

The Chanter



Newsletter

Mid-Quarter Extra

April 2020



The Nottingham Scottish Association

Honorary Patron Sir Andrew Buchanan Bt. KCVO KStJ

President's Page



I trust that everyone is well and surviving the isolation - hopefully normality will be reintroduced soon.

The last month has been very strange. In the future we will all have lots of conversations about what we did during our lock down. Apart from walks, Sue and I haven't been out of the house or garden since the 17th of March. Thanks to David for providing the Quiz to keep us all amused.

As you will know, all Association activity has been suspended, but, as soon as the lock down is ended, I will work hard with Council to get everything rearranged. We did consider using Zoom, one of the online conferencing programmes, to hold a virtual AGM, but decided that it might be a bit difficult to manage. If you have been using one of them you will perhaps understand why we made that decision. The fact that not everybody has a bookcase to sit in front of, as witnessed on many TV interviews done at home and online, was the biggest influencing factor.

It is with great sadness that I have to mention the loss of local businesses as a result of COVID-19. A bra manufacturer has gone bust, a submarine company has gone under, a manufacturer of food blenders has gone into liquidation, a dog kennel has had to call in the retrievers and a company supplying paper for origami enthusiasts has folded. The local strip club has gone tits up, Interflora is pruning its business and Dyno rod has gone down the drain. The saddest news of all is that our local ice cream van man was found dead, covered in nuts and raspberry sauce. Apparently, he couldn't take it anymore and topped himself.

Listening to the radio as I write this, it would appear that the lock down may continue for a few more weeks, I hope you are able, like Sue and I, to get out for a walk and are staying fit and well. We're looking forward to seeing you all soon. I have the Indoor Kurling kit booked for President's Night, which I will try to make happen as soon as possible, when normality returns. It may take a while, as we will have to see what available dates there are for the Hall and the equipment.

Kind regards

Don

Ed. Thanks to Sue, Andrew and Don for their contributions to this issue

From the Editor



I know that some of our members have had (or think they may have had) the Coronavirus, and others have close family and friends who have been affected. It's a harrowing time for all of us. My thoughts go out to everyone, especially to those of you who live alone and are desperately missing any human contact and the social gatherings we are all used to.

So, I decided to produce this Mid-Quarter Issue of The Chanter to help fill a few moments in the long days. There **will** be the odd mention of the current situation but I'm sure you're all ready for some different news.

My father died just over twenty years ago at age ninety-two. I was the third of his four daughters and we had all thought of him as the linchpin and Patriarch of the family. He died in 1999, with eight grandchildren and nine great grandchildren - along with several nieces and nephews and their progeny. Dad had always been proud to be a Lindsay, as were all four daughters. He was disappointed that the Lindsay name would not be handed down the line but was pleased that a great niece and a great granddaughter were given Lindsay as their first name. There are now a further eight children and another generation to add to the family tally and the ages of the group span more than seventy years. I am the eldest surviving member, and it occurred to me just recently that I could think of myself as the Matriarch of the family! In that role I sent a message last week to each of them, along with a reminder of the Lindsay clan motto. It's one which we should all take to heart during these difficult times, so I have shared my clan crest with you on the title page of this issue.

Endure Fort –Stay strong

The lack of events taking place will mean a dearth of write-ups for the regular June issue of The Chanter, so I'm hoping that at least a few of you will feel moved to send me some articles of interest, particularly if they have a Scottish slant. Submissions, to reach me by mid-May, can be sent by post to The Chanter, 13 Haileybury Crescent, West Bridgford, NG2 7BH, or attached to an email to chanter@nottinghamscottish.org

Christine Oldfield



**under
The Nottingham Scottish
Association**

Have you been participating in the ‘clapping’?

Some chose to clap, some to clatter pots and pans, some to play the pipes and other musical instruments, some sang. But one of Scotland’s major manufacturing and petrochemical companies did something a bit different.

Ineos, based at Grangemouth, just alongside the Forth Bridge, sent out their tugs to show their *“support and gratitude to our NHS, and all the dedicated and committed keyworkers who continue to work and deliver vital services during this unprecedented period.”*



If you have not yet completed and submitted your Membership Renewal Form and paid your annual fees, please do so NOW!

Thank you!

Future Events

As soon as restrictions are lifted for everyone, you will be kept aware of any events the Association is able to hold. Meantime, keep your eye on the website and the Facebook page for suggestion for keeping yourselves occupied and entertained. And, if you go out, remember that 2m is a long way - over 6ft 6in. Keep your distance and stay safe.

Walk from Strelley Hall

Wednesday 4th March

A non-superstitious band of thirteen hardy walkers assembled at the Mulberry Tree café at Strelley Hall to fortify ourselves with coffee before braving the mud that Dave had warned us about. He'd advised us to wear boots, but waders might have been more appropriate.



The weather on the day was fine, but there was still plenty of mud. In one place, small planks had been laid to help walkers over particularly bad patches. Our president fearlessly led the way, but, oddly, not everyone fancied the balancing act. However, the long way round definitely looked trickier.

At a kissing gate, one of the front 'runners' stepped confidently through and found that the mud was deeper than their boots. The rest of us climbed the fence, using a wide variety of approaches, few of them elegant.

We ended as usual (though rather grubbier than we had set out), meeting up with the non-walkers for a welcome lunch back at the Mulberry Tree.

Sue Morrison

From *The Scotsman*

On 13th April a pod of killer whales was spotted off Yell in the Shetland Islands, before surfacing in Thurso Bay on the north coast of Scotland. Conservationists think the reduced traffic, as a result of the lockdown, is encouraging the orcas to explore new areas.

North Sea Gas Concert

North Sea Gas returned to the Boat and Horses in Beeston on Friday 6th March and played a great set for an enthusiastic audience. A group of Nottingham Scottish members, along with friends from the Beeston U3A, had a thoroughly enjoyable evening listening, clapping and singing along.

Most of the songs were taken from the band's most recent album '*Hearth and Homeland*' with a sprinkling of old favourites thrown in. They opened with a rousing Jacobite anthem, '*Wha wouldna fecht for Charlie?*' dating



back to at least the early 19th Century. '*The Jolly Beggarman*' is another song with a history. It tells the tale of a nobleman who, in the guise of a beggar (or gaberlunzieman), seduces and leaves a farmer's daughter. It is thought the song is based on the life of James V who was known

to travel Scotland in disguise and calling himself the 'Gudeman of Ballengeich' – and he did have an eye for the lassies!

'*The Fields O'Rosslyn*' tells the story of the 1303 battle in which a small Scottish army, led by John Comyn and inspired by a vision of a fiery cross, destroyed three divisions of an English army in one of the bloodiest battles of the Wars of Independence. The fact that John 'the Red' Comyn was later murdered by Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, may explain why this battle has been largely forgotten!

We also enjoyed the band's version of '*Ye Banks and Braes*', '*Caledonia*' and several others. The evening finished with '*Loch Lomond*' which had us all joining in a great finale. We'll look forward to their return!

Andrew Morrison

Sir Henry Lauder (1870 – 1950)

Harry Lauder, as he was known, was a Scottish singer and comedian. He was, along with Robert Wilson, one of my father's favourite singers and I inherited some of his songs on vinyl. They were transferred to cassette tape, then to CD and are now on MP3 – and sounding rather crackly. I felt moved the other day when my 'random play' function came up with *Keep Right on to the End of the Road* and thought you might like to hear it too. Copy and paste this link into your search engine and listen to a slightly less crackly version: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=go6PFNhLzr8>

Six Nations Rugby 2020

With several matches of the tournament still on hold, Scotland occupy third position, on 10 points, behind England and France, each with 13 points. Whatever happens, there will be no Grand Slam. The reason is shown below, as “*France's best chance in a decade to pull that off was ruined at Murrayfield by a stellar Scottish performance.*” (Telegraph).

Sunday 8th March

Six Nations - Yesterday				Full time
	28	-	17	
Scotland				France

Scots, Scottish, Scotch

You may not be confused about the correct use of these words, but there are some people who certainly are – particularly, but not only, Americans. Even when the sentiment is well meant, how it grates when you hear a sentence like *Don't you really love the Scotch people.*

English dictionaries confirm that all three terms have been used, in the past, to mean 'of Scotland or its people' with *Scots* traditionally referring to the language of Lowland Scotland. It is generally accepted now that *Scotch* should only be a description of an item or product. An article in The Irish News in February 2018 says: “*For the people of Scotland, the term Scots or Scottish must be used*”. It goes on to list six times when it's OK to



use the word Scotch – Scotch egg, Scotch broth, Scotch whisky and Scotch pie along with Scotch bonnet and Scotch Corner.



Of course, there are others - Scotch mist, Scotch bluebell, Scotch pine, to pick but a few. How many more can you think of?

Merriam-Webster's Thesaurus (A US publication) is in full agreement and encourages any Americans taking part in, say, a Burn's Supper, to be especially careful of what they say. They offer a “*short mnemonic*” to aid in the understanding of the difference between the words.

“If you do not speak Scots, you may ask your Scottish host for a drink of Scotch whisky.”

Murder Mystery

Saturday 14th March

Sitting writing this morning, I'm feeling guilty, as Christine asked me a while ago. It's also strange that the event was a month ago, a couple of days before Sue and I went into self-isolation, as many others also did.

Back to the mystery night. What a fantastic evening it was, produced by Sylvia and enacted by eight Nottingham Scottish Thespians.

Driving to Mapperley Golf Club, guided by your Sat Nav, you wonder if it has taken you to the wrong place. Then right at the bottom of the hill you see the clubhouse. No cars parked, again you wonder, then around the back you find them. Walking into the club is also a bit strange, a room full of strangers, looking at you, saying nothing. But a couple of strides later you see a familiar figure, Andrew dressed in a pair of overalls. Just beyond him, you find about forty friendly faces, waiting for the start. Sylvia gave a short introduction, explained the format of the evening and the action began.



Vic Tim the owner of the local Bingo Hall has come up with a scheme to attract more customers. It includes a large cash prize. But things are not going to plan. When Mike Raphone arrives to set things up, he finds that the lighting system isn't working correctly. Vic can't be found, and after a discussion, staff members go and look for him. Sadly, Vic is found dead, at which point the first course of the meal is served.



In the next scene there is much conversation about what had happened, who saw Vic last and what was his relationship with Jay Cloth. Emery Cloth

cut his finger but fortunately Penny Cillin had a supply of tablets and plasters purchased from eBay. Crowds were gathering outside, so Ima Copper arrived to see what was going on. This again was fortunate as she had a torch, which was used to find and fix the lighting issue.

As the drama continues Kate Erring questions the cleaning ability of Jay Cloth, whose relationship with her husband Emery, Del Livery and Vic is discussed. During this discussion Emery is found dead, with a large screwdriver sticking out of his back. Next to meet an untimely end is Del Livery. Ima Copper begins investigating and Penny Cillin hands out some more of her eBay medications. Mike Raphone is concerned as his plan to fix the Bingo machine to his advantage is not working out.

After we ate our puddings, Sylvia collected all the whodunnit forms that diners had been filling in during the evening's entertainment. Who killed who? You will have to ask Jay Cloth and Penny Cillin when you next meet them.

Everybody agreed it was a very good evening, great production, great actors, food and drink. A big thanks to all involved, who I know worked hard on their costumes and lines.

Don Pringle



Scottish Country Dancing

We managed to get two sessions of dancing in at the start of March and preparations for the Festival were going well. That, understandably, was eventually cancelled.

The Festival, of course, was to feature the dance *20-20 Vision* (or what we have come to call '*Andrew's Dance*'). As the winning new dance from the ASCDS region we were proud that our own Andrew Morrison was the compiler. It is such a pity that it won't get the wide recognition it deserves.

It was also scheduled to be danced by the Kalamunda Scottish Country Dancing Group in Perth, Western Australia on the 19th March, (with me as the caller) but that fell by the wayside too. Hopefully, when things return to 'normal' that group will include it in one of their future programmes.

	Week 6	19/03/2020	
	Dance	Type	Caller
1	New Forrest Circle	R4x40	Melia
2	EH3 7AF	J8x32	Catherine
3	20-20 Vision	R8x32	Christine
4	Enchanted Garden	S8x32	Bill
5	Joie de Vivre	J8x32	Mark
6	Royal Deeside Railway, The	R8x32	Jan
7	Pelorus Jack	J8x32	Angela
8	Seattle Landing	S3x32	Rebecca
9	Swiss Lassie	R8x32	Teresa
10	Domino 5	R5x32	Robyn

Meantime, I hope you have all been taking up Andrew's suggestion of some virtual dancing with the help of YouTube. Don't wear out your lounge carpets!

And, for a bit of entertainment, cut and paste this link for *The Toilet Roll Reel* <https://www.facebook.com/RSCDS/videos/165409294534676/?t=0>

BBC Radio Scotland are also getting in on the act and are broadcasting a *Take The Floor Ceilidh*, live, from 5pm every Sunday evening for the foreseeable future. It gives you the chance to phone or email to ask for special requests and dedications, plus providing the opportunity to pick your favourite musicians and bands. You can tune in on 92 - 95 FM and 810 MW or via BBC Sounds.

Christine Oldfield

Poetry Page

TO A TATTIE

*Wee Vegetable of humble fayre,
In France you are a pomme de terre.
In Germany, it seems quite awful,
There you are known as a KARTOFFEL.
In Ireland, revered as a deity,
You're called a Murphy or a praity,
In England I've heard it said,
You're a spud or a King Ed.
But north of the border,
Home of the Scottie,
You're regarded with pride,
As a great wee tottie.
You may have other names it's true,
But originally you're from Peru.
Discovered by some plundering bands
And distributed to different lands.
Unaware of your potential,
With vital nutrients essential.
But very soon you took your part
In forms of culinary art,*

*Boiled, Mashed, Diced or Fried,
All forms experimental tried.
Your shape has taken many twists,
Cut ultra thin and fried as crisps.
Of course you can be powdered
And served up in a packet,
Or maybe take the other extreme
And cooked whilst in your jacket.
You've played your part in history,
When the blight caused quite a fray
And people left their homeland
To migrate to the U.S.A.
Many made their fortune
Finding gold in the river mud
Little realising ...
It was due to the Humble Spud.
So next time you are shopping,
Or when you arrange a table,
Just pause and reflect a moment
On this remarkable VEGETABLE*

Poem by Allan G. Stewart, 1995. Supplied by Rena Gold for publication in the Postie's Jig (RSCDS Perth, WA Branch) November 2019

The Demon Drink

by William McGonagall

If you are one of the many people who are eating and drinking far too much whilst in isolation, take heed. This is the last of 16 verses

Therefore, brothers and sisters, pause and think,
And try to abolish the foul fiend, Drink.
Let such Doctrine be taught in church and in school,
That the abolition of strong drink is the only Home Rule.

William McGonagall was born in 1825 of Irish parents. They had come to Ayrshire where his father established himself as a cotton weaver, and the family subsequently moved to Edinburgh where William, the poet, was born. A critic for the Times Literary Supplement once described him as:

*"A real genius, for he is the only truly
memorable bad poet in our language."*

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