

The musical programme was supplied by Mr John Johnston (at the piano) and his party of eight ladies and gentlemen. They sang with great feeling: "Scots wha hae," "Oh, Whistle and I'll come to you," "The March of the Cameron Men," "Turn ye to me," "Bonnie Strathyre," "Last May a braw wooer," "Ye Banks and Braes," and "Westering Home."

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., besides giving the Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London," played: "Edinburgh Volunteers," "Conan Bridge," "Bog Allan," and "The Lass o' Richmond Hill."

"Auld Lang Syne" closed a memorable evening.

The whole arrangements for this most successful Festival were in the capable hands of Mr Miller, the Hon. Secretary.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Colonel Bennett, the retiring President, took the chair at the Annual General Meeting held at Headquarters, the Royal Scottish Corporation, on Friday, 3rd November, 1950, and moved the election to the Presidency of Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott, for Session 1950-1951. In doing so he prophesied for the new President, and the members, a successful year.

Dr Scott thanked the members and said he was proud to be elected to the chair of that old and honoured Society. He would do all in his power to retain for the "Caledonian" the high place which it held in the estimation of the Scottish people in London.

The other officers were recommended for re-election: Hon. Secretary, Mr W. M. Miller; Hon. Treasurer, Mr David Houston; Hon. Auditor, Mr Walter B. Morison; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will.

Messrs William Gray, A. R. McFarlane, E. D. Macmillan and Donald Munro, were added to the Council.

VOTES FOR THE CHARITIES.

The usual annual donations of £50 each were voted to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. It was reported that during the session three brethren had qualified as life members: Dr Stewart Hunter, Mr Foster Brown and Mr John Crighton.

Four members had died: Sir Alex. Greig, Sir Alex. M. Livingstone, Mr David Boyd, "father" of the Society, and Mr R. C. Lang.

Obituary.

DAVID BOYD.

Mr Boyd, who joined the Society in 1899, and died in September, 1950, was for many years its "father," and for the fifty-one years of membership he gave full and faithful service. In acknowledgment of his great service he was on 14th March, 1940, awarded the gold badge.

It is appropriate that these few notes about David Boyd should be written in the year of the Caledonian Society presidency of Colonel Bennett, a Colonel of the London Scottish, for it was in that regiment that David gave most of his many years of service to the country. He was born in the Gordons, with which the " Scottish " is linked ; his father was then a major in the Gordons. David had been volunteering in Scotland—he was in the " Wet " Review—before he came to London, but when he arrived he " joined up " in 1895. From private to Q.M.S. he served the " Scottish " loyally, and among the bright spots in his service was his appointment as sub-editor of the Regimental " Gazette," when first issued, and being put in charge as senior N.C.O. of the party which won the *Daily Telegraph* shooting trophy for the first time.

He was, too, in the party of the " Scottish " who volunteered for the South African War, and who served there with the Gordon Highlanders. He was too old for overseas service in the Kaiser's war, but he was Captain and Quartermaster of the 2nd-4th Seaforths in this country.

In business, he was a member of the very successful firm of James Green and Nephew, and latterly was chairman of the Company.

SIR ALEXANDER GREIG.

It was in May, 1950, that Sir Alexander died. He had been a member of the Society for fifteen years, having joined in 1935. He was for over fifty years associated with the food trade ; and his great knowledge enabled him to render sound advice to the country during peace and war, and for this he received his knighthood. He was director of Retail Co-ordination, and Retail Trade Adviser to the Ministry of Food. When he retired in 1946 he was managing director of Allied Supplies group of companies, a member of the London Provision Exchange, and a Fellow of the Institute of Certificated Grocers.

ROBERT TURNBULL LANG, J.P.

Owing to being resident in the North of England, Mr Lang was unable to attend many of our meetings, but his interest in the Society was always keen. He was engaged in advertising and literary pursuits, and published books and pamphlets regularly. He joined the Society in 1925, and died in May, 1950.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE LIVINGSTONE.

Sir Alexander died in September, 1950. He joined the Society in 1937, but because of his indifferent health he was unable to take an active part in the work. He was the son of Mr Duncan Livingstone of Applecross, Ross-shire, and his mother was a Mackenzie of Dingwall. In his business life he was a director of steel companies. He was a J.P. and C.C., and was created a knight in 1933. From 1923 to 1939 he was Liberal M.P. for the Western Isles, but broke with Lloyd George and joined the Labour Party. Notwithstanding his physical disabilities he took an active part in entertaining many of the important personages who visited this country during Hitler's war.

MR WILLIAM WADDELL.

Mr Waddell, who died in February, 1950, joined the Society in 1946. He was a native of Paisley, where he was born in 1888, and where he served his apprenticeship. He founded the firm of Waddell's Stratford Steel Equipment, Ltd. thirty-one years ago, and had been the inspiration of the business ever since.

Mr Waddell was well known in the Leytonstone and Wanstead district; he had been resident at Buckhurst Hill for fifteen years.

He was a past-president of the district Scottish Association; a past-president of the Thistle Amateur Dramatic Society, and the Thistle Social Club; a past-master of the Scots Lodge (Masonic), the Snaresbrook Lodge, the Celerity Lodge; and in 1947 he was awarded London Grand rank.

He was also a keen golfer.

In Scottish affairs Mr Waddell took a keen interest, and he was on the governing bodies of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

MAJOR WILLIAM E. WATSON, M.B.E., T.D., LL.D.

It was in 1937 that Major Watson (who died in January, 1950) became a member, but his civil and military duties prevented him from giving much time to the work of the Society. He was born in Sheffield, and was taken at an early age, by his widowed mother, to Greenock, where he was brought up. Soon after he joined the Society he gave us a Sentiment on "A Caledonian Society in Fifeshire," a most interesting chapter of Scottish history that will be found in the "Chronicles" for 1938-1945.

Major Watson gave liberally of his private life to the Territorial Army; he was awarded the T.D. Having been trained as a Terrier he joined the Regular Army at once on the outbreak of the Kaiser's war in 1914, served with the Middlesex Yeomanry, and later in France with the London Royal Field Artillery. At the close of the war he was invalided home with gun deafness.

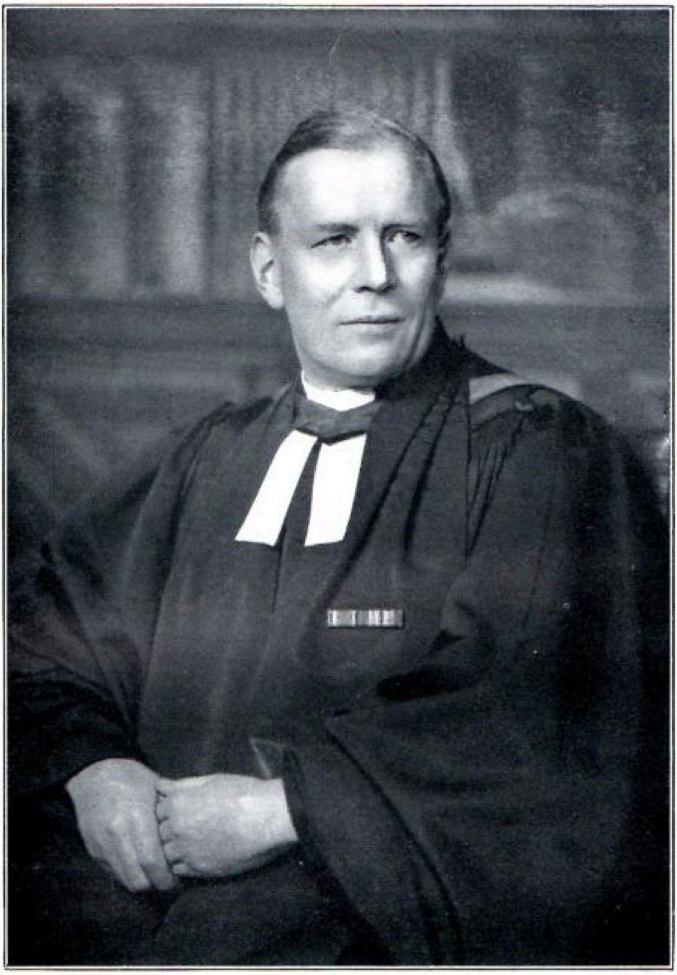
He combined law studies with Territorial work, and was called to the Bar at Grays' Inn in 1923. He was an LL.D of London, a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and President of the Institute of Arbitrators.

In Crown Court Church he was a hard-working elder for twenty years, and acted as Session Clerk for thirteen years.

At the Memorial Service, Dr Moffett spoke feelingly of the loss of a faithful, brilliant friend and colleague.

WILLIAM LYALL.

For twenty-nine years Mr Lyall was a member of the Society, he having joined in 1900; he died in November, 1949. He was associated with the firm of John Hudson & Co., coal brokers and merchants, from the time that he came to London from Paisley. He was actively engaged in Scottish affairs, the Leyton and Leytonstone Scottish Association (of which he was a past-president), and the Royal Wanstead School, being among his interests.



Rev. ROBERT F. V. SCOTT, D.D.
President 1950–1951

CHAPTER VI.

1950–1951: REV. R. F. V. SCOTT, D.D., *President.*

A Clergyman in the Chair; "Faith and Freedom in Scotland," by Rev. Dr Joseph Moffett; the Humour of Lord Morton; "The Scots in Russia," by Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart; Gold Badge for Dr Scott; the Finances of the Society; "Burns," by Mr James Aitken; "The Scottish Novel since Scott," by Dr Alex. Smart; Annual Subscription raised; "Our Society: Reddin-up," by Past-President William Will; "The Society," by Rev. Dr Scott; "The President," by Past-President Lord Alness.

THE Caledonian Society of London had produced only one clergyman as President—the Rev. Dr Archibald Fleming (1926–1927)—prior to the election for Session 1950–1951 of the Rev. Robert Forrester Victor Scott, D.D., minister of St Columba's, Church of Scotland, Pont Street.

Our new President was born in 1897 in Logie-Buchan, Aberdeenshire, where his father was parish minister. Dr Scott represents the tenth generation of ministers of his family in the Church of Scotland. His mother was a daughter of Rev. Dr Hardy, of Fowlis-Wester, Perthshire, and on the death of her husband she went with her sons to reside at Fowlis-Wester. Young Robert Scott went to Morrison's Academy, Crieff, and when the family moved to Edinburgh he attended the Royal High School.

After leaving school in 1916, when the Kaiser's war was in progress, Dr Scott joined the Royal Scots as a private, and served with that regiment in France during the war.

When the war ended, our President went to Edinburgh University, and in 1923 he was inducted to Strathmiglo (Fifeshire) Parish Church.

The young minister, when at school and the university, had shown remarkable promise in the use of the English language, and at Strathmiglo he gained a reputation as a preacher of great power and appeal. (As a speaker on social occasions we Caledonians have had every opportunity of profiting by his facility in speech.)

From Strathmiglo he was appointed to St Andrew's, Dundee, where large congregations were attracted by his earnest message eloquently delivered.

When a vacancy took place in the Barony Church, Glasgow, Dr Scott was appointed as colleague and successor to Rev. Dr John White. Here he maintained his great reputation as a preacher. In 1938 he was called to St Columba's, Pont Street, as colleague and successor to Rev. Dr Fleming. Here his power as a preacher of the gospel has been felt by the large congregations who, every Sunday, fill the hall at the Imperial Institute, which the Kirk Session engaged when the German incendiary bombs destroyed St Columba's in 1941.

In 1938 Dr Scott was appointed Chaplain to the London Scottish, and when Hitler's war came in September, 1939, he went with the regiment to the training camp. The health of Dr Fleming was then causing anxiety, and the Kirk Session prevailed upon the War Office to release Dr Scott for his work at St Columba's, in May, 1940. He retained his status as a Chaplain, and to the joy of the lads in hodden grey he remains the padre of the " Scottish."

In 1944 Edinburgh University honoured Dr Scott by making him a Doctor of Divinity, an honour that was hailed with great pleasure by friends outside as well as inside St Columba's.

The popularity of Dr Scott in the Church of Scotland was seen when, in October, 1948, his semi-jubilee as a minister of the Church was celebrated. At a never-to-be-forgotten "party," over which Lord Morton of Henryton presided, the principal speakers in appreciation of the work and worth of the minister of St Columba's were Lord Morton, the chairman; his old colleague, Rev. Dr White of the Barony; and an old college friend, Rev. Dr Smart of Saltcoats.

In this same year Dr Scott was made an officer of the order of Orange-Nassau.

The destruction of St Columba's in 1941 gave the minister an opportunity of engaging his power as an organiser; and when the plans of the new church were completed, the collection of the necessary rebuilding funds was well in progress.

The fact that Her Majesty the Queen laid the foundation stone of the new church is an indication of the regard in which the chaplain of the London Scottish is held by the Regiment's Colonel-in-Chief.

Dr Scott has made many contributions to contemporary publications, and he is one of the few clergymen writers who contribute the weekly sermonette to the *Sunday Times*. He has always something to say worth reading.

In 1924, when at Strathmiglo, Dr Scott married Miss Phylis Lee Graves, who, before her marriage, had made a name for herself as a professional singer. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Miss Nancy Scott, B.A., A.R.C.M., the younger daughter of St Columba's Manse, is an accomplished singer. As a member of Glyndebourne Opera Company she has her feet well placed on the musical ladder.

Dr Scott as lecturer, and Mrs Scott as song illustrator of the lectures, in their early married life made happy appearances on many occasions.

In the work of St Columba's, especially in that of the Woman's Guild, Mrs Scott takes a leading part. She never spares herself where the interests of the church and its members are concerned.

Our President's never-ending work, apart from his purely ministerial duties, calls him to the chair of the West London Committee for the Protection of Children ; and to the chaplaincy of the Royal Scottish Corporation, in the work of which, and in that of the Royal Caledonian Schools, he is ever active.

With this accomplished and busy President we open a session of much promise.

THE NEW PRESIDENT WELCOMED.

A large company of members and their friends greeted the new President at the first Little Dinner of his term, on 15th November, 1950.

Dr Scott said he appreciated greatly the honour done him by his election as President.

REV. DR MOFFETT'S SENTIMENT.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the Sentiment for the evening was given by Rev. Joseph Moffett, D.D., B.D., who had chosen as his subject, " Faith and Freedom in Scotland."

Dr Moffett said it was a great honour to be invited by his friend Dr Scott to give the opening Sentiment of the Session. The subject—" Faith and Freedom in Scotland "—went right to the base of things Scottish, and reminded him of the minister who always chose his text from Genesis, for, as he explained, it gave him "a grand opportunity of ranging over the whole Book!"

Dr Moffett, after discussing the higher conception of what was needed for a change in Society, continued :

It is the growth of man's intellectual and spiritual freedom which is the real progress and end of history, and it is a process which has gone through many and varied vicissitudes in the course of civilisation. Every land and people has its own story to tell, and while in one country the cause of freedom has seemed to be making progress, in another at the same period it has had to yield ground to new and powerful forces of tyranny and subjection, just as we see it to-day on opposite sides of the Iron Curtain.

In Scotland it forms a fascinating story, and the fight can be traced back to the very beginnings of our national history, and the battle for freedom then was (as it always has been, and always will be) fought on religious grounds, for it is a battle for freedom of self-determination as we stand in the sight of God. Sometimes the enemy has been the auld enemy, England, sometimes the Church of Rome, and sometimes the princes of State and Church within our own realm.

What a torch of freedom Columba brought to the shores of Iona! The Picts were dominated and terrorised by the Druids, who practised a kind of polytheistic nature-worship, and a system of magic and belief in a world of evil spirits.

The Druid priests, working with spell and charm and incantation, which gave them power, they claimed, over the elements, and over the spirits, and over the lives of men, holding them in thrall of superstition and the bondage of fear, resembled most nearly the witch doctors or medicine men to be found in many an African tribe to-day. By the time of his death in 597, Columba had completely transformed the face of Scotland, and had brought to a people enslaved by an oppressive and cruel religious tyranny, a liberty that is to be found only in Jesus Christ. Hume Brown says that "the conversion of the Picts may fairly be regarded as the governing fact in Scottish history. Happening at the time when it did, it determined those subsequent turns of affairs which gradually led up to a consolidated Scotland and a united Scottish people."

The liberation accomplished by St Columba in the west and north was carried on by his disciple, Aidan, from his island base on Lindisfarne, to the east and south. Under him and his successor, Cuthbert, the work of liberation from paganism was completed by the overthrow of the great heathen kingdom of Mercia in 655. That year saw the gospel carried by the monks of Lindisfarne north to the Forth and south to the Thames.

Let us pass over the next few centuries, centuries during which there grew up the most powerful and, in many ways, the most unscrupulous and tyrannical power our western civilisation ever knew, the Roman Church. We are familiar with the story of its conquest over the Columban Church at the Synod of Whitby in 664, but although the Roman Church became thereby the official Church in Scotland, the love of independence and freedom nurtured by Columba (whose proved boast it was that he accepted his mission and took his authority from God, and not from any earthly potentate) did not die. Church and State, religion and politics, in those days—however we may regard their relationship to-day—were inseparably linked, and were looked upon as one and the same in the national life, and what affected the one necessarily affected the other.

It was in this way, and for this reason, that England was brought into the picture, and became for the Scots the one enemy of their independence, for the Church of Rome was the Church of her enemies. It is a long and fascinating story, and it would take far too long to go into the details of it here.

It began with the attempt of the Church to bring the Scottish Church under the authority of the See of York, and it went on for over four hundred years. Move and counter move, intrigue and counter intrigue followed one another in an endless series, prelates and kings being used as pawns in a most complicated game of chess, in which Rome sought to obtain ecclesiastical control of Scotland, now advancing the claim of Canterbury and now of York, while the English king was ever ready to back the claim, in the hope of gaining the throne of the northern kingdom, while in both, Scotland saw the foe of her national independence.

Take just one example: Alexander the First, surnamed "The Fierce," fifth son of Queen Margaret, who reigned from 1107 to 1124, although a zealous supporter of the Roman Church, like his mother, was a stubborn upholder of the independence of his country against the ecclesiastical claims of supremacy which were being advanced from England. One of his first acts was an attempt to fill up the vacant See of St Andrews, and he appointed Turgot, who was his mother's biographer and confessor. But Turgot had been Prior of Durham, and wanted the Archbishop of York to consecrate him. The Archbishop of Canterbury intervened, declaring that the right of appointment belonged to him, as the Pope had given his illustrious predecessor, Augustine, jurisdiction over Britain and its uttermost bounds.

Alexander, fearing that if he consented to Turgot's wish to be ordained by York, it might be interpreted as an acknowledgment on his part of the supremacy of the English Church over Scotland, and thereby a danger to the national independence, and that the pretensions of an English archbishop might be the prelude to the pretensions of an English king, withdrew his appointment of Turgot, and sent him packing back to Durham.

By an astute move, Alexander then, knowing the rivalry which existed between Canterbury and York, ignoring York, applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury for a new bishop, free from English ties, to fill the vacant See.

With the concurrence of the king of England, Eadmer, a monk of Canterbury, was sent at Alexander's request. But Eadmer insisted on the supremacy of Canterbury, declaring that "not for the whole of Scotland would he deny that he was a monk of Canterbury," was no more acceptable than Turgot had been, and he, too, was "returned empty," whence he had come. Finally, in 1124, when Eadmer died, the King appointed Robert, the prior of his own foundation at Scone, to the long vacant See.

Nothing could better illustrate the growing power of the Roman Church in the reign of David, the successor of Alexander, "the sair sanct for the Crown," than the practice which was now begun by the Popes, of sending papal delegates to Scotland to intervene in Church affairs. They were sent to hold councils, to give directions as to the ordering of affairs in the Church, and to settle disputes; and this practice roused a spirit of resentment which had far-reaching consequences.

One Pope would send a legate to give orders that all Scottish bishops were to be ordained by the Archbishop of York; his successor would reverse the policy, and dictate that they must go to Canterbury. When the Scottish king and bishops would protest against both, a third Pope would accept the claim that the Church in Scotland came directly under the Papal See itself.

All through the twelfth century, a long and embittered dispute was carried on which often gave rise to situations not without a humorous flavour. Thus, when William the Lion heard that the Chapter of St Andrews had appointed an Englishman, John the Scot, as bishop, he flew into a rage and swore by the arm of St James that John would never be bishop. Seizing the revenues of the bishopric, he nominated his own chaplain, Hugh, and had him consecrated by other Scottish bishops. John appealed to the Pope, who sent the inevitable legate to clear things up. At a council held in Holyrood Abbey, Hugh's appointment was annulled, and Hugh ex-communicated for carrying off the Episcopal staff and ring. But King William, who was not prepared to submit in his own kingdom, even to the Pope, banished John and his followers from the kingdom, and confirmed Hugh in his appointment. Thus defied, the Pope had resort to drastic action. Ignoring an assurance he had himself given to the Scottish Church and its independence, and the rebuke he had administered on a former occasion to the English King for interfering in spiritual affairs, he sent orders to the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham to excommunicate the King of Scotland; and he also instructed the King of England—now a useful pawn in the game—to use his authority as the feudal superior of the King of Scotland, to secure from him, for John, the undisturbed possession of the See. But all in vain; the Scottish King remained adamant. Two more Popes—Urban the Third and Clement the Third—tried their hands at settling the matter. They held councils, they sent legates and envoys, they invoked again the assistance of the King of England "if necessary to compel" the King of Scotland to submit to the judgment of the Papal Court, but to no purpose. Finally, Hugh died in 1188 when on a visit to Rome, and the King appointed, in defiance of Papal instruction, his own Chancellor, a nephew, Roger, and the stubborn controversy ended, after twenty years, in the complete victory of the Scottish King.

I mention this case as illustrative of the religious consciousness that men like William must have had of a power and authority higher than Pope or Archbishop to whom they were responsible.

We have little idea of the fear which even the threat of excommunication inspired in the hearts of our mediæval ancestors. As we know, it brought kings and emperors to their knees in abject humiliation, while excommunication itself was a penalty regarded as worse than death. Only those—and they were very few—who were inspired by faith in the supremacy of God over all forms of earthly authority, had the courage, or could dare , to defy it. I know that motives were often mixed and the religious and political interests were often confused in ways that seem strange to us. But basically I think it is true to say that in the twelfth century the man who braved the Papal ban of excommunication was one whose faith enabled him to endure as "seeing Him who is invisible," and who was convinced that there is a heavenly court to which he can make his appeal from any and every jurisdiction of this world.

The Kings of Scotland regarded the independence of their kingdom and the freedom of their people as a divine trust, to be guarded at all costs from outside interference, and they were prepared to defend it to the uttermost. The remarkable thing is that their conviction was shared by the Scottish clergy, who, supposedly, should have welcomed and been submissive to the Papal authority.

If we have any doubt of the part their faith played in the preservation of freedom in Scotland—freedom not merely in the sense of political independence against English aggression, but freedom in the wider human and religious sense of self-determination, it must be dispelled by the events of the next two centuries.

In strong contrast to the vigorous independence of the Scottish clergy, such as the Bishop of Moray, who used to tell his flock that to join with Bruce and to fight against the Pagans and the Saracens in the Holy Land, stands out the devious policy pursued by the Papal Court. Boniface VIII, in 1299, took the side of "our special daughter," Scotland, and with a strong letter, later implemented by a Papal Bull, rapped Edward I over the knuckles for his unlawful invasion of Scotland, which had been "won for Christianity by the relics of St Andrew, brother of St Peter" (to which, by the way, Edward replied by saying that Scotland had belonged to England since the days of Eli and Samuel of Brutin the Trojan had given his name to Britain !) But three years later, 1302, when the tide seemed to have turned, the same Pope wrote to the Scottish bishops laying upon them all the blame for stirring up trouble against "his dearest son in Christ, Edward, the illustrious King of England !"

Most of us, I imagine, think of Scottish independence having been won on the field of Bannockburn by the clever military strategy of the Bruce. To a certain extent that is true ; but there was a deep undertone of that religious faith, which is the mother of freedom, in the Bruce, as was evidenced by the service rendered by Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, who, before the battle was joined, heard the confession of Bruce and celebrated Mass in the midst of the Scottish army. Carrying the crucifix along the Scottish lines, he exhorted the kneeling soldiers to fight for freedom, and in defence of their righteous cause.

That was in 1314 ; but the war was carried on against England for years after that. The faith that inspired Bruce's love of freedom had yet to be carried a stage further. He had to call upon the Pope himself to recognise the justice of the cause for which he fought. Greater than Bannockburn was the stroke which he delivered at Arbroath, when he and the Scottish nobles addressed their famous Declaration to the Papel See—one of the most courageous documents in the archives of Scottish history. After addressing the Pope—and remember Bruce was himself under a double ban of the dreaded excommunication—as their "most Holy Father in Christ and Lord," and calling themselves his "humble and devoted sons," they proceeded to detail the wrongs which their country had endured at the hands of England, and vowed that they would never submit to English dominion ; they were fighting, they said, not for glory, riches, or honour, but for liberty alone, "which no good man loses unless with his life !" They charged the English with deeds of barbarism and sacrilege—with the imprisonment of prelates, the burning of monasteries, the plunder and slaughter of religious persons, "sparing neither age nor sex, religion nor order" ; they proclaimed their loyalty to their "most serene king and lord, Robert," they avowed their eagerness to join the Crusades in the Holy Land against the Pagans, if only they could have security at home from the English ; and they finally committed the defence of their cause to "the Supreme King and Judge," who would lay to the Pope's charge all the bloodshed and loss of souls and damage to ensue unless he used his influence with England to put an end to the strife between the two countries.

This solemn and dignified appeal sealed by all the higher nobility of Scotland, had its effect upon the Pope, who, after some vain attempts to evade submission to Bruce's demands, was forced to withdraw the ban of excommunication and acknowledge his sovereignty as king and the independence of the kingdom. Faith struck no mightier or more telling blow for freedom than that.

Pass on through two more centuries, during which the Church of Rome grows in political power and material wealth until the burden of her oppressions and insatiable exactions becomes intolerable. Nor is it merely a spiritual tyranny over the souls of men both here and hereafter, but it became a dictatorship over the destinies of kings and emperors, states and nations, so that the sceptre of rule was held at the behest of the Papal authority, and it was at the command of the Pope that " kings ruled and princes decreed justice."

While there was some readiness to recognise the supreme authority of the Pontiff in matters which concerned the doctrine, or discipline of the Church, there was a revolt against that authority being pushed into the realm of temporal authority. That intrusion was resented, and men were not prepared to accept the dictum that, as the Vicar of Christ, the Pope had power to give and take away kingdoms.

But the trouble went deeper than that. The great awakening of the Renaissance had stirred the soul of man and given him a new sense of his dignity and importance in the sight of God, and he became less and less inclined to submit his spiritual destiny and his religious obligations into the hands of a power which had become bloated in riches by extortion and corrupt with vice. That is not merely a Protestant view. It is freely admitted by Roman Catholic historians. The Catholic Encyclopædia says : " With the ecclesiastical organisation fully developed it came to pass that the activities of the governing ecclesiastical bodies were no longer confined to the ecclesiastical domain, but affected every sphere of popular life."

Gradually a regrettable worldliness manifested itself in many high ecclesiastics. Their chief object, to guide man to his eternal goal, claimed too little. They are names of those whom no tyrant could rend or break, and who welcomed death rather than deny the cause for which they had taken their stand. Apart from its religious aspect, the Reformation wrought a great change in Scotland's political history. There are two sayings recorded in history which would seem to me to put in a nutshell the essence of the Reformation. One is that of Knox to his sovereign. Knox (of whom the historian has said was under God the architect of a Scotland enfranchised, intelligent, and self-governing) said : "Take from us the freedom of assemblies and you take from us the Evangel." There speaks the voice of true, democratic freedom.

The other is the splendid epitaph, uttered by the Regent Murray at the grave in St Giles Kirkyard where the body of Knox was laid : " There lies one who never feared the face of man."

The period that follows is one that reminds us of Clough's words :

> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain.

A new threat to freedom in the form of the claim of the divine right of kings takes the place of the Papal claim to an unchallengeable supremacy.

Again it is countered by the champions of freedom by the assertion of that higher tribunal before which even kings and princes must one day stand for judgment. One instance will suffice. It is Andrew Melville plucking King

James by the sleeve, calling him " God's silly vassal," and reminding him that there are " twa kings in this realm of Scotland : King James, King of the Realm ; and King Jesus, King of the Church, whose humble subject King James is."

But that battle against the divine right of kings, which one can now see, looking back, was but the old battle against the tyranny of an overbearing autocracy in another form ; for the infallibility of the Pope was substituted the divine right of kings, and it took the best part of a century to carry the cause of freedom to victory.

Time does not permit to go into the story of the seventeenth century, with its tragic heart-breaking tale of the pathetic Resistance, so seemingly unequal and unavailing, put up by the Covenanters against those who would impose their will upon the Church.

" Nothing," said Dr Smellie, " should commend the adherents of the Covenant to the children of the twentieth century more than their wisely balanced love of freedom. They were invincible haters of despotism. There were prerogatives of Parliament and of the people which they would surrender to no one. They could find no room in this polity for a tyrant. But on the other hand, they kept an unbounded loyalty for the monarch who respected their native and proper rights. Not serfs and feudal vassals, but constitutional subjects—that is what they aspired to be. The king's person and authority, they said, shall be preserved, if he, in turn, preserves the true religion and the liberties of the common weal. In the Scotland of that day, however, it was in England, there was nowhere any craving for a Republic ! There was a universal and even passionate anxiety to guard the name and fame of Charles. It was he who squandered a heritage of devotion and obedience, which he might have retained to his latest hour. It was because he was a rebel against justice and law that he drove into rebellion those who would have spent their lives to promote his good."

I cannot read the story of the struggle of those simple country men and women who so freely gave their lives in defence of the cause of religious freedom without tears coming to my eyes. The tortures inflicted upon them, the hardships and sufferings they were forced to endure, were utterly inhuman. But with a fortitude born only of faith, they bore their witness, and surrendered life with a song on their lips and a serenity which nothing could disturb. After the Pentland Rising in 1665, thirty or forty of them were executed, and there have come from some of them declarations on the scaffold, and they all testify to the same faith.

Having quoted the testimony of Captain Andrew Arnot, Alexander Robertson, John Woodrow and John Wilson, Dr Moffett continued :

Against such men persecution in its cruellest and most terrible form was unavailing, for nothing could break their spirit. To bring them into subjection to a tyrant's will, says Lord Balfour of Burleigh, penal laws of a monstrous character were passed. To preach, and finally even to attend, a conventicle was made punishable by death. Husbands were made responsible for wives, and landlords for their tenants. Enormous fines were levied on such as were unable or unwilling to prevent their respective charges from attending field preachings. In 1678 10,000 armed men, of whom 6,000 were rude Highlanders, were quartered for months in Ayrshire and Clydesdale to enforce this law, and they returned laden with the spoil of the countryside. Torture was used in the examination of prisoners before the Privy Council ! and means of inflicting it, hitherto unknown in Scotland, were introduced to bend the rigid Covenanters to the King's will.

With the passing of James II and the coming of William in May of 1690 this nightmare of savagery came to an end, and the Act of Settlement restored peace to a sorely-tormented and wasted Scotland, and established the Presbyterianism which has struck deep roots not only in the national life of Scotland itself, but into our great dominions. Not in vain was the battle of freedom fought by the faith of the Covenanters, and tens of thousands reaped the bountiful harvest of the seed they sowed in a wild and stormy spring, and praised God for the valley, covered with corn. Even so :

> Far back, through creeks and inlets making
> Came silent, flooding in the main.

The President thanked Dr Moffett for the masterly Sentiment which he had given them. "I met an old Scot in London," said Dr Scott, "and he said, in a quite decided Scots accent, 'I hear ye hae a sediment at your Caledonian Society'!" Well, to-night we have had the pure wine of the spirit of truth, and not one touch of sediment about it. (Applause.)

OUR EMINENT GUESTS.

Mr Robert Eadie gave the toast, "Our Guests," and extended a special welcome to Rev. Dr Moffett, who was so well known to all members that it was unnecessary to do more than mention his name to bring commendation. We have with us to-night, said Mr Eadie, besides many officers and ex-officers of the London Scottish, Major E. E. van Bibra, the new Agent-General for Tasmania, who we wish well in his responsible office. (Applause.) We have, too, the soldier son of a great and beloved soldier, Lord Milne. (Applause.) Lord Milne was a major in the late war, and was mentioned in dispatches. (Applause.)

Lord Morton of Henryton, who it is my privilege to welcome to-night, has won honour in many different spheres, but particularly in the legal world. He can be pardonably proud of reaching the eminence of a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, that eminence of infallibility from whose judgment there is no appeal. (Laughter.) But perhaps, Mr President, he is just as proud of being an elder in St Columba's Church. (Hear, hear.) He may rejoice that his early schooldays were spent in Kelvinside Academy in Glasgow; but probably, like the rest of us, he had little say in this matter; but it was undoubtedly due to his own initiative that he won the M.C. in the first world war. (Applause.) Lord Morton is a good golfer. I wonder if he gets as much kick out of his golf as he did out of his cricket matches when, as a boy, he used to play at St Anne's Lodge, near West Kilbride. (Laughter and applause.)

The toast was heartily pledged.

THE HUMOUR OF LORD MORTON.

Lord Morton, received with applause, said that when he was a small boy in the place mentioned by Mr Eadie, there was a worthy couple, Mr and Mrs Paton, who ended up their evenings with a wee dram and a toast. Mr Paton bowed to his good lady, and said, "Here's to you, Mrs Paton," Mrs Paton replying, "An' to you tae, Mr Paton." Such a ceremony to-night might have taken the place of the toast "The Guests," but then we would have missed the interesting and amusing speech of Mr Eadie, who he thanked for his welcome to the guests, "and for the complimentary things he said about me" (Lord Morton).

Sometimes authors contrive to write themselves out, and those of us who try to make a living at the Bar sometimes got "spoken out." Occasionally, instead of being too vocal, barristers were found wanting when pleasure had been preferred to business. There was the case of the elderly barrister who was waiting for his case to come on, but who, having been told that it was unlikely to be reached that day, went and enjoyed a hearty lunch at which a considerable amount of fine brandy was served. In the midst of his enjoyable meal his clerk appeared and informed him that the case before theirs had broken down, and their case was about to be called. Hurriedly the barrister donned his gown and wig, and opening the case, said: "My Lord—ick"—to which the judge replied: "Mr Blank, the Court will hear the rest of your argument to-morrow." (Loud laughter.)

The best anonymous letter he had ever received was on a sheet of paper, with this couplet:

Nae bird could sing or flower could bloom
That he wad hear or see.

Next week he had a letter from a lady whose case he had successfully guided through the Court, and on it were the words: "The nobility and justice of your countenance will ever live in my memory." (Loud laughter.) "Again I thank you," concluded Lord Morton, "for your kind reception. It has been a great privilege to me to be here as the guest of my minister and personal friend, Dr Scott." (Loud applause.)

To The London Scottish.

Lieut.-Col. J. C. Thomson, M.B.E., proposed "Prosperity to the London Scottish." During World War II the "Scottish" and its friends resisted the intention to turn the old regiment into an O.C.T.U., and the Scottish, with its two battalions of infantry and one of artillery turned out over 1,400 officers, and came out of the war with a battle record of which any T.A. regiment might be proud. Among its honours are North Africa, Sicily, Italy (including Anzio and the Gothic Line), and the final break-through. I doubt if any other regiment can produce this combined record, except, perhaps, our old friend the H.A.C.

Some here would remember how, at the beginning of the last war, fifty-six recruits, the first conscripts, from all parts of London were sent to the Scottish. The commanding officer, Col. Bennett, our Past-President, protested, as he declared there was not a Scot among them. The War Office asked if we knew there was a war on. But the C.O. persisted, and it was not until he was permitted to state the case to the Honorary Colonel, Her Majesty the Queen,* that the magic word was spoken, and the draft disappeared, all except four who turned out to be Scots. (Applause.) We of the Caledonian Society are proud of our own regiment, the London Scottish. (Applause.)

Col. R. J. L. Ogilby, D.S.O., D.L., J.P., Colonel of the Regiment, thanked Lieut.-Col. Thomson and the Society for their great interest in the "Scottish."

During the evening a new member, Mr Mark S. Moody Stuart, M.C., was received by the President.

The vocalist was Mr Alexander MacRae, whose beautiful tenor voice was heard in "Kirkconnel Lea," "The Road to the Isles," "The Herding Song," and "Gae bring to me." He and Dr Ian MacDonald, at the piano, were thanked for their services.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., contributed his selection of pipe music; and "Auld Lang Syne" ended an enjoyable gathering.

THE SCOTS IN RUSSIA.

On Thursday, 21st December, 1950, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, the principal speaker at the Little Dinner was Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, K.C.M.G., who chose as the subject of his Sentiment, "The Scots in Russia."

Sir Robert was introduced by the President, the

* 1952: Now Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott, after the loyal toasts had been honoured. Dr Scott referred to their guest as a Scotsman who had exercised great influence in the affairs of the world.

Sir Robert, heartily received, said :

I propose to address you on "The Scots in Russia," partly because it is a subject in which I have made some original research, but mainly because there is no other country in Europe—England, of course, excepted—in which our forebears have played so honourable and so important a part.

Now, the first English came to Russia as maritime and merchant adventurers. They were visitors. The first Scots made their entry by land as prisoners of war, and became enforced residents. The manner of their coming was in this wise : from 1557 until 1582 Ivan the Terrible, the first Tsar, was engaged in more or less constant war against the Livonians, the Poles, and the Swedes. Scottish soldiers of fortune were serving at this time under the Polish and Swedish colours, and some of them fell into Russian hands.

On the advice of Jerome Horsey, an Englishman who had won the favour of the terrible Tsar, Ivan formed the Scottish and other foreign prisoners into special companies of mercenaries with their own national captains. Employed against the Tartars, who were then ignorant of gunpowder, the foreign troops did tremendous execution. The Tartars, seeing their horses shot from under them, cried : "Away with these new devils that come with their thundering puffs." Whereat the Russian chronicle tells us, the Tsar made good sport. He was more than amused ; he was grateful. He rewarded the Scots with pensions and married them to Livonian women who were then reputed to be "the fairest of the known world." These first Scottish mercenaries were the precursors of a long line of Scots—great captains of war, admirals, administrators, physicians and architects—who, taking service under the Tsars, and in many instances becoming Russian subjects and founding Russian families, exercised more influence on the course of Russian history and of Russian civilisation than any other foreigners, with the exception of the Baltic Germans.

It is a remarkable record, and, to Scotland's own detriment, it was achieved mainly by Scots who, because of civil and religious dissensions at home, had to seek their fortune outside their own country.

Let me begin with the soldiers. They make a long list, and to-night I can refer only to the most celebrated. First must come Sir Alexander Leslie who arrived in Russia in 1631. He was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Foreign Forces of the Tsar, and was given full powers to enlist soldiers from abroad, and, of course, he drew on his own countrymen.

After the triumph of Cromwell several leading Scottish royalists entered the Russian service. They included the famous Sir Thomas Dalyell of Binns and William Drummond. Sir Thomas was made a full general and Drummond a lieutenant-general. Both took part in the savage wars against the Poles and the Turks, and doubtless acquired those brutal methods which were to tarnish their reputations when they returned to Scotland after the Restoration to fight against the Covenanters. Indeed, Drummond is popularly but erroneously supposed to have introduced the torture of the thumb-screws into Scotland.

Incidentally, the two generals had considerable difficulty in obtaining their exit permits, and it was only at the direct entreaty of Charles II that the Tsar allowed them to leave. They were not the only Scots who were to find that the favour of the Tsars was tempered by suspicions. When the famous General Patrick Gordon wished to visit Scotland in 1685, Peter the Great refused to let him go unless he left his wife and family behind as hostages. It is an old practice which to-day the Soviet Communists have applied to their own representatives abroad.

Peter, however, had a high opinion of the Scots, and relied on them in large measure for the execution of his policy of Westernisation. First in his favour came Patrick Gordon of Auchleuchries. A fervent Catholic and an ardent supporter of the Stuart cause, he had already spent twenty years in Russia when Peter succeeded. He helped to establish the young Tsar firmly on his throne, and won great distinction in Peter's wars. But the deed which won him Peter's lasting gratitude was his suppression of the dangerous revolt of the Streltzy in 1698 when Peter was absent in Vienna. It was Gordon's last exploit. Worn out by constant campaigning and perhaps by the conviviality of Peter, in whose drinking-bouts he was forced to join—and Peter was some drinker—Gordon died a year later at the age of sixty-four, and was buried in the Roman Catholic Church in Moscow, which he had helped to build.

Gordon had two relatives who also distinguished themselves in Russia. One was Admiral Thomas Gordon who commanded the Russian Navy and helped Peter to build Kronstadt. The other was General Alexander Gordon, who married Patrick's daughter and won the Tsar's favour in characteristic manner. Peter gave him a commission in the army " for that he, single-handed, thrashed seven Russian officers who had insulted him."

Two other close collaborators and prime favourites of Peter were the brothers Robert and James Bruce. They were the sons of Colonel William Bruce of Airth, who emigrated to Russia in 1650. Both men have a permanent place in Russian history. Robert was the first Commandant of St Petersburg, and not only superintended the building of the city, but performed a heroic task in defending it against the Swedes. He was also responsible for the building of the beautiful but sinister fortress of Peter and Paul where so many political prisoners were subsequently to languish. He himself is buried in the fortress cemetery.

James Bruce was also a general, but made his name and fame as a scientist. By the backward Russians he was regarded as a wizard, for he was a mathematician, botanist, engineer, artillery expert, geographer, mineralogist, and astronomer. He is best known as the inventor of a calendar which, however, has not survived. He was also director of Peter's new schools of navigation, artillery, and military engineering. He was greatly favoured by Peter, who gave him an estate and made him field-marshal and a count. He left no issue, and his title passed to the sons of his brother Robert, whose grandson, Count James Bruce, was Commander-in-Chief in Moscow from 1781 to 1786.

It was, too, as a compliment to the military prowess of the Scots, that Peter instituted the Order of St Andrew, and Patrick Gordon and Field-Marshal Bruce were the first to receive it.

I must mention one more soldier, the famous Marshal Keith, another Jacobite exile, who came to Russia in the reign of the Empress Anne. Raised to the rank of commander-in-chief, he enjoyed Anne's favour until her death.

He was not so happy in his relations with the amorous Empress Elizabeth, who fell in love with him and wished to marry him. Keith did not relish the idea, and, fearing to show his disinclination, did his best to obscure himself. He was distinctly fortunate to be allowed to transfer his services to Frederick the Great of Prussia. He is, of course, the same Marshal Keith who perished gloriously in the Seven Years War, and whom the Germans now claim as a national hero under the name of " Kite."

By the time that Catherine the Great ascended to the throne, that is, in 1762, Russia had become more " Westernised," and Scottish soldiers were no longer required. There was, however, one Russian want which home talent could not supply, and this was a navy. In her need Catherine engaged Samuel Greig of Inverkeithing, an officer of the British Navy. Only twenty-eight when he arrived in Russia in 1769, he became the creator and father of the Russian Navy. Manning his ships mainly with Scottish officers, he made possible the final conquest of the Crimea by destroying the Turkish fleet. His chief assistant was Admiral Elphinstone who, like Keith, had the misfortune to attract the amorous desires of Catherine, and, like Keith, he sought safety in flight.

Greig also rebuilt Kronstadt and founded Sevastopol. His son, Alexander, followed, and was Commander-in-Chief of the Black Sea Fleet. Alexander's son, Samuel, fought on the Russian side in the Crimean War. His Scottish blood induced him to transfer to the Russian Ministry of Finance. He became Minister (or Chancellor) of Finance, but he must have been horribly Russified, for he made a mess of the job, overspent on his budget, and was dismissed.

Turning now to the Scottish civilians, I must give first place to the doctors. Like the soldiers, they owed their successes to Peter the Great who, when he engaged Robert Erskine as his personal physician, started a long line of Scottish doctors who, until the middle of the nineteenth century, were to hold an honoured position at the Court of the Tsars.

Dr James Mounsey, who came from Lochmaben and was the Empress Elizabeth's personal physician, brought back rhubarb from Russia and introduced it as a medicine into Great Britain. As " rha barbarum," the rheum of the barbarian, it had been known to the Russians for a long time.

Catherine the Great had the famous John Rogerson of Dumfriesshire as her physician. She treated him handsomely as well as telling him all her scandalous secrets, and when he went home he was able to buy himself a Scottish estate.

Catherine was succeeded by the ill-fated and abnormal Tsar Paul, who appointed Sir James Wylie, an Aberdonian, as his physician. He had the most difficult task of all the Scottish physicians, for when the Tsar was murdered by a Court camarilla, Wylie was more or less forced to sign a medical certificate of a natural death. Paul having been strangled, the cannie Wylie testified that he had died of apoplexy, which, I understand, is medically correct. At any rate Wylie satisfied the Court, for he was retained by Alexander the First, who himself was not entirely free from complicity in the murder. Apart from this incident, Wylie has his place in Russian history as the founder of the Medical Academy of St Petersburg. Later, he was succeeded at Alexander's court by Sir Alexander Crichton of Edinburgh, and Crichton in turn was followed by his nephew, Sir Alexander William Crichton, who remained with the Emperor Nicholas I until the Crimean War.

This ends the line of Scottish doctors.

I must also mention two other Scottish civilians. The first is Charles Cameron, the architect of Catherine the Great. Greatly admired by every cultured Russian, he is or was almost unknown in Scotland. A Jacobite exile, he died in St Petersburg in 1812 and left as a monument to his lasting fame the beautiful Agate Rooms and Cameron Gallery at Tsarkoe Selo.

The other is Donald MacEwan, jeweller at St Petersburg, who went to Russia in the early part of the eighteenth century. He seems to have enjoyed the liquor of his new country, for he was in correspondence with Alan Ramsay, who honoured him with these lines :—

Then Donald maun be e'en as gay
On Russia's distant shore
As on the Tay where usquabae
He used to drink before.

You will note that I have spoken only of Scottish men. The truth is that there is only one Scottish woman who has a page to herself in Russian history. This is Mary Hamilton, chief lady-in-waiting to the Consort of Peter the Great. The direct descendant of a Scottish soldier, she became the mistress of Peter. She was foolish enough to transfer her affections to Orlov, the Tsar's aide-de-camp, and to be found out. In spite of the entreaties of the Empress, she was beheaded, and Peter himself attended the execution and raised the severed head to his lips. Mary Hamilton has been much romanticised, and no less an authority than Scott has suggested that her fate inspired the ballad of " The Queen's Maries." The Russian historians are more accurate and less kind, and there seems little doubt that Mary was an adventuress whose crimes were not confined to infanticide and sins of the flesh, but included theft, and other abuses of her privileged position.

Time does not permit me to refer to the numerous Russians of Scottish descent who have added their lustre to the pages of Russian history. The two most famous, perhaps, were Barclay de Tolly, the initiator of the scorched earth policy against Napoleon, and Michael Lermontov, the Russian Byron. Barclay came of a family that had been Russian for several generations, but his Scottish descent, of which he was proud, was direct. Lermontov, equally proud, had difficulty in tracing his descent, but his Russian biographers always refer to his Learmouth forebears.

Throughout the nineteenth century the influx of Scots continued, but the new arrivals were now business men. Families like the Wishaws, the Thorntons, and the Urquharts played a considerable part in the economic development of Russia. By and large, however, they were subordinate, both in numbers and in influence, to the English. The same is true of diplomacy. During the last one hundred years Scotland can claim more than her fair share of British ambassadors to Russia, not to mention a few, in other departments, like myself ; but I cannot say that their success was either remarkable or peculiarly Scottish. Nor can I tell about Scottish Russians' descendants. There are certainly none in the Bolshevik Government.

Indeed, the Scottish glory in Russian history belongs to the past, and falls neatly into the two centuries between 1650 and 1850. I have mentioned only a few names but they are sufficient to reveal to you a record of which Scotland has every right to be proud. The Scots brought to Russia not only their swords and their surgery, but also learning, great administrative talent and a capacity for giving good value for their hire. They owed their success partly to their own virtues of courage, endurance and reliability, partly to a certain natural affinity between Celt and Slav, but mainly to the innate ability of the Scot to adapt himself to the ways of foreigners.

The President thanked Sir Robert for his masterly and informative Sentiment, and expressed the gratitude of the members for giving them that treat.

Mr C. M. Stirling, in proposing the toast, " Our Guests," said of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart :

His career has been adventurous, and he has thrilled us this evening with his records of the Scots in Russia. I do not think it necessary to retail what one may find in books of reference about our distinguished guest. We have the man with us to-night, and we are proud to claim him as a brother Scot. (Applause.) The grounding at Fettes was followed by study in Berlin and Paris, and in the end there emerged a complete diplomat, ready for all the experiences which might come to him. And what experiences ! I feel sure he is the only man here to-night who has been imprisoned in the Kremlin ! What a many-sided man he is ! Diplomat, author, journalist, banker, traveller, angler and musician ! His presence this evening is most pleasing to us all, and we are particularly grateful for his memorable Sentiment. (Applause.)

And how glad we are to welcome Captain Anthony Kimmins, O.B.E., author and playwright. He has crowded a great deal into his life of less than half a century. The war of 1914–1918 had begun before he had completed his training at Osborne and Dartmouth, but he was soon ready to see a good deal of active service. On the outbreak of war in 1939, he was again on active service, and his work, as you know, was outstanding in the field of naval information, and in his inspiring broadcasting when we at home had need of being cheered up.

We are happy to welcome Sir Frederick Hay, of Melbourne, who has just succeeded to the ancient baronetcy.

We have with us to-night the new Agent-General for Tasmania, Major E. E. van Bibra. Major van Bibra has held a number of important public positions in Tasmania, and recently came to London to take over the high office of Agent-General for that country. On many occasions, we had the pleasure of welcoming to our dinners his predecessor in office, Sir Claude James, and we are indeed glad to have this opportunity of welcoming the new Agent-General and giving him our best wishes. (Applause.)

We are always delighted to have with us ex-officers and officers of the London Scottish, among them Colonel Ogilby, an old friend. Lord Milne, also, we are pleased to welcome. He was a major in the last war, and those of us who earn a precarious living in the City know him as a chartered accountant.

We welcome, too, Councillor C. L. S. Sinclair, the mayor of the Royal Borough of Kingston-on-Thames, whose Coronation Stone has been threatened by some of his fellow-countrymen ; and among our other guests is Mr E. A. Armstrong, a civil servant of distinction. His further claim to our regard is that he is an elder of St Columba's. (Hear, hear.)

The toast was heartily honoured, and Captain Anthony Kimmins, with whose name it was coupled, replied in a witty speech in which he chaffed his Scottish friends. In a serious moment he mentioned a hospital which he had visited. He found there 75 per cent. men of the R.A.F., 20 per cent. military, and 5 per cent. from the Navy. He ended by calling upon his fellow visitors to drink to the continued success of their friends the members of the Caledonian Society of London.

A new member, Mr James Aitken, was received by the President.

Mr J. W. Ollaston sang in his rich tenor voice, during the evening, the following songs: "Hail, Caledonia," "Mary of Argyll," "Lewis Bridal Song," and "My Marie." Mr R. C. Finlay played the accompaniments, and he and Mr Ollaston were heartily thanked by the President for their services. He referred to the fact that that was Mr Ollaston's last appearance, as he was returning to Glasgow. They would miss him greatly, and they wished him God speed.

In the absence through illness of the Society's officer, Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., his son gave the selection of marches, reels and strathspeys with spirit and precision.

"Auld Lang Syne" closed a memorable meeting.

Gold Badge for Dr Scott.

At the business meetings preceding the dinner, it was reported that Miss M'Leod, the daughter of deceased Past-President J. F. M'Leod, had presented her father's Past-President's gold badge to Dr Scott, as a compliment to the President.

Dr Scott feelingly expressed his thanks for this kindly gift.

The Finances of the Society.

The increased cost of commodities and production, with special reference to the delayed publication of the

"Chronicles," necessitated attention being given to the finances of the Society, and the following sub-committee was appointed to consider and report: the President, Past-President Col. Bennett, Mr David Houston, Hon. Treasurer; Mr Walter Morison, Hon. Auditor; and Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary.

ANOTHER BURNS NICHT.

The Society's Burns Nicht was held on 18th January, 1951, when the President, Dr Scott, took the chair at the usual meeting-place, the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, sang with fervour and feeling our farewell to "The year that's awa'," and on the demand for an encore gave Stevenson's "Requiem."

Dr Scott introduced Mr James Aitken as an authority on Burns and our youngest member to give us as his Sentiment, "The Immortal Memory."

Mr. Aitken said:

In these perplexing times, I believe that, great as was his poetry and glorious his songs, Robert Burns has a message for us as vital and alive now as when he gave it one hundred and twenty years ago.

He was no party politician, but he delivered speeches of greater power than prime ministers or presidents; he was no religionist, yet in his works he preached sermons more moving and profound than archbishop or moderator.

WANT.—Burns once declared he could not conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a labouring man trudging from farm to farm seeking for work.

> See yonder poor o'erlabour'd wight,
> So abject, mean and vile,
> Who begs a brother of the earth,
> To give him leave to toil.

"The abolition of want is possible within the resources of the community, and want continues a needless scandal, because we don't take the trouble to remove it"; so declared Sir William Beveridge. Burns was a poet; Beveridge, the voice of authority, declares "Want can be abolished." Burns it was who launched that attack on want. From Burns to Beveridge! Robert Burns, if you please, the prophet, of social security. Burns is revered because he is the mouthpiece of what is, perhaps, Scotland's most vital contribution to modern civilisation—her insistence on the dignity and worth of man as an individual, as a personality, irrespective of rank or wealth, power or party.

The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Freedom from want and fear has, in measure, been vouchsafed to the western peoples, but is it not crystal clear that want and misery, in so many eastern lands, provides a fertile breeding ground for the creed which now challenges us : millions of peoples, longing for deliverance, becoming the dupes of that creed, blissfully unconscious that it is the very antithesis of freedom of any kind !

THE DORIC.—No man need be told that Burns was a Scotsman, or that he sprang from the bosom o' the people. And as he was the poet o' the people, he was not too proud to speak their language ; he remained a Scot in word ; he made the Lowland Scots a Doric dialect of fame.

All this explains the appeal of Burns, and how his work has, in such large measure, influenced the minds and imagination of his countrymen :—

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet what the matter ?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.
Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, " How can you e'er propose,
You wha' ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak' a sang,"
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.—Epistle to John Lapraik.

WEAKNESS.—There are those whose only concern is to parade Burns's shortcomings, who would " drag his frailties from their dread abode." Macgillvary has written, " I am for those who seek Burns rather where his spirit leads than where his body has fallen." Burns dearly loved the lasses : he is, of course, by no means singular in that phase of character ! He may have sinned—he did sin ; but he never gloried in his sin. Because of the pinnacle to which he was raised, the world saw his failings, but appreciated little of the warfare in which he triumphed : the sorrowful details of his lifelong conflict may very well be rubbed out altogether of Scotland's Book of Remembrance.

HIS HUMOUR.—I can't think of Burns's humour, and his work is rich in it, without recalling " Willie's Wife " :

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour ;
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

BIRTH AND DEATH.—At Alloway, Burns was born in a wee half-concealed bed in the "auld clay biggin'," and we can well imagine the lonely horseman, Burns's father, riding that night in the storm, splashing through "dub and mire," to the cotter home built with his own hands. A lonely scene; but, in the storm, a tempestuous welcome, symbolic of the life which was to follow.

Let us, for a moment, thirty-seven short years later, stand at another door, in a wee road in Dumfries. The street is filled with groups o' the 'orra bodies'—"Burns is dying," they say. In contrast to that solitary horseman, ten thousand followed his military funeral, and as he shed the vestments of temporal life, enmity ceased, conscious that Scotland was losing a genius.

A LOVER OF TRUE RELIGION.—Burns was a lover of true religion. Emerson said of him: "Not Luther, not Latimer struck stronger blows against false theology than did the poet Burns." He himself said: "I hate the superstition of a fanatic"—("Poor gapin', glowrin', superstition," he called it in his "Letter to John Goudie")—"but I love the religion of a man." He attacked hypocrisy, bigotry, superstition and those soul-destroying doctrines of his age, but never did he flout religion. His "Address to the Unco Guid" fell like a "doodle-bug" amang the "Holy Willies" of Scotland, but the ordinary God-fearing folks, who had long waited for deliverance from ecclesiastical thraldom, applauded the raider.

All hail, Religion, maid Divine!
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

One of the most Christian doctrines is surely contained in that verse:—

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.

And while Burns used his wit and satire against the hypocrites in Scotland who were persecuting those in their power, the humble cotters by their lowly firesides were enriched by the knowledge of heaven. Burns's genius powerfully portrays and interprets them in "The Cotter's Saturday Night"—the best-loved poem in all Scottish literature.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, rever'd abroad.

In these perplexing days the spirit and practice of true Christianity and reverence for the Creator—sentiments entirely lacking in the Creed which now challenges the free world—are another integral part of Burns's message, and sentiments the world sorely needs to-day to adjust its moral values.

A DEMOCRAT.—Burns was a real democrat—the great Scottish Rebel! That love of freedom born in the heart of every Scotsman is in no small measure due to his labours. And just as he denounced the professing Christians of his time, so, to-day, he would smite, "hip and thigh," many who are now posing as democrats, but denying freedom to their fellows.

You remember that immortal saying—" Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn "—as true to-day, at the turn of the twentieth century, as when Burns wrote it.

Now, one hundred and fifty years after his death, we, as a nation, have been fighting these evil doctrines which would deprive us of freedom. Burns preached that natural privilege of all men to freedom of action and worship, not to be surrendered at the challenge of any nation however powerful in men and arms! " We will drain our dearest veins," he made the Scottish people sing, " But—they shall be free." " Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled "—the war-blast o' a nation's freedom!

But let no one accuse Burns of being a warmonger, for he wrote :—

O wae upon you, men of state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphans cry!

One result of the war! Burns again is the prophet, rather amusingly!

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
  Her broken shins tae plaister,
Your sair taxation does her fleece
  Till she has scarce a tester.

If Burns returned to-day, he would find income tax, to some, 19*s.* 6*d.* in the £, and whisky 33*s.* 4*d.* a bottle!

Another result of the war! Atomic energy! The solution? Surely that the nations of the earth must as a unit make effective laws for the outlawry of war itself! How does Burns put it? Shall we bring him up to date again?

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.

Unless that prophetic prayer of Burns for universal brotherhood is answered, not in any sloppy or sentimental sense, but in real substance—yes, and in our time—civilisation, as we know it, is in a poor way! The world must learn Burns's philosophy of universal brotherhood, just as it has learned his " Auld Lang Syne "—that international anthem of real comradeship.

MANHOOD, FREEDOM, BROTHERHOOD.—These, as Longfellow declared, are the master-chords of the Burns gospel; and within that orbit rotates all that the modern mind has conceived in its Freedom Charters.

A PHILOSOPHER.—That Burns was a philosopher, no one can doubt. One idea is expressed in the poem, " To a Louse." You know the story of the woman with the new hat, walking into church inviting the attention of the pews around. She sat down in front of Burns, and he perceived a louse crawlin' alang her shouther. Up and up it went; roon her neck it crawled, and came finally to rest upon that wonderful " bunnet " she desired everyone to admire. How that louse ever got past the kirk elder at the plate is a mystery !

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some puir body.

And to the lady :

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin' !

And then, from that simple incident, the powerful lesson :

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us !
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

That saying has circled the whole earth.

Burns is also reputed to have been an orator. One writer said of him : " An eloquent and brilliant reasoner, expressing himself in exquisite poetry and in still richer and more captivating conversation, until at twenty-seven he stood in the midst of the most learned professors of Scotland, and outclassed them all."

It is a marvel that grows greater the more we try to understand it, that a boy who left school when nine years old, thereafter a steady farm worker, doing a man's work when thirteen, and probably the work of two when nineteen—after that could have been able to write so much immortal poetry and instructive prose !

HIS SYMBOLISM.—Probably Burns's highest notes in simplicity are found in his poems, " To a Mountain Daisy " and " To a Mouse " :

Wee modest crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour.

And to the mouse :

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie !

And as he turned the moose oot o' its wee bit hoosie—gat thegither wi' " mony a weary nibble," he proclaimed :

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 an' pain
For promis'd joy.

Burns's Mouse and Burns's Daisy will live through all time.

Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny—there they wad " sit bousing at the nappy," heedless o' the storm ootside, laughing at the warning o' the anxious wife—feeling gloriously happy ; " o'er a' the ills o' life victorious ! " Here we have a work that, for power of inspiration and high perfection of execution, takes its place beside the best-known tales in the literature of the whole world.

CONCLUSION.—In a wee village in Scotland a " big noise " had come from London to propose " The Immortal Memory," and during his speech he said, " Burns was a man before his time." Auld Davie, the local blacksmith, didn't agree. " He's whit, did ye say ? I never heard sich blethers in a' ma life ! " His friends counselled silence, but Davie would have none of it, and started an Immortal Memory all on his own. " A'm telling ye, aince an' for a', that oor Rabbie wisna a man afore his time ; ay ! an' a' dinna gie a dockan whit yon Tammy Noddie frae London says. Noo a'll pit it tae ye yersel' ; had Rabbie been leevin' the day, whit wad he ha' found ? He wis a ploo'man, wisn't he ? Ay ! Weel, mebbe ye can see him perched up on wan o' these new-fangled tractors, steering' it wi' a wee bit wheel an fid-faddin' wi' a wheen levers—weel, I canna'. Ay ! an' whit's mair ; hoo in the name o' fortune could Rabbie hae written ' Tam o' Shanter,' if a' the pubs had shut at nine o'clock and Tam awa' hame on his auld Ford larry ? " Auld Davie, ready on the least provocation, to spring to the defence of his hero !

H. V. Morton reveals another picture. He tells of an old guide showing him over Burns's cottage, who had quoted the lighter parts of Burns as he went on. The guide was called away, and when he returned, rather hesitantly, he commenced reciting that song " To Mary in Heaven " :

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn !

My Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?

Tears gathered in the auld man's eyes, and he said : " You must forgive me, but I had a message just now that a very dear friend has passed away. There's something in Burns for every experience of a man's life—good days and bad. I shall find his sympathy here—Burns would have known just what I feel now. You'll not mind, Mr Morton, just going on by yourself."

Morton makes this comment : " Robert Burns had there received a tribute which passes the cold understanding of the critics."

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.

Sir Walter Scott said, " This is worth a thousand love tales."

FINALE.—What manner of man was this ploughman of the burning eyes ? When the picture is complete we behold a man of supreme gifts, with a proud and independent spirit, yet, withal, a lovable and magnetic personality.

Because of what is deep inside us, we are constrained to do homage to him who has endeared himself to our hearts. Burns has been granted the happiest lot that can fall to any Scot : he has remained a living, palpitating force among the Scottish people ; he has made here for himself a kingdom ! the brightest star in the literary firmament of Scotland ! a radiant spirit enshrined forever in the memory of his fellow countrymen !

I give you this toast to Robert Burns, " The Immortal Memory."

The toast was drunk in silence, and Mr Aitken's address was rewarded with resounding cheers.

The President, in thanking Mr Aitken, said he had heard many versions of the toast to the memory of Burns, but never one which had been more in the spirit of Robert Burns.

THE GUESTS : TOAST AND RESPONSE.

Mr D. M. McLennan proposed the toast "Our Guests." He said their honoured guest, who would reply to the toast, Mr E. A. Armstrong, was a graduate of Edinburgh University, served in the Royal Artillery in the 1914–1918 war, entered the Civil Service, was at the Scottish Office, and in the Cabinet Office. During the late war he was on a special mission to India, and is now in charge of personnel at the Civil Air Department. Mr Armstrong has had a distinguished career, but probably more important than his public offices is the fact that he is an elder of St Columba's. (Laughter and applause.) Among our other guests is Sir Alexander McCall, a distinguished physician who guards the health of our Foreign Secretary, Mr Bevin ; Rear-Admiral Reid, a brother of Sir Edward Reid ; Rev. Dr McHardy, who has had added to his many honours the C.B. ; Mr A. W. Luckhurst, the Secretary of the Royal Society of Arts, who was a lecturer in Greek at Edinburgh University ; and Mr John Barrie, the President of the Harrow and District Caledonian Society.

The toast was drunk with great heartiness.

Mr E. A. Armstrong, in replying, said that he was a civil servant, and civil servants usually took refuge behind the anonymity with which they were constitutionally protected, but he was glad to speak on this occasion not only because he could thus discharge in some slight measure the obligation under which the Society had placed his fellow guests and himself by their generous hospitality, but also because the subject of the sentiment of the evening had at one time been a civil servant. He briefly described Burns's service as a "gauger," or Exciseman, and mentioned how he had got into trouble with his department by doing what was simply "not done" by civil servants, *viz.*, showing political sympathies. Burns had sent a packet of small arms, seized by him as contraband from a smuggler's ship in the Solway, to the French revolutionaries, whom, of course, he passionately admired. The package, alas, had been stopped—as so many other packages have been stopped since—by the Customs at Dover. This action of Burns must have caused the authorities in London no little concern, but history did not record that he was awarded any disciplinary penalty. Possibly his superiors felt that the consequence of any attempt to inflict one might have been the lash of a lampoon directed at themselves.

Mr Armstrong rebutted the suggestion sometimes made that the Civil Service was a dull and uneventful vocation, and entertained the company with some of the difficulties of getting unwilling local authorities to take any measures to protect themselves.

Referring to the alleged weakness of civil servants for long words and pompous phrases, he told a story of how Mr Churchill once dealt during the war with a rather tedious and prolix report which reached him, concerning a matter of dispute between the Government of India and the India Office. Mr C. disliked lengthy documents on principle, and he wrote across this one a direction to one of his principal advisers, as follows: " Pray drain this Indian morass and let me have a small cup of clear water." His adviser did so, and in forwarding his summary of the problem to the Prime Minister, commented thus: " The liquid distilled from the morass turns out to be very small beer." (Laughter.)

Another of Mr Armstrong's stories, told apropos of restrictive practices among workmen, was about what he said was a common sight in India, *viz.*, two men digging with one spade: one sticks the spade into the ground, the other wrenches it out again by means of a chain attached to the handle. A visitor to India, watching this operation, asked an Indian companion about it. The Indian's comment was: " That, Sahib, is a device whereby two men are enabled to do the work of one "! (Laughter.)

Mr Armstrong concluded his speech by expressing on behalf of all the guests cordial thanks for good food, good wine, good fellowship, the lovely singing of lovely songs, and a Sentiment on Robert Burns which none of them would ever forget. (Applause.)

The following new members were received by the President: Mr R. A. MacWilliam and Mr Andrew R. Rutherford.

Mr J. C. M. Campbell sang " Of a' the airts," " I gaed a waefu' gait Yestreen," " My Nannie's awa," and " The Mull Fisher's Song," in his masterly manner, and Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., accompanied the singer. Both were thanked by the President.

Pipe-Major Robertson gave his selection and toast, and our Strathspey; and " Auld Lang Syne " wound up a successful evening.

THE SCOTTISH NOVEL SINCE SCOTT.

The principal item in the programme of the Society's meetings on 15th February, 1951, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, was a Sentiment, "The Scottish Novel since Scott," by the Rev. Dr Alexander Smart, St Cuthbert's, Saltcoats.

The President, Rev. Dr Scott, who presided, after giving the loyal toasts, introduced Dr Smart as his dear old friend. They worked together for many years. No member of the Church of Scotland had a better knowledge of English literature than Dr Smart, and he predicted a great literary treat for members and their friends.

Dr Smart, heartily received, said :

It is told of an Aberdeenshire farm servant that, when someone happened to ask him if he could play the fiddle, he replied : "I dinna ken ; I've never tried it."

The answer reveals two characteristic qualities of Aberdeenshire folk : their caution about committing themselves to a definite opinion ; and their unwillingness to admit that there is any task on earth for which they might not be equal—at least until they have first tried it.

I am an Aberdonian ; and when Dr Scott phoned me a few weeks ago to ask if I could address this Society, I might have been wiser had I exercised more of my Aberdeen caution about committing myself to a definite Yes, and less of my Aberdeen assurance that, until I had tried it, I did not know whether I was equal to the task or not.

In the intervening weeks, that assurance has oozed out of me drop by drop, till now I stand before you trembling at my temerity in venturing to address so august a society upon "The Scottish Novel since Scott." I can only hope that, having enjoyed so excellent a repast, in defiance of the Ministry of Food's sinister machinations to restrict the British citizen to the barest minimum of sustenance necessary to keep him alive, you will be in a mood of such happy complacency and contented well-being that nothing I may say could possibly shatter it.

Of Sir Walter Scott, John Buchan wrote : "He seems to me the greatest, because the most representative of Scotsmen, since in his mind and character he sums up more fully than any other the idiomatic qualities of his countrymen, and translates them into a universal tongue."

Whether we agree with this judgment or not, it is certain that no other Scottish novelist has approached in stature the author of *Waverley*, or exercised a comparable influence, either within our own shores or beyond them. His imitators, both in this country and abroad, were legion. It has been said that "wherever historical fiction of a picturesque and chivalrous sort was introduced, it bore the stamp of Sir Walter Scott upon its margin." Baker, in his monumental *History of the English Novel*, has written: "It was in no small degree owing to Scott's performances, and the interest they compelled, that the novel became for recent days the most popular of literary forms, and the readiest avenue for the aspirant to Parnassus. No hand, not even Balzac's, who was one of those who felt Scott's influence, ever gave a stronger impulsion to the art of fiction."

The extent of the canvas covered in the twenty-five Waverley novels is enormous. It covers eight centuries. *Count Robert of Paris* belongs to the eleventh century; *Ivanhoe, The Talisman*, and *The Betrothed* to the twelfth; *Castle Dangerous* to the fourteenth; *The Fair Maid of Perth, Quentin Durward*, and *Anne of Grierstein* to the fifteenth; *The Monastery, The Abbott*, and *Kenilworth* to the sixteenth; *Old Mortality, The Legend of Montrose, The Pirate, Woodstock, The Fortunes of Nigel, The Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Peveril of the Peak* to the seventeenth; *Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Redgauntlet* to the eighteenth. Only *St Ronan's Well* deals with the life of his own times.

And practically every one of the great series has given us one or more unforgettable characters. No other novelist, Dickens alone excepted, has given to the world of fiction such a gallery of living portraits.

His peasants are Shakespearean folk. His lairds and bailies are of the very soil and air of Scotland. Many of them were people whom he had known; but all of them are real enough to have been his intimate companions.

"Ostensibly going to the past," writes Saintsbury, "he had in reality gone straight to man as man; he had varied the particular trapping only to exhibit the universal substance." And Charles, the eminent French authority, similarly affirms: "Il a donné à ses personnages de la chair, du sang, et une âme, vous sentez qu'ils vivent près de vous; et peu importe le reste."

There is but one other aspect of the Waverley Novels to which I would refer before we leave them. In the hands of many modern fiction writers, the story is little more than a framework within which the author elaborates his ideas on matters like social reform, marriage, religion, industrial conditions, education, art, and aesthetics, war and peace, and so on. Thus in his *Autobiography* H. G. Wells maintained: "We (modern novelists) are going to write about business and finance and politics and precedence and pretentiousness and decorum and indecorum, until a thousand pretences and ten thousand impostures shrivel in the cold clear draught of our elucidations. We are going to write of wasted opportunities and latent beauties, until a thousand new ways of living open to men and women. We are going to appeal to the young and the hopeful and the curious, against the established, the dignified and the defensive."

And Wells certainly lived up to this manifesto. He made the novel a platform from which he proclaimed his views on all sorts of subjects. Perhaps the novel never swallowed more matter extraneous to fiction than in *The New Machiavelli* and *The Passionate Friends*. Yet Scott was already making the novel a widely inclusive literary form. If his main purpose was to tell a story, and "in all, to furnish harmless amusement," as he himself confesses, never the less his pages abound in discussion of matters which interested him, but which add little or nothing to the progress of the story.

Whoever knows the Waverley Novels will know a great deal more than a number of splendid stories excellently told. *Old Mortality* will have unfolded to him the Scotland of the Covenanting persecutions; *Guy Mannering* and *Redgauntlet* will have taught him much of the lawless condition of the southern Scottish counties in the eighteenth century, and not a little about Scottish fisheries, and the characteristic features of legal life in old Edinburgh; *The Fortunes of Nigel* will have given him an arresting and authentic picture of London and of the Court in the reign of James VI; while *The Heart of Midlothian* will have discovered to him a panorama of amazing variety—the Porteous Riots, the domestic life of a rural Scottish laird, the home of a typical Cameronian, a glimpse of Queen Caroline and the Duke of Argyll, and a fascinating presentation of the Edinburgh of the period.

He will have at his command a fund of thought on many ages, and countries, and institutions; on interests native to Scotland, like the administration of law, the clan system, Jacobitism, and the relation of Highlander and Lowlander; on wider issues, such as the relation of Christian and Jew, of Saxon and Norman; on religious fanaticism, superstition, vagabondage, feudalism, ancient architecture—to mention but a few of the subjects upon which Scott in the course of his stories throws the light of his richly informed mind.

It is not surprising that none of his followers in Scotland—if indeed anywhere—have measured up to this stature. His immediate followers in his own country are of much less consequence than his imitators in England, and even than the minor Irish novelists from William Carleton to Charles Lever. It is hardly conceivable that anyone to-day reads Wilson's *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, or his *Trials of Margaret Lindsay*, the novels of Susan Ferrier, who was a sort of inferior Jane Austen; or even any of the fifty novels of James Grant.

The majority of these novels dealt with Scottish life in a manner similar to that in which Miss Edgeworth had written of the Irish people and Irish institutions and customs, and their interest lies chiefly in the fact that they foreshadowed the " Kailyard School " that was to grow up later in the century.

But there was one contemporary of Sir Walter, who was as superior to these writers as Scott was to him. John Galt, who outlived Scott by five years, was a much better writer than he is generally recognised to be, and his influence on Scottish fiction during the rest of the century was more apparent even than Scott's. Galt owes more to Smollett than he does to Scott, particularly in his earlier work, and he owes not a little to Miss Edgeworth.

His stories of Scottish life are admirably real studies, full of strong delineation of simple character and forcible detail. Such characters as Mrs Soorocks, the sisters Miss Sooshie and Miss Girsie, and the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, are conceived with much more imaginative force than their ridiculous names would suggest, and they are definitely more real than the successors to which they gave birth in the stories of Ian Maclaren and Crockett.

There is humour and pathos in Galt, but he keeps a much tighter rein on both than did the writers of the Kailyard. It was his misfortune to be completely overshadowed by his great contemporary, who was national where Galt was merely parochial. *The Annals of the Parish* is not only his best work, but the very title defines the province within which he could work, but within which he was no mean artist.

Not until half a century after Scott do we encounter a writer who is truly and worthily in the Scott tradition. Stevenson, who, unlike Galt, had no towering contemporary in his own sphere, kindled again in the pages of Scottish fiction, the torch of romance that had almost died out in the course of half a century.

Like his great predecessor he brought to the writing of his romances an intimate knowledge of Scotland and its people. He thought he knew the

Highlander better than Scott did, but the real Gael evaded him no less than he evaded Scott. But he was a master of the story craft, and his style is perfection of its kind. He was an artist in words, and took endless pains in fashioning beautiful cadences and in achieving subtly varied rhythms. Nor is there any one of his novels that has not given us some character to remember thankfully, and perhaps half a dozen of his characters are amongst the great creations of prose fiction.

But Stevenson was not of the Titans. His debt to Scott was great and obvious, and to think to put him on a level with Scott, as some of his admirers do, is simply ridiculous. Only in one novel, and that his last, did he give unmistakable evidence of really great things that might have been, had he been spared to see another decade of years. For the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston* is one of the great fragments of literature. It towers above everything else that Stevenson ever wrote, in the sure power of its conception, its imaginative force, and its magnificent portraiture. If I were asked to mention what, in my view, were the three most impressive opening chapters in English fiction, I would assuredly include that of *Weir of Hermiston* as one. The other two, I think, would be that of Hardy's *The Return of the Native* and that of Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities.*

With the death of Stevenson, the Kailyard writers came into their own, and Scottish fiction once more became parochial. Barrie established the cult with *A Window in Thrums,* and almost immediately S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren followed with *The Sticket Minister* and *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.*

A return to the tradition of Galt had been made by George MacDonald in the 1860's, with stories like *David Elginbrod* and *Robert Falconer,* which had given an incisive delineation of simple rural life in the north-east, but which were marred by the author's perpetual sermonising. They escaped, however, the mawkishness that was to mask the novels of the authors who followed him.

Hard things have been said of the Kailyard writers, and it is certainly true that their stories are but an anæmic offspring of the Waverley Novels and the stories of Galt. Barrie, by far the most notable of the Kailyard school, has his multitude of admirers; but when one has said of *A Window in Thrums, Margaret Ogilvie, Auld Licht Idylls,* and *The Little Minister,* that they are charming, whimsical, delightful, there remains very little else to say.

Following upon these stories of Barrie came the tales of Neil Munro, with the promise of sterner stuff. Of pure Highland birth, he knew the Gael better than either Scott or Stevenson, and in *The Lost Pibroch,* and in *John Splendid,* where the hero is formed on the model of Alan Breck Stewart, it looked as if the "Highland Stevenson" (as Munro was hailed by many with whom the wish was father to the thought) would rescue Scottish fiction from the maudlin sentimentality that was swamping it.

But in *Gillian the Dreamer, Doon Castle,* and even in *The Children of the Storm,* the promise of the first two books was not fulfilled. It would almost appear that the true Highland genius is incapable of creating convincing character, and of sustaining with interest a story of the proportions of a novel.

So the century closed on Scottish fiction in which the influence of Scott was still felt, but only as the spent breath of a wind blown from far distances. Romance had sickened into a cloying sentimentality, the characters that in Scott had been of the very soil of Scotland, had degenerated into the bewhiskered elders, douce village cronies, bloodless youths and maidens, that peopled the pages of " the bonnie briar bush " literature. Only in Neil Munro and in John Buchan lived on something of that joyous, romantic, adventurous spirit which had animated Stevenson, and which he himself, as he confessed, had caught from the great Sir Walter. But the opening years of the new century were to witness a dramatic and far-reaching change.

It began, and has continued, as a violent protest against the sentimental caricature of Scottish life and character given in the work of the Kailyard writers, and it received fresh impulse as a result of the first world war. The protest was first arrestingly heralded in 1901, when George Douglas Brown produced *The House with the Green Shutters.* This remarkable book fell like a bombshell into the placid life of contemporary Scottish fiction. It set the new tradition in which most of the writers of what has been rather ambitiously termed the " Scottish Literary Renaissance," have followed, and it remains to-day, after fifty years, still the greatest work in that new tradition.

The illegitimate son of an Ayrshire farmer and an illiterate peasant woman, Brown spent an unhappy childhood before going to Glasgow University, and afterwards distinguishing himself at Balliol. Some years of hack work in Fleet Street followed. Years of bitter experience and hard drinking, and somewhere about the end of the year 1900, when he was thirty-one years of age, he produced *The House with the Green Shutters.* Whether he might have written greater work, must ever be a matter of conjecture, for he died in 1902, having lived just long enough to enjoy a sudden fame which, as Priestley says, " did nothing to sober or sweeten him."

In his novel, Brown, in effect, says : " The fiction literature of Scotland has until now given a sentimental travesty of Scottish life and character. Here in my book you get the real thing." And in this savage story of John Gourlay and his household, and in this picture of mean and disreputable life in the little country town of Barbie, we are called to witness what Scottish life and character actually are.

There is tremendous power in the book : it impresses with its white-hot passion. The story is handled with no mean artistry and dramatic force. The opening pages suggest an atmosphere charged with doom, the atmosphere of imminent and terrible storm in which the brutalised Gourlay, his " auld trollop " of a wife, his " sumph " of a son, and his " dying lassie " of a daughter, are to be overwhelmed in destruction. There is no relief of humour in the book, such as is provided by the peasants of Scott or Thomas Hardy ; for the people of Barbie, almost without exception, are a squalid and despicable crowd with scarcely a redeeming feature.

This grim protest against the sentimentality of the Kailyard novelists has been hailed as the herald of the new realism in Scottish fiction. It was followed by J. McDougal Hay, in *Gillespie* (1914), a book that failed to win the attention it merited because of the world-shaking event of the year in which it was published ; by Cronin in *Hatter's Castle,* which came dangerously near to plagiarising the pioneer of the tradition ; by Lewis Grassic Gibbon in his trilogy, *Sunset Song, Cloude Howe,* and *Grey Granite* ; and by many others who vie with each other in an obsession with sex, and with the grosser elements of Scottish life, with results that justify the jibe of the satirist that they :

> Paint village hell where sadist monster mutters,
> Till Scotland's one mad house with the green shutters,
> Depict the lust that lurks in hall and hovel,
> And build thereon a Scottish national novel.

The jibe is no exaggeration. Gourlay was a new creation in the fiction of Scotland, a tragic figure that had a touch of real imaginative greatness in its conception. But when he reappears as Brodie in *Hatter's Castle*, and as Guthrie in *Sunset Song*—for they are all essentially the same man—he becomes a type ; and it is a type that fails to carry conviction, for it is not a characteristically Scottish type at all. Nor is it Gourlay alone who is endlessly reproduced, but his squalid household, and all his disreputable neighbours.

Mr Eric Linklater also seems to be fascinated by the grosser side of Scottish life. His delineation of Orcadian life and custom has been repudiated as false by his fellow-islanders, and although I was a contemporary of his at Aberdeen, I did not find student life there the round of bucolic, Bacchanalian and lecherous revelry that in some of his novels he represents it to be.

But Linklater has at least the saving grace of humour. He can make us laugh as no other Scottish writer to-day can make us laugh. And that he is capable of first-rate writing in a serious vein, is manifest in his *Men of Ness*, a stirring tale of Viking adventures with brilliant descriptions of the sea in its changing moods.

A foreigner, who formed his idea of Scottish life and character from his reading of Maclaren, Crockett or Barrie, would have a very erroneous conception of what that life and character really are, or ever were. But his conception would be much more false were it based on the fiction we have been considering. St John Irvine, writing of Linklater and of the contemporary novel in Scotland, offered a deserved rebuke when he said : " My visits to Scotland, which are fairly frequent, have not caused me to notice a prevalence of scowling elders or alcoholic students. There have always seemed to me to be just as many decent, self-respecting and intelligent men and women north of the Border, as there are south of it, and I wish that Scottish novelists would cause a sensation by now and then mentioning their existence."

Truth lies somewhere in a synthesis of the elements that go to the forming of both traditions, the tradition of the Kailyard writers, and the tradition of the modern realists pioneered by Brown. He who would be a realist in fiction must take cognisance, not just of the grim and ugly things, nor just of the sweet and pleasant and romantic things of life, but must find a place for both, for both have their places in life.

I do not question the sincerity of these modern Scottish novelists. One feels that the writers of " the bonnie briar bush " fiction were deliberately faking the picture, deliberately shutting their eyes to the gross and squalid in Scottish life around them. The realists may be shutting their eyes to the comely things of life, but they certainly do not convey the impression of consciously faking the picture.

They are quite passionately in earnest. They seem agreed that, before a better world can be built, the shams and meannesses and injustices of the present one must be exposed in all their unloveliness. Scottish fiction to-day is largely being created by contemporary conditions ; it is a fiction of questioning and revaluation. It cannot get away from facts, and especially ugly facts.

So Neil Gunn preaches about Highland depopulation, Bruce Marshall about religion, Cronin about the enormity of the industrial scene, while Hugh McDiarmid and Lewis Spence contend for a bilingual Scotland, and a radical reform of Scottish education.

Older traditions, it is true, still have their followers. Neil Gunn in such beautiful books as *The Lost Glen* and *Morning Tide*, carries on the tradition of Fiona Macleod, not untinged, however, by the new realist movements. Stevenson and Munro have lived on in John Buchan, while the Kailyard tradition has lingered in the work of Waugh and O. Douglas. But these traditions have shrunk to the dimensions of tributaries. The main stream is no longer romance but realism.

Nor can one question the patriotism of these modern writers. George Blake, not the least distinguished of them, has thus described the awakened national spirit which has animated them : " A consciousness of Scottishness came to us all after the war (1914-1918). We began to see—or believed we saw—that the Scottish spirit had been misrepresented in literature, by Kailyard pawkiness on the one hand, and whaup-and-heather romance on the other. We took *The House with the Green Shutters* to represent us most adequately in fiction, and the poets turned violently away from Burns in the direction of Dunbar."

It will doubtless seem strange to us that this national movement should have so little use for such patriots as Scott and Burns. Scott they would definitely refuse to regard as a patriot at all, which is rather sad : for the patriotism that expresses itself in the stealthy removal, in the early hours of the morning, of the Stone of Destiny from Westminster Abbey—or that connives at its removal, as the writers of the Scottish Renaissance would seem to connive, and even rejoice, at it—appears to me a rather childish patriotism compared with that of the author of the Waverley Novels.

For if there is one quality of Sir Walter which the intelligent reader cannot escape, it is his splendid and mature patriotism. " He believed firmly," wrote Buchan, " in the virtue of local patriotism, and the individual life of the smaller social unit. Whenever Scotland was concerned, he was prepared to break with his party, with his leaders, and with the whole nobility, gentry, and intellectuality of Britain." Hugh Walpole contends that the Waverley Novels are " the most patriotic stories in the world, after Chaucer and *Don Quixote*," and that " had the characters been tame, the incidents weak and incredible, this joy in his own beloved land would have given them life."

That he resented as strongly as any modern nationalist the tendency that was growing in his time to Anglicise Scotland, and to bring the administration of her affairs into conformity with English practice, is evidently the able opposition he successfully offered in *The Letters of Malachi Malagrowther* to English interference with Scottish privileges in currency affairs. It was this same national pride that led him to press the Government, again successfully, to have the ancient regalia of Scotland unearthed from the lumber and dust of the Crown Room in Edinburgh Castle. It was not even known where the regalia lay, or whether it had been removed in defiance of the terms of the Act of Union from Scottish soil.

It is true that, for the temper of the present age, and no doubt of ages to come, Scott was too much occupied with a past that he saw through romantic spectacles. But the writers to-day are too much absorbed in the passing phases and accidents of life in the present, to produce an abiding literature. *That* requires a more equable synthesis of Scottish life and character than our fiction is providing, and a sense of poise which is absent in the present stream of hectic and pessimistic writing.

Our literary renaissance will begin to justify its name when a novelist arises of stature big enough to bestride the gulf between the romanticists and the realists. He will be neither of the Kailyard nor, to use Salmond's expressive if inelegant word, of the " midden." That he may be of the stature of Scott is perhaps, too much to hope ; that he may be a writer after the pattern of Scott, is perhaps not to be desired.

But that he should be able to interpret life justly ; that he should have imagination and sympathy enough to present men and women whom we can recognise as part and parcel of the motley of human kind, and of like passions with ourselves ; that he should have a heart that beats strongly for his own native land, but warms humanly to all the peoples of the earth ; that he should have the power to translate to the fiction page the deep emotional experiences of joy and sorrow, of comedy and tragedy, common to all men ; and that he should do this in the form of a story that shall compel interest for its own sake, and in language that shall have the quality of literature—that is the least that will be required of him who would aspire to produce Scottish novels comparable to the Waverley series.

If such a writer arises, he will rank amongst the creators of a kind in which Scott is one of the greatest, and his spiritual kinship with him will be manifest. For if there be any truth in Compton Mackenzie's contention that " by stepping back and living upon herself, Scotland can leap forward to the spiritual and intellectual leadership of mankind," then she must step much further back than to *The House with the Green Shutters*. She will have to step back over a hundred years to rediscover the sanity, the breadth of outlook, and the deep, human sympathies, of the Waverley Novels.

Dr Scott, after the enthusiastic applause which greeted Dr Smart on finishing his Sentiment, said that their applause was sufficient testimony to the appreciation with which they had listened to what he called a wonderful and masterly address. He called for special thanks to Dr Smart.

This was heartily given, and Dr Smart expressed his appreciation of their gracious vote.

Friends rather than Guests.

Mr John Aldridge proposed the toast " Our Guests " in a most humorous speech, in which he proposed that the word " guests " should be abolished and that " our friends " should take its place.

As befits an ancient and honourable society with more than one hundred and fourteen years of well-doing behind it, whatever takes place within these four walls this evening is based upon tradition. We do not aim at levity, lightheartedness, or licence. We seek rather to maintain a reputation for sense, solidity and sobriety, but because of this I do not wish to convey the idea that our members are in this world but not of it. It is we who are honoured to-night (said Mr Aldridge) by the presence of our friends.

Especially are we in debt to Dr Alexander Smart who, despite the fact that he is an Aberdonian, has given us freely of his great gifts to-night in presenting a Sentiment which ranks with the best we have ever had. This is as it should be, for Dr Smart is the world authority on Sir Walter Scott and his influence upon the modern novel. A brilliant student, he graduated from Aberdeen University with first-class honours in English, and after several moves south he went to St Cuthbert's, Saltcoats, where he now is. He has added to his brilliant reputation in the Church of Scotland by his work as one of the three music editors of the Church of Scotland Revised Hymnary, and is, indeed, an expert organist and an authority on Elizabethan music. We wish him many more years in which to continue his brilliant work on behalf of his beloved Church. (Applause.)

We have also another brilliant Scotsman with us, Mr John R. Gordon. Mr Gordon is the driving force behind that very successful newspaper the *Sunday Express.* I do not suppose for one moment that he considers the *Sunday Express* in need of any trumpeter, so I need not deave you with details about its vast circulation and what it costs to advertise in it—if you can get in ! (Laughter.)

Mr Gordon was born and educated in Dundee, and his first job was on the newspapers in the City of Jute. Dundee was too small to hold young Gordon long, so he came to London, and for the past twenty-two years has been a powerful influence in Fleet Street. We are proud to have him with us this evening, and we wish him continued strength to fight against the many injustices press and public suffer from to-day. (Applause.)

Mr Gordon, however, fights many other battles besides those of Commonwealth and Empire. No Government whatever its colour or complexion, can muzzle him when he thinks bureaucracy is trampling upon the rights of the little man, and he seizes his pen in their defence, much as his forebears seized their battle-axes in the cause of freedom and justice. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Gordon was born and educated in Dundee. His first job was with the *Dundee Advertiser* and *People's Journal*, for which papers he took in the small adverts in the front office, and did various orra jobs and errands for all and sundry. After a short spell of this he went to the manager, and said, " You are not making the best use of my services." Somewhat astounded, the manager transferred young Gordon to the telephone, where he took down and probably re-wrote the stories from local correspondents.

We also welcome our link with the London Scottish Regiment, with which we have such close ties, in the person of Brigadier Barclay, C.B.E., D.S.O. Brigadier Barclay had the inestimable advantage of being a private in the London Scottish in the 1914-1918 war, and in the last war commanded a brigade in the 52nd London Division. He is a noted military historian, and has written histories of the Cameronians, the Northumberland Fusiliers, and is editing the latest volumes of the history of the London Scottish. He is also editor of the *Army Quarterly*, and spends his spare time telling off those cartoonists who malign the British infantryman.

It is very right and proper that we should have the opportunity of welcoming here members of other Scottish organisations, and we are very pleased to have with us to-night Mr Morton, president of the South-East London Scottish Association ; Mr Muir, president of the London Ayrshire Society, 1949-1950 ; Mr Black, the present social secretary of the London Ayrshire ; and Mr J. Cumming, secretary of the Harrow Caledonian Society.

SCOTLAND'S PLACE AND POWER.

The toast was heartily pledged, and Mr John R. Gordon, replying, confessed that, although he had lived about forty years here, that was the first Scottish dinner he had ever attended in London.

I have lived so disgracefully remote from Scottish festivities (said Mr Gordon) that I came expecting a menu of the dishes that were the joys of our youth—cockie leekie, biled hens, chappit neeps and tatties. But what do I find ? Except for haggis, you eat just the same as the poor benighted English, Irish, or Welsh eat at any of their celebrations. Shame on you, gentlemen ; you are letting the Old Country down. How can you expect to make English guests believe that we are a different and superior race. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

No wonder life is in a bad state at the moment. Not only are Scotsmen prevented from doing their own business, but there is only one thoroughbred Scotsman in the whole Cabinet to do the world's business. Nothing like that ever happened before in our life-time. How can we expect to get on our feet ? How can we expect the world to settle down ? How could the Prime Minister make such an obvious blunder ? How can he fail to see the obvious way out of all his troubles ? I suggest it might be in the national interest to bring him as your guest to your next dinner and give him a little advice. (Laughter and applause.)

I think it is a very wise and fine thing that Scotsmen in a semi-foreign land like this should meet regularly to dine off the foods of their country—when they can get them !—sing their old songs, speak their old tongue, and keep alight the flame of love of their great land. (Hear, hear.)

Scotland is a small country. Her resources are not so great as those of many other lands. Her people are relatively few. Without a strong sense of nationalism she could be very easily submerged. And indeed many people think she is in imminent danger of being submerged at the moment by the movement to centralise more and more of the control of the country in London.

There may be wisdom in that. I'm not a politician, so I wouldn't know. But personally I doubt it. The trend at the moment is to make the greater unit absorb the lesser one. We see it happening around us in our economic life. Some say it is a grand thing : it makes the life of the planners and controllers much easier. That may be so, but I think things can get too big ; that when they get too big, they get out of control ; and when they get beyond control we all begin to suffer.

If we kept them smaller perhaps the limited human minds that have to handle them, could cope with the job a little better. In the case of Scotland, I think if she were left with more freedom to look after her own business she would undoubtedly get on a lot better.

For Scotsmen have played a great part in the building of Britain and the British Empire. And I believe they are capable of playing an even greater part in the future. For they still retain their native qualities of vigour and thrust. (Applause.)

The real recovery of Britain must start somewhere. It seems to me more likely to start in Scotland than anywhere else if Scotland were given her head. That is why it seems to me good that Scotsmen should meet on nights like this to keep their national spirit alive, to remain a proud, distinctive people instead of just natives of North Britain. (Applause.)

Mr W. G. Gray was the singer for the evening, and his part in the Orpheus Choir was evident in his accomplished rendering of "The Nameless Lassie," "A red, red rose," and "Bonnie Strathyre."

Mr R. Eadie, L.R.A.M., accompanied, and both were thanked by the President.

Pipe-Major Robertson gave his spirited selection and our Strathspey.

"Auld Lang Syne" ended a most successful meeting.

The March, 1951, meetings of the Society were held on the 15th, and as usual at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington. The President, Rev. Dr Scott presided.

The principal business at the Council and General Meetings was the consideration of the report of the Committee appointed to submit proposals in connection with the financial position of the Society.

The committee had reported that it was impossible to carry on the work of the Society unless the annual subscription was raised from the present two guineas to three and a half guineas.

After discussion the Committee's report was adopted, and the committee—Colonel Bennett, Mr Houston, Mr W. B. Morison, and Mr W. M. Miller—thanked for their service.

REDDIN-UP.

At the Little Dinner, the loyal toasts having been honoured, Past-President William Will gave a Sentiment which he titled, "Our Society: Reddin-up." He said:

You will find the word redd in the English dictionaries, but you will find no trace of reddin-up, whose meaning I shall not insult my brother Caledonians by explaining. However, those few foreign friends here to-night, whose education has been slightly neglected, may not know that reddin-up means simply such a clearing up as accompanies a flittin', or that follows a spate of sheer and unadulterated laziness or badly digested hoarding; or, as in the present case, the arrangement in orderly fashion of matters that have become obscure and misunderstood.

A good deal of reddin-up faced the historians of the Caledonian Society of London, for many valuable thrums were left to be recovered, sorted out and used in filling up the gaps in the pattern of the history of the Society.

These gaps, which are being filled up gradually, were due to the fact that we had no historian in the first half-century of our existence, that nothing was set down in black on white, and that consequently much of what we have was retrieved from newspaper cuttings, and bits and pieces of recollections—actually tales of our grandfathers.

To catch up with lost or mislaid facts is always a slow and irritating job. For example, just thirty years ago, Past-President John Douglas, our then historian, Past-President T. R. Moncrieff, and I tried unsuccessfully to solve the " expelled-member " puzzle left to us by Past-President David Hepburn in his volume of our early history; and now, one hundred and eight years after the event, it has been possible to redd up the mystery, as I shall show later.

Some of the hitherto obscure matters upon which I have been able to throw some light, if not to clarify completely, are:

(1) Why was the Caledonian Society of London formed?

(2) Why were the Lowland founders so determined to protect the Highland dress?

(3) Why and when did our fantastic Caledonian Honours originate?

(4) Who composed our fine Strathspey, " The Caledonian Society of London "?

(5) What actually was behind the story of the expulsion of a member in 1843?

Several members have put to me questions concerning these and other matters: and I am endeavouring to-night to satisfy their legitimate curiosity, and at the same time to leave less of the history of the Society as mere speculation.

The reason for the founding of the Society has never been in doubt, although frequently mis-stated. It was formed in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and, because of the combination of the events, it has often been assumed that they were associated.

THE OBJECT OF OUR SOCIETY.

The Society was founded by a few perfervid Scots, prominent among them a Banffshire man, a Lowlander, Michie Forbes Gray, because—and I would like to emphasise this—the only Scottish societies in London (open to Scots generally) in 1837, were two societies of Highlanders, the Society of True Highlanders, which disappeared soon afterwards and the Highland Society which, since its creation in 1778 has done noble work for Highland culture and charity, in spite of Burns's castigation. The Lowlanders to whom I have referred were not comfortable in the social company of the Highlanders; and the formation of our Society, open to men from any part of Scotland, promised to fill a needed place in the economy of Scotland in London. It seems to me to be a rather poor excuse, but that was the reason given.

PROTECTION OF THE KILT.

The Lowlander part of those self-designated "middle-class" Scots, however, were as determined as their Highland brethren to protect the Highland dress, and went so far as to make the wearing of the dress at their meetings a condition of membership.

Indeed, the Society's objects—and I quote from evidence given in the Court of Queen's Bench—were "the extension of education in Scotland, and the preservation of the ancient Caledonian costume."

You may have wondered, as I did, why the protection of the kilt, sporran, doublet, bonnet, etc., called those Scots in London to such determined action.

Consider for a moment what were the relations between England and Scotland in the year succeeding the Union.

The early Stuart defections—down to that of the Rising for the Chevalier de St George—were supported by men who, although for religious, personal and other reasons saw danger in the return of the Stuarts to power, hated more the feeling that Scotland by the Union was being—had been—deprived of her independence and nationality.

Scotland was rent from top to bottom; and when, on 1st August, 1747, George the Second's Act, abolishing the Highland garb, was imposed, and any "man or boy" wearing the kilt or any sign of the dress, or even a tartan coat, could be transported to the Plantations for seven years, the people of Scotland were angry. It was, in the opinion of many Scots—anti-Jacobites as well as Stuart supporters—not merely an Act to establish order in the Highlands, it was, as claimed by the Jacobite leaders, another example of the English Parliament's endeavour to humiliate Scotland.

And let us remember, too, that it was only fifty-five years before our Society was founded that this objectionable law was repealed; and fifty-five years in the history—the tumultuous history—of a small nation like ours is a very short time in which to forget national insults.

The reaction—the extreme and assertive fervour—for the wearing of the lately proscribed Highland dress, was still intense when our Society was founded in 1837; and the determination not to allow our claims to nationality to be suppressed was probably the reason, although not expressed, for the London Caledonians' method of acclaiming the love and loyalty for the kilt, the bonnet and the tartan. There was here an echo of Colin Campbell's determined, triumphant declaration: "We'll hae nane but Hieland bonnets here!"

CALEDONIAN HONOURS.

Now this spate of intense Scotsness brings us to our Caledonian Honours.

Naturally, the devotion to Highland dress and Highland sentiment being what it was, the response to toasts was made by the distinctive Highland Honours, that is, with the left foot on the chair, the right foot on the table, and the glass—or it might be the dirk—in the right hand. In this exuberant or beligerent attitude the members, Highland and Lowland, on top of the table, but feeling on top of the world, pledged their toasts, encouraged by some Gaelic expletives.

I can find nowhere any account of casualties at the old Caledonian banquets; but in those days, when beer was potent and whisky was cheap, middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, trachled with kilts and sporrans, must have found it difficult to maintain a dignified posture near the close of a toast list which called for a dozen or so bumpers, showering compliments on friends, and confusion, if not damnation, on enemies.

For ten years we trace Highland Honours as the Society's method of pledging toasts; in 1857, on Burns Nicht, the toast of the President was drunk (I quote) "in Highland fashion, with nine times nine and one cheer more." This gross extravagance in the use of applause had to be checked, and Highland Honours began to give way to the less picturesque, although much less dangerous Caledonian Honours, whose three times three cheers are recorded for the first time as having been given in response to the toast "The Queen," in 1869. On that occasion the designation was "*full* Caledonian Honours," which suggest a variation in applause, Queen Victoria, naturally, having top priority and volume!

It was quite evident that by this time Highland and Caledonian Honours were getting out of hand, for the universal number "three" had given place to nine times nine—a multiple of three—and as late as 1904 we had the absurd combination of Highland and Caledonian Honours, described in this wise: "The toast was pledged with . . . one foot on a chair and one foot on the table, and with the rhythmic clapping of hands and waving of arms." This hybrid toast pledging must have scunnert the Caledonians, for it does not appear to have been repeated.

The Society seems to have been undergoing a change, for those thrawn old defenders of our faith and the Highland costume, in 1898, had made the wearing of the dress at meetings optional.

Long before this, however, our Caledonian Honours as they exist to-day were rampant; and our rhythmic clapping of hands—three times three—and the waving of arms, although being far from elegant, or even dignified, were at least better than a mixture of what may be called the sublime and the ridiculous.

Please do not assume that our distinctive display has any meaning whatever, apart from it being a novel way of honouring a toast. It would not surprise me if some ardent Freemasons had some control in the Society, and that there is some admixture of the Highland and the Masonic in our applause.

An old Caledonian who knew Past-President David Hepburn told me that the struggle to retain the Highland Honours was grim, and that something novel had to be introduced to take its place. Thus our fantastic Caledonian Honours came into service.

There is no special significance in our three times three handclaps or the waving of our arms. As you know, there is a vast literature on the subject of "Three." It is the divine number; it has been described as the perfect number, for it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The Fates are three; so are the Graces and the Furies. The Greeks drank to the nine Muses—three times three.

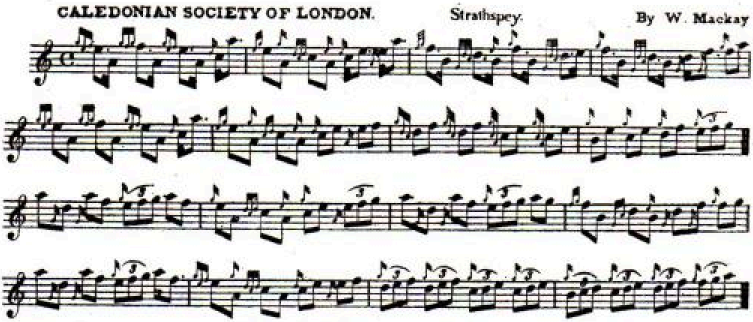
Henry Scott Riddell has presented Scotland with a perpetual puzzle in his song "Scotland Yet!" His toast to Scotland, "wi' a' the honours three," in all probability carries the usual, accepted implication, and may have no reference whatever to the Honours of Scotland, although they also are three—the Crown, the Sceptre and the Sword. Riddell himself in his song ascribes seven honours to his native land, for he pledges Scotland's hills, and howes and knowes, her vales and dales, and her right and might.

And even ministers, they ha'e been kenned, Mr President, the rousin' theme at times to vend, an' nailt wi' firstly, secondly and thirdly.

And need I remind my brother Caledonians that the mystic three have been called into the literature of the bibulous, with "Three sheets in the wind."

OUR STRATHSPEY, "THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON."

For three years I searched for the name of the composer of our fine Strathspey, "The Caledonian Society of London," but all that I could find was that it was originally a tune of two measures, and that additional two measures to the original tune were composed by Pipe-Major George M'Clelland of the Gordon Highlanders.



A Strathspey composed by W. Mackay, and first played at the Society's gatherings in 1870 by Piper William Ross, Her Majesty Queen Victoria's private piper.

Last October Dr J. F. Macdonald's brother-in-law, Mr John Morrison of Assynt House, Stornoway, sent me a tattered old book of pipe tunes, and there William Mackay was credited with the composition of the tune.

It was played at our dinner in 1870 by William Ross, one of Queen Victoria's pipers whom Her Majesty had given leave to play for us.

So now we know that our own Strathspey, a great favourite with competitors at Highland Games, was composed by Piper Wm. Mackay and Pipe-Major George M'Clelland of the Gordons.

OUR BRILLIANT PIPER.

When speaking of our pipers it may not be inappropriate to congratulate ourselves on having to-day as our officer, one of the finest pipers in the country.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., late of the Scots Guards, is, as we all know, an accomplished artist, with an amazing repertoire. Last session, for example, he played to us no fewer than twenty-eight different reels, marches, and strathspeys, besides the incidental tunes—entrance, interval and other tunes. In all, for our six dinners in the session, he played to us, with perfect grace and precision, no fewer than fifty tunes, some of them repeated, a service that has never been equalled in the history of our Society.

THE EXPULSION OF MEMBERS.

In the early part of our history—in the 1840's—the harmony among members was not so great as it is to-day. Indeed, at one time the Society seems to have been a seething mass of discontent, with opposing cliques. In those days resignations by request and definite expulsions were not singular. In the only minute book that has been left to us—for 1841, 1842 and 1843—we find under date, 8th December, 1842, this: "The Committee then took into consideration, Mr K——, a member of the Committee (now the Council), appearing at the dinner on the 30th November (1842) last without the Dress, when it was moved and agreed that the Secretary should intimate to him that he had not complied with the 9th Clause of the rules respecting general meetings . . . and had therefore forfeited his right to a seat at the Board, and that his seat therefore be declared vacant, the secretary to intimate the same to him in a respectable manner."

The name of Mr Z——, an Englishman, was struck out, 12th January, 1843, and on 2nd March following:—

"It was reported that Mr L—— (another Englishman), a member of the Society, had conducted himself in presence of the stewards and many of the guests at the last anniversary ball, in a most ungentlemanly and unbecoming manner contrary to the interests and respectability of the Society, which as a member and steward he was bound to uphold. This conduct being in direct opposition to the Rules of the Society, and especially to that dated 19th January, 1843, wherein it is stated that 'All persons who have been reported to the Committee as having misconducted themselves at any of the General Dress meetings of the Society, and have on that account been declared by the Committee unfit to associate with the members, as a Society, cannot be again admitted to any of the Society's meetings.' It was moved and unanimously agreed to, after sufficient evidence had been adduced to prove the charge, that Mr L——'s name be struck off the list of members of the Society, he having conducted himself in such a manner as to authorise the Committee to declare him no longer worthy to associate with the members as a Society."

But all these were of small moment when compared with the illegal expulsion of Mr G. R. Innes, one of the founders of the Society, and the one-time hon. secretary. Mr Innes resented the action of the Society and claimed from Mr Wylie (chairman) and other members of the Society damages for illegal expulsion and assault. The case was heard by Lord Denman, C.J., in the Court of Queen's Bench, on 22nd February, 1844.

Mr Innes had attended a dinner of the Society in May, 1843, and when refused a seat which he wished to occupy, he used "some menacing expressions towards one of the defendants." In August following, Innes was asked to apologise, but refused.

On 9th November, 1843, the Committee decided that Innes should cease to be a member, and at the general meeting following, the expulsion was confirmed by nine votes to five.

Innes ignored the expulsion resolution, and attended the dinner on 30th November. The Society had placed a policeman in the dining hall, and in excluding Innes (by force presumably) the alleged assault was committeed.

For Innes, it was claimed that eight of the nine members who voted for expulsion on the 9th November had not paid their subscriptions on 1st November, when, it was asserted, they became due, and thus they were not members. Consequently the majority of the legal votes cast were for Innes, who was still a member.

For the Society a financial rule was quoted to show that subscriptions were payable in the month of November, and that the votes of those who voted on 9th November for expulsion were valid until 30th November.

In his summing up, Lord Denman solved for us the legal puzzles. He began:

"I am of opinion that where there is not any property in which all the members of a society have a joint interest, the majority may, by resolution, remove any one member. I think that in this instance the members of this Society had that power in case the plaintiff had misconducted himself."

His Lordship refused to accept the argument that the non-payment of subscriptions by 1st November nullified the anti-Innes vote.

"So far," continued his Lordship, "the resolution (of 9th November) would be valid, but I think that it was rendered altogether invalid by the want of notice to Mr Innes of the intention to remove him from the Society. . . . It is true he was once required to apologise, which he refused to do, but no notice was given to him that the subject of his removal from the Society was to be taken into consideration, nor was he called on to show why such a course should not be pursued. The Society was, in my opinion, wrong in removing him without giving him distinct and positive notice that he was to come and answer the charge made against him, and I hold that he should have been told what the charge was, and called on to answer it, and told that it was meant to remove him if he did not make his defence. No proceedings in the nature of judicial proceedings can be valid unless the party charged is called on to answer the charge, and is warned of the consequences of refusing to do so. As no such notice was given here, I think that the removal is altogether a void act, and I am therefore of opinion that the plaintiff is still a member of the Society."

The verdict was for Mr Innes, the plaintiff. Damages 40 shillings.

In the following term the Society's counsel moved for a new trial; but the court refused a rule.

CHANGES IN THE SOCIETY.

Now, I have finished my reddin-up for the present. As you will have gathered, those ancient Caledonians were not bound by conventions. We are much more formal to-day in the conduct of the Society than were our compatriots a hundred years ago. They didn't mind, for example, singing "Auld Lang Syne" in the middle of the programme. On one occasion they sang the evening hymn after honouring the toast "The Land of Cakes," a toast, by the way, at one time popular but now hardly ever heard.

They were so catholic-minded in those olden days that the milk of human kindness overflowed the basin of rules, and at the time that Highland Dress was so emphatically under the Society's protection, they committed the unforgivable—and to-day unthinkable—sin, as I have already mentioned, of admitting Englishmen to membership. No wonder there was revolt and a Queen's Bench lawsuit!

In much later times, even during my membership, the meetings were much more informal. I remember that at one dinner Past-President Sir James Cantlie took off his dress coat and sang, with great gusto, "The Tinker's Waddin," and at another meeting Past-President General Don gave a Sentiment on "Sea Songs and Chanties," and himself sang, unaccompanied, the illustrations.

There were no piano or other accompaniments in those days.

We shall never get back to that informal atmosphere, but I would hate to think that we were reddin-up to such an extent as would prevent our President, Dr Scott, from taking off *his* coat, and treating us to some Scots ballads, Sir Harry Lauder's songs, or, say, a corn-kister, to which no man could treat us better than he could. (Hear, hear.) But, as they would say in the Scottish Law Courts, we'll tak' that to avizandum.

The President thanked Mr Will for his informative Sentiment.

OUR CHIEF GUEST A SAILOR.

Mr D. M. Mitchell, in proposing the toast "Our Guests," spoke of the differences between our English guests and ourselves.

A young Englishman, he said, employed on a farm in the extreme south of Scotland, asked his employer if he could spend Christmas Day with his friends over the Border. The farmer said Christmas was not observed in Scotland. The young man asked if he could not have two hours off to visit his friends. "Well, yes, you can go; but I don't know what things are coming to, as it was only six weeks ago that ye had a two-minutes' silence!" (Laughter.)

Our principal guest to-night is Rear-Admiral George P. Thomson, who had a distinguished career in the Navy, of which his C.B. and C.B.E. are evidence. During the last war Admiral Thomson was Chief Censor at the Ministry of Information, where he distinguished himself in another sphere.

Among other guests whom we welcome to-night are Mr Erskine Simes, K.C.; Mr F. W. Wallace, a leading member of Kemsley Newspapers; Mr J. G. Patterson, treasurer of the South-East Scottish Association.

Rear-Admiral G. P. Thomson said that, as he was only fourteen years of age when he left his native Aberdeen for a life in the Navy, he had not had the Scottish experience of most of his hosts. He had spent a goodly part of his recent years as a sailor in civilian clothes, but his heart still warmed to his native land and to his life's work. The Caledonian Society of

London is an evidence of the ubiquity of the Scot, whom he had met in every part of the world, and not in the most humble positions. (Applause.)

A EULOGY OF THE SECRETARY.

The President gave the toast, "The Honorary Office-bearers," and in doing so thanked what he called the "On-Offs" for their excellent work. Ours is a small staff, said Dr Scott. Indeed, it reminded him of the undertaker who, on a Sunday morning, was called, urgently, on the phone in connection with his legitimate business. The undertaker excused himself, as that was Sunday, and they had only a skeleton staff. (Laughter.) But the Society's skeleton staff was never found wanting. He praised the work of the Hon. Treasurer, the Hon. Auditor, and the Hon. Historian; and with regard to the Hon. Secretary, he mentioned the business relations between them. He (the President) had a good many of the sort of visitor who visited Mr Miller at the Royal Scottish Corporation. He always sent his visitors to Mr Miller; but they sometimes came back. Quite recently one of them, a wee man, came back, and when he (Dr Scott) asked the wee man how he got on, he disconsolately said: "Och, he jist took ae look at me, and I kent it was nae use!" (Laughter.) I believe, said the President, that one has to be in the Presidential chair to know that the "menacing expressions" used by one member a hundred years ago still remain in use in the Society. (Laughter.) But one has to be in the Presidential chair, too, to know the help that the Hon. Secretary gives to the President; and he is far from being impatient. Mr Miller is a man of great mental power and quick decision. Not a man in the room has the interests of the Society more at heart than Mr Miller. (Applause.)

Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, replying for the honorary officers, made great play with the description "On-Offs." But he said they were well "on," as their aggregate service covers no fewer than forty-eight years. We are still "on," but in this respect we have one regret, and it is exactly the opposite to that of Willie Logan, a loyal employee of Imperial Chemicals at Ardeer factory. One day he was summoned by the manager who said, "Willie, you have been fifty years with the company, a good servant against whom there has been no complaint, but our rules are that a worker must retire after fifty years' service." Scratching his head, Willie replied, "Retire efter fifty years; if I'd kent the job was temporary, I'd never hae ta'en it." (Laughter.) Our view is just the reverse. If we had known our jobs were permanent, we might never hae taen them. (Laughter.)

The President has not carried out his threat that when this toast was submitted I would hear of nothing to my advantage. Instead he has been complimentary to all the office-bearers, so tolerant of their deficiencies, (if any), so appreciative of their arduous labours, that I almost expected him to end this purely domestic toast with the words, "With Caledonian honours, taking your wine on me." And yet, I suppose that would have been too much to expect from one who elected to be born in Aberdeenshire. But that disability, which perhaps he may one day outgrow, has not affected the generosity of the President's tribute to those whose duty it is to keep the home fires burning, a task which I hope they have discharged more successfully than that National Authority—the Coal Board. (Laughter.) Mr President, encouraged by your confidence, sustained by your esteem, strengthened by your support, and inspired by your example, the honorary office-bearers will continue willingly and, I hope, efficiently to serve you and the Society with energy, vigour, alacrity—and all stations to Inverness! (Loud applause.)

A TOAST TO THE ARGYLLS.

The Piper's Selection and toast were given by Pipe-Major Robert Hill, late of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in the absence of Pipe-Major Robertson, through illness. The President, in acknowledging the piper's music, said they would remember with feelings of gratitude and pride the part that Pipe-Major Hill's regiment, the Argylls, were at that moment playing in the mud and blood and turmoil in Korea. He asked them to drink a toast to the gallant regiment.

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

The musical part of the programme was contributed by Mr Daniel McCoshan, who sang with fine feeling "Ca' the Ewes," "Kelvin Grove," "My Love is like a red, red Rose," and "Think of me." Mr John Johnston accompanied in his usual artistic manner. Dr Scott thanked both the artistes for their services.

Our Strathspey and "Auld Lang Syne," ended a successful gathering.

DR SCOTT ON THE GREATNESS OF THE SOCIETY.

The major part of Dr Scott's outstandingly successful year of office ended appropriately in a bright Ladies' Night, on Thursday, 19th April, 1951, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington. The President, who was in the chair, received with Mrs Scott a large company of members and friends.

The Royal toasts having been pledged, Dr Scott proposed the toast, "The Caledonian Society of

London." He said he was at once proud and humble in the position into which the members of that venerable and notable Society had placed him; and in the discharge of his duties he had ever before him the distinguished men who had preceded him. During the past year the Sentiments—those essays that distinguished the Society—were of the usual high order; and he doubted if any other Scottish organisation in London reached the literary standard which their Society had laid down for itself, all those years in which Sentiments had filled in the principal parts of the monthly programmes.

The unflagging zeal of the Hon. Secretary, Mr Miller, left them in no doubt of their respective duties.

This wonderful brotherhood of theirs sprang from the heart of the Society itself, and that brotherhood had resulted in their care for their two great charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools—the Corporation which took care of the old and weary Scots men and women who had fallen by the way in London; and the Royal Caledonian Schools for the care of the children of Scottish parents whose death or incapacity to sustain their offspring had inspired the assistance of the Schools.

Dr Scott commented on what he declared was a revolution in education that had affected the Schools; and, he declared, the education of children is no matter for the State. (Hear, hear.)

The common interest in work of the Society was doubly necessary: to the Schools, they showed sympathy and understanding for the children; and to the Corporation they gave for the aged support that went beyond State aid.

Dr Scott said that the Corporation had been a good friend to him, for when the many difficult cases—often baffling—knocked at his manse door, he always took comfort from the knowledge that at Fetter Lane the facts would be exposed, and no decent man or woman would be sent empty away. But, woe betide the skrimshanker, the worthless, and the humbugs! (Laughter and applause.)

Dr Scott concluded an eloquent speech by reminding the audience that the Caledonian Society stood to remind the Scots who had left their native homes that they were still asked to uphold their glorious heritage —to remind them of the homes from which they came. (Loud applause.)

LADIES' NIGHT.

Vice-President James Abernethy, in proposing the toast "Our Guests," welcomed, particularly, the ladies, whose night it was. He gave a welcome, too, to the three ministers who were there to support Dr Scott. Rev. Dr Moffett, of Crown Court, was welcome in any Scottish gathering; Rev. Mr Ian Dunlop, Dr Scott's assistant at St Columba's; and Rev. Mr Mitchell, of Trinity Church, Harrow.

We have with us to-night, said Mr Abernethy, one of to-day's greatest portrait painters, whose work will live. I refer to Mr James Gunn—(applause) —whose work is one of the features of the Royal Academy. He has painted the portrait of our Hon. Historian, and he is at present painting the President.

The toast was coupled with the name of Dr Henry Yellowlees, a distinguished psychiatrist. Dr Yellowlees had given ungrudgingly of his services to the Royal Caledonian Schools, when they were in need of a psychologist. (Applause.)

That being Ladies' Night, Dr Yellowlees, in response, made great play with the fact that he had the responsibility of replying for the ladies as well as for the male guests.

LORD ALNESS ON THE PRESIDENT.

Past-President Lord Alness proposed the toast, "The President." He said :

The toast which I have the honour to propose requires neither argument nor eloquence on my part in order to commend it to your instant acceptance.

Now, I think of Dr Scott first as a preacher. On that theme I might say much ; but I think I can best sum up the matter by affirming that he is a man with a message. Many of you here are privileged, Sunday by Sunday, to hear that message proclaimed eloquently, faithfully, helpfully—a message which never fails to grapple with the baffling and frustrating problems of this sombre age, and the message is put across, suffused, so to say, by the gracious personality of the preacher. No wonder that the Jehangier Hall of the Imperial Institute is thronged every Sunday ; no wonder that Dr Scott's services are in demand up and down the country ; no wonder, therefore, that the drawing and magnetic power of the preacher is everywhere felt.

But I also like to think of Dr Scott as a man. We have been indeed fortunate to have him during the past year as our President. In that office his urbanity, accessibility, and geniality have endeared him to all of us.

I like to think of him, too, if I may say so, as a friend—an understanding and sympathetic friend. I cannot forget how, when I lay desperately ill in the London Clinic, this busy city minister, of whose church I was not even a member, found time and inclination to come and visit me, and so to cheer and comfort me, as he did. This, however, I feel, is too intimate a topic to develop in public, and I do not, therefore, pursue it. But I think you would like me to add that in Mrs Scott, her husband has found a helpmeet and coadjutor in all his activities. The background of a successful ministry is a happy home life. Our President has that in full measure.

We all hope and pray that Dr Scott may have long life and much happiness in the great work to which he has put his hand, knowing, as he must know, that in his work he is encouraged and upheld by a multitude of friends and well wishers.

To-night we bid him God speed in a great ministry.

I now invite you, with acclamation, to pledge the toast, " Our President." (Loud applause.)

Dr Scott, in responding to the toast, thanked Lord Alness for the wonderful, but greatly exaggerated, things he had said about him and his work as minister and president. He had been greatly privileged ; he had made many new friendships and strengthened old ones. He would lay down his office greatly refreshed in heart and mind through having been President of the Caledonian Society of London.

A MUSICAL TREAT.

One of the musical treats of the Session was the singing by the President's daughter, Miss Nancy Scott, B.A., A.R.C.M., whose beautiful soprano voice refreshed us in "My heart is sair," "Whistle and I'll come to you," and "Heart o' fire love." Mr John Johnston accompanied.

Mr William Dalgarno convulsed the audience with his Buchan monologues, "The Roup" being the principal offering.

A feature of the programme was the salute offered by the Past-Presidents to the President, after which Mrs Scott, the wife of the President, pinned the Past-President's gold medal on the breast of Colonel L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., gave a finished rendering of four tunes, appropriately dedicated to the ladies: "Delicia Chisholm," "Madelina Sinclair," "Pretty Marion," and "My faithful fair one."

The rendering of our Strathspey and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," ended a memorable gathering.

Obituary.

Past-President JAMES F. McLEOD.

When Mr McLeod became President of the Society in 1928 it was said of him—a Highlander and Islander—that Broadford, Mill, Glenfinnan, and Blairgowrie all had their part in his equipment for a battle in which this self-taught Caledonian fought successfully. When he came to the gardens of Rannagalzion, Perthshire, he began the intense study of gardening that led to a great record of horticultural and agricultural successes in England.

At Roehampton in 1889 he had full charge of the estates of Mr J. Spencer Morgan, the father of the

American financier, Mr Pierpont Morgan. The sale of these properties to the L.C.C. led Mr McLeod to start the breeding of pedigree stock on his own account; and from the leading agricultural shows in England he took home a large number of the prizes.

In 1914 he purchased the estate of Wickford Hall, Essex, where he reorganised the dairy so that he had the second "A" milk establishment in the county.

His public work was equally successful, and his services were never sought in vain.

In work for Scotland in the south of England Mr McLeod took his full share, the Caledonian Society, the Royal Scottish Corporation, and the Royal Caledonian Schools being close to his heart. He retired to Milnathort, Kinross-shire, where he welcomed and entertained many of his old friends. For nearly ten years before his death, which occurred at Milnathort on 7th November, 1950, at the age of eighty-eight, Past-President McLeod was blind; and although otherwise incapacitated by illness, he kept up his wonderful spirits to the end; he was never heard to complain. The Caledonian Society was ever in his mind; and on occasions, his daughter, Miss Margaret, tells us, he drank his medicine "with Caledonian honours."

CHARLES M. STIRLING, M.B.E.

One of the Society's most active members, Mr Charles M. Stirling, died under tragic circumstances. He had retired from his position as manager of the West End branch of the British Linen Bank, in August, 1951, and had taken up important positions with the bakery and other food firms under the control of Mr Garfield Weston. He left London on a health and business tour, his first stop having been fixed for Sydney, Australia. When nearing Australia he was suddenly taken ill, and died in Sydney Hospital on 6th December, 1951.

Mr Stirling, a native of Arbroath, came to London in 1934, from the British Linen Bank in Edinburgh, and was deputed to open the company's new West End Branch in Piccadilly. As an Arbroath man he took an active interest in the London Angus Association, and became its president. Her Majesty the Queen is the patron.

Mr Stirling's Scottish activities included the life managing governorship of the Royal Scottish Corporation, which he remembered handsomely in his will, and the Council of the Caledonian Society of London.

He was an elder of Crown Court, Church of Scotland, and at his memorial service in the church, on 11th December, 1951, the Rev. Dr Moffett delivered an eloquent eulogium of Mr Stirling. He was also a member of the Presbytery of the Church of Scotland in England.

At the meeting of the Management Committee of the Royal Scottish Corporation, on 12th December, the chairman, Mr William Will, Vice-President, moved a resolution testifying to the great value of Mr Stirling's work for the Corporation, and in presenting the resolution, spoke feelingly of the deceased Christian gentleman.

The resolution was seconded by Rev. Dr Moffett, Vice-President, and adopted, while members stood in sympathy and respect.

JAMES ABERNETHY
President 1951–1952

CHAPTER VII.

1951–1952 : Mr JAMES ABERNETHY, *President.*

A Man from Buchan as President ; C.B.E. for Past-President Alex. Macdonald ; Lord Alness on " Notable men I have met " ; A Toast to the London Scottish ; Death of Mr C. M. Stirling ; " The Great Glen to Coleman Street," by Mr H. A. R. J. Wilson ; Cameron of Lochiel and " Trigonderago " ; Alteration of Rules Proposed ; " Burns," by Mr William Dalgarno ; The King is Dead, Long Live the Queen ; Suggested Celebration of New Reign ; Mr J. Murray Napier's Service to Boy Scouts ; " The First Earl of Mansfield," by Mr F. W. Wallace ; A Q.C. on Lawyers ; " Artists I have met and known," by Major A. Blackley ; Lord Morrison in Humorous Mood ; The President thanks the Officials ; He Toasts the Society ; Past-President Rev. Dr Scott's tribute to the President.

THE Caledonian Society of London calls men born in all parts of Scotland to fill the chair. The present President and his predecessor were born in Aberdeenshire, and this may explain Mr James Abernethy's perfect use of the Buchan dialect. The accent in which we hear him admonish new members and address the old members is indicative of his birthplace.

Mr Abernethy was born in Strichen, an agricultural parish, and he was sent to Macduff, on the Banffshire coast, to be educated, under one of the North-East of Scotland's famous dominies, Mr David Renton, who assiduously cultivated the " lad o' pairts."

Young Abernethy was apprenticed to a chemist in the small country town of Turriff, and afterwards studied at the Edinburgh School of Pharmacy; he qualified in 1907, and remained at the school as a demonstrator in chemistry and pharmacy.

Mr Abernethy joined the firm of Messrs Allen & Hanbury, in London, in 1908. In 1910 he joined Messrs A. Wanden Ltd., manufacturing chemists, and remained with that firm until he retired from business in 1950.

Mr Abernethy has a fine record of work for Scotland in London. He joined the Caledonian Society in 1930, and was elected to the Council in 1937–1938. He has been for forty-four years a member of the London Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine Association, and is now a vice-president; in 1937–1938 he was President of the Burns Club of London, in the Vernacular Circle of which he took a great interest; he is a life managing governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and a life governor and one of the three treasurers of the Royal Caledonian Schools, and chairman of the Schools Candidates Committee.

Our President was one of the founder members of the successful Harrow and District Caledonian Society, formed in 1928, and it is interesting to note that several of the fifteen original members have been, and still are, workers in our Society. Mr Abernethy was the third president of the Harrow Society, and he presented a silver quaich for annual competition by the golfing members. The donor won the quaich in 1948 over the course of the Pinner Hill Golf Club, of which he was captain in 1937–1938. He is a member of the Council of the Society of London Golf Captains.

As will be seen, the President has been no sluggard in the affairs that matter, and we may be sure that the Caledonian Society of London during his session will lack none of the enterprise that has distinguished its long life.

THE NEW SESSION.

At the business meetings, held on 15th November, 1951, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, the newly-elected officers took over their duties. The new members of the Council—Mr J. Aldridge, Mr W. Dalgarno, and Dr Ian McPherson, were welcomed.

Rev. Dr Scott, retiring President, in welcoming Mr James Abernethy to the chair, said he was sure that the new President would have a happy and useful session.

A GOLD MEDAL FOR RETIRING PRESIDENT.

Mr Abernethy thanked Dr Scott for his warm welcome, and for his maintenance of the warm family sentiment of the Society. Another opportunity would present itself to thank Dr Scott, and meantime he (the President) would move that a Past-President's gold badge be presented to the retiring President in recognition of his service. In the name of the members he thanked Dr Scott. (Applause.)

A C.B.E. FOR PAST-PRESIDENT ALEX. MACDONALD.

The President congratulated Past-President Alex. Macdonald on receiving from the King the Commandership of the Order of the British Empire.

The President and Mr Duncan Macmillan were welcomed as life members.

PAST-PRESIDENT LORD ALNESS ON NOTABLE MEN HE HAD MET.

At the Little Dinner following, and after the loyal toasts had been pledged, the President welcomed Past-President the Right Hon. Lord Alness, P.C., G.B.E., who was to give his Sentiment, "Notable sayings of notable men I have known." They were all grateful to his lordship for coming from Bournemouth to favour them with what they were sure would be a literary treat.

Lord Alness, received with hearty applause, said:

As I have a good deal to say, and a limited time in which to say it, you will perhaps forgive me, if, without any preliminaries, I address myself at once to my theme. It is, "Some notable sayings of notable men whom I have known," and, while I have now no political affiliations, it may not be inappropriate that I should begin with politicians, and, in particular, with Mr Churchill.

I heard the incident which I am about to relate in a public speech by a Labour peer in Edinburgh, and it must, therefore, I assume, be deemed as accurate. He said that Mr Aneurin Bevan was passing through the Lobby of the House of Commons, and went into a telephone box to telephone to a friend. He suddenly discovered that he had no money in his pocket, so he dashed out of the box, and very nearly collided with Mr Churchill, who happened to be passing through the Lobby at the time. Mr Churchill said to him, "What is all the hurry about?" "Oh," said Mr Bevan, "I went into that box to telephone to a friend, and I find I have no money. Can you give me twopence?" Mr Churchill was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied, "Well, here's fourpence. Go back to the box and telephone to *all* your friends!" (Laughter.)

That incident reminds me of another, which also concerns Mr Churchill, and which was current in my day in the House of Commons. The story ran that Mr Bernard Shaw sent Mr Churchill two tickets for the first night of a play which he was producing in London. Mr Shaw wrote, "One ticket is for yourself and the other for a friend, if you have got one." Mr Churchill replied, "I am sorry that I cannot use the tickets, and so I return them in the hope that they may be in time for the second night of your play, if there is one!" (Laughter.)

The next politician to whom I desire to refer is Mr Augustine Birrell. He was famous for his whimsical wit. On one occasion a certain Member of Parliament named Joseph Martin was addressing the House at tedious length, and the assembly was manifestly bored by his lucubrations. Mr Birrell turned to a colleague on the Front Bench, Mr Lulo Harcourt, who was sitting next to me, and said, "Who the devil is that fellow?" "Dear me," responded Mr Harcourt, in his best Plantagenet manner, "don't you know Mr Martin? He has had a very distinguished career. He was Prime Minister somewhere or other for a short time. Then he came to this country and stood for Stratford. In point of fact, I went down and spoke for him there. He didn't get in the first time, but then he stood for St Pancras, and was returned." Mr Birrell reflected for a moment, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied, "Well, all I can say, Harcourt, is I wish to God that you had spoken for him in St Pancras." (Laughter.)

The next incident refers to a very distinguished politician of the day, namely, Mr Arthur Balfour. It was told of him that, in company with two other statesmen, he had occasion to cross to France during the days of the submarine peril. Comparing their experiences afterwards, one said, " I was dreadfully worried by the thought of submarines." Said the second, " I was far too sick to think of submarines." Said the third—I think it was Mr Balfour—" I prayed for a submarine ! "

I am now going to refer to two men who, though not politicians, were certainly statesmen. The first is Mr Jan Masaryk. You will remember that I invited him, during the war, to address a meeting of this Society. He delivered a speech which not one who heard it can ever forget. It was witty; it was eloquent; it was moving. The speech ended like this : " I want all of you," said Mr Masaryk, " to help to shorten this war. My people in Czechoslovakia are holding out gallantly, but they cannot hold out indefinitely. And I have got a little cottage in Czechoslovakia, away up in the hills, just like your Scottish hills, and I am told it is still standing. And I do so want to get back to my cottage in Czechoslovakia. Won't you help me to get back ? " And on that note he ended. (Applause.)

The other statesman I refer to was the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr Jordan, who has recently resigned that office. He was addressing an audience in London, and I happened to be along with him. He told his audience that he had often had to address strange audiences in New Zealand. " One of the last," he said, " was at a mental institution, and," said he, " I had not been speaking for more than five minutes, when a man, who was sitting in the front row got up, cried, 'This is all tommy rot,' and walked out." At the end of Mr Jordan's speech the governor of the institution apologised to him for the incident, but added, rather naively, " At the same time it was very interesting to me because, you know, those were the first sensible words that that man had uttered since he came here five years ago ! " (Laughter.)

I now pass to another class of the community, namely, ministers, by which I mean clergymen. There was a famous minister in Bournemouth, named Dr J. D. Jones. He happened to be preaching in Edinburgh, and, as I had met him in Bournemouth, I invited him to my house for lunch. I also asked a number of local clergymen, including the late Dr James Black of St George's, to meet him at that meal. I found that they were all going on to Murrayfield after lunch to see an international rugby match which was being played there. " Yes," said Dr Jones to me, " I am very keen about rugger, but not so keen as a ministerial colleague of mine in Bournemouth is about cricket. When our cricket team was in Australia a few years ago, he was so obsessed with their doings that, in the course of his Sunday service, when he should have said ' Amen ' he said ' Over ' ! " (Laughter.)

You have all heard, I imagine, of the next clergyman of whom I am about to speak, namely, Dr Jowett, of Fifth Avenue Church, New York. During the course of the first world war, before America had come in, he happened to be in London and he visited the House of Commons. Mr Lloyd George invited the Non-Conformist members of the House, including myself, to meet Dr Jowett at a dinner at which Mr Lloyd George was the host. Dr Jowett had a very frosty reception. We all thought that the United States should have joined up with us long before that. Dr Jowett sought to explain their attitude by pointing out that New York was not a corporate city, but a city whose population included almost every nationality under the sun. " We saw the war," said Dr Jowett, " as something very very far off, which did not concern us, and we saw it, so to say, through a mist. Indeed," added Dr Jowett, " one of my elders said to me on Sunday, ' Dr Jowett, we shall never understand this thing aright till we have felt the splash of blood in our faces'!" Dr Jowett solemnly added, "God knows we have felt that now." He was speaking on the night after the *Lusitania* went down!

We had in Edinburgh a clergyman, Dr Stewart of Currie, who was the greatest ministerial raconteur whom I have known. He tells this tale against himself. He was due to preach in a church in Edinburgh called St Stephen's. In order to reach it there is a long and steep flight of stone steps. It was a boisterous and rainy Sunday morning, and, as Dr Stewart approached the steps, he saw a poor old lady struggling to get up to the top, while the wind played havoc with her umbrella. "So," said Dr Stewart, "I went up to her, and in my best Harrod's manner, said, 'Can I help you, madam?'" She said, "Well, I am a poor old body struggling up these steps. I would be so grateful if you would help me." So he gave her his arm, and took her to the top of the steps in safety. Whereupon she said, "You have been very kind to me; I wonder if you will do me one more kindness, and tell me who is preaching here to-day." "Oh, yes," said Dr Stewart, "I think I can tell you. The preacher is Dr Stewart of Currie." "Oh, my goodness," said the old lady. "Will you help me doon the steps again?" (Laughter.)

My last ministerial incident was related by Dr George Macleod of the Iona Community. Dr Macleod was broadcasting, and he related a story which had been told to him by a Roman Catholic priest. The Roman Catholic priest was attached to a cathedral in a large city in England, and he noticed, morning after morning, that a youth came into the cathedral, stopped for a few minutes and then departed. After this had occurred a number of times, the priest spoke to the lad, and said, "We are very glad to see you here, and we hope you will come back. But, tell me, why do you stop only for a few minutes?" The lad replied, "You see, I am busy, and I have got a lot of work to do, but I have just time to come into the Cathedral and say, 'Jesus, this is Jimmie,' and then go on, refreshed and strengthened, to my work." "Well," said the Catholic priest, "Jimmie fell ill—dangerously ill—and the priest went to see him. As he was passing over, the priest avowed that there was a third Presence in that room, and that he heard a voice say, 'Jimmie, this is Jesus'."

I now pass to my last category of notable men, namely, lawyers. You will notice that I have modestly left them to the end. The first lawyer of whom I desire to speak is the late Lord Birkenhead. Well, Lord Birkenhead was giving an address in North London, and was being introduced by the local mayor. The mayor took nearly twenty minutes to perform this wholly unnecessary task, and Lord Birkenhead, who hated prolixity, was obviously ill at ease. The mayor finished by saying, "And now I call upon Lord Birkenhead to give you his address." Whereupon, Lord Birkenhead stood up, said sharply, "My address, ladies and gentlemen, is 38 Lennox Gardens," and left the hall. My friends assure me that this is a true incident.

Next I would refer to a Scottish judge, Lord Young, before whom it was my privilege to appear on many occasions. At the time, when there was a great deal of litigation between Scottish churches, I opened a case before Lord Young and his colleagues by saying, "My Lords, my client in this case is a Free Church minister. . . ." Before I could go any further, Lord Young interposed, "Well, Mr Munro, you know he might well be a very decent man for all that!" (Laughter.)

On another occasion, Lord Young was dealing with an unsatisfactory witness, who gave elusive answers to simple questions. Eventually, Lord

Young broke in by saying to him, " Witness, listen to me : answer questions put to you ' Yes ' or ' No ' if, indeed, your mind is capable of appreciating so subtle a distinction." (Laughter.)

Lord Young is reputed to have visited the Poet Laureate of his day, of whom he entertained a somewhat poor opinion. He said to the Poet Laureate, " I suppose you find being Poet Laureate is quite a paying job." " Oh," said the Poet Laureate, " I just succeed in keeping the wolf from the door." " Sir," said Lord Young, " you interest me. How do you do that ? Do you read your poems to the wolf ? " (Laughter.)

And now I propose to conclude by reading you the words of a speech delivered by a great Canadian lawyer, who was a friend of mine, and who was entertained to dinner on his ninetieth birthday, when he retired from the Bench. In the course of his speech he said this :

" I am still at work, with my hand to the plough and my face to the future. The shadows of evening lengthen about me, but morning is in my heart. I have lived from the forties of one century to the thirties of the next. I have had varied fields of labour, and full contact with men and things, and I have warmed both hands before the fire of life. The testimony I bear is this : that the Castle of Enchantment is not yet behind me, it is before me still, and daily I catch glimpses of its battlements and towers. The rich spoils of memory are mine. Mine, too, are the precious things of to-day—books, flowers, pictures, nature and sport. The first of May is still an enchanted day to me ; the best thing of all is friends. The best of life is always farther on. Its real lure is hidden from our eyes, somewhere beyond the hills of time."

Truly a notable saying by a notable man. (Loud applause.)

THANKS TO LORD ALNESS.

The President, in thanking Lord Alness for his fascinating Sentiment, said that only a man with his lordship's wide contacts could have given them an essay such as they had listened to. He hoped Lord Alness would soon again dip into those stores of incidents and anecdotes from which he had taken so many examples to-night. (Applause.)

Mr William Scott offered a Caledonian welcome to their many guests. They were honoured by the presence of many well-known men of affairs, among them an old friend, Sir Harry Hague, whom the President claimed as his chief, and who led one of the most successful businesses in this country.

Mr Alexander M. Wallace, who, among his other activities, was an important figure in the management of the Royal Caledonian Schools, responded. In the name of his fellow guests he thanked the Society for their hospitality.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

In response to the President, the members and friends drank to the progress of their own regiment, the London Scottish.

A new member, Mr P. A. Morton, was introduced to the President.

Mr D. Scott Tod amused the company with several Scots poems, recited in a welcome Scots dialect.

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., our officer, in addition to playing "The Caledonian Society of London," gave as his selection, "Millbank Cottage," "Aberlour House," "Lochiel's away to France," and "Banks of Allan Water."

"Auld Lang Syne," as usual well sung, ended a happy evening.

THE LATE MR STIRLING.

At the General Meeting, on 20th December, 1951, the President, Mr James Abernethy, said the Society had lost a valued member by the death of their dear friend Mr Charles M. Stirling. Our deceased brother was on his way to Australia and Canada on holiday, and when at Sydney, New South Wales, he passed to his rest. He asked members to rise and pass a resolution of sympathy with his relatives.

THE PRESIDENT'S INITIAL DINNER.

The President took the chair at the Little Dinner following the Council and General Meetings, and after the loyal toasts had been responded to, he claimed the indulgence of the members and guests in this his initial social gathering. He referred to the brilliant presidency just closed, under Rev. Dr Scott. It would be long before they forgot that session. (Hear, hear.)

THE GREAT GLEN TO COLEMAN STREET.

Mr Hugh A. R. J. Wilson, F.C.A., was called upon to give his Sentiment with the promising title, "From the Great Glen to Coleman Street." Mr Wilson said :

A great proportion of Scottish C.A.s are in London, and it was one of their leaders—Sir Archibald Forbes, C.A., who recently said, at their London dinner : "It has been said that when the Angles first descended upon this island the acute Angles went north and the obtuse Angles went south. It may be that as a result of environment, coupled with some elementary knowledge of mathematics, the southern drift of the Scottish C.A.s to London has resulted in the evolution of the right angle."

What is it about accountancy that appeals so much to the Scot. I think it is logic, plus mathematics, that gives the background to the methodical mind so requisite for the job, though mathematics rarely finds much place in the average day's work.

Double-entry bookkeeping is said to have been known to the Romans, then the Arabs, but it was not till the Italians of the Middle Ages took it away that progress was made. They referred to "the grandeur and beauty of bookkeeping, only comparable with the music of the spheres," and suggested that the minds of men would be greatly improved by the study of this great art of accountancy. To-day, accountancy has moved a long way from mere bookkeeping. Accountants are found in key posts—not only as secretaries but as directors—in most businesses of any importance, and have been called the doctors of commerce.

Like medicine, accountancy has many specialists.

It was in Scotland that the term Chartered Accountant first took root. The Society of Accountants in Edinburgh was formed in 1854, the Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow, in 1855, and the Society of Accountants in Aberdeen in 1867. The English Institute followed in 1880, and there are now institutes in the principal Empire countries. 1951 has seen a notable step forward in the amalgamation of the three Scottish bodies into the Institute of Chartered Accountants in Scotland.

Why do so many accountants come south ? It is the search for opportunity that brings us away from the country we love so much. It takes us not only to England, but to all over the world. No country has finer exports than Scotland, but it is her people, not commodities, of which I speak.

What shall I say of the Great Glen and Lochaber ? I was born at Torlundy, opposite the gates of Inverlochy Castle. The most notable happening in the Great Glen in recent years is the experiment of cattle ranching which appears to have met with more immediate success than Lord Lovat's effort further to the north-east, owing to warmer winters. It is an experiment that we all hope will bring back prosperity to our hills, and restore the land to its fertility that enabled our forefathers to raise herds of cattle where in more recent times only sheep and bracken have been seen. Some 1,200 head of cattle are reared in a countryside which had almost been abandoned, and the herd grows. It is somewhat Gilbertian that the experiment should be made by an Anglo-Canadian, Mr J. W. Hobbs.

I joined the army in Inverness during the 1914–1918 war ; served with the

Camerons and later with the Gordons. How well I remember the nights of theological argument as a boy of eighteen, among all sorts and conditions of men, and how bare I felt at first in the Gordon kilt after the Cameron one.

I am giving you here only a few reminiscences, such as the expression of the beggar woman at the gates of Phoenix Park, Dublin: " Ach, ye're only a lot of barelegged savages, anyway ! "

Then my descent on London—poor, but eager to study. I attended the inaugural meeting of the London Highland Club, knowing nobody; was appointed treasurer and walked out with the money they had collected to date. I am still the hon. auditor !

I had a few years at school in Yorkshire, as my family farmed there, and I have recently been elected a member of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London !

What of Scotland now ? On revisiting the old country last summer, what struck me most ? The wetness of Edinburgh ? the Castle in the clouds ? But Edinburgh holds much that is dear to me in the National War Memorial, where are inscribed so many names of my old comrades of the 15th and 51st Divisions with which I had the honour to serve. And the American gift ! the memorial in Princes Street Gardens of a Highland soldier looking up in rapture at the Castle.

Aberdeen has grown, but it is not the same friendly place that I knew in 1918–1919. Inverness is different, too—or is it only me ? Who knows ! I felt really at home in Glen Nevis, and it and Ballachulish restored my reason, when, nearby, the local bus and all other traffic were held up while a tree was felled across the road.

Then Clyde, the country of many of my forebears ! And in Kilmarnock I saw again the memorial to a distant cousin who was a Lord Mayor of London, Sir James Shaw.

Above all, I came south again with fond memories of the call and the peace of the mountains and glens ! Where does all the strain and stress of London take us ? I feel that a little less speed and a great deal more contemplation of what life really means, and has to give, if practised throughout the world would make it a happier place. It has shrunk with modern transport and communications. Would that these could be used to bring it together, not to thrust nations apart. We should encourage everyone we can to visit our glens and learn their message. Indeed, it might do us all good to reverse the process indicated by the title of my somewhat disjointed talk. (Applause.)

The President thanked Mr Wilson for his thought-provoking Sentiment.

LOCHIEL'S WELCOME.

Lieut.-Colonel Cameron of Lochiel said he was pleased to have the privilege of proposing the toast, " Our Guests." The hospitality of Scots is axiomatic—of Highlanders particularly so. As a Cameron a poem which always appealed to me was "Triconderago," by R.L.S., which starts off, you may remember, with a fight between a Cameron and a Stewart. The Cameron, I regret to say, was killed—no doubt by some underhand method! (Laughter.) The Stewart fled, took refuge in the first house he came to, and claimed the right of asylum. The house happened to belong to the brother of the man he had killed. The story of the murder was revealed to the host in a dream; but by the laws of hospitality he could do nothing about it despite the pleadings of his brother's ghost, who cursed him unless he would revenge him. The rest of the poem deals with Cameron's refusal to break the laws of hospitality and his search for the place with the strange name. I don't suggest our hospitality to-night has to be strained to such severe lengths, and certainly there are none here whom we are not glad to have with us. We have, for example, as a guest, an officer who fought in the 1914–1918 war with the 51st (Highland) Division, and won the M.C. in that grim struggle. Then there is Mr Robert Taylor, whose surname suggests golf. Well, he is the President of the Society of London Golf Captains.

We have, too, an old friend, Mr Henderson Stewart, the popular member for East Fife. I hope he will keep the Government up to the mark in forwarding the many schemes and plans for the Highlands that yet exist only on paper. My friend Mr Wilson and I were brought up in the same beautiful part of Lochaber. He had the advantage of me in our birth places. I was born in Glasgow; and though I yield to no one in my admiration of the sterling qualities of the capital of the west, I still think he had the advantage of having been born in Lochaber!

As to Mr Archibald Crawford, K.C., who is to respond to this toast, I mention him with some trepidation. At a course on public speaking, the eminent K.C.

who organises the course sits at the end of the table, glowering at the students, and occasionally interrupting a speech with " Speak up ! " " I can't hear you ! " or " What are you doing with your hands ! " and so on, till the miserable speaker is reduced to pulp. Now, that eminent K.C., you may have guessed, is our guest Mr Crawford, who, as the law of hospitality works both ways, has not interrupted me to-night, but he may turn the tables on me later on. Mr Crawford is a most distinguished Scot, educated in Scotland, called to the Scottish Bar, and made a K.C. in 1924. His reputation as a speaker is justly high, and we are proud to have such a worthy son of Scotland with us to-night. (Applause.)

A K.C.'s Thanks.

In replying for the guests, Mr Archibald Crawford, K.C., thanked Mr Donald Cameron for his very kind words of welcome. In humorous vein he said that his " clients," the other guests, were delighted to be guests, and much preferred to receive than to give. He could, of course, understand the point of view of the Caledonian Society in preferring to be hosts. They had been in existence since 1837, and so had almost acquired the decadent English attitude of preferring to give than to receive.

In all seriousness, he paid tribute to the fine work of the Society in London, and stressed that this being together in England over such a long period was an example of the unity between the two peoples which had been developing ever since Queen Victoria came to the throne. The guests that night were another example of such unity, for they were themselves a mixture of the English and the Scots.

He (Mr Crawford) said he would let a secret out of the bag by admitting that his dear mother had been English, and had gone north to conquer the Scots. She had soon acquired their ways. When her husband gave her his first week's pay, she said, " Oh, Robert, I couldn't take money from a man ! " The " old boy " then put it in the kitchen dresser. Strangely enough he never found it again. She had absorbed the ways of auld Scotland. (Laughter.)

He indicated how pleased he was at the tribute which Mr Cameron had paid to Glasgow, and said that the most apt words which he had ever read on his own native city were penned by a young poet on the eve of the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition in 1901, as follows :

> Not this our own forlorn Glasgow town,
> Core of dull commerce, shackled by the mart,
> Grey, kindly city, veiling but a frown,
> The beating of a warm and eager heart.

It was with a warm and eager heart that the guests that night had accepted and enjoyed the hospitality of the Caledonian Society. (Applause.)

SEVEN NEW MEMBERS.

No fewer than seven new members were introduced to the President : Messrs H. G. Morison, A. A. Rothnie, Alex. Dowie, T. M. Munro, Alex. Campbell, Dr J. B. Patrick, and Mr D. Munro Young.

Mr Daniel McCoshan gave us delightful renderings of " Turn ye to Me," " The Road to the Isles," " The March of the Cameron Men," and " When the Kye comes hame."

The Pipe-Major's always-welcome selection was given during the evening, and " The Caledonian Society of London," our Strathspey, and "Auld Lang Syne," brought a pleasant gathering to a close.

RULES TO BE ALTERED.

At the Council and General Meetings, on Thursday, 17th January, 1952, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, the President, Mr James Abernethy, was in the chair.

The principal business at the Council Meeting was the submission of a letter by seven members of the Society requesting that under Rule XX an alteration of Rule VIII be considered.

The proposed alteration would make Rule VIII read :

> The name and address of a candidate for membership must be submitted in writing to the Honorary Secretary by two Members of Council, whose names and that of the candidate will be circulated to members in a notice prior to the next Council and General Meetings.
>
> At the next Council Meeting, one of the two sponsors must be able to recommend the candidate from personal knowledge, and to state that his nominee has read and is in agreement with the Rules.
>
> If the candidate is accepted by the Council, his name will be submitted and balloted for at the General Meeting following, and if the ballot is favourable, he will be admitted to membership as soon thereafter as a vacancy occurs.
>
> Three black balls shall exclude a candidate.

Past-President William Will, in moving the adoption of the altered Rule VIII, said it took three monthly meetings to enable a candidate to take his seat as a member. A candidate nominated at that (January) meeting could not take his seat until the March meeting, the last business meeting of the session. Should he be nominated at the February meeting he would have to wait for eight months before being able to attend as a member. The waiting time, he dared say, was meant to provide members with an opportunity of examining the claims of candidates to membership ; but as under the altered Rule VIII the Hon. Secretary would inform members prior to the meeting that a candidate, named, with the names of his supporters, would be nominated at the next meeting, when two members of the Council would move and second his adoption, there was little fear of an objectionable candidate being admitted to membership.

Mr Donald Munro seconded the motion, and it was unanimously agreed to submit it to the General Meeting in February.

Mr William Dalgarno on Burns.

At the Little Dinner which followed the business meeting, the President, in the chair, gave the loyal toasts, after which Mr W. M. Miller, the Hon. Secretary, sang, with feeling, " The year that's awa'," in accordance with custom at the January dinner.

In calling upon Mr William Dalgarno for his Sentiment, " Robert Burns," the President said that they knew Mr Dalgarno as a " teller of stories " in his own racey distinctive Aberdeenshire dialect, but Mr Dalgarno not only told stories about Scotland, but he had done, and still did, great work for Scotland. He is chairman and a vice-president of the London Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine Association, he is a past-president of the Burns Club of London, and he is president of the London Scottish Drama Guild. He has and deserves our admiration and thanks.

Mr Dalgarno said Burns appealed to people in many different ways. He (the speaker) wanted to speak of the poet as " the man of independent mind," which Burns demonstrated in various poems.

He began by quoting that gem of household trials, the "Epitaph on a henpecked country squire," Campbell of Netherplace :

As father Adam first was fool'd,
  A case that's still too common,
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,
  The devil rul'd the woman.

In "The Ronalds of the Bennals" there are the Tarbolton lassies whom their proud-purse father rules, and for the "sonsy and sweet" Anna, the poet sings :

I lo'e her mysel',
Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor ha'et in her power to say na man ;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.
Though I canna ride in well-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

An' ye mind that terrible wife 'at Willie had. I wadna gie a button for her !

She has an e'e—she has but ane—
  The cat has twa the very colour ;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
  A clapper tongue wad deave a miller :
A whiskin' beard aboot her mou' ;
  Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
Sic a wife as Willie had—
  I wadna gie a button for her !

She's bow-hough'd, she's hen shin'd.

And so on went this awfu' wife 'at Willie had, so graphically described by Burns. Described by him the wife maun hae scunnert Willie.

Ah ! an' consider that poor misguided lady who pranced intil the kirk wi' a louse crawlin' on her bonnet :

Ha ! where ye gaun, ye crowlan' ferlie,
Your impudence protects you sairly ;
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
    Owre gauze and lace ;
Tho', faith, I fear you dine but sparely
    On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her.
    Sae fine a lady ?
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
    On some poor body.

Now haud you there, ye're oot o' sight.
Below the fattrels snug and tight
Na faith ye yet! Ye'll no' be right,
Till ye've got on it,
The very tapmost, towrin' height
O' Miss's bonnet.

And the whole tragedy ends in one of the most sublime pieces of philosophy ever penned, a noble castigation and exposure of pride:

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's 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!

Robert Burns (continued Mr Dalgarno) made incessant warfare on bigotry, hypocrisy, and all cant and humbug. In "Holy Willie's Prayer" this antagonism reached its zenith. And it helped to free Scotland from ecclesiastical tyranny, which held the country in its grip. The whole great poem remains to this day a picture painted from life of hypocrisy, self-seeking, and religious humbug.

Just hear how this miserable creature is introduced to us by an outraged poet:

Oh Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha as it pleases best theysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony gude or ill
They've done afore thee!

And so on went this fearful indictment of the sinful and hypocritical churchman, a satire unparalleled in literature.

Then, on the subject of satire, Mr Dalgarno spoke of the boastful schoolmaster, who, besides endeavouring to teach Tarbolton youth, kept a grocer's shop, and sold drugs as well as groceries. He offered to give medical advice free, and claimed beneficial results from his advice. Burns, one night after a masonic meeting, was, as happened to many of them, happy and glorious :

> The clachan yill had made me canty,
> I wasna fou, but just had plenty ;
> I stacher'd whyles.

And soon he met Death, with his scythe, which the old man claimed he had been using for six thousand years. Mony schemes had been tried, said Death :

> To stap or scar me ;
> Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
> An' faith he'll waur me
>
> " Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan."

And Death pursues his subject as mercilessly as Burns can phrase his verses :

> " Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae death,
> By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
> This night I'm free to tak' my aith.
> That Hornbook's skill
> Has clad a score i' their last claith,
> By drap and pill.
>
> " A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
> Or some curmurring in his guts,
> His only son for Hornbook sets,
> And pays him well.
> The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets
> Was Laird himsel'."

Death had a scheme to " nail the self-conceited sot, as dead's a herrin' " :

> But just as he began to tell,
> The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,
> Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,
> Which raised us baith
> I took the way that pleased mysel'
> And sae did Death.

This great satire, continued Mr Dalgarno, was a general attack on dirt and the ignorant treatment of disease. And in the whole poem, and in most of the poems, a wonderful economy of words : terse, concise, every line a picture.

Oh, Brother Caledonians, Robert Burns was so human he was hale-fellow-well-met with saint and sinner, with the proper salutation to each. He was even on friendly terms with the Devil, for whom he had a great variety of methods of address.

Oh, Thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,

he calls him in his famous "Address to the Deil."

Hear me, Auld Hangie, for a wee,

he pleads, and ends his catalogue of offences :

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin'
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin',
To your black pit ;
But faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben,
O, wad ye tak' a thocht an men !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upon yon den,
Ev'n for your sake !

And the Deil forces himself into perhaps the greatest, or at any rate one of the greatest, of Burns's poems, "Tam o' Shanter." In this great poem we find every form of literary excellence. It is picturesque, grotesque, awful, lovely, humorous. What a human opening, when "drouthy neebors, neebors meet."

While we sit bousing at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy.
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

And Mr Dalgarno went through the narrative, giving his own pawky, critical, appreciative comments. The goodwife Kate had already told Tam that he was a skellum,

A bletherin', blusterin' drunken blellum,
That frae November to October
Ae market day thou wasna sober,

and other truths. He told how it gart him greet

> To think how mony counsels sweet,
> How mony lengthened sage advices
> The husband frae the wife despises !

a passage in the poem which the wives dearly relish. Then there was Souter Johnny,

> His ancient trusty, drouthy crony,
> Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
> They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The speaker had great admiration for the sweet music of the lines beginning :

> But pleasures are like poppies spread,

And to these followed

> Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
> What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
> Wi' tippeny we fear nae evil ;
> Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—

And when Tam urged forward his mare, Maggie, to the lighted windows :

> . . . . Wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
> Warlocks and witches in a dance,
> Nae cotillon, brent-new frae France,
> But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
> Put life and mettle in their heels.
> A winnock-bunker in the east,
> There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast ;
> A towzie tyke, black, grim and large,
> To gi'e them music was his charge ;
>
> As Tammie glowr'd, amazed, and curious
> The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
> The piper loud and louder blew,
> The dancers quick and quicker flew,
> They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
> Till ilka carlin swat and reekit.

In his rich Scottish voice Mr Dalgarno recited with great fervour the rest of the famous poem, and concluded by declaring that, in his opinion, the secret of the undying affection of his countrymen to Burns—the secret of his immortality in fact—is that, notwithstanding the genius of the poet, he was, after all, a man who knew the process of the human heart.

Mr Dalgarno then proposed the toast, " The

Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk with rousing Caledonian Honours.

The drinking of the toast was followed by loud applause, Mr Dalgarno's quotations and comments having been received with great pleasure.

OUR INTERESTING GUESTS.

Mr Duncan Macmillan proposed the toast, "Our Guests."

He said he had a list of remarkable men to submit to the audience as our guests that night. There were Sir Stuart Town, managing director of Binney & Co., Madras, manager of the Madras Electric Supply Co. and the Madras Tramway Company. In the report of the Indian Government Medical Mission to Malaya in 1946, Sir Stuart's gift of no less than 30,000 yards of cloth and 2,000 blankets is warmly acknowledged.

With Sir Stuart we warmly welcome his friend, Mr Mackenzie Smith. They were both in Madras Legislature. Mr Mackenzie Smith was also president of the Madras Caledonian Society.

Need I say anything about our distinguished fellow countryman, Sir Alexander Fleming, who, to the honours garnered through his discovery of penicillin, has added the great distinction of Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. Among distinguished Scots with us to-night is Sir John Calder, an Angus man, who has proved his worth in the Colonial Office. Professor J. W. S. Blacklock, a distinguished pathologist, is also with us. The professor was Director of Pathology in the Royal, Glasgow, and is now Professor of Pathology in St Bartholomew's Hospital.

The list of our ever-welcome guests includes Mr William F. Donnelly, Washington, D.C.; Mr C. H. Leach, general manager, Northern Assurance Company; Mr A. G. Esslemont, President of the Harrow Caledonian Society; Mr David Fulton, a past-president of the Scottish Clans Association; Mr Gordon Bryson, an Alderman and former Mayor of Finchley; and Mr John Reid, son of a former stalwart member of the Society. (Applause.)

Sir Stuart Town gratefully acknowledged the compliment paid him, and spoke of the great part that Scotsmen had taken in building up the commercial and industrial strength of India. He had some caustic remarks to make about the "gentlemen" in Scottish history; but he was loud in his praise of Scottish scenery. "I have seen the most sacred of our religious establishments," he concluded, "St Paul's high altar; every one of the English cathedrals. I have marvelled at them ; but you will find nowhere anything to touch the altar at Iona."

Two new members—Mr D. Maxwell Buist, Cupar, and Mr James Craig, Galloway—were received by the President.

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by Mr Alexander Henderson, who sang, to the great delight of the members and friends, "There was a Lad," "Mary Morison," "A Man's a Man," and "Green grow the Rashes."

Pipe-Major J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., our officer-piper, played, as his selection, marches and strathspeys in his usual accomplished manner.

"The Caledonian Society of London," our Strathspey, and "Auld Lang Syne" ended a successful gathering.

In Memory of George VI.

At the Council meeting on Thursday, 21st February, 1952, the President, Mr James Abernethy, asked the members to rise in memory of our late gracious monarch, who, since our last meeting, had died, and, amid the mourning of the whole world, had been laid to his rest among the monarchs at St George's Chapel, Windsor.

Proposal to Celebrate the Coronation.

Past-President William Will suggested that the Society might celebrate the Accession or the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth in some appropriate manner, such as doubling the Society's annual subscriptions to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. If the Society agreed and the Coronation was adopted as the more suitable occasion, the decision of our intention would have to be made before we ended this session's meetings, as the crowning of the Queen would probably be in the summer months, when the Society would not be in session.

Colonel Bennett suggested that we might have a Coronation luncheon, and this proposal had considerable support.

A committee of the President, Hon. Secretary, and Mr Will were asked to submit a report to the March meeting.

At the General Meeting which followed, the President said the main business before them was the new rule which it was proposed should take the place of Rule VIII, and which was introduced in order to speed up the election of members. He moved the adoption of the new rule which will be found on page 309.

Past-President William Will seconded, and the new rule was adopted.

CONGRATULATIONS TO MR J. MURRAY NAPIER.

The President said he would like to mention two matters in a sense co-related. He would, in the name of the Society, heartily congratulate Brother Caledonian J. Murray Napier, a member of the Council, on having been appointed to be Scout County Commissioner for London. (Applause.)

Members had perhaps seen mention of the fact that six Boy Scouts had climbed Snowden in the snow, and stayed on the mountain all night. One of the boys, named Russell, was the grandson of one of their best-loved members, the late Brother Caledonian John A. Anderson. In congratulating young Russell, he mentioned Mr Napier's recent honour. The eyes of the boys brightened, and their enthusiastic remarks were, at his request, confirmed in writing. The letter, which set out Mr Napier's scout record and awards from 1919 to date, ran :

> "Mr Napier's services to scouting in the large area of the London Scout County have been outstanding. His knowledge, experience, shrewdness, and ability have been fully placed at the disposal of generations of London boys. In his professional capacity he has, also, greatly helped and guided the affairs of both the County Association and the whole Boy Scout movement in legal, financial, and Parliamentary affairs. Many boys have found that Mr Napier's legal garb covers a heart young and very capable of understanding their particular problems. He has shown clearly that to help the movement to which he has devoted so many years there is no effort he would not make. From March to November, 1949, he successfully officiated as County Commissioner for London, and since 1st December last has been County Commissioner." (Applause.)

This, said the President, is a fine tribute to our brother from lads whom he has served for so many years.

Mr Napier thanked the President for his appreciative remarks.

"THE KING IS DEAD : GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

At the Little Dinner following the business meetings the President was in the chair.

Before grace, members and their friends stood while Pipe-Major Robertson played with saddening artistry the lament, "The Flowers of the Forest," in memory of his late Majesty George the Sixth.

"The health of Her Majesty the Queen" was pledged for the first time in the new reign, and following it came "Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal Family." Both the toasts were received with great warmth, and with hearty Caledonian honours.

THE FIRST EARL OF MANSFIELD.

Introducing Mr Frederick W. Wallace, M.A., who was to give the Sentiment that evening, the President said he was born at Kirkcaldy, and educated at Fettes, and Emanuel College, Cambridge ; and as a barrister he would be able authoritatively to appraise the value of the subject of the Sentiment, "William Murray, the First Earl of Mansfield, Lawyer and Statesman."

Mr Wallace, after thanking the President for his introduction, said :

William Murray, eleventh child and fourth son of the fifth Viscount Stormont and Lord Scone in the Peerage of Scotland, was born in the old Castle or Palace of Scone, near Perth, in March, 1705. Eighty-eight years later, in March, 1793, there died William Murray, first Earl of Mansfield in the County of Nottingham, in the Peerage of England, who was buried in the ancient Valhalla of Britain's great men at Westminster Abbey, full of days, of riches, and of honour.

His career of exceptional distinction almost bridged the whole of that great eighteenth century. Murray's life began, significantly enough for him, in that period of bitter controversy between England and Scotland, which culminated in the Act of Union in 1707, and gave those freedoms to Scots in England which a century before, James the First, Mary's son, had wrestled for in vain. It began with the glorious days of Queen Anne, with the triumphs of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and with the settlement of European peace by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Life began for Murray, the scion of a Jacobite family, with the end of the ancient and romantic Stuart dynasty, and the accession to Britain's throne of a somewhat graceless foreign laird, known to history as George the First of Hanover. May God be thanked that the kingly name of George is now enshrined in British hearts as a thing of reverence and love.

Murray's life flourished during Sir Robert Walpole's twenty-one years of unchallenged ascendency from 1721 to 1742, during the historic exploits of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the men of Moidart in 1745 and 1746, the latter events unsheathing for Murray not, as we shall see, a claymore at Prestonpans or Culloden, but only the matchless valour of his forensic tongue in the Law Courts of London, during the Seven Years War with France from 1756 to 1763, when Pitt, the Great Commoner and war leader of the nation, had time and invective enough in the House of Commons to chastise the cool and eloquent Murray, when General Wolfe died on the Plains of Abraham and Canada was born, when Robert Clive and John Company were building an Indian Empire, and during the eventful reign of the first two Hanoverian Georges.

Murray's life came to finest fruit in the first half of the long reign of George the Third. His days as barrister, as law officer of the Crown, as protagonist of his party in the Commons were now over. For over thirty years, from 1756 to 1788, he sat as Lord Chief Justice of England, and in that function achieved as high renown as any other high magistrate, without exception, in the long annals of Westminster Hall, and the Royal Courts of Justice. During all that time he took, despite high judicial office, a leading part in the political debates of the Upper Chamber, as member and confidant of many Cabinets, a trusted councillor of the Crown and participant in the decisions of State. During this third phase of his life, the new Earl of Mansfield, with less foresight than Edmund Burke, saw his policy of maintaining law and order in the American Colonies collapse in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. He lived on, as we shall see, to lose his house in Bloomsbury Square, and all his books and papers to the flames, the anti-Popery flames, of the Gordon Rioters in 1780, to hear in 1786 the trial of Warren Hastings begun, to hear the first alarming thunders of the Revolution from Paris in 1789, and to learn at his country home at Caen Wood in Hampstead, during the closing years of his life, that the royal heads of Louis the Sixteenth and of Maria Theresa's fair and feckless daughter, Marie Antoinette, had passed under the guillotine.

What an amazing career! Till 14, a boy at Perth Grammar School. From 14 to 18 a King's scholar at Westminster School in London. From 18 to 22 a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford. At 25, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. From 25 to 37, a forensic success beyond all his fellows. From 37 to 49, Solicitor-General with much of the legal and all the political burden on his back. From 49 to 51 Attorney-General with the same duties. From 51 to a venerable age of 83, Lord Chief Justice of England. More than once he declined the Woolsack, as a seat of precarious political tenure. More than once he might have been First Minister of the Crown, but in every crisis he firmly declined any preferment which might have ended his highest activity, the judicial function, or divorced him from his happiest work, the study and practice of the law. Though his name is famous in the annals of the law, I have been amazed that a career which ranged so widely beyond the dusty pages of legal casebooks, and moved at all times in the highest councils of the realm, with brilliance, distinction and importance, enjoys to-day a fame much lower than its worth. At his death, his life was written by a contemporary lawyer, Holliday, in a biography once described as the worst ever written. A century ago his life was well and fairly told by Lord Campbell, a Scot and a man of law himself. The full and just appraisement of Mansfield by some lawyer and historian, studying him in all aspects under the long perspective of now two centuries has never yet been adequately made. Dr. Johnson said that the fairest prospect for any Scot was the road South to England. This English quip applied doubtless to James the First as well as to any Scot of lower birth. However, I know no Scot of any degree from the death of Queen Elizabeth to the present day, who, travelling southward, achieved a nobler place in the adopted realm of England, than William Murray, First Earl of Mansfield, lawyer, judge and statesman.

The Stormont family of Murrays in Scone had ancient lineage and were kin to the Murrays of the Athol dukedom, but William's father, living at or near the ancient site from which Edward the First stole the Scots Coronation Stone, is called by one writer a poverty-stricken viscount. Assuredly it was not wealth that raised William Murray from obscurity.

The year is 1719. William Murray is fourteen. He has always been dux of his class. What is to be done with this "lad o' pairts"? By the persuasion of his Jacobite elder brother, who followed the Pretender through Europe with the title of the Earl of Dunbar, he was packed off to enter Westminster School in London, curiously enough following the Jacobite route through Edinburgh, Carlisle and Derby. He rode the whole way on a pony which was sold on arrival to help his finances. We have heard of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England returning to Edinburgh, many years after 1603, as he expressed it, "like a saumon to the place o' his breeding," but William Murray, who outlived his pony-ride by seventy-four years, never set eyes on his parents or on Scotland again! One wonders why. The hard fact is William Murray never looked back.

Four years at Westminster School found Murray, in 1723, still dux, first of the scholars to be sent on foundation to Christ Church, Oxford. His family had hoped he might attain some modest competence in the Church of England, but in those days the King's Courts sat in Westminster Hall, where now dead monarchs lie in state, and the Westminster schoolboy, watching from time to time the administration of justice there, was self-dedicated before he went to Oxford to the profession of the law. For lack of money this ambition might have been in vain, but one of his school friends was the son of the first Lord Foley, a rich ironmaster, who was so impressed by Murray's charm and ability that he undertook to finance him, and did, till success came.

By natural bent and the pressure of Lord Foley's advances, Murray settled down to years of scholarly but arduous preparation. His Oxford career lasted for four years. He continued his classical studies of Latin and Greek. He read and mastered every Code of Law, from Justinian to Grotius, French Commercial Law, Scotch Feudal Law and the Common Law of England. Aspiring to be lawyer, orator and statesman, he read and translated every speech of Cicero, whom in forensic genius and political unsuccess he somewhat resembled. Thus were laid, deep and sure, the foundations of that rhetorical power which for half a century was to command the applause of listening senates and also sting the spirit of William Pitt the Elder to a fury.

Leaving Oxford in 1727, for three years, William Murray ate his dinners at Lincoln's Inn, directing his own studies, in the absence of the modern system of pupilage, from 1 Old Square, and attending assiduously at Guildhall, Westminster Hall and every available Court of Law. But Murray was also a man of birth and breeding, of good presence and social ease, and found time to justify Dr Johnson's famous phrase, " Murray was no mere lawyer. He drank champagne with the wits." His best friend was the great Alexander Pope, the most famous poet of the day. Johnson called Pope the " little nightingale," from his pleasing voice, and Murray came to be called the " silver-tongued." The story runs that after Murray moved to 5 King's Bench Walk, Pope was once found there, instructing Murray in the graces of declamation while Murray dramatised and postured before a mirror.

In 1730, aged 25, Murray was called to the Bar. During two years of professional unemployment, he stopped his ears alike against the siren voices of literature and politics, and set himself, with faultless judgment of his own powers, upon success in the law. Though his abilities constantly thrust him in later life into the forefront of affairs, as I said, at every juncture of his career when Fate offered the choice of politics or law, his undeviating lodestar was the law.

However, the brilliant orator and the learned lawyer did not rust unused. In less than ten years more, when he became Solicitor-General and entered the Commons as Member for Boroughbridge in 1742, at the age of 37, Murray, by unmatched forensic power, had already risen to the head of his profession. His early successes came from Edinburgh friends who briefed him in Scotch Appeals in the Lords.

In 1733 the case of *Paterson v. Graham* was famous. Graham, in Edinburgh, had bought South Sea Company Stock, before that irridescent bubble burst, from Paterson, a London broker. The Court of Session found fraud and ordered restitution. Murray excited universal admiration by an eloquent but hopeless speech to uphold the Scotch decree. The Lords decided that Graham had to pay for his own credulity and greed.

In 1734, Sir Thomas Moncrieff, a baronet of ancient family, had tied his wayward son and heir to a settlement of £100 sterling per annum. The young scamp had it increased to £200 by the Court of Session. Murray again distinguished himself for the father, and the Lords reduced the stipend to its original paternal dimensions.

After the death of Captain Porteous in the Porteous Riots in Edinburgh a Bill was introduced to disenfranchise its unruly citizens! In 1737 Murray's eloquence assisted to defeat the Bill, and at 32 years the Corporation conferred on him the Freedom of the City in a gold box.

In 1738 he scored another sensation by his appearance in the fashionable and scandalous case of *Cibber v. Sloper*, in which the useless son of the famous Colley Cibber sued his own wife and one of her many lovers for criminal conversation. All London knew the lady, great beauty, sister of Dr Arne, the composer and star of Drury Lane Theatre. Murray's speech brought the damages down to £10, the smallest banknote then in circulation.

Murray, aged 33, was now really famous. Business flowed in from all quarters. Even the tremendous widow, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, squabbling on her husband's will, sent his 1000-guinea retainer, of which he returned 995 with strict professional correctness, adding that the fee for a general retainer could neither be less nor more than 5 guineas. On another occasion, returning from supper, he found her one night with her retinue, in full occupation of his chambers, and received the brusque admonition, " Young man, if you mean to rise in the world, you must not sup out ! "

In that year, 1738, Murray, aged 33, married Lady Elizabeth Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea. They had no family, but for forty-six years they lived happily, and she discharged every domestic and social duty with charm and distinction.

Perhaps for us Caledonians the most intriguing events in Murray's life came in 1746 and 1747. Prince Charles Edward had fled from Drummossie Moor. Many of his rebel lords were relations and friends of Murray, and Murray was the Hanoverian Solicitor-General. He prosecuted before the House of Peers, Lords Kilmarnock, Cromarty and Balmerino, all of whom were executed for treason.

Again, in 1747, he appears as a member of and manager for the Commons to impeach before the Lords, Lord Lovat, the crafty old man who chose not to march with his son, the Master of Lovat, to Glenfinnan.

When Murray's speech against Lovat during this trial was ended, it moved from one of the Lords, Lord Talbot, this instantaneous tribute, " My Lords, the abilities of the learned manager, who just now spoke, never appeared with greater splendour than at this very hour, when his candour and humanity have been so conspicuous."

During an adjournment, Lovat spoke to Murray, complimented him on his speech for the prosecution, and said, " I don't know what the good lady, your mother, would say to it, for she was very kind to my clan in Perth." Before sentence of death, Lovat made a long and rambling statement, but concluded gaily, " I had great need of my cousin Murray's eloquence and then my discourse would have been more agreeable." Lovat was beheaded on Tower Hill, and on the eve of his death he affirmed generously, " Mr Solicitor is a great man."

For twelve years as solicitor, to 1754, and as attorney for two years more, to 1756, Murray not only led the profession and appeared in courts, but was his Government's chief advocate and protagonist in the House of Commons.

The Homeric contests of Gladstone and Disraeli in the nineteenth century were equalled by the duels of William Murray and William Pitt a century before—Murray the silver-tongued, the pleader *par excellence*, mellifluous, conciliatory, elegant, learned, lucid and cool, and Pitt, the headlong patriot, the master of invective, the impassioned orator, with, I think, an instinctive repugnance against his courtly and unruffled foe.

However, in 1756, the office of Lord Chief Justice fell vacant, and Murray applied. Despite the Duke of Newcastle's frantic efforts to keep Murray as Government champion in the Commons, Murray persisted, and in November, 1756, at the age of 51, William Murray, first Baron Mansfield, took his seat at Westminster Hall as Lord Chief Justice of England. Next day the Newcastle Administration fell. Murray was offered the Woolsack. He refused it then, and again in 1757.

The story of his work as a jurist and judge would require volumes, and erudition equal to his own.

No great magistrate touched higher distinction in the long history of English Law. As Chief Justice he sat from 1756 to 1788, from 51 to 83 years of age, for thirty-two years. Almost infallible as a judge, he enjoyed an unparalleled ascendancy over his distinguished judicial brethren, and even in his life was famous abroad as the great Lord Mansfield. The number of his famous cases was legion—*Lord Grosvenor v. the Duke of Cumberland ;* the notorious case of the turbulent John Wilkes ; the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy ; the trial of John Horne Tooke for libel ; the trial of Lord George Gordon, of the Gordon Riots, for treason. In a hundred and one difficult and turbulent matters which raised the plaudits or the execrations of the mob, he sat as Chief Justice with motionless judicial poise and impartiality beyond all cavil. Of noble bearing and courtesy, rapid but never hurried, erudite but not pedantic, Lord Mansfield was on the Bench as W. S. Gilbert said of his Lord Chancellor, the true embodiment of everything that is excellent.

He radically re-formed legal procedure and strove to make the administration of the law both rapid and certain.

In his lifetime England had become the great manufacturing and commercial country of the world, and Mansfield's ambition was to loosen the fetters of feudal jurisprudence, to plough freshly through centuries of casebooks and precedents of the English Common Law and by numerous wise and liberal judgments to evolve a commercial code for England's need. He is founder of English Commercial Law. The modern Law of Insurance is largely his creation. Much of the Law of Negotiable Instruments derives from him. He did imperial service by pronouncing on the legal status of our new-formed colonies and their citizens. He spoke authoritatively on the Law of Neutrality and that Right of Search, which is the very heart of our naval power. He touched and adorned by his eloquence and learning many vital parts of our English law.

This is inevitably an inadequate assessment of Mansfield's legal and juristic achievement. I commend those who ask for more to consult the index of Sir W. Houldsworth's monumental *History of English Law*. The most-quoted name by far is that of Mansfield. But even in Washington and the American courts his authority stands high. I quote from the tribute paid by the American professor, Story, a century ago : " England and America and the civilised world lie under the deepest obligations to him . . . the name of Lord Mansfield will be held in reverence by the good and the wise, by the honest merchant, the enlightened lawyer, the just statesman, and the conscientious judge."

However, let not the eulogy of his legal pre-eminence make us forget, as I said at the outset, that during the third phase of his life he remained a public and political as well as a judicial figure. Contrary to modern practice, he played an active political part in all the major controversies of the age in the House of Lords. He was constantly in conflict with his former foe, now the first Earl of Chatham. He was attacked for many shortcomings, even for that of being a Scot, and with bitterness and venom by the undisclosed author of the Letters of Junius. The very tolerance of his views made him the especial victim of the violence in 1780 of the Gordon Rioters. From 1780 to 1784, when he was on the verge of 80 years, he acted as Speaker of the House of Lords. Verily, the third and last phase of Mansfield's life was an astounding display of mental and physical vitality.

In 1776 he had been created Earl of Mansfield, and after a very short period of declining health, finally resigned from the Bench in 1788, at the ripe age of 83.

For five years more, in peace and serenity, attended by two devoted nieces, he lived at his Hampstead estate of Kenwood, cultivating a lovely garden, actively interested in the great world below, but chiefly, with friends and books, enjoying to the full the blessings of old age and a scholar's retirement. He suffered no diminution of mental power. On Sunday, 10th March, 1793, he was not well, and went to bed. On Tuesday he was up again, but retired once more, saying, "Let me sleep, let me sleep." After a week of unconsciousness, with no words more, he passed away like a sleeping child, on Wednesday, 20th March. He was buried, as I have said, in Westminster Abbey. This morning I made a pilgrimage there. The magnificent memorial shows Lord Mansfield in full-size and poised high above the onlooker in full judicial robes. The face is remarkable in its luminous vitality. It looks alive, as if he were about to smile. I think this pleasing expression must have been true and typical. One sees it again at once in the portraits of Lord Mansfield in the National Portrait Gallery, one by J. Van Loo, which must have been painted in early middle life, and another portrait by J. S. Copley, painted ten years before Lord Mansfield's death. When I was at the Bar I had a very handsome and large copy of the Copley portrait, but it was blown to dust by the German bombs in 1941. I am passing copies of these round the tables. I cannot, of course, continue my study of this fascinating personality any further on this occasion. I add one touch more to the portrait. He had an amazing power of abstinence—often said that he never knew what it was to be thirsty or faint with hunger. Though he never required stimulus to his oratory like Sheridan with his pint of brandy, he was certainly no water-drinker and in his latter days at dinner regularly drank several glasses of claret, saying that for him it yielded the most pleasure with the minimum of risk. (Applause.)

The President thanked Mr Wallace for his delightful, informative and scholarly Sentiment, which they had all enjoyed. The fact that Mr Wallace was educated at Emmanuel reminded him that the Master of Emmanuel, Professor Peter Giles, was a great authority on the Lowland Scottish language, and gave great assistance to our Hon. Historian thirty years ago when he was struggling to convince Scotsmen and Scotswomen that the Doric was not vulgar, but was the natural language of the people, and ought to be encouraged in the Scottish schools.

Dr K. Campbell Mackenzie offered a warm welcome to the guests in proposing the toast. He mentioned the names of Mr Erskine Simes, Q.C., an authority on the law relating to Local Government, and Recorder of Banbury; Admiral Thomson, an old friend; and Mr Gordon M'Kenzie, the editor of the *Sunday Chronicle.*

A Q.C. on Lawyers.

Mr Erskine Simes, Q.C., in a facetious speech, denied the great honour that had been credited to him; he was not now the Recorder of Banbury. Accounting for his presence there that night, he told a story of the late Lord Birkenhead. Seeking to correct the then F. E. Smith, who had annoyed the judge, his lordship asked: " Mr Smith, what do you think I am here for ? " To this " F. E." replied: " It is not for me to attempt to fathom the inscrutable designs of Providence." " Well," said Mr Simes, " you cannot charge providence for my presence here to-night, but your president." In thanking the Society for its hospitality, Mr Simes recalled that the hall of Gray's Inn had been destroyed by German bombs, and after the restoration work had been finished the Inn gave the workers a dinner. The day after, one of the workers was heard to say to his pal: " You know, Bill, I never knew before that those bloody judges were human." (Laughter.) In these days of political controversy, said Mr Simes, you will have noticed that England makes no claim for Home Rule. (Laughter.) We don't need to; we realise how fortunate we are to be governed by Scots, whose hospitality that evening he again acknowledged.

During the evening three new members were received by the President: Mr John Buchan Ford, Mr William Millar and Mr Frederick W. Wallace, M.A.

The musical programme was greatly appreciated. In his beautiful Highland tenor voice, Mr James McPhee sang " The Island Moon," " The Lass of Loganlea," " Island Requiem," and " Nancy's Hair." Colonel Ian M'Crae, who accompanied Mr MacPhee, wrote the words of " Island Requiem," a sweet song of Skye.

Pipe-Major Robertson, M.B.E., our officer-piper, included in his selection " Jeannie Carruthers," " Highland Harry," " The Kilt is my delight," and " Margaret Duncan."

With the Strathspey, " The Caledonian Society of London," and " Auld Lang Syne " there ended a most successful gathering.

TO CELEBRATE THE CORONATION.

The report of the committee appointed at the February meetings to make suggestions how best to celebrate the Coronation of Her Majesty the Queen was submitted at the Council and General Meetings held on 20th March, 1952, at the Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington. The President, Mr James Abernethy, was in the chair, and, as convener of the committee, reported that the committee proposed that, as the principal object of the Society is the support of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, the Society's donations to these charities during Coronation year should be doubled: that is, instead of the annual £50 each the donations for the year should be £100 each. The necessary money would be provided by the members. If the money collected was insufficient, the balance would be taken from the

Society's funds. If over-subscribed, the excess would be given to the two charities in equal portions.

The question of a Coronation lunch or dinner might be left until the date of the Coronation was fixed.

The report was adopted unanimously.

THE CHRONICLES.

It was decided to publish as early as possible another volume of the "Chronicles"—from 1945–1946 to 1951–1952 inclusive.

THE CALEDONIAN HIGHLAND GAMES.

Five guineas were voted for the Caledonian Highland Games to be held at the White City in the summer of 1952.

THE LOYAL TOASTS.

At the Little Dinner, after the business meetings, the President, from the chair, gave the loyal toasts, and after the health of Her Majesty the Queen had been pledged, "The other members of the Royal Family" toast included the name of the Duke of Rothesay for the first time at our meetings.

ARTISTS I HAVE MET AND KNOWN.

The Sentiment for the evening, "Artists I have met and known," was given by Major Armand Blackley, J.P., who disclosed great intimacy with the affairs and work of leading artists of this and former generations.

Major Blackley said :

May I, Mr President, first of all thank you for the compliment you have paid me in inviting me to be your guest to-day, and to address this distinguished Society.

I feel it is only right that I should explain my position in the world of art. I am neither an artist, nor an art critic. To use the language of the political left, I am on the periphery of the art world. Anyhow, that is how I imagine Mr Aneurin Bevan would describe me. I feel that the subject on which you have invited me to speak—"Art and Artists I have Met"—is indeed an appropriate one for a Caledonian Society.

It will be within the knowledge of my audience that the British Isles did not, in the twelfth century and onwards, produce artists as existed on the Continent ; but with the Renaissance in Italy, it became a fashion to invite foreign artists to this country, and we are particularly indebted to Henry VIII for bringing over the famous Holbein family and their followers. In the time of Charles I it was still foreign artists who were in the lead, such as Van Dyck and Rubens, but by that time there was growing up in Scotland a national school of painting. In 1586 there was born in Aberdeen, George Jameson, and there still remains in the noble families of Scotland to this day, fine collections of portraits by this distinguished artist, who was known as the Scottish Van Dyck.

I suppose it is fair to say that the eighteenth century was one of the great periods in British art. In England we had Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, but fine as these painters were, I very much doubt if any of them excelled Sir Henry Raeburn at his best. Most of you here have seen that famous full-length portrait by him of the MacNab. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1819, and was purchased by Lord Dewar at Christies for 24,200 guineas. I always feel it is one of the fine examples of portrait painting, for it must be remembered that a portrait painter is not only an artist, but is also a psychologist. I always like the story of the MacNab and the lawsuit he had against one of his neighbours for slander. The case was heard by the Bailie, who was rather a wee, timid man, and he called upon the laird to state his case ; and the MacNab, pointing to the defendant, said : " This man has uttered about me a lying and a wicked slander. He has said I am the father of twenty-eight illegitimate children. Sir ! it's a damned lie. I am only the father of twenty-three illegitimate children," and as you look at the old man's face, his determined jaw, you can hear him making that statement, and you can appreciate his character. A bad-tempered, wicked old devil, but for all that, a determined and courageous man, and it is that power to put on canvas the character of the sitter, that makes a great portrait painter.

Portrait painting still remains possibly the most interesting side of the art of the painter, and to-day the two great exponents are Sir Oswald Birley, who has painted so many distinguished members of the Royal Family and the aristocracy, and Mr James Gunn, who is undoubtedly the most successful portrait painter of the day. I remember his coming to London from Scotland as a very young man, and it has been by sheer artistic ability, determination, and character that he has worked himself into the pre-eminent position which he holds in the world of art to-day. His portraits have the advantage of not only being likenesses, but he is able to put into his pictures the character of his sitter, with the result that he is overwhelmed with commissions, and undoubtedly among the painters of to-day, it will be his portraits which will live.

Dewars are the possessors of a number of other fine pictures besides the MacNab, one of them, " The Monarch of the Glen," painted by Sir Edwin Landseer. The family business with which I am connected, was, until one hundred years ago, in Foley Street, before it moved opposite the Middlesex Hospital, and one of our neighbours was Landseer, Senior. The two sons, Sir Edwin, the Royal Academician, and Thomas Landseer, the engraver, were very interested in anatomy, and they had an arrangement with the mortuary keeper of the Middlesex Hospital to obtain unclaimed bodies after they had passed through the Medical School. Having obtained a specimen of rather a fine buxom lady, they proceeded, with the help of some of their medical student friends, to carry out a dissection. The morning after the corpse's arrival—which had been taken to their attic—their father announced that the next day they would be moving, and that they were to pack their belongings ready for transport to their new home. One can imagine the consternation as to what was to be done with the human remains, and so they decided to put them into a water tank. There was quite a sensation in the district when, some weeks later, the remains were discovered, but after considerable explanation, the incident was considered by all concerned as closed.

My family started its southward journey at the end of the eighteenth century, leaving Reay in Caithness-shire for Edinburgh, and it was in 1830 that my great grand-uncle—William MacKay—came to London, and ultimately set up business as a hairdresser in Bond Street. He had rather a distinguished clientèle, amongst whom was the Duke of Wellington, the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, and a number of the leading Royal Academicians, and many were his stories told to my father about the distinguished painters of his period.

The Royal Academy, which was founded in 1768, is really a private society. It is responsible only to the monarch, who is its patron, and who is personally responsible for its debts. But after nearly two centuries of its existence, it still remains the pre-eminent art institution of the Empire, and has always had a most distinguished artist as its president, beginning with Sir Joshua Reynolds. I have known quite a number of them, including Sir Edward Poynter, Sir Frank Dicksee, Sir William Llewellyn. Most of them were not only artists but also courtiers. One of the most interesting of the presidents was undoubtedly Sir Alfred Munnings, who retired some two years ago. I remember meeting him at our galleries in about 1910. He was wearing riding breeches, had taken off his jacket, and had a palette and brushes in his hand. The moment I saw how he handled his paint, and the determined way he put it on, I realized I was before a great painter. There are few people living to-day who can paint a horse as well as Sir Alfred. There is one, however, who lives in my village ; she is now an elderly lady, Miss Lucy Kemp Welch. I always feel about her horses that they are alive, and that the anatomy of them is perfect. For many years she kept at Bushey, Baden Powell's charger, and it appears in many of her pictures. The painting of horses is a specialised branch. It is particularly English, and it is to be hoped that one day there will be another gallery of sporting pictures.

The art of painting is not entirely for the professional, as there are many famous amateur painters, and I suppose the first name which comes to our mind is that of our Prime Minister, Winston Churchill. As you know, he is an honorary member of the Royal Academy, and it is surprising how brilliant some of his work can be. The most fascinating of the amateur artists I have met was Sarah Bernhardt, who was a sculptor. She, of course, belongs to that period which is a thing of the past. My memory of her is not only of a very great dramatic artist, but one who to me, as a young man, was extremely kind. She knew everybody in Europe who mattered. As a youngster, when I was in Paris, I was very often in her theatre, where I knew most of her company. I remember hearing from them of the visit which King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, had paid to the theatre, and how during the interval he had gone into that famous dressing room of Sarah Bernhardt, which was more like a throne room, and where she received her visitors. There were never fewer than twenty or thirty people there, and one felt that the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt was a centre of culture of France.

Another famous amateur is Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. She used to come to my gallery a good deal during the war, and I remember her asking me if I was an artist, and when I replied I was not, she asked, " Why not ? " I told her if I was a failure as an artist, I should be the laughing stock of my clientèle ; if I were a famous artist, it's envy. The Queen of Holland paints an excellent flowerpiece, and I hold very happy memories of her visits to us during the war.

Artists are just human beings, but there are always amongst them outstanding personalities. Alma Tadema used to come to Nassau Street. He spoke with a very strong foreign accent. Grenville Manton, who used to " devil " for him, told me that when he was sending one of his pictures to the Academy he asked Tadema what he should price it at. Tadema said, " In your position, one guinea per inch the longest way of the canvas. When you are famous, like me, you will charge one thousand."

Until his death, in 1914, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, with John Sargent, was one of the leading portrait painters of his day. He built at Bushey a replica of a fifteenth-century Bavarian castle. It cost over £90,000, and there he entertained leading public men and women of Europe and painted their portraits. To-day there is only a small ruin left of that magnificent house.

An extraordinary character was Joseph Pennell. He was an American, and he and his wife wrote the life of Whistler, who was perhaps one of the most difficult people to get on with in the art world. You will remember his remark, when he ceased to be president of the Royal Society of British Artists. He said, " The artist goes, the British remain."

One of the most flamboyant persons I met was Frank Spenlove-Spenlove. He ran a very famous art school, chiefly patronised by young ladies with very rich parents. He was the world's perfect showman. He had a lovely trick of arranging, when he was having an interview with parents of a prospective pupil, for his man to come in and interrupt the conversation with the remark that Buckingham Palace was on the telephone. Needless to say, it was not, but the prospective client always went away deeply impressed.

Perhaps the most colourful of all the artists I have met was Richard Sickert. Always very kindly, loved to " pull your leg," and adored dressing up. I remember spending an afternoon with him in the company of the late James Manson, director of the Tate Gallery, and he told us how, in his young days, he had been an admirer of Kitty Lawrence, who was a music hall star, and she sent her private hansom to fetch Sickert and bring him to have dinner with her at mid-day at her residence in Brixton. On arrival Sickert congratulated Kitty on the excellent driver she had, and she replied, " Why, that's my brother. I have got to keep him, so I might as well make him work." On entering the house the door was opened to him by a very jovial old lady who was obviously the cook, and after an excellent meal Sickert congratulated his hostess on her cook, and she replied to him, " That's my Ma. I also have to keep her, and that is why I make her work." Apparently she employed the whole of her family in running her household. When Manson and I left the French Gallery, where we had been spending the afternoon, there was a taxi driver, who asked us if we had seen an elderly gentleman dressed in a gamekeeper's suit, as apparently Sickert had run up a very big bill on the taxi meter. We told him we had seen this gentleman, and that the cabby would have nothing to worry about his fare, so he quietly got back into his seat and went on with his snooze.

The new trend in art has brought along new people and new ideas, and when the first exhibitions, about 1910 and onwards, were opened in London, they caused a furore. I remember our having a very large statue, some 8 feet high, in mahogany, of a female figure very much distorted. A very cultured Frenchman, the late Paul Turpin, looked at it and just shook his head. He was surprised when I told him that this was serious art, and that when this sculpture was exhibited it would create a sensation. As we were going to his car, he turned round to me and said, " My dear Blackley, if all the women in the world had been like that, how little love-making there would have been." To-day, we have gone on from that stage to the sculpture of Henry Moore, the painting of Picasso, and of Miro, which you either like or hate.

Now I come to the end of my story. Are these artists just ordinary people, or are they different from many of us ? They are different in this way. Many people take up a career because they have to. The father who is a successful doctor, or lawyer, wishes his son to follow in his footsteps. A man goes into a family business because he has to. But the artist is an artist because he wants to be one : because he loves it, and because he feels he has a message to give the world. Whether he is a great artist, or a poor one, he does contribute something to the joy of living, in giving colour and beauty to a world which is drab, and he can say when he comes to the end of the road, " I have not lived in vain."

Major Blackley's fascinating Sentiment was received with loud applause.

In thanking Major Blackley, the President said he had the Alpha and Omega of his Session's givers of Sentiments there that night. There was Lord Alness, whom they were always delighted to see. (Applause.) He was the Alpha, for he gave them the opening Sentiment ; and to-night Major Blackley, who was the Omega, for that was the last Sentiment of his (the President's) session. Major Blackley had given them something that few other men could have given, for he had spent all his life in art circles. It was a fine Sentiment ; like a good sermon, it had a good beginning, a good middle, and a good end. (Applause.)

A WELCOME TO LORD MORRISON.

Mr R. A. McWilliam, in proposing the toast " Our Guests," said that he demurred when Mr Miller asked him to propose the toast, as he, then, was worried about the pending Budget. He feared that the price of food would be raised, and that would have taken the spirit out of any Scottish welcome. But the Chancellor had left it at 35s. a bottle ! Dear eneuch at a' will, bit it micht 'a been a sicht waur. So there he was !

First he offered a warm welcome to Lord Morrison, who for many years had taken an active part in public work in Parliament, the County of Middlesex, and the Borough of Tottenham. Indeed, with the exception of a break of about four years in the 1914–1918 war, when he was on active service, at no time during the past forty years had he been out of office. They were honoured to have his lordship with them. (Hear, hear.)

Of Major Blackley the President had said a good deal, but he omitted to mention that he also was in the 1914–1918 war, and that since then he had taken a keen interest in the affairs of the British Legion. (Hear, hear.)

They had with them, too, Sir William MacGillvray, C.B.E., Director-General of Marketing in the National Coal Board, a position of great importance. But was not his greatest achievement his service in the famous "H" Company of the London Scottish, in which also served our Brother Caledonian W. O. Hunter, and their friend Sir Alexander Fleming? As a sergeant Sir William was badly wounded and taken prisoner. Some time later his name appeared as a candidate for exchange against a German prisoner of war in our hands; but when the German Board learned that he was a sergeant in the London Scottish they refused to consider his release, for they knew that a sergeant in the London Scottish was equal to an officer in any other regiment. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

They welcomed, too, Mr John M'Culloch, from the War Office, who is President of the London Galloway Association; Mr. J. O. Cumming, Hon. Secretary of the Harrow and District Caledonian Society; and Mr T. MacCaffrey, from the Scottish Office.

Another welcome guest is Mr S. C. Hutchison, librarian of the Royal Academy, of whom Major Blackley gave his appreciation, and with Mr John Simpson we are back to the Forces. He won the D.S.O. and D.F.C., and saw service as a Pathfinder. (Applause.) But that's not all! "There's aye a something!" as Dr Charles Murray says, "He's jist anither banker!" (Laughter.)

LORD MORRISON'S APPRECIATION.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Morrison, P.C., had a warm reception when he rose to reply to the toast.

He said that important evening in his life was, strangely enough, the result of a series of accidents, originating at the Burns Club dinner; and this led him to tell the story of another accident, when a gentleman paid an official visit to the Leeds Maternity Hospital. He was praising the cleanliness of the rooms, the alert and pleasant nurses, etc., and forgetting the character of the hospital, and in making eulogistic parting remarks, said he hoped that if ever he met with an accident he would be brought into that hospital. To this the matron, with a merry twinkle, said that if ever he was brought there it would be the result of more than an accident; it would be a miracle! (Laughter.)

Referring to the most wonderful reception he had had from his brother Scots that evening, he said it reminded him of a visit he had once made to address the gentlemen who were residing at, and enjoying the amenities of Pentonville. The Governor, to make the guest of the evening feel at home, when introducing Lord Morrison to his hearers, said that he needed no introduction to that company, a remark that was received with uncomfortable applause. At the close of the gathering, and as he was passing down the lane of His Majesty's guests, he overheard one most flattering remark by one to another: "Blimey, he's one of us!" (Laughter.)

On seeing a chiel amang them takin' notes, Lord Morrison said that since his experience at Niagara Falls he had always dreaded newspaper reports. It was his first visit to the Falls, and he stared in wonder at the majestic downpour of the waters. He told his friends, who were standing admiring with him, that words failed him to express what he felt—a very natural observation. But next morning an American paper in banner headlines, declared: "At Niagara Falls: British Peer speechless!" (Laughter.)

Lord Morrison kept the audience amused with his experiences as the member of the house of Lords who passed Scottish Bills through the House. Lord Alness (who was sitting next to him), he said, had been entrusted with this work in his active Lords days, but then he was a brilliant lawyer. One thing he (Lord Morrison) was proud of was a valuable clause in a measure concerning capital punishment. The old law had it that for such and such an offence the culprit could be hanged, drawn and quartered. He got the clause amended by withdrawing the "drawn and quartered"—"so now, gentlemen, it may be some comfort to you to know that in future you can now only be hanged; and for that concession do not forget to thank me!" (Laughter.)

On one occasion, the Duke of Montrose, who is a little deaf, wished to introduce a clause to the Scottish Health Bill which would provide deaf aid appliances to poor deaf people. Lord Morrison, in charge of the Bill, said he could not accept the clause. The leader of the Scottish Representative Peers took the Duke of Montrose's part; and Lord Morrison was on the defensive. An English peer denounced the Bill, and also sided with the Duke. But at the close of the debate, to his surprise the opposition was withdrawn and the Bill passed as submitted. Meeting the Scottish Representative Peer in the tea-room later, he asked why he had withdrawn his opposition, whereupon he was told that the intervention of the English peer into a Scottish measure settled it. "We'll teach him," was the reply, "to mind his own —— business." "Ah," said Lord Morrison, "we're a' John Tamson's bairns!"

In a parting word of thanks Lord Morrison said he happened to be chairman of the greatest football club in England! Tottenham Hotspurs!—(Oh, and hear, hear)—and when the agitation about the Coronation Stone was at its height, he facetiously suggested that to settle the matter, the greatest football club in England might play the greatest club in Scotland—the Hibs. The idea was adopted, and the Spurs went to Scotland, played the match, which resulted in a draw 1–1. At the dinner in the evening he (Lord Morrison) was speaking intelligently, he thought, and admitted that his plan had gone phut, and the Stone problem still remained. "In the middle of my speech," said Lord Morrison, "a gentleman got up and exclaimed, 'Excuse me, sir, but may I suggest that you keep the Stone, and we'll keep your goalkeeper'!" (Loud laughter and applause.)

TO THE OFFICIALS: A TRIBUTE IN SCOTS.

In proposing the toast, "The Honorary Officers of the Society," the President said that one of the great delights of being President was that it brought one into closer touch with the honorary officers, and that contact brought a warm appreciation of their qualities. You will remember that, at the previous meeting, he had mentioned the association our Historian had with that great philologist, Prof. Peter Giles, Master of Emmanuel, in 1920, " to devise a method for preserving from entire destruction the language in which the mentality of the Lowland Scot can best be expressed." Mr Will urged the use of classical Scots in the schools.

Now, thirty years after, they have had their reward, in a measure, for in a booklet, *English in Secondary Schools*, published by the Stationery Office, Edinburgh, the Scottish Education Department have authorised the introduction to pupils of a vernacular classic of the order of *Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk*. This vernacular classic opens with a description of a journey in a " cairt " by Johnny Gibb from his farm at Gushetneuk to the " walls " at Macduff.

As a small tribute to the work accomplished by our worthy Historian on behalf of the vernacular, I would like you to-night to visualise the Caledonian Society of London as " Johnny Gibb's cairt," ready to start for Macduff, and manned by the honorary office-bearers of the Society.

You will remember that the story opens by Johnny Gibb observing, " Heely, heely, Tam, ye glaiket stirk, ye hinna on the hin shelvin o' the cairt." The matter of the hin shelvin having been attended to, if you now glance forward you will see mounted on the " forebreist " the Hon. Historian, William Will, himsel' a veritable Johnny Gibb, wise, pawky, and kindly, " haudin' the rines." It's over forty years since I first knew the Hon. Historian, and all that time he has been holding the reins and doing his best in helping to guide Scottish life in London, and with the passing years his hands fashioned for " haudin' rines " get finer and more delicate in their touch.

Attached to the " rines " held by the Hon. Historian are two of the beasts of burden puin' the cairt.

They are the Hon. Secretary, William M. Miller, and your President. While the Hon. Secretary can be represented as a fine Clydesdale champing at the bit, strong, well trained, and a willing worker, I am afraid that, " Like some aul' cairter's mear, I'm foonert o' the feet."

Certainly he is capable of pulling the Caledonian Society of London cairt by himself, whilst that is quite beyond my pooers.

You will remember that, during the session, Mr Miller went to Scotland for a short vacation. I can tell you now that during his absence the cart absolutely stuck. Your Historian tittit the rines. I pulled as manfully as I could. The Hon. Treasurer and the Hon. Auditor got out of the cairt and pushed, but to no avail: and then the Hon. Secretary returned from Scotland, got into his harness, and away we went as merrily as before, sitting on a "cauf seck" ahint the Hon. Historian and the Hon. Treasurer, David Houston. Ever since I have known him I have had a great affection for that kindly man, and I was delighted when he accepted office in my presidency. If I were asked who I would like to be, I would answer at once: I would like to be a small boy again, and I would like to have David Houston for a grandfather.

I was a little scared to ask the Hon. Auditor, Walter B. Morison, to come into the cairt, because, prior to my closer association with him in the Society, I had rather an inferiority complex towards him, the reason being that we have, on more than one occasion, arrived together " in the kilt " at the annual festival of the Royal Scottish Corporation, I with quite a gweed conceit o' masel; but when I saw Walter B. Morison in his glitterin' gear, his Highland cloak and bonnet, I knew that I was in the presence of a real Highland chief—a veritable Cock o' the North, and that I was only a bonnet laird. I have learned to value my association with this kindly, courteous gentleman. (Applause.) The toast was coupled with the name of Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary.

A CRITICAL HON. SECRETARY.

Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Secretary, replying for the officials, said :

Never until to-night have I realised the extraordinary versatility and astonishing attainments of the honorary office-bearers. Now, after listening to the President's allegorical allusions, his similes and his imagery, I can see on the bill of the next Bertram Mills's Circus, " The Two Williams in their amazing equestrian act, 'Horse Sense'." I can anticipate an article in *The Tailor and Cutter* on " Sartorial Elegance," by that inimitable fashion designer, Beau Morison ! I can even expect a lecture at the Old Boys' Training College on " How to become a benevolent grandfather," by that idol of the kindergarten, Pop Houston ! We office-bearers ought to be grateful to the President for allowing us, in a brilliant analysis of our characters and qualities, to see ourselves as others see us.

Although you might not appreciate it from the President's jovial recital, you should understand that it is a solemn thing to be an honorary office-bearer of this Society. But while we would not be human if at times we did not find our responsibilities irksome, I will admit that some of us might feel even more solemn if we were out of office. We are, in fact, rather like the Scottish parlourmaid who, after long years of faithful service, announced to her employer that she was leaving to be married. Her mistress, knowing how this would increase her burdens, said to her, " I hope you realise, Jeanie, that it is a very solemn thing to be married." " Aye, ma'am," was the reply, " but it's a much more solemn thing *no* to be married."

To you, Brother Caledonians, may I express my appreciation of your co-operation during this session. You have improved in sending in your dinner acceptances, although a few of you still subscribe only to three of the words of our Caledonian Honours. You believe fervently in " taking your time," but you have not yet learned that you should " take it from here." One of your Past-Presidents has evolved a subtle technique to cover *his* tardiness. Never more than three days late, he now always prefaces his telephone message with the words, " The late Mr So-and-So speaking." Thus he enlists my sympathy before I can voice my protest, at the same time emphasising that Caledonians are immortal.

The honorary office-bearers again thank you, Mr President, for your generous commendation and offer to you, Brother Caledonians, their gratitude for your kindly reception of the toast. (Applause.)

A new member, Mr David Fulton, was received by the President.

The musical programme was in the hands of Mr J. C. M. Campbell, who, needless to say, gave Highland

and Lowland songs with perfect voice and faithful interpretation. Mr Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M., ably accompanied.

Before Pipe-Major Robertson gave his selection, the President explained that one of the pieces, titled "Col. L. Duncan Bennett," was composed as a compliment to our Past-President, by Pipe-Major Turnbull of the London Scottish, and now in charge of piping at the Royal Caledonian Schools.

A SUCCESSFUL LADIES' NIGHT.

At the Ladies' Night, which closed the social work of the Session, a large company was received by the President and Mrs Abernethy. The Festival was held on Thursday, 17th April, 1952, at the Rembrandt Hotel, Thurloe Place, South Kensington.

The President, from the chair, gave the loyal toasts, which were pledged with great heartiness.

THE SOCIETY'S PERSISTENCE.

The President offered the toast customary at this spring dinner, "The Caledonian Society of London." After welcoming the guests, and particularly the ladies on this, the Ladies' Night, Mr Abernethy said that the Hon. Secretary had advised him that for this toast he required a theme. Well, as he had no time to develop a theme, he would like to present some unrelated instances of continuity, or to use the word persistence so greatly beloved by the Hon. Historian when dealing with the continuity of his beloved vernacular.

Of the objects of the Society, said the President, here is our second rule :

> "The objects of the Society shall be the advancement of Scottish National and Philanthropic Interests, and the Promotion of Good Fellowship among Scotsmen in London. Among the means to secure these objects shall be the support of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools,

and the holding in London of social gatherings, including an annual festival, to all of which social gatherings guests may be invited."

As evidence of our continuing loyalty to the Crown, the following extract was read from a minute of the Society in January, 1841—one hundred and ten years ago: "The Health of our Gracious Queen, on being proposed by the Chairman, was received with enthusiastic loyalty, and drunk with all befitting honours, the band playing 'God Save the Queen'." That minute might easily refer to the no less loyalty and enthusiasm with which the toast of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth was received to-night.

In this Society, the President continued, we are exceptionally fortunate in having the "Chronicles" as a rich record of the maintenance of the objects of the Society throughout the long years that the Society has functioned.

One of the objects, as you have just heard, is the support of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, and as only one example of that support, I may mention that, during the last thirty years, the Society and its members have contributed over £30,000 to the Royal Scottish Corporation.

From the "Chronicles" we learn how members of the Society have, in their generation played their part in the affairs of their day. In this connection let me tell you that in recent months three of our members have taken part in "London Town," a television programme. Mr Miller represented the Royal Scottish Corporation. Mr Walter B. Morison was in the story of the Stock Exchange; and Mr Duncan Macmillan appeared in the intricacies of Lloyds. Also on television a few weeks ago was our Pipe-Major, J. B. Robertson, M.B.E., playing himself to victory in a piping competition from which he emerged champion of champions, with the prize pipe banner, the blue ribbon of piping. (Applause.)

So far I have thought of continuity with "time" as our factor. May I, in conclusion, invite you to consider continuity as a "personality" factor.

From the patriarchs of the Society—and I trust Lord Alness and Mr William Will will not take exception to my description of them—down to our very newest member, a civilian *esprit de corps* exists, which is witnessed by the newest member concluding his two minutes speech with these words, "I pray that God may grant me grace to be a worthy member of this sterling company of Scotsmen," giving the high hope that we may look forward with confidence to our continuing tradition.

Remembering that it has been said that the Caledonian Society of London is *not* a "here's tae us, wha's like us" society, I am afraid my simple pride in it has dug a pit for myself, but I am unrepentant. It is perfectly true that we scorn publicity, but I think at this annual festival and family party, we may take pride in the maintenance of our tradition and in the great expectation that our younger members will also maintain these traditions and "bear them on high when to them the torch we throw." (Loud applause.)

Vice-President J. R. Steele, in proposing the toast, "The Guests," said he would like to have the command of language possessed by Brother Caledonian Lord Alness, and his perfection of phraseology, to enable him to do justice to this important toast. They had many distinguished men and women as their guests that evening, among them Lady Noble and Mrs J. B. Rintoul, the latter of whom would reply for the ladies. They had also Major Knowles, C.B.E., whom we shall hear in response to this toast. Sir Gordon Ferguson, M.C., chairman of Ocean Coal & Wilsons; Professor Wall, Middlesex Hospital; the Mayor and Mayoress of West Ham; and Rev. F. R. Mitchell, an old friend. The members of the Society had always prided themselves on their hospitality, and regretted that it was not possible to-day to provide as generous fare as in pre-war days. They had given their guests a five-course dinner that night, which was the best that they could offer in these days of modified austerity. There was a great deal of truth in the lines written by Richard Cambridge:

> What is the worth of anything
> But for the happiness 'twill bring.

Happiness was one of the most acceptable gifts that could be presented to anyone. The members at their meetings derived much happiness in each other's society, and it was their desire to create the same happy atmosphere for all their guests. It was said by Max Beerbohm that "Mankind is divisible into two great classes—hosts and guests."

One of the great joys of life was in giving hospitality, and, it might also be said, of receiving hospitality, for the guests of to-day would be the hosts of to-morrow.

At all their meetings it was a great pleasure to the members to entertain their guests. The heartiest of welcomes was extended to all of them and on this particular occasion it was a special pleasure to welcome the ladies.

A LADY'S MEMORIES.

Mrs J. B. Rintoul, in replying to the toast, said :

When your President, last year as Vice-President, threw out a challenge that there should be a feminine infiltration of your Toast List at the annual festival, little did I dream that I should be invited by him to take up that challenge. This I do, greatly daring, and fully conscious of my limitations, but the deciding factor lay in this : I thought how proud my husband would have been, and I go further, and venture to say with greatest reverence, how proud he is, that his old friend, James Abernethy, should have honoured me with this invitation, and in a circle that he loved so well.

I need not remind members of this Society that this peaceful penetration of the feminine gender, although it has been in abeyance for about fifteen years, is by no means a precedent. I speak as an eye-witness when I go back to 1927, when Her Grace the Duchess of Atholl responded to this toast ; to 1928, when Miss M'Leod, the daughter of a sometime Secretary and President of this Society, Mr James F. M'Leod, occupied this position ; to 1935, when Miss Florence Horsbrugh, now Minister of Education, adorned this toast ; and in 1937, when the Viscountess Dunedin was in the same happy position. I was present on all those occasions, but I have not trusted alone to my memory : I consulted the " Chronicles " to verify the facts. And how I have revelled in those " Chronicles " ! What a constant panorama of personalities passed before my vision ! and how I re-lived those many brilliant festivals of the past, brought to life by the magic pen of your Honorary Historian, Mr William Will.

Your President has shown all the canniness of the Scot (and an Aberdeenshire man at that) in arranging this toast. He has safeguarded his experiment with a dual reply, and, I am honoured in being associated with Major T. Knowles, C.B.E., who will, I am sure, fill in the gaps and gather together the loose ends, which my woman's brain fails to bring into a logical sequence.

I will confine my remarks to the lady guests, and in doing so, I speak for the larger part of this great gathering, for every lady is a guest, while a large proportion of the gentlemen are members of the Society, and my first duty is to thank Mr Steele for the very generous welcome he has given to the lady guests. I think we feel specially important at this festival dinner, because, after an interval of fifty years, we have a Queen upon the throne of this vast Empire. It is a historical fact that this country has achieved its greatest heights under our queens. Let us take a casual glance at the position of women under them.

When Elizabeth I came to the throne, women had emerged from the Middle Ages, where, according to a brother Scot, Mr Keir Hardie, they lived a half angel, half idiot existence, the plaything, the possession, or the slave of man. Elizabeth had no great place for women, she embodied in her own personality, the full range of women's charms and potentialities, and preferred boy friends—her Leicester, her Essex, and her Raleigh. (I must confess I rather sympathise with her choice.)

Anne, on the other hand, showed a preference for girl friends : Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough ; Abigail Hill, afterwards Lady

Masham—and these two women shaped the policy of Queen Anne's reign. Whether it was that women's influence at Court brought them into greater significance, certainly the eighteenth century saw the beginning of women's development politically, socially, intellectually and artistically.

Then we come to the tranquillity and calm of Victoria's reign, when this Society was born, and in the peaceful atmosphere of the times it was the first society to conceive the laudable idea of inviting ladies to its banquets. Does this account for its splendid record and achievements? The first ripple on the surface of Victorian social serenity was caused by the work of Florence Nightingale, and the consequent rise of the career woman, a ripple that has continued to move in ever-widening circles, until the position of woman to-day has changed out of all recognition with that of her Victorian sister.

And what shall we say of Elizabeth II? (I trust here I am wounding no one's susceptibilities!) I think we might well apply the poet's description:

She with all the charm of woman
She with all the breadth of man.

a description which might be equally well applied to Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, whose influence and training the daughter has so splendidly absorbed. I have the temerity to suggest that I think our Queen's attitude of mind to the relationship between men and women would be in sympathy with the lines expressed in Tennyson's "Princess":

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
If she be small, slight-natur'd, miserable,
How shall men grow?

I have a tremendous admiration for the career woman, for the magnificent contribution she is making to public life, but I cherish the Victorian ideal, call it Victorian sentimentality if you will:

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world,

for in this lies the beating heart of a nation's greatness.

In conclusion I would like to say that I am sure every Caledonian here believes with Robert Burns that the highest domestic bliss is:

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life,

and I am equally sure that so long as you continue to invite us to your festival dinners, wives and sweethearts will leave you to enjoy your monthly dinners as the close preserve of the male. (Loud applause.)

Major Tom Knowles, C.B.E., also replied for the guests. He warmly complimented Mrs Rintoul on her gracious and fluent speech, and said he noticed, with concern, that this was the first time in his experience that the ladies had not the last word. He wondered why he, a Yorkshireman, had been asked to reply to the toast, but he remembered at least one instance of the difficulty of distinguishing between a native of one country and another. A circus gorilla had died on trek in the Highlands, and had been found by some natives, who, trying to identify the corpse, decided that it was neither a Macdonald nor a Campbell. A visit to the big hoose, however, was suggested, for there they might establish the fact that it was one of the English guests! (Laughter.)

Major Knowles told his audience that he had received hospitality, both genuine and otherwise, in many parts of the world, and he was going to remember this example of Scottish hospitality for many a long day. He was reminded of the Scottish minister who carefully prepared a sermon which he was to deliver as a visiting minister. He was so successful that he was asked to preach again in the evening, and he realised that he had said all that he had to say. With great deliberation he stood in the pulpit in the evening, and, taking out his teeth, delivered his morning sermon once again, with satisfactory results. The point of my story is that when one wishes to talk of Scottish hospitality, so much has been truly said, that there is little more that can be added, even without teeth. (Laughter.)

Commenting on the enthusiasm among their own folk, Major Knowles said he appreciated the privilege, to quote the words of a previous president, of "coming home to Scotland with you for an hour or two."

Of his friend, the Hon. Secretary, the speaker said he travelled daily with him on the way to London, and "while the rest of his fellow-travellers may be reading of sport, finance, or politics, your honorary secretary is carefully studying obituary notices in the hope of finding that someone had left in his will suitable funds for his precious Royal Scottish Corporation. (Loud laughter and applause.)

Dr Scott Toasts the President.

Past-President Rev. Dr Scott gave the toast, "The President." He spoke of the fact that Mr Abernethy was a product of the Buchan district of Aberdeenshire. He was born in the agricultural village of Strichen, and was educated at Macduff under one of those fine old Scottish dominies who made the complete education of their pupils their whole life's work. Mr Abernethy was apprenticed to a chemist in Turriff, and later joined chemist firms in Edinburgh and London. In this home of his adoption he joined the firm that produced the health-giving beverage Ovaltine. He had, said Dr Scott, joined Ovaltine for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, but whether he had been loyal to its soporific influence, and still drank it, he (the speaker) knew not. However, something was responsible for his healthy countenance and his equally healthy speech, and his obvious love of the doric, which had charmed them all. The President during his year of office had added to the prestige of the Caledonian Society; he had enriched them all by his conduct in the chair, and by the wonderful Sentiment which had been presented every month. The President had not been like the minister who had been asked to fill a pulpit in the absence of the regular incumbent. He mounted the pulpit with an air of great confidence, but everything seemed to go wrong, and in a spirit of dejection he crawled down the pulpit steps, and in the vestry asked the beadle why everything went wrong. "Weel," said the beadle, "if ye'd gien up the pu'pit stairs as ye cam doon, ye'd hae come doon as ye gied up!" (Laughter.) Well, concluded Dr Scott, our President had conducted himself in his office in a manner that would have pleased the beadle, and to-night ends his term of office in blaze of glory. (Applause.) Under Mr Abernethy they had devoted an hour to Scotland, and as Major Knowles had said, they had left the great city with all its bustle, and had spent an hour at home, inspired and strengthened. (Loud applause.)

The President replied feelingly.

It was a great delight to him that Dr Scott had proposed their thanks to him, and had spoken of him so graciously—so flatteringly. "In my younger days, when Queen Victoria rested on Deeside, her homeliness and graciousness was celebrated by a local poet, who wrote some verses that became famous. The theme, 'She noddit to me,' was the delight of an auld body to whom Her Majesty noddit when passing her old cottage. Well, Dr Scott has been my comfort. I felt all was well when he just noddit to me."

If his session had been a success he had to thank their honorary secretary, Mr Miller, who had grudged no time and had not spared even the President! (Laughter.) He again thanked, on behalf of himself and his wife, the members for their compliments that night. (Applause.)

During the evening the Past-Presidents, Mr William Will, Lord Alness, Mr John M. Swan, Dr Stewart Hunter, Colonel Bennett, and Rev. Dr Scott, saluted the President, and amid applause, the gold badge of the Society was pinned on the breast of the immediate Past-President, Rev. Dr Scott, by Mrs Abernethy.

Miss Elizabeth Dall sang with perfect feeling four Scots songs, " John Anderson," " The Road to the Isles," " An Eriskay Love Lilt," and " Whistle and I'll come to you,"

Pipe-Major Robertson, M.B.E., besides playing " The Caledonian Society of London " Strathspey, gave as his selection " The Maids of Kintail," " Lady Mackenzie of Fairburn," " Jenny dang the Weaver," and " The green hills of Tyrol."

" Auld Lang Syne " closed a successful Ladies' Night.

Obituary.

JAMES MACDONALD.

A life member, who joined the Society in 1921, became a member of the Council in 1924–1925, and died in November, 1951.

Mr MacDonald was unable to attend meetings regularly, but was a loyal Caledonian to the end of his thirty years' membership.

WILLIAM MILN, *Past-President.*

It was in 1920 that Mr Miln became a member of the Society ; he was elected a member of the Council in 1922–1923, and was promoted to the Presidency in 1934–1935. Until a few years ago, when serious illness overtook him, he was an energetic worker in Scottish affairs in London, the Royal Scottish Corporation, and the Royal Caledonian Schools, as well as our own Society sharing his time and advice.

Mr Miln, coming as he did from Scottish farming stock, naturally as a young man became interested in the food trade, to which he added a close interest in the wine business. He served several large firms, and ultimately at Harrods he became controller of the food, liquor, drug, cigar, and catering sections. In consequence of this position he travelled all over the world.

Mr Miln died in June, 1952, and at his funeral at Golders Green the Society was represented by Mr W. Miller, Hon. Secretary, and others.

In an address by the Rev. Mr McIntyre, St Columba's (who took the service in the absence from London of Past-President Rev. Dr Scott), spoke of the valuable work which Mr Miln had done for Scotland, and of his generosity in the causes which he supported.

Past-President Dr C. STEWART HUNTER.

The death of this popular Past-President (1947–1948), on 27th August, 1952, was a serious blow to the Society. Dr Stewart Hunter had a spectacular career, which is fully chronicled on pages 57 to 61 and 108 and 109 of this volume. He took up the work of the presidency with his wonderful enthusiasm ; and he left his determined mark on the Society's work.

The funeral took place to Streatham Vale Cemetery, and was attended by the President and the Hon. Secretary. Rev. Dr Scott conducted the service, and spoke feelingly of the value of the life of their departed friend.

At the Annual Meeting, on 7th November, 1952, Mr James Abernethy, the retiring President, referred to their friend's death as a great loss to the Society, and spoke feelingly to a resolution of sympathy with the family.

At the opening meeting of Session 1952–1953, Mr J. R. Steele, the new President, spoke of our great loss, and later in the session, in welcoming to membership Mr R. H. Hunter, the son of our deceased Past-President, Mr Steel took further opportunity of referring to the Society's loss by the death of a great Caledonian and affectionate parent, whose life in the interest of humanity brought credit to the land of his birth.

DUNCAN MUNRO YOUNG.

With tragic suddenness one of our youngest brethren died in June, 1952. He joined the Society in 1951. Mr Young had, only a week previous to his death, completed his term of presidency of the Burns Club of London, in which position he had rendered valuable service.

In private life he was engaged in the building industry, he having been a member of a firm of builders' merchants. Mr Young was a member of an Edinburgh family.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS:
AFTER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN YEARS.

Seven years of the history of the Caledonian Society of London—1945–1952—have, naturally, taken their toll of the membership; and in those years no fewer than twenty-five members, eight of them former presidents, passed to their rest.

All of them have made their contributions to the work of the Scottish charities which we have bound ourselves to support; all of them have added to the good repute of our native land in the capital of the Auld Enemy; or as William Dunbar, Scottish national poet, apostrophised it 450 years ago: "London, thou art the flower of Cities all."

These Chronicles, we hope, will satisfy members in two periods: first those who will now read the pages; and second, future generations of Caledonians who will find in the book what manner of men carried on the affairs of the Society after 115 years of its existence.

We, the present members, would be lacking in our duty if we did not anticipate with confidence the favourable verdict of our successors.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

FOUNDED 1837.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

1945–1946

President—John M. Swan.
Vice-President—T. Atholl Robertson, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.(Scot.).
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John Macmillan.

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R. S. Kennedy.
Alexander MacDonald.
William Miln.

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T. M. Stephen, J.P.
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John McLaren, M.I.M.E., M.I.Nav.A.
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David Boyd.
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Foster Brown.
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Lachlan Campbell.
W. S. Cobb.
William Harvie.

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John Crighton.
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John M. Swan.
Dr C. Stewart Hunter, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.
A. W. Russell.

Elected Members.

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G. S. Bonnyman.
R. G. Davidson.
William Harvie.
Robert Jardine.
John A. Gemmell.
William McClymont.
Ian McPherson, M.D.
J. Murray Napier.
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James R. Steele.
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Alexander MacDonald.
William Miln.
Sir Murdoch MacDonald, K.C.M.G., C.B.
James Thomson, F.R.S.E.
Rt. Hon. Lord Alness, P.C., G.B.E.
John M. Swan.
Dr C. Stewart Hunter, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.
A. W. Russell.
Col. L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D.

Elected Members.

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W. G. Gray.
William Harvie.
Robert Jardine.
John A. Gemmell.
William McClymont.
A. R. McFarlane.
E. D. Macmillan.
Donald Munro.
J. Murray Napier.
Alexander Robertson.
William Scott.
James R. Steele.
D. Macrae Stewart, M.A., M.B.
C. M. Stirling.

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Hon. Treasurer—David Houston.
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Hon. Historian—Past-President William Will, C.B.E.
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1951–1952

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Alexander MacDonald, C.B.E.
William Miln.
Sir Murdoch MacDonald, K.C.M.G., C.B.
James Thomson, F.R.S.E.
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A. W. Russell.
Col. L. Duncan Bennett, O.B.E., M.C., T.D.
Rev. Robert F. V. Scott, D.D.

Elected Members.

John R. Aldridge.
William Dalgarno.
R. G. Davidson.
John A. Gemmell.
W. G. Gray.
William Harvie.
Robert Jardine.
Dr Ian McPherson.
Donald Munro.
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William Ramsay.
Alexander Robertson.
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