

Calgary Claver

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Hello all.

Our Burns year is well underway, our first three meetings have been well attended and the entertainment has been excellent.

The papers by our Carnie Group have been presented in the most informative, engaging and evoking manor. The research by this group is evident in their submissions.

Thank you to all our members for your continued participation at our monthly meetings.

It is my pleasure to welcome our newest Associate Member, Andy Bennett. He has already joined the CBC Singers for Saturday morning practices and we look forward to the positive contribution he will give to the Club.

I am please to say we enjoyed a wonderful Saint Andrew's Celebration, with thanks to George Muir for his hard work and diligence in ensuring we all had a great time.

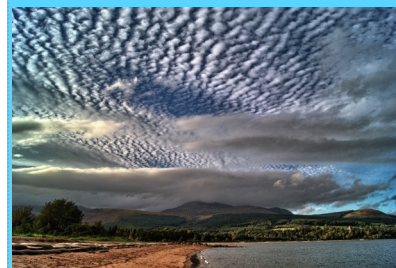
Arrangements are well underway for the main event of our season, our Annual Burns Dinner and are in the trusting and capable hands of our First V.P., Jim Hope-Ross.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Jim Hutchens

President

Calgary Burns club



1. Ellisland Farm
2. Kirkcudbright
3. October 3rd Calgary

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PAPA WESTRAY!

SCOTTISH FACT!

The **shortest scheduled flight** in the world is one-and-a-half miles long from Westray to Papa Westray in the Orkney Islands of Scotland. The journey takes 1 minute 14 seconds to complete.

BURNS SONG

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE (1789)

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But Woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind;
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O Woman lovely, Woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair-
I mean an angel mind.

RBWF PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (BILL NOLAN)



TRAVELLING WITH THE RBWF PRESIDENT

The arrival of the first falls of snow across parts of Scotland last week confirmed that winter is here. However, I was able to tell people that I should be regarded as an "old snow hand" for this year, having experienced an unseasonal snowfall in later September/early October during the first of my Presidential visits to Canada when I was in Calgary (which had snow) and Medicine Hat (which hadn't any).

In Calgary, I was looked after by Trekker Armstrong, whom I had met previously in Peebles in 2017, and I can never thank him and his family enough for the courtesy and kindness with which I was treated in their home and throughout my stay. On my first evening in town, Jim Hope-Ross, a most inspiring gentleman and a great lover of Burns and his works, hosted a dinner at the legendary Ranchmen's Club in Downtown Calgary where I was much impressed by the level of knowledge about Scotia's Bard that was evident within the room. These individuals, all long-serving members of the Calgary Burns Club, were clearly inspired by what they had learned about Burns and his writings from the late Dr Bob Carnie, as a result of which the Calgary Burns Club has continued to encourage literary research and discovery at a higher level than that to which many clubs could aspire. Not everyone attending Jim Hope-Ross's generous dinner was a member of the club's prestigious Carnie Group but I seemed to have passed muster by being invited to attend a Carnie Group, so called in memory of Dr Bob, meeting to be held in Tony Grace's home on the afternoon prior to my return to Scotland.

It was both an honour and a privilege for me to be allowed to participate in some serious discussion on Burns and his poems, songs and letters in the middle of an afternoon when with snow falling outside, we managed some serious debate that was helped along by a couple of generous whiskies from Tony's well-stocked drinks cabinet. This was a real eye-opener for me and, on my return to Scotland, I wrote on the RBWF website "To provide some ideas of how seriously they take Robert Burns and other Scottish literary figures in Calgary, you should visit their club website: www.calgaryburnsclub.com/bob-carnie-group.html There you will find a wide range of papers covering not only Burns and related interests of those times but also thoughtful papers on other Scottish writers and their work, including Sir Walter Scott, Robert Tannahill, James Boswell, James Macpherson and Thomas Carlyle." I have directed many others to your club's website which is very special as a source of opinion and information. The afternoon that I spent with the Carnie Group in Calgary certainly gave me a lot of food for thought.

That same evening, my last in Canada in 2018, was interrupted by what I saw as a blizzard but about which the locals simply shrugged their shoulders! However, it did curtail my reception and meeting with other members of The Calgary Burns Club in The Danish Club in Downtown Calgary but not before I had spoken to everyone present. In response to a question, I assured them that RBWF would become increasingly active in promoting itself as a globally-focussed company which, like Burns, would embrace the entire world. I probably shouldn't mention it but, like many others since then, the women of Calgary were clearly gob-smacked by the beauty of the Presidential Medal and Chain if not by the President! On the other hand, Security at Glasgow, Toronto, and Calgary Airports largely ignored the Chain even when it was mentioned to them and it never even raised an eyebrow among the x-ray screening teams.

The journey back to Trekker's lovely semi-rural home from Downtown Calgary was accompanied by really heavy snow and plummeting temperatures. The latter fell as low as -6C while the snow was lying in places to a depth of 9" to 10". Next morning, it took us over an hour to drive 15 miles to Calgary International Airport where "Airport Temporarily Closed" signs were to be seen everywhere. Eventually, it re-opened, all departing aircraft were duly de-iced including us, and we took off for Toronto where the local temperature was a surprisingly mellow 17C.

TRAVELLING WITH THE RBWF PRESIDENT (Continued)

The weather in general may not have been particularly warm during my first visit to Canada as RBWF President but the warmth of the welcome that I received in both Calgary and Medicine Hat could not have been greater. Fellowship and friendship, combined with a love of Scottish literature, are what makes the Robert Burns World Federation so significant and I hope that many of you will not only join the Federation via Calgary Burns Club but will also be encouraged to become Individual or Family Members of RBWF. I look forward to returning to Canada next May when I intend being present and taking part in the RBANA Annual Conference being held in Niagara Falls and hope to meet many of you again.

My only disappointment from my visit to Alberta last Fall was that Henry Cairney, originally from Irvine, was unable to be with us either in Calgary or in Medicine Hat as I was really looking forward to seeing him again following the Irvine Conference. My lasting memory of Henry's return in September to his birthplace was from the Sunday afternoon following the Conference, which we spent in my home that overlooks the River Irvine. There, in the company of Immediate Past President of the RBWF, Ian McIntyre, Professor Murray Pittock of Glasgow University, and Henry, and our respective wives, we gradually drained a bottle of Isle of Arran Robert Burns Single Malt Whisky. Unfortunately, Henry was laid up in bed and we never met up during my stay in his adopted Canadian home town for us to repeat that escapade. So Henry, be duly warned that we'll have to make up for it in Niagara Falls next May when I look forward to raising a glass with my Canadian friends.

In the meantime, I'd like to take this opportunity of wishing all members of The Calgary Burns Club, and of the RBWF who are living in Canada, a very Happy and Peaceful Christmas, a Guid New Year and an enjoyable and entertaining Burns Supper Season.

Best wishes.
Bill Nolan
President, RBWF

RBANA PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (KEN MONTGOMERY)



Gentlemen and fellow cronies,

As we move into the Christmas season we need to be mindful of all our blessings but not forget our absent friends, those dealing with various and often unpleasant issues and those who continue to suffer throughout the world. This Christmas season should also be a time to reflect, to relax, as best one can, and to simply enjoy life and the little things that make us smile, whether that be a nice piece of shortbread or a great dram. Next, we know most if not all Clubs that are members of RBANA, including the Calgary Burns Club (CBC) are gearing up for their annual Burns dinners in January. The CBC and its members should be very proud as the events they have previously hosted have always been first class, and there is no doubt the 2019 event will be as well. In fact, God willing, I will be joining you with the new president of the Medicine Hat Burns Club, Major Andy Harrower who many of you also know.

In closing, the CBC is in my mind the primary jewel in the international Robert Burns crown. You do us proud and we are lucky to have you as a RBANA member.

I wish each and every one of you good health, or the best you may achieve, and a very special festive season. Enjoy!

Yours in Burns,
Ken Montgomery
President, RBANA

BURNS SONG

BONIE DUNDEE (1787)

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie!
My blessin's upon thy e'e-brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe
sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer, and dearer to
me!

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
An' I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie
dear.



HAMILTON MAUSOLEUM

SCOTTISH FACT!

The Hamilton Mausoleum in South Lanarkshire has the **longest echo** of any man-made structure in the world; a whole 15 seconds.



**RBWF PRESIDENT
BILL NOLAN**



SCOTLAND PHOTOS

From top to bottom:

Myself with the Kilmarnock Edition

With Ian & Moira at Broughton House

Shona & myself at Burns Mausoleum

Jane Brown and Bill Cox at the Globe Inn

The "Jam Session" in the Garret

BURNS WORLD (TONY GRACE)

We are approaching the "Burns' Season" time of the year when Clubs and individuals around the world celebrate the birth of the bard which was on January 25th, 1759. This coming January 2019 the 25th falls on a Friday and our own Calgary Burns Club will hold the annual dinner that evening at the Telus Convention Centre and feature as the speaker Peter Hughes OBE, a Past President of the Robert Burns World Federation. Jim Hope-Ross is busy coordinating the activities for the event which promises to be the usual full and enjoyable evening. Get your tickets before it is too late!!

The Robert Burns Association of North America is holding its AGM and annual Conference at Niagara Falls from May 3 – 5, 2019 and will be held at the Hilton Hotel and Suites Niagara Falls – FallsView. Planning is well underway and apart from the usual events, the Saturday afternoon seminar will include presentations by Bill Dawson, editor of the Burns Chronicle and Les Strachan, who delivered the Immortal Memory at our dinner in 2015. The registration fee is \$225CDN and full details will be available in the New Year. If you have never been to Niagara Falls this is a great opportunity to take in one of Canada's primary tourist attractions while attending an enjoyable Burns event.

Looking even further ahead the Robert Burns World Federation is holding its annual Conference at the Hallmark Hotel in Glasgow from September 6 – 8th, 2019. Planning is ongoing and full details will be released when available. It is hoped to hold the church service on the Sunday in Glasgow Cathedral. If you are planning a visit to Scotland next year you may want to bear these dates in mind.

RBWF AND SCOTLAND (HENRY CAIRNEY)

The 2018 RBWF conference was held on September 7th to 9th in the Riverside Lodge Hotel in Irvine, Ayrshire. It was a wonderful experience to be back in my old haunting grounds where both Shona and I were born. There was an invitation on Thursday to all overseas guests to meet Ian Clarkson the Provost of Irvine at a reception held in the newly refurbished Town Hall, with a few refreshments to boot!

There were buses put on Friday through Saturday to take guests through Irvine old and new, which I took advantage off and visited Wellwood Burns Museum (Irvine Burns Club) where I met up with an old schoolmate Iain Doole Past President, who looked after me on my visit, also giving a chance to catch up after all these years. As many others have done before me, it was a privilege to hold a Kilmarnock First Edition!

Friday saw us all at a Ceilidh held in the hotel which was a very entertaining evening and showed off the talents of some very proficient musicians and singers all in line with Burns work. My favourite was the Irvine District Youth Orchestra! A Fun evening all round.

Saturday was the formal dinner in the Town Hall, and changing of the RBWF Presidents which saw Ian McIntyre passing the chain to Bill Nolan, both firm friends. It was an excellent event and extremely well organized where the social interaction and dinner was one of the best I have attended.

Sunday was a church service in the Irvine Old Parish Church, then the departure for many back home.

My visit was not over and Shona and I went down to Kirkcudbright as guests of our dear friends Ian and Moira McIntyre to take in the Burns Country sights, and we were not disappointed. We met up with many other friends including Bobby and Karen Kane and Jane Brown who took us along with Bill Cox Medicine Hat President, round the Burns Mausoleum, Burns Home Dumfries, The Globe Inn, Ellisland to name a few. Whilst at the Globe I sat with a number of Members and Past Presidents of The Howff club including David Smith, a wonderful day all in.

Ian had organized a Ceilidh "Jam Session" on a Sunday afternoon, which was held in the Garret Hotel bar with a marvelous bunch of singers and musician's, an afternoon to remember and brought me back in time!

Ian and Moira took us to many other points of interest in Kirkcudbright which included meeting up with Mike Duguid and visiting Hornel's old abode and studio "Broughton House" which was just fantastic.

We had to say goodbye eventually and our travels were not over as we visited many other Scottish areas and too many to write about here.

Henry Cairney

MEMBERSHIP NEWS (TREKKER ARMSTRONG)

The Calgary Burns Club current membership is as follows:

Member Class	No.
Life Member	13
Ordinary Member	37
Associate Member	5
Associate Member (Out-of-Town)	5
	60

Arrivals

In September, the membership welcomed our newest Associate Member Andy Burnett. His sponsor, Ordinary Member Brian Cumming, introduced Mr. Burnett to the Calgary Burns Club and after attending three Club meetings as a guest, submitted his application for consideration.

Mr. Burnett is the son of a Scottish immigrant on his father's side and the grandson of one on his mother's. One of his greatest treasures is a leather-bound works of Burns that was given to his grandfather in 1899.

Mr. Burnett received a M.Sc. in Geology from the University of Saskatchewan and following that, moved to Calgary in 1974 where he became an enthusiastic member of the Calgary Oil Patch.

He has had a lifelong interest in music and sings bass in his church choir. He is a welcome addition to the Calgary Burns Club Singers.

Departures

The Club extends their warm goodbye to Alex Cathcart and Doug Forrest as they depart the club as Associate Members.

Mr. Cathcart was with the Calgary Burns Club since early 2000. We wish him all the best in his future endeavors.

Mr. Forrest had moved away from Calgary five years ago. He "enjoyed many years of friendship and fun" and wishes the Calgary Burns Club all the best going forward.

If I have missed any membership news, please let me know and we will be pleased to include this news in the next edition of the Claver.

THE CBC SINGERS (RON PRATT)

Practices resumed on September 22nd at the Kensington Legion and with extended vacations for some and sickness for others, our average attendance to date is slightly lower than normal for our group.

We entertained at a Care Centre in October and then in November we provided two separate entertainment sessions at another Care Centre. We also had the privilege of participating at the Field of Crosses on Memorial Drive NW. Our group sang the national anthems at the sunrise ceremonies on the two Saturdays before the 11th and then gave a short program at the Legion afterwards for the guests in attendance on those days. Our participation on Remembrance day included our group singing 'Keep The Home Fires Burning' and then joining with the CANTARE Children's Choir in "The Maple Leaf Forever".

We provided a short program at our St. Andrews Day function.

We have a busy December and January ahead, and have also started preparations for a ProArts appearance in downtown Calgary in mid February.

Respectfully.....Ron Pratt

BURNS WORK

ON A NOISY POLEMIC (1784)

(Epitaph to James Humphrey, a fellow mason, claimed he won a debate with Burns who took it badly)

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin bitch
Into thy dark dominion!



SCOTTISH FACTS!

Scotland has an **area of 30,414 square miles (78,772 km²)** with a **population of around 5.4 million (2015)**, around 9 per cent of the UK's population.

Since July 1, 1999, **Scotland has its own parliament**, for the first time since 1707.

The country has approximately **167.5 people living per square mile**.

FUTURE EVENTS

(PAUL ARMSTRONG)

January 25th 2019 - CBC Burns Supper

THE CARNIE GROUP (JIM HOPE -ROSS)

Auld Lang Syne – A Spoof ‘n Truth

FAMOUS QUOTE

“Great minds discuss ideas; average minds discuss events; small minds discuss people.”

Eleanor Roosevelt

It is perhaps preposterous that I, a Canadian pretender to Scottish heritage, would purport to tell any of the Burns Club members anything about the Bard's most world-famous work, Auld Lang Syne. I do so because, at least on this continent, it was a French-Canadian who contributed greatly to that fame. I am referring, of course, to French bombshell, Brigitte Bardot's brother, Guylom.

For decades, dance halls from New York to Niagara, from Baltimore to Balsac, would pause at midnight on New Year's Eve, to hear the sweet strains, most notably of the saxophone, of the world's New Year's anthem, Auld Lang Syne, as played and directed and recorded by Guylom Bardot (sic) and his band, the Royal Canadians. Amazingly, their New Year's Eve radio special ran every year from 1929 to 1962; each show ending with their signature song, Auld Lang Syne.

A word about the musician is perhaps in order before talking about the lyrics and tune itself.

Gaetano Alberto Lombardo was born in London, Ontario, in 1902. At the age of 22, he and his brothers Carmen, Lebert, and Victor, together with other musicians in their hometown, formed the dance band His Royal Canadians. “His” of course referred to Guylom. Their father forbade the speaking of Italian in the home. (Well, duh, they *were* supposed to be French-Canadian, in order to blend into their adopted country.)

The band had a long and successful career. On November 5, 1977, Lombardo died in Houston, Texas, having reached the age of 75. In the years since Lombardo's death “Auld Lang Syne” has remained North America's traditional musical accompaniment to the passing of each year. The last musical Lombardo brother, Victor Lombardo, passed away in 1994.

How does Bridget get into the act? Although the family was very large, Rose Marie (a singer in her own right) is listed as the last of the children. And she was born long before Brigitte arrived on the scene. Brigitte Anne-Marie was born in Paris, France on September 28, 1934. She had over 100 lovers over her life and was known more as a sex symbol than an actress. There is speculation that she was not Guylom's sister at all, but rather his illegitimate daughter. This is fueled by her promiscuous life style, perhaps just following in her itinerant musician father's wayward footsteps. She does not carry the three letter suffix “lom” to her name and added the “T” to the end of her name. Many a snide wag has snickered over what the “T” stands for... In any event, Brigitte is still with us, at the ripe old age of 84. She has taken up the cause of the baby seals; some would say as a pay-back to her Canadian family roots, who treated her much like a baby seal: cute, but not much use outside of petting.

But about the poem:

Like many a Burns song, Burns picked Auld Lang Syne up from an old ballad. He clearly had an eye for the possibilities in these folkish works. With Auld Lang Syne, Burns acknowledged that the brilliance of a gem was already present. He, of course added his polish to the piece.

On the 17th December 1788, Burns said in a letter to Mrs. Frances Dunlop:

“Your meeting which you so well describe with your old schoolfellow and friend was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world! They spoil these ‘social offsprings of the heart.’ Two veterans of the ‘men of the world’ would have met with little more heart-workings than two old hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scotch phrase *Auld Lang Syne* exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which often thrilled me through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in the old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet. ...” “Light’ be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English Bacchanalians.”

The song “on the other sheet” was Burns's first written version of “Auld Lang Syne.” While Burns readily admitted that he did not originate the tune and some of the verse, his is the version now sung every New Year's Eve and Burns' Night by millions of English-speaking people around the world!

The Original by the Bard follows on the next page:



MALT WHISKY

SCOTTISH FACT!

One of Scotland's most famous products, **whisky**, was actually invented in China. It was first distilled by monks in Ireland in the early 15th century, before reaching Scotland 100 years later.

THE CARNIE GROUP (JIM HOPE-ROSS CONTINUED)

Auld Lang Syne – A Spoof ‘n Truth (Continued)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my jo,
for auld lang syne,
we'll tak a cup o kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp! (you'll buy your pint)
and surely I'll be mine! (I'll buy mine)
And we'll tak a cup o kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
and pu'd the gowans fine ;(picked the daisies)
But we've wanderd mony a weary fit, (foot)
sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
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 gude-willy waught, (goodwill draft)
for auld lang syne.

Jim Hope-Ross For the Carnie Group January 2014

2019 DINNER UPDATE (JIM HOPE -ROSS)

On January 25, 1759, Scotland's Bard, Robert Burns, was born.

The Calgary Burns Club looks forward to the celebration of Rabbie's birthday on the 260th anniversary of the actual date "a blast o' Janwar' win' Blew hansel in on Robin".

On Friday, January 25, 2019, the Club will host its 43rd consecutive annual Burns Supper at the Calgary Telus Convention Centre. Club members and upwards of 600 Scottish, and wanna be Scottish, gentlemen will get together to renew auld acquaintances, enjoy a traditional meal of smoked salmon, cock-a-leekie soup, beef wi' neeps 'n tatties, and "Topsy Laird" (Scots trifle); and, of course, the Haggis and the Whisky.

Guests will be treated to entertainment by the Calgary Police Pipes & Drums and Dancers and the Calgary Burns Club Singers, as well as the traditional toasts. The highlight of the evening will be the toast to the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns, to be delivered this year by Dr. Peter Hughes, O.B.E. Dr. Hughes is a highly distinguished Scot and a dynamic speaker. His curriculum vitae is long and impressive. Unfortunately, it does not disclose a place he currently calls home, so this tabloid must assume he is "of no fixed address".

Tickets are still available at the time of this writing.

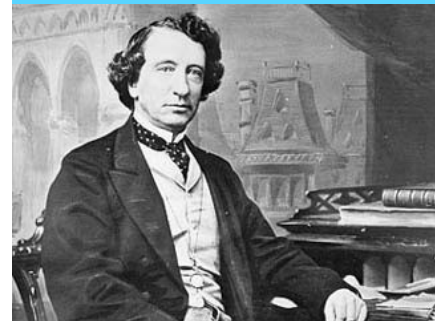
Please contact the Club webmaster at calgaryburnsclub@gmail.com

Submitted by Jim Hope-Ross, 1st V.P. & 2019 Burns Supper Convener

BURNS POEM

THE BOOK-WORMS (1787)

Through and through th' inspir'd
leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But O respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings



JOHN A MACDONALD



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

SCOTTISH FACT!

The first two **Prime Ministers of Canada**, John A. Macdonald (1815-1891) and Alexander Mackenzie (1822-1892), were Scottish.

THE REMOVES (JACK WHITE)

About The Calgary Burns Club Removes – Written by Jack Whyte



NESSIE

SCOTTISH FACT!

The very first recorded appearance of the elusive **Loch Ness Monster** occurred in 565 AD, when a "water beast" attacked one of St. Columba's followers in the loch. ""

FAMOUS QUOTE

"Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things that you didn't do than by the ones you did do."

Mark Twain



SCOTTISH FACT!

There are **as many Scottish people living in North America as in Scotland**, with censuses in the United States and Canada identifying around five million people claiming Scottish ancestry.

It was at Bob Watson's house in Elbow Park, and there were five of the original seven members in attendance: Bob Watson, Alastair Ross, John Whitelock, Graham Underwood and myself. Bob himself believed adamantly that our prime objective for the Inaugural Banquet should be to create a sense of Occasion: to send our guests' home happy and satisfied that they had attended something special, and to prime them to become repeat attendees at the next Dinner. I can remember piping up and pointing out that we had a golden opportunity here. I talked about how we had an opportunity to start new traditions that would be uniquely our own, the property of the Calgary Burns Club and its Members.

I remember that the original idea of treating the Removes as a topic or a self-contained entity emerged from a very old copy of one Scottish Burns Club menu from the previous century—it might have been from the 19th Century Edinburgh Burns Club, the Mauchline Burns Club or even the Ayr Burns Club. Irrespective of where it appeared from or who found it, though, that old, much-creased 19th-century menu caused a lot of speculation around the planning table during our earliest discussions, if only for the simple reason that none of us had the foggiest idea of what it meant or what it entailed. It was Graham Underwood, Bob Watson and myself who finally sat down one night with a bottle of Glenmorangie at Graham's home in Brae Glen, and figured out, through simple logic, what the reference to Removes really indicated: that the primary and basic elements of a Burns Supper were simple, static and unchanging, and had been since before the days of Burns. From smoked Scotch salmon through basic soup (either cock-a-leekie or Scotch Broth) and on to the entrée of Haggis wi' Champit Tatties and Neeps and a dessert of Sherry Trifle. There wasn't really any great secret to anything involved—except for one, towering stand-out of a contradiction: None of us there had ever heard of Removes until we read that old menu and we were perplexed by our own ignorance.

Prompted by that ignorance and my annoying awareness of it, I did some rudimentary research over the next few days and discovered that there had been a time, among 18th-Century high society, when the remnants of individual courses at formal dinners had been removed, simultaneously, by as many attendants as were necessary to do the job. (Think of the armies of Footmen with the silver-domed serving dishes in some of the 18th- and 19th-Century historical pieces you've seen on TV.) Thus, the courses themselves had been known for a time, in certain circles, as "Removes". Once we discovered that, though, we all of us chose afterwards to think of them dismissively as being "old-fashioned"—as irrelevant to the world we lived in in the 1970s as they would have been to the Doric-speaking peasant folk among whom Burns had lived and died.

Among all the research I had done in preparing my Burns stage show, I had discovered the astonishing fact that, for hundreds of years, and unbeknownst to me until the time of that discovery, the Scots peasantry, as a whole, had eaten very little meat of any description. Their diet was primarily vegetarian, consisting mainly of oatmeal and milk... The Scots, as a race, survived for generations on oatmeal as their basic dietary staple, much as the Irish depended later on the potato. Yet even the famed Ayrshire potato was unknown to them, as it would not be farmed in bulk until more than a century later. But that simple understanding arrived at so unexpectedly in considering what to do with and about the Removes, wiped away any confusion I ever had about why Robbie Burns, Scotland's great and famous Bard, would waste his time on anything as mundane as a haggis.

The fact was that, to a Scot, a haggis represented a complete removal from the mundane. It had a significance that can't be overstated, for it embodied dietary diversity in a form that demanded celebration, festivity and gratitude. It was while I was recalling all this for discussion that the penny dropped for all of us. The story of the haggis is the story of the Scots peasant's dietary triumph, for everything else on the menu was either fish, vegetable, or baked goods past their prime... The realization was not quite an answer to the question of why there should even be removes, *per se*, but it certainly provided us with a focal point from which we, the Calgary Burns Club, could move forward; it gave us a platform from which we could talk about what poverty had been like in Burns' Scotland.

The innovation worked so well that the task of introducing and presenting the Removes quickly became a hotly contested privilege among the original Club Members over the course of the next decade and more, with Members scrambling and maneuvering to land the job every year. And for good reason.

Timing was always important to us in the earliest years of our presentations, for the old joke about, *Hit him again, Brother, I can still hear the bastard!* was, unfortunately, as relevant then as it is now, giving rise to the eleventh Commandment: *Thou shalt not commit boredom upon thine Audience*. Everything we did at those early suppers was timed and practiced at a live Dress Rehearsal a night or two before the Big Event. And from the outset, the introductions to the Removes figured prominently among those rituals. The Presenter had one minute to introduce the salmon; one minute to describe the evening's soup; three minutes during which to wax lyrical about the glories of the Haggis, and another, final minute to describe the sherry trifle. Six minutes in all, and a year's work of diligent digging and research. For let's face the truth: what can you find to say about smoked salmon, or any of the other, single dishes, that will take more than a minute to patter off?

THE REMOVES (CONTINUED)

Within the first few years since the Inaugural Banquet, common information on such things was difficult to find and virtually impossible to share without the threat of being robbed of your thoughts. That's when the true Masters of Presentation started coming into their own, when the close attention of everyone present was given absolutely to the Presenter every time he stood up to introduce his next Remove. And that was when we began to discover the uncut diamonds among our membership, people like Doctor Sandy Morrison and Doctor George Marshall, who turned themselves, and their personalities and backgrounds, into unforgettably contorted geniuses in their efforts to nail down the essence of what their Removes truly represented.

Also, as an aside, it didn't take long for the membership to figure out, back in the late Seventies, that no one improves with drink. Within the first two years of annual dinners, (though it started that first night in 1977) it became the norm for each Table Host to provide a bottle of single malt for his guests, and by the third year, the venues themselves (first the Calgary Inn, and then the others) were selling single malt openly by the bottle at a specially set up bar. For that reason, the Club Executive came up with several refinements about how things should be properly done, each January 25th.

First came the sensible decision that the "serious" work of the evening—the Supper itself—would be dealt with up front, while the guests were still all reasonably sober. So the Main Event came first, including the prerequisite speeches and toasts: the Introduction of the Removes; the Toast to The Twa Lands; the toast to The Lasses, and The Immortal Memory. The hardcore Burns songs were included in that half, too, clearing the way for the less "formal" session after the midway break.

Then, beginning in 1980 or 1981, we launched the idea of serving a bottle of single malt (the original was Mortlach, I believe) and a bottle of Drambuie to each table of eight guests, along with an Edina Crystal glass for each man, commemorating the occasion, and with the original idea from the first night that someone, somehow, would end the night by taking home the white Burns statue from the centre of each table.

The story of the white Burns statuettes, though, is another tale altogether, and I doubt that there's much I could add to it, but I'll give it a try in a separate piece.

Jack Whyte



BURNS POEM ROBERT BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN (1793)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's
power-
Chains and Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly
draw,
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!-
Let us Do or Die!

CBC Burns Banquet 2019

1st Remove "Smoked Salmon"



Presented by:

CBC Burns Banquet 2019

2nd Remove "Cock-a-Leekie Soup"



Presented by:

* ?????????????????*

CBC Burns Banquet 2019

3rd Remove "Haggis"



Presented by:

* ?????????????????*

CBC Burns Banquet 2019

4th Remove "Scotch Trifle"



Presented by:

* ?????????????????*



WHEN I WAS A LOON (JIM OSBORNE)

'Loon' as in boy, not a Canadian bird or a one-dollar coin. A word peculiar to Aberdeen and the North East only, as far as I know. As a loon, I grew up in the fifties and sixties on the South side of the river Dee in the suburb of Torry, a fishing community that dates back to the 15th century when it was a Royal Burgh in its own right. I attended Tullos Primary School and then Torry Secondary School.

There are lots to do and things to explore in such a community when you are a loon. The harbour itself is a fascinating place, watching the boats coming in and going out. Letting your imagination run away to far-off lands and pirates, as young loons do. Watching trawler men returning home with their weather-beaten faces and their kit bag over their shoulder walking with a cocky swagger, bell bottom trousers, and the older married men with an earring. The earring was not a fashion statement and, as the practice died out, it was only the older men that I can remember who had had their ear lobe split and their wedding band stitched for safety's sake. It is impossible to wear a ring on your finger when you are at sea. Their interesting faces added to the mystery of where they had been in their adventures but of course, as you get older you realize they were not in some far-off exotic land, but out in the North Sea reaping a back-breaking harvest. Later in my youth I was out there myself for a short while but decided that I would rather like to live till I die.

As I was growing up a lot of the old ways were dying out and only the older people carried out their day to day duties as they had done all their lives and their forefathers before them. On a walk down Greyhope Road for instance, you would see women working at plots as they had no gardens to grow vegetables. On the grass banks beside the plot they would salt fish. All gone now: in fact, it was all gone by the mid sixties. Further along Greyhope Road you would pass Nigg golf course, the Torry Battery, Girdleness Lighthouse, the fog horn (which are all still there) and go down to the Bay of Nigg. We would go there at low tide with a hurlie, a box with a set of old pram wheels and handles that held two or three buckets. At the Bay of Nigg I would pick buckies (winkles) and then hurl them down to the fishmonger and get a shilling or two a pail. A few days of that a week and on Saturday night you had enough to go to the Torry Picture House, buy a ten of Woodbine, an ice cream and a bag of chips at Vetesse's on the way home. Terrific - I can taste the Woodbine and smell the vinegar to this day.

The mound is where we played at Cowboys and Indians. It's a large conical hill with trees at the top and the bottom was surrounded by a small dyke. It wasn't until later in life that I discovered that the mound was actually the burial mound of Cormack de Nugg, a Celtic prince, and where the Bay of Nigg got its name. Not to be confused with Nigg Bay above Inverness. It was also a great place for sliding down the grass and then you got a lickin' fae yer mither for wearin' oot the erse o' yer breeks.

The ruins of St. Fittick's Church were another great place to play and hide out. The story goes that St Fittick was an Irish monk who was thrown overboard by superstitious sailors when a storm blew up off the coast here. He came ashore at the Bay of Nigg and established his church to give thanks for his salvation. (Knowing Torry folk, it's a wonder they never threw him back.) There's an alternative view that "St Fittick" is actually the result of a confusion between the stories of two other saints, St Fiacre and St Fotin, but we are unlikely ever to know for sure.

Legend became history in the late 1100s (1199 according to some sources), when a chapel was built on the site still occupied by the ruin today, under the auspices of Arbroath Abbey. The chapel was consecrated by the Bishop of St Andrews, Bishop David de Burnham, in 1242, and went on to serve the local community until and for over a century after the Reformation.

Past Tullos School, down the hill, under the railway bridge and past Josie Milne's farm and you were in a wee part of the Highlands that we called the Grumps (part of the Grampian mountains). It was like being in a different world: you wouldn't think you were so close to the sea. It was here we went for picnics in the summer and played till the sun went down. So tired that we were crying and lagging far behind our parents walking home. This was a favourite place of my grandfather's. I went with him every Saturday on walks through this part of the country with Buddy, a fox terrier. I think it was these walks that made me take up hill walking. My grandfather loved nature and could always see and find things that were interesting. Just as in the song 'The Old Man,'

"he'd show me things not known to kings,
a secret 'tween him and me."
Like the colours of the pheasant,
as he rises in the dawn
Or how to fish or make a wish,
Beside a fairy (holy) tree.

Aberdeenshire has a myth about big black cats that some say they have seen as big as panthers. My grandmother would say to me, "Are you nae afraid of walkin' ower 'at hills by yersel? The big cats 'ill get ye." In autumn you came here with your hurlie and buckets to collect brambles and pick tatties for Josie Milne. My mother made jam and, as with the buckies, you could get a bob or two a pail from other women in the neighbourhood.

I, and most of the other boys when we were in our early teens, worked to earn our pocket money. There was no allowance as we know it today. Delivering papers and rolls at six in the morning with all kinds of weather thrown at you, your wellies chafing the back of your legs because you never put your long socks on, and then off to school. Then some would deliver papers after school.

SCOTTISH FACT!

In the north east of the country, girls are called "**quines**" and boys "**loons**". As per Jim's article.

BRIEF NEWS

The CBC Singers recorded a Christmas Album which is now on sale, see Club Steward Don Humphreys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Executive

President; Jim Hutchens
1st VP; Jim Hope-Ross
2nd VP: George Muir
Secretary: Tony Grace
Treasurer: Brian Cumming

Non-Executive

Past President: Trekker Armstrong
Communications: Paul Armstrong
Director At Large: Jim Osborne
Director At Large: Henry Cairney

Ex-Officio

Sponsorship: Mark Rowe
Entertainment: Gordon McCulloch
Steward: Don Humphreys

WHEN I WAS A LOON (CONTINUED)

Stonehaven is another very old fishing town fifteen miles down the coast and a picturesque one at that. It's one of my favourite places and was very popular in the summer with tourists. Gordon, a friend whose grandfather, Barclay Cargill, was the harbour master of Stonehaven. We would stay with him and his wife Gladys at 13 High Street and make some good money over the summer. We would empty and re-set lobster pots in the early morning and meantime have a hook line over the side to catch some mackerel. Nothing is better than fresh mackerel for breakfast with a Gannet's egg and tattie scones. I never tasted lobster till much later in life as lobster was sold for a very good price to the hotels, especially in London. Later in the day we would take tourists in Barclay's boat, The Skylark, down the coast past the Devil's Footsteps and the Fowlsheuch, a sheer cliff face with thousands of birds, to view Dunnottar Castle from the sea. I went inshore trawling from Stonehaven on a boat called the Superb that was owned by Gordon's uncle, a big cheery man who was always ready for a prank and a good laugh. Sadly he was drowned in the Caledonia canal while saving another crew member who had fallen overboard. Stonehaven was a very busy little town in those days like so many up and down the coast. There is very little action now but it's just as beautiful as ever.

Another of my favourite pastimes was hiking. I went on many hill walks with the school to many beautiful parts of Scotland, none more so than Royal Deeside and Lochnagar, which are still my favourites.

I was very lucky in having two friends, Bob and Gordon, who had interesting relatives. Gordon's grandparents being Barclay and Gladys in Stonehaven. It so happened that Bob's aunt and uncle lived in a cottage on the Balmoral estate named Catanellan and we often slept there overnight when we came off the hills. Jock and Elsie kept the house as it would have been in the 1700s. They didn't have electricity and Elsie cooked over a peat fire. The furnishings were of the same period as the house. The house is now occupied by Peter Fraser, a retired game keeper of Prince Charles. "Mony a dram and a sang have baith been had."

One beautiful summer's night after supper, we all went for a walk along Deeside on the south bank and on crossing the foot bridge at Abergeldie, two men in three-piece city suits were walking towards us, looking totally out of place. They asked who we were and where we were going. Jock and Elsie gave them their names and told them who Bob and I were and that we were visiting. The two men were very nice and asked us to continue on our way and to stay on the footpath as the Queen Mother was on the Dee, fly fishing. As we reached the north bank we looked back and there she was with her waders up to her knees and she gave us a wave. Catanellan is only a half mile or so from the Royal Lochnagar distillery. What a lovely setting. If any of you should visit the distillery, have a walk down the road to the East and you will see Catanellan.

These are some short spontaneous memories, 'fin I was a loon.' Maybe I will write some other memories of when I was an apprentice loon.

COMMUNICATION & WEBSITE (PAUL ARMSTRONG)

The fall has been pretty quiet from a Communications perspective but that should change as January approaches and greetings arrive from many of our affiliated clubs. I will be collecting these and sharing them with the Membership in a list format and I will be happy to forward any of them to Members if requested. The postal strike has affected us to a certain extent and I thank you for making your wishes known regarding upcoming events via email.

I am pleased to say that we have had an almost 90% acceptance of the new website password initiative! This makes our private pages on the website considerably more secure and we know who has access. This should be only the invited Membership unless, of course, someone shares their login information with someone else and I would strongly discourage Members from doing this. Anyone who has not taken advantage of this opportunity can still do so and Members can change their passwords if they wish or have forgotten them. If anyone has any questions or requires help with this, please contact me at:

calgaryburnsclub@gmail.com

The website has a Club calendar which will contain events of interest to Club Members and this can be found under the 'Members Login' tab.

Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for the holiday season and Happy Hogmanay!

Paul Armstrong

Communications Convener and Webmaster



SCOTTISH FACT!

The Bank of Scotland, founded in 1695, is the **oldest surviving bank in the UK**. It was also the first bank in Europe to print its own bank notes.

BURNS POEM

RATTLIN' ROARIN' WILLIE
(1787)

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannilie keekit ben;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sittin at yon boord-en';
Sittin at yon boord-en,
And amang gude companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
You're welcome hame to me!

FAMOUS QUOTE

"Life is what happens
when you're busy
making other plans."

John Lennon

THE 14TH EARL OF GLENCAIRN (GEORGE MUIR)

The Noble Earl under whose picture the poem was intended to be printed was the 14th Earl of Glencairn. On January 13 1787, some three months prior to the publishing of the Edinburgh Edition, Burns sent the poem with a letter to the Earl, asking if he could have a good likeness of him and have his permission to publish the poem in an Edinburgh newspaper. The Earl politely declined the request.

So, who was this **Earl of Glencairn** that won the praise of Robert Burns, whose poems mostly praised the common man and oft times ridiculed the nobility.

The family name of the Earls of Glencairn is Cunningham. The family traces its roots to the middle of the 12th century to a man named Warnebald who came to the district of Cunningham as a vassal under Hugh de Morville, constable of Scotland, and who owned almost the entire district. It is from Warnebald that the many branches of the Cunningham family are descended. Warnebald was given the manor of Cunningham, which included most of the parish of Kilmaurs (near Kilmarnock), and from which the family name of Cunningham was assumed. The year in which the title Lord Kilmaurs came into use varies upon which documents one reads but the family was very powerful and as time went by more lands were accrued as a result of "marriages of convenience". For example, the lands of Finlaystone in Renfrewshire and the lands at Glencairn in Nithsdale, Dumfriesshire were added around the end of the 14th century although the title 'Earl of Glencairn' was not created until May 28th, 1488 by James III who appointed Alexander Cunningham the 1st Earl of Glencairn. The lineage continues through the male succession to James Cunningham, 14th Earl of Glencairn patron of Robert Burns.

James Cunningham was born at Finlaystone on June 1st (or 6th depending on the source) 1749. He was the second son of William Cunningham, the 13th Earl and Elizabeth MacQuire, the daughter of a carpenter and travelling fiddler in Glasgow. James succeeded his father as 14th Earl in 1774 as his elder brother, William, had predeceased him. He was educated at Oxford and was one of the sixteen Scottish Representative Peers from 1780 to 1784. For some time he was a captain in the West Fencible Regiment. He carried a fair amount of influence in Edinburgh.

Until Burns went to Edinburgh he had never met the Earl but he certainly knew of him due to his position in society and through his Masonic connections. The satirical poem **'The Ordination'** was written in 1786 after the appointment of the Rev. James MacKinlay who was presented under the patronage of the Earl of Glencairn to fill a vacancy at the Laigh Kirk of Kilmarnock. Although Glencairn was a 'New Licht' he could see that the appointment of an 'Auld Licht' would cause the least friction in the parish.

Alexander Dalziel, a good friend of Burns, was Glencairn's factor at Finlaystone, and it was he who drew the Earl's attention to the Kilmarnock Edition. In a letter to Burns dated November 1, 1786, Dalziel indicates that Glencairn was very much impressed by the works and wished to befriend the author of the poems. Burns introduction to the Earl of Glencairn was by means of a letter of introduction from James Dalrymple of Orangefield. Dalrymple was a fellow freemason but more importantly he was a cousin-german of the Earl – that is to say one related by descent in a diverging line from a known common ancestor. In this case the relationship was through Dalrymple's wife who was a sister of the Earl's mother, Countess of Glencairn.

Burns arrived in Edinburgh with the letter on November 29 1786. The Earl received the poet warmly in his house and introduced him to his many friends who included Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, the Duchess of Gordon and William Creech, publisher of the Edinburgh Edition.

The Earl of Glencairn became the Burns' principal patron in Edinburgh. It was by his influence that the Edinburgh establishment subscribed so enthusiastically to the Edinburgh Edition. The Earl was responsible for the Caledonian Hunt subscribing en masse for 100 copies in January 1787; the Earl and his mother subscribed for 24 copies.

One of several gifts from the Earl to the poet was a diamond point pen, or cutter which he used to write upon many windowpanes and glasses, scribing verse, his signature, epigrams, or other writings for posterity. Burns' signature is said to exist on a windowpane in an upstairs bedroom at Finlaystone and some records show that he left his initials on a window pane in the library.

It is hardly surprising that Burns wrote a letter on December 13th 1786 to John Ballantine, Banker and past provost of Ayr in which he wrote –

'I have found a worthy warm friend in Mr. Dalrymple, of Orangefield, who introduced me to Lord Glencairn, a man whose worth and brotherly kindness to me I shall remember when time shall be no more.'

When Burns decided to give up the life of a tenant farmer he wrote to the Earl in January 1788 asking if he could use his influence in securing him a position within the Excise service. His commission was issued in July of the same year. There appears to have been little contact between the two men after this time.

Verses Intended To Be Written Below a Noble Earl's Picture

(1787)

Whose is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous princely mien,
E'en rooted foes admire?

Stranger! to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works inspire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
The noble Ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern,
Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye, -
It dwells upon Glencairn.



SCOTTISH FACT

The motto of Scotland is "**Nemo me impune lacessit**", or: "No one provokes me with impunity". It is used by the Order of the Thistle and on later versions of the Royal coat of arms.

THE 14TH EARL OF GLENCAIRN (CONTINUED)

Glencairn never married and never enjoyed good health and in 1790 his health deteriorated and he was advised to seek a warmer fresher climate. He went to Lisbon but found little improvement. He returned to Falmouth in January 1791 where he died soon after landing and is buried in the chancel of the church of King Charles the Martyr. His death was a huge blow to Burns and in a letter to Alexander Dalziel on March 10th 1791 he wrote

‘God knows what I have suffered at the loss of my best Friend, my First, my dearest Patron and Benefactor; the man to whom I owe all that I am and have!’

With the letter went his poem, *Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn*, which ends with these words –

The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

Burns' final tribute to the Earl of Glencairn was to name his fourth son, born on August 12 1794, James Glencairn Burns.

James 14th Earl of Glencairn was succeeded by his brother John 15th Earl of Glencairn who died without issue on September 24th 1796. The title became dormant and has remained vacant since that date.

ST ANDREWS NIGHT (GEORGE MUIR)

The annual St. Andrew's night celebration was held on November 30 at the Canyon Meadows Golf and Country Club in Calgary. Burns Club members and their guests, ninety seven in total, enjoyed an evening of Scottish cuisine, dancing, music and song.

Jim Hope-Ross proposed the toast to St. Andrew and Scotland.

A dancing display by girls aged four years to seventeen years of age from the Julie Ingalls Highland School of Dancing was very well received.

Bill Hawes, a well-known world class piper, entertained us with a number of pipe tunes on the small pipes.

Entertainment was also provided by our own Calgary Burns Club members. The Burns Club Singers under the direction of Ron Pratt sang a selection of both Burns and popular Scottish songs.

Sandy Paterson on fiddle, Maurice MacAtamney on guitar and Jim Little on banjo provided a number of familiar Scottish songs and a few parodies on the lyrics of well-known tunes.

Jim Hutchens on bodhrán, Maureen Hutchens on guitar and Maurice MacAtamney on guitar, mandolin and bodhrán entertained us with a number of Scottish folk songs.

The evening ended with a short period of Scottish Country Dancing for all, the music being provided by Ron Pratt and, finally everyone present joined the dancers on the floor for Auld Lang Syne.



SCOTTISH FACT!

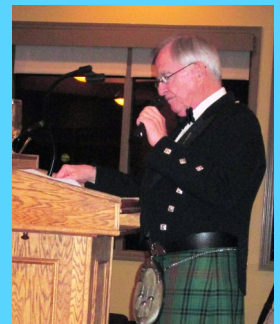
Scotland still has its **own legal system**, separate from England, Wales, and Northern Ireland. Juries can return verdict of “guilty”, “not guilty” and “not proven.”



JIM LITTLE, SANDY
AND MAURICE



JIM HUTCHENS , MAUREEN
AND MAURICE



JIM HOPE-ROSS

CALUM'S ROAD (TONY GRACE)



Tony & Calum's Road (2018)



SCOTTISH FACT!

Scotland has the highest proportion of redheads in the world. Around 13 per cent of the population has red hair, with 40 per cent carrying the recessive gene.

The Island of Raasay lies between the Isle of Skye and the mainland of Scotland. It is separated from Skye by the Sound of Raasay and the only public link to the Island is by ferry from Skye leaving from Sconser and landing at Churchton Bay on the southern end of Raasay. It is a small island some 14 miles long and 3 miles wide.

Its history is not untypical of the western islands of Scotland. During the Viking encroachments Raasay became part of the Norse Kingdom of the Isles before being ceded to Scotland under the terms of the Treaty of Perth in 1266. Tradition has it that the Clan MacSween (Stephanie where are you?), originally held title to the Island and built Brochel Castle on the north-east coast sometime in the 15th century. From 1518 it is known that the Island was ruled by the MacLeods who eventually abandoned the Castle and moved to Raasay House at the south end of the Island.

Although Protestant, the MacLeods of Raasay supported Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1745, and after Culloden with the Prince on the run, he spent two days on Raasay. As a result of the support for the Jacobite cause, Raasay was sacked by the government forces with many dwellings being put to the torch including Raasay House.

Raasay suffered the same fate as other parts of the Highlands and Islands during the 19th century as, starting under the ownership of the MacLeods of Raasay, the people were moved in order to free up land for the coming of the sheep. Over the years the populations of the central and south end were encouraged to move to the less hospitable and less fertile areas in the north. Over the next century or so this trend continued with the inhabitants of the north scraping the best living they could as crofters. Meanwhile the sheep flocks continued to dominate the rest while one owner established enough deer and other game to attract regular summer hunting. This culminated with a wall being built right across the Island just north of Castle Brochel that too all intents and purposes precluded any communication between the two parts of the Island so created.

At the start of the 20th century the population stood at around 500 from a peak of 900. Following the passing of the Crofter's Holding (Scotland) Act in 1886 things slowly improved, but by then the majority of the population lived in the central and south of the Island as opposed to the north. This situation was exacerbated by the lack of a road connecting the north to the south. Roads which were little more than tracks and paths tapered out at Castle Brochel and started again from Arnish north, a gap of about two miles. When the Government became the owner of the Island in 1922 it was hoped that things would improve – particularly as regards the roads.

In the 1920's requests were made to the authorities to construct a road from Brochel to Arnish, to link the southern part of the Island to the small community in the north. In 1931 the council decided that this was not justifiable so the 'northerners' continued to be dealt directly with Portree on Skye for their needs rather than with the rest of Raasay. This was not a perfect solution and over time the population in the north dwindled and eventually the school was closed. Repeated requests for a road met no better fate than the first one.

Calum MacLeod was born in 1911 and lived his entire life on Raasay at Arnish in the north. He was a curious, intelligent, imaginative and articulate child. He devoured knowledge hungrily. He learned, as empirically as any energetic child in an open countryside, all there was to learn about the natural history of his environment. He learned, chiefly in Gaelic, the recent and ancient histories of his people, and he never forgot a word. Calum grew up in a mixed economy. His life was sustained by a combination of subsistence vegetables and grain from the family croft, game and domesticated meat, common seasonal fish such as herring and mackerel when the great shoals arrived, and a local system of barter and exchange which took care of most surpluses. The dutiful, attentive young Calum also watched his father pursue the family craft of stone-masonry. "In my younger days I was often working with my father, building stone dykes and outside buildings and the like, and I took some note of what was being done – how they were joined together and how they were put together and the like of that." Calum eventually married the schoolmistress of the local school at Torran, which lay to the north of Arnish, one Alexandrina MacDonald in 1944, and they had one daughter Julia. Alexandrina or Ina as she was called as a girl was born on Skye and brought up in a croft at Uiginish near Dunvegan. She earned her teacher's credentials at Jordanhill Training College in Glasgow and went on to teach in Glasgow, Glen Nevis and the Outer Hebrides before returning to Skye and then Raasay.

Calum continued to be concerned about the lack of roads in the north of Raasay – particularly as he was a local Assistant Keeper of Rona Lighthouse as well as the part-time postman for the north end of Raasay. In this latter role he was forced to walk the 2 miles to Brochel where the mail had been left and then walk back again as only a winding track linked those two places. He and his brother Charles constructed an adequate track for walking between Torran where the school was and Fladda – a small islet where there was an active lighthouse. They did this over three winters of 1949 - 1952 and were each paid 35GBP per year by the local council for their work.

Recognizing that after decades of unsuccessful campaigning, a road from Brochel north to Arnish was never going to be built by the council, Calum decided to do the job himself. Purchasing Thomas Aitken's manual Road Making and Maintenance; A practical Treatise for Engineers, Surveyors and Others (London 1900) for half a crown he went to work in 1964. His only tools were a shovel, a spade, a pickaxe, a line and reel, and finally a wheelbarrow, as well of course as his manual. The road he planned would be twelve feet in total width and nine feet wide within the outer drains and dry-stone edges. With the help of two officers from the Royal Engineers they pegged out the proposed route before the officers were quickly assigned elsewhere.

CALUM'S ROAD (CONTINUED)

Calum then began to clear the land, to lay the foundations, and to build the holding walls and culverts. Even as Calum was working on his road the population around him dwindled dramatically both by emigration to other parts of Scotland and by death. By 1968 only Calum and his wife remained.

Calum of course was unable to work on his road full time as he had his regular duties at his croft including looking after his animals, as well as his duty shifts at the lighthouse; and being a deeply religious man he attended the kirk on Sundays a day on which he would only do essential or humanitarian work. It is unclear as to when the road was finished but by 1974 Calum was able to drive his Land Rover the full length, although he never went past Brochel. To complete the work the road needed to be properly metalled, surfaced and tarmacked. This should be the responsibility of the council but again there was much buck-passing and no budget for the work to be completed. It took to the end of 1982 before the road could be considered finished. Between Brochel and a turning place a hundred yards above Calum and Lexie's croft at South Arnish there lay almost two miles of smooth and navigable road. If was a single-track highway, of course, but it had twenty passing places to permit the safe transit of passing traffic. There were plans to install sheep and cattle grids instead of gates to keep different townships' stock separate, all of which were located, purchased, installed and maintained by Calum MacLeod.

Calum's road has established itself effortlessly in the folklore first in the Highlands and Islands, and then of Scotland, and steadily thereafter of the United Kingdom and then the whole great wider world beyond Loch Arnish. Television programmes lingered over it, the band Capercaille wrote and recorded a strathspey in its honour and in 2004 there was an exhibition of art mounted in a Skye gallery, and even the Guide Books started featuring it. All this did not so much recognize the road as it did the man and the builder – Calum MacLeod.

JOLLY BEGGARS BANQUET (TREKKER ARMSTRONG)

Jolly Beggars Banquet (An official function of the Medicine Hat Burns Club)

Saturday, September 29th at the Medicine Hat Cypress Club

It was my pleasure to billet Bill Nolan, Robert Burns World Federation President while in Calgary, and provide transportation to Medicine Hat where Bill presided as the "Chieftain O' The Night" at the Tenth Annual Jolly Beggars Banquet.

Bill is also Past President and currently Honorary Secretary of The Irvine Burns Club where his hands-on involvement in promoting Robert Burns via its Wellwood Burns Centre & Museum resulted in his appointment to the Board of Burns Scotland.

Prior to our departure to Medicine Hat, Calgary Burns Club 1st Vice President Jim Hope-Ross hosted Bill for lunch at the Ranchmen's Club, along with members of the Board and Carnie Group. An enjoyable time, with much discussion on Burns.

On our way out-of-town, I took Bill to Calgary's own statue of Robert the Bruce. Calgary's Eric L. Harvie, a lawyer, philanthropist and the founder of the Glenbow Museum, was instrumental in the funding of a Robert the Bruce statue at the site of the Battle of Bannockburn near Stirling, Scotland. At Harvie's insistence, an identical statue was erected in Calgary.

Bill Nolan was the guest of Ken Montgomery for the weekend of the Banquet. Ken, in addition to his role with the Medicine Hat Burns Club, is also President of the Robert Burns Association of North America (RBANA). On arrival Friday, Ken hosted a Ceilidh at his home where much fun was had.

Saturday night, a limousine collected the guests and deposited us at the Medicine Hat Cypress Club (established in 1903) where Rob Cowan piped us into the Club. Poosie Nansie Debbie Wilde was there to greet the guests along with the Scotch Bar Lassies. The Bill O' Fare was excellent, and Bill Nolan delivered an engaging address to the other 36 dinner guests.

As Past President, I was representing Jim Hutchens, the Calgary Burns Club President, who was still overseas in Scotland. In addition to the Calgary Burns Club, Scott Mathieson President of the Edmonton Burns Club was also a special guest.

The kind reception extended to out of town guests by Ken Montgomery and the Medicine Hat Burns Club is without equal.

It is gratifying for me to see and support the continued efforts to maintain relationships with our fellow Burns Clubs here in Alberta and abroad. Reciprocating attendance at events hosted by either the Edmonton or Medicine Hat Burns Clubs have proven successful and strengthen Robert Burns' legacy here in this province.

BURNS POEM

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIST
(1789)

Chorus.-Robin shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him.
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden,
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin!
Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cottar,
Play'd me sic a trick,
An' me the Eller's dochter!
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Guse-feathers and a whittle!
Robin shure, &c.



2018 Jolly Beggars Banquet - Medicine Hat Burns Club

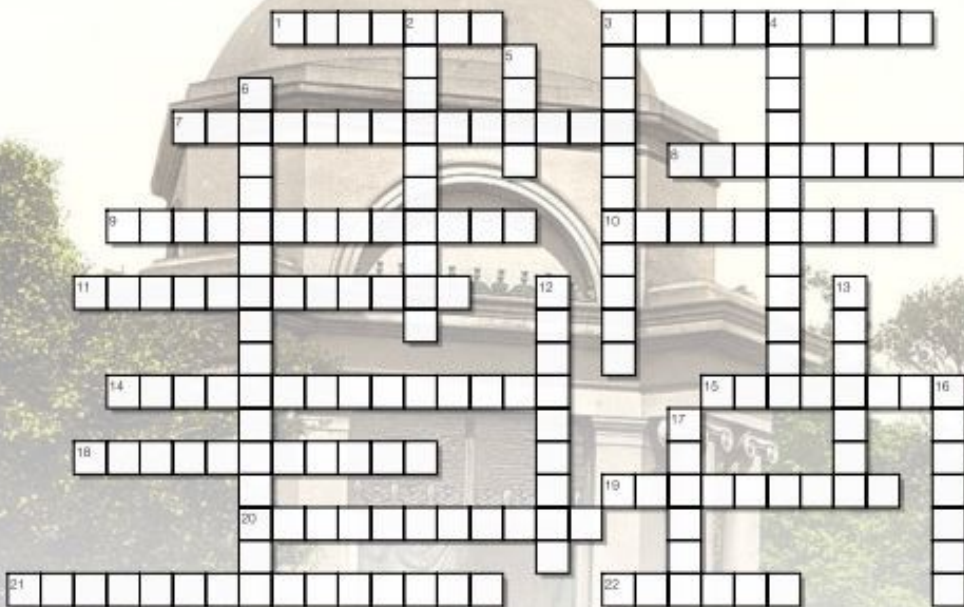


PHOTO'S FROM THE
JOLLY BEGGARS
BANQUET

BURNS CROSSWORD 5 (HENRY CAIRNEY)

All the answers are quoted in Burns works.

Robert Burns Crossword 5



ACROSS

- 1 Burns poetic letter!
- 3 A sugary watter!
- 7 Thanks post eating!
- 8 A scary night in October!
- 9 Short Elizabeth and a town in Ontario!

10 The surname is a drab color!

11 A sad season!

14 A bit of a tragedy!

15 A bunch o' floers!

18 It's an adieu!

19 She replied!

20 Beautiful East Scottish Toon!

21 Rooming William

22 Lamenting Poem!

DOWN

2 A pair o' canines!

3 Whisky beverage!

4 The final song at a celebration!

5 Our own abode!

6 Shout, travel, bird!

12 Beautiful clothes holder!

13 Sad regret!

16 Burns satirical poem!

17 Toast to disaster!

SCOTTISH FACT!

Many of Scotland's most famous inventions – **kilts, tartans and bagpipes** – were actually developed elsewhere. Kilts originated in Ireland, tartans have been found in Bronze Age central Europe and bagpipes are thought to have come from ancient central Asia.

FUTURE SPEAKERS

2019 Peter Hughes Past President RBWF
2020 Andy Harrower Director RBANA
2021 Ronnie O'Byrne Director RBANA



SCOTTISH FACT!

St Andrews Links is considered the **"home of golf"**; the sport has been played there since the 15th century.

BURNS CROSSWORD 5 (SOLUTION)

Robert Burns Crossword 5



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CALGARY CLAVER

Thank you to all contributors.

If you have anything with a Robert Burns, or Scottish cultural interest you would like included in the newsletter, please e-mail the compiler and editor, Henry Cairney at:

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****March 23rd 2019****

Editor's Note

The views expressed in the articles are not necessarily those of the Editor, BOD or the Calgary Burns Club at large. Feel free to contact the authors directly for any clarification.

"Scottish Facts"

Credited to Hannah Furness from the Telegraph 11th January 2012

