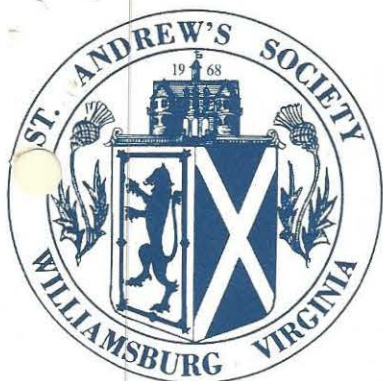




# Saint Andrew's Society

## Williamsburg, Virginia

Quarterly News Letter, No. 5 September, 1969

### RILEY, RITCHIE AND WILSON NOMINATED TO SOCIETY'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Pursuant to the By-laws, notice has been sent by Secretary James P. Whyte, Jr., of the nomination of three persons to succeed current Directors whose terms expire next January.

The nominees are Edward M. Riley, the Director of Research for Colonial Williamsburg; Paul J. Ritchie, U. S. Army Colonel (Ret.); and J. Hicks Wilson, Jr., manager of Stair & Company of Williamsburg, Ltd.

The Directors they are being nominated to succeed are David M. Clark, Dr. John S. Fletcher and Thomas G. McCaskey. The By-laws provide that no Directors can succeed themselves upon expiration of their terms.

Election of directors will take place at the annual meeting of the Society in January. The By-laws provide that any five members of the Society may submit additional nominations to the Secretary not later than November 1.

Officers of the Society are elected by the Directors.

Directors who will continue in office are Duncan M. Cocke, Robert A. Duncan, Philip B. Magruder, William J. Munro, David M. Shepherd and James P. Whyte.

### PLANS IN PROGRESS FOR SECOND ANNUAL TARTAN BALL, NOVEMBER 29

Under chairmanship of Duncan M. Cocke, a committee is at work preparing for the Society's second annual Tartan Ball, to be held this year on November 29 at the Cascades Meeting Center.

Details will be announced when available.

### FALL GATHERING ATTRACTS AND DELIGHTS 80 FOR PIPING, DANCING AND PICNICKING

Pipers Evan Shirey of Williamsburg and Robert Duncan Modys of Louisville, Ky., and the local Scottish Country Dance Group led by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Ticknor, were the "stars" for the second Fall Gathering of the Society in August.

About 80 attended the event, held again at the Jamestown Festival Park. Dinner was in the form of a picnic.

Among the happiest people at the Gathering was Robert A. Duncan III, Society President. Piper Modys is his grandson.

### MEMBERSHIP PINS RECEIVED AND DISTRIBUTED; DON'T FORGET TO REMIT COST TO TREASURER

Attractive membership lapel pins, based on the Society's Badge designed by Russell Hastings, were distributed to members attending the Fall Gathering.

Work on obtaining the pins was begun a year ago by Dr. John S. Fletcher. After months of correspondence to settle difficulties over coloring, metal, etc., a Washington, D. C. firm finally came up with an acceptable and attractive pin at an acceptable price.

Treasurer Philip B. Magruder has pins for those who have not yet obtained them.

By action of the Directors, members are being charged \$5.00 to help defray expenses of the pins. Initiation fees for new members are being raised by \$10.00 to cover this cost and others.

Those who have received their pins are reminded that, if they have not yet done so, they should remit the fee to Magruder when convenient.

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*The News Letter of the Saint Andrew's Society of Williamsburg is published quarterly. News, interesting information and requests for copies should be addressed to Ross Weeks Jr., 200 Harrison Avenue, Williamsburg, editor.*

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#### REMINDERS TO THE MEMBERS: A YARD OF TARTAN AND A FEW PARAGRAPHS ON SELF

Members will recall that the Society would like to help provide a meaningful Scottish decor for its major events.

To this end, Gerald Finn has been working on coats-of-arms for the Clans represented by our membership.

Hanging next to these plaques will be pennants created from the respective Clan tartans. Members have been asked to purchase a single yard of their tartans to contribute to these decorations.

Also, most members have yet to submit biographical sketches of themselves to the news letter editor. Several such sketches were published in the first three issues of the letter, but none have been received since that time.

Publication of biographical sketches has been found by other Societies to be a helpful way of introducing members to each other, as well as interesting archival information.

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#### SOCIETY MEMBER NAMED VICE CONVENER OF THE CLAN MAXWELL SOCIETY OF THE U.S.A.

M/Sgt. S. R. Maxwell of Langley Air Force Base has been named first vice president or vice convener of the Clan Maxwell Society of the United States of America.

The honor came at the 14th annual Grandfather Mountain Highland Games this summer. About 35 Maxwells from throughout the country attended the event.

Members of the Clan have been working on establishment of the Society since 1964.

M/Sgt. Maxwell is noncommissioned officer in charge of special projects and instructor, 450th Physiological Training Flight.

#### A GOOD LESSON IN PUBLIC RELATIONS... Reprinted from The Scots Magazine

A cross-country walker on a well known right-of-way path was surprised recently to find it well marked where it used to be hard to follow, with little burns neatly bridged with logs, and even a stile at a point where the rickety fence went over some rocks. Climbing the well-made steps he noticed a tile bearing a small inscription, roughly as follows:

"This stile was erected in memory of Sheila, shot while chasing sheep on this spot.  
Silly Ditch."

Farther along the path, the walker came to a delightful sward above a curve of bay, the haunt of warblers and wading birds. To his surprise he saw a nesting-box in this remote spot. A little beyond was a house and he stopped to have a word with the lean, fit man working in a small vegetable garden. The walker mentioned the stile, the improvements in the path, and the marvellous green bay.

"Yes," said the shepherd. "It took me a year or two of clearing rushes and bracken to make that turf. When people camp on it they are out of my way, that's why I've made it so inviting. The good path keeps folk from getting lost and wandering on to sheep ground and making things difficult at lambing and dipping time. And that wee notice is much more effective than any 'Keep Your Dogs on the Lead' notice."

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#### ANNIE LAURIE'S HOUSE SOLD

Maxwelton House, Dumfriesshire, ancestral home of Annie Laurie, has been purchased by a Trust created by Hugh C. Stenhouse, chairman of a Scottish-based firm of insurance brokers.

The intention is to restore the property to its original design and to modernize it.

Originally, the house was known as Glencairn Castle, and it was owned by the Laurie Family for 356 years.

*ARISE, SCOTTISH ETHNIC MINORITY! (By Russell Kirk, author and columnist)*

What with black militants, brown militants, and red militants in our land nowadays, this son of the Kirk thinks it high time for his Scoto-American brethren to demand their right and privileges. Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled, you have in prospect a tower of strength in the heart of Manhattan.

For the Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton and her associates in the American-Scottish Foundation--including two clan chiefs who reside in these United States, the MacNeil of Barra and the McBain of McBain (otherwise Mr. Hughston McBain, of Marshall Field's in Chicago)--hope to establish in New York a cultural, educational and social center, to be called Scotland House. All support is welcome, and information may be obtained by writing to Lady Douglas-Hamilton at the American-Scottish Foundation, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

Although I possess a little ancient Scottish house and a Scottish university degree, I confess to being a mere half-breed--and even my Scottish ancestry is a hundred years distant. True, one of my Scottish ancestresses came over about 1640, and married my great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, on the distaff side. That didn't sit well with the family, though, they being Puritans and (according to our 19th-century family historian) Scotswomen being notoriously slothful and slovenly.

Fear not, though: matters have changed since the 17th century, and I am confident that Scotland House will be as tidy as a cairngorm pin. (I wear one such in my tie, in the shape of a claymore.) Anyway, one can forgive some untidiness, for the sake of probity and intelligence.

In those qualities, Americans of Scottish descent have ranked high. The various indices of achievement and intelligence show that 20-th-century Americans with Scottish names stand higher than any other group in our population--with the exception of a much smaller sub-group, folk possessing puritan surnames. Why aren't we militant? How about university departments of Scottish studies, t  
staffed only by claymore-brandishing certified Scots?

Seriously, Scotland House deserves to achieve being. The American-Scottish Foundation proposes to establish in the House a library, an information center, a research center, a dining room, a bar and other amenities. There would be instruction in Highland and country dancing, and displays of Scottish craftsmanship. All this would cost only \$500,000--and there are said to be some 22 million Americans with Scottish ancestors who could share that expense.

"There are men beyond Stirling, and lands beyond Forth," cried James Graham of Claverhouse, Earl of Dundee, when he raised the Jacobite standard outside Edinburgh Castle. Bonnie Dundee may not have been much loved by the Douglas-Hamiltons of the 17th Century, but the words ring true today. Scots have spread through the world, and in no land have they had a grander part than in America.

An annual dinner, an annual Highland ball, lectures, literary gatherings, and exhibitions of the arts are meant to be functions at Scotland House; and the library may become the best Scottish collection in this country. Practically every other nation--even little Estonia and Latvia--has some ethnic center in the United States. What ails the Scots? If Afro-America has James Forman, shall we Scots conjure up no Rob Roy to levy tribute from the lesser breeds without the law?

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LADY FROM HELL...Alan Coren's column on pleasure in *Punch*, May 21, 1969

There's nothing like a change of identity for taking you out of yourself, that's what I always say. Here today and Norman Jenkinson, QC, tomorrow, and if you can arrange for another wife and three kids on the other side of the Chilterns, so much the better.

Man is bound hand and psyche to the idea of his own perfectibility; and for most of us, the striving to realise our full potential is normally concerned with doing as much as we can. But for the enlightened fistful, the search is concerned with being as much as we can. As Wilfred Pickles used so succinctly to put it: "If you weren't you, who would you be?" and it was a query which left not a listening wither unwrung. Most of his questionees, in those far-off, happier times, answered "Sir Winston Churchill." It was a reply typical of the average human being's preference to deal with dreams rather than with achievable practicalities; especially since it frequently came from elderly ladies, who weren't really prepared, I'm sure, to go to all the bother of changing sex, smoking Havanas, and travelling to Yalta at all hours of the day or night. What they failed to realize was how simple it is, in fact, to become someone else, and in that metamorphosis discover whole new landscapes of personality; and not only of your own, either. I do not theorise, friends, I promise. Because, for the past sweet week, I have been a Scot.

No ordinary Scot, of course. There's a little point in merely flattening your vowels and reading *Ivanhoe* on the Tube, if you're going to do it in a Burton's pinstripe serge; the essence of identity-change is that it requires total commitment; and is instantly appreciable by passing eyes, else it is nothing. Now, had you glimpsed me in a London street during the time in question, you would have had no difficulty at all in recognising me for what I wasn't: the honest giant brogues, clearly handed down from father to bairn, the long beige socks hugging calves that had obviously thickened from the rugged trials of ford and heather, the bright, hairy knees, virgin to the trouser's kiss, rimmed by the swinging kilt, the battered sporran worn by a lifetime's fingering at livestock sales, the nubbly tweed waistcoat and jacket, the smoky rustic tie--all testified to the presence in your urban midst of a man who'd smelt the tangle of the isles, whatever that is.

I, for my part, was required to do very little to ginger up the deception; it was all done for me by the willing watchers. I merely stood there, a total Gaelic statement, while the rest of the world made its automatic assumptions. Of course, to flesh out the stereotype, I had to go through one or two expected motions, if only to endorse what everyone thought they knew. I was, for example, uncharacteristically dour. And very pleasant it was, too: none of your superfluous chattings--up of barmaids or sales-assistants or cab-drivers, none of your tatty London wit, all those pointless words one spills out wearily in a dozen daily casual human contacts, the incessant "Looks like rain again" and "What about Harold, then?" and "Don't do anything I wouldn't do, yuk-yuk-yuk!" All I felt bound to offer was the raising of an eyebrow, or the curtest of Highland nods. No one expected me to be anything except A Man of Few Words. I even found myself grunting, a pastime entirely novel to me, and extremely valuable, obviating as it did the need to take a chance with items like "braw" and "noo." I also goggled at neon signs and tower blocks, frowned in a terrible Presbyterian manner at mini-skirts and long-haired youths, and, for the first time in my life, ordered whisky by name.

The returns for this tiny thespian outlay were immeasurable, confirming as they did my particular identity and enabling me to bask (albeit sternly, ye ken) in the world's instant admiration. Because a Scot, a fully recognizable cap-a-pie Scot, enjoys a staggering respect among Sassenachs which I was suddenly able to share; contrary to what you might guess from the disloyal easel of Donald McGill and the weird subliterate of the music hall and its treasury of underwear jokes, a kilted man is not a comic figure, nor a butt for fools. What I gleaned from the

conversations punctuated by my grunts and short, tough chuckles, was that the average Englishman sees in the mere defiance of the Scotsman's dress a whole range of remarkable qualities, like honesty, strength of character, moral rectitude (whoever heard of an adulterer in a kilt?), and an austere, yet genuine pride. I clearly, to the outsider, stood for something. Grafted on to this was a whole romantic transplant compounded of centuries of lumps rising in throats, from Flodden to Tobruk and Aden, and the pervading glamour of B. Prince Charlie, Tan o'Shanter, and the Queen Mother. It is no understatement to say that wherever an identifiable, that is to say kilted, Scotsman treads, there emanates from his homely tweeds a charisma which leaves the Kennedys and the Burtons in the starting-gate.

There are, of course, some delightful benefits ancillary to the primary one of looking, for once, like a decent human being: principal among these, inevitably, is the pleasure of being an instant focus of attention, no matter how competitive the circumstances. On the Sunday morning of the week under review, for instance, I strode (what else can you do in shoes that look as though they were built at Clydeside?) into a trendy SW1 booze boutique called The Grenadier, which rises above a mewsful of Rolls-Royces and is always packed to the gunwales with stars of stage, screen and divorce court. Usually, I pass less than unnoticed there between the alabaster thighs of seven-foot model-dollies and squat Cockney bit-parters, but on this occasion fifty overhung orbs swivelled and goggled as I clunked towards the bar, among them a pair belonging to David Hemmings, a man not normally upstaged by humorists. The barman, too, who usually spends his time attempting to overhear intimacies whispered by Vanessa Redgrave and studiously ignoring anyone with less than a seven-year MGM contract tucked into his hatband, positively fawned. He may, of course, have thought I was Rod Steiger in drag, or something, but I prefer to believe that his attention was due to my rather bonny build and the accumulated associations of my clothes, a combination which has the reputation of reducing public houses to smouldering splinters if the service or liquor fails one iota short of impeccability.

A further delight is that one is a flint for conversation; my impression is that anyone who mopes around bedsitterland trotting out cliches about nowhere being as lonely as London needs only to slip into a kilt to have the world at his feet. Not looking up, preferably. Girls smile at you on the boulevard, while their eyes and yours exchange notes on legs, men buttonhole you in pubs and buses with anecdotes of golf and battle, and everyone seems fraught with anxiety as to your welfare: I had only to stop at a street corner and look up at the nameplate, to have a couple of Londoners rushing over to ask me where I wanted to get to. London, in fact, came remarkably well out of the experiment. I had always believed that the wickedest city in the world was permanently waiting for foreigners to get off the train in order to relieve them of their last sou and stroll away cackling, but the opposite proved to be the case. To test my preconception, I drifted toward Soho on Saturday night, hoping to get drawn into some seedy basement where the resident shysters would attempt to take me to the cleaners. But the come-ons were no more teasingly or dishonestly angled than usual, and one incident occurred which left me reeling.

I was standing outside a strip-joint in Greek Street, listening to the spiel, when I felt a hand on my arm; I looked around to find a man beckoning me away with a nodding head. Assuming he was about to offer me something nefarious and exorbitant, I followed. And what he said was: "You don't want to go in there, Jock, they'll only make you pay through the nose for fruit juice and get some bird to promise you everything, until your money runs out." Then he walked away. Which was just as well, since his concern called for more than my slim repertoire of grunts, and I could not have borne to have had him disillusioned. Even a Sassenach has his pride.

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NOTES ON SCOTTISH HERALDRY AND THE CLAN SYSTEM (from Scots Heraldry, by Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, Lord Lyon King of Arms)

The Celtic social system has indeed had a vital influence upon the popularity of Scots heraldry, because, unlike any other country, Scotland, owing to its clan organization, has enjoyed a complete absence of class distinctions or "class-consciousness," and a corresponding popularity--indeed, whole hearted veneration--for everything pertaining to rank and lineage, honours, dignities, and ensigns-armorial. In most countries there has been a distinct cleavage between noble and churl. Rank and heraldry were confined to the former, and often viewed with envy or contempt by the "lower classes." In a country such as Scotland, where the fundamental theory underlying clanship (and the same principle applies to the great Lowland "houses") is that every member springs from the founder of the clan and that the chief, the chieftains, the duine-ualas (i.e., those who actually trace their descent to the chiefly line), and the body of the clan, are all of the same kin, obviously "class feeling" could not exist.

In Scotland no servile peasantry cringed beneath the yoke of alien overlords, nor did the burghers feel themselves despised or scorned. "The good old Scots custom drew no snobbish distinction between the burgher and the country gentleman, and clannish ties of relationship ran through every rank of society, uniting its folk in a homely heartwarm way that the abstract tenets of democracy can never achieve."

Chiefs and Lairds reigned in their ancestral estates like Princes, their castle forming a little court, of which the ceremonial reflected in miniature that of Falkland and Holyroodhouse. The chieftain's turreted keep with its carved escutcheons and emblazoned banner was to each surrounding cottage the embodied grandeur of that pride of race which burned as strongly beneath the ploughman's low-thatched roof as in the lofty baronial hall itself...

In Scotland not only heraldry and genealogy, but honours and titles, enjoyed much wider distribution than in any other country. At the time of the Union in 1707, Scotland, with a population of one and a quarter million, had 154 peers (one peer to 8000 people) whilst England, with five and a half million, had only 164 (one peer to 32,000 people). Outside its peerage, England's titled aristocracy consisted of only a few Baronets and Knights, but in Scotland the whole territorial "Baronage," as well as Clan-Chiefs, and even lesser landed proprietors, all habitually used picturesque designations which are founded on Scots law and which the Crown and courts recognize as "titles." Of these there were upwards of 10,000, who, along with their wives and heirs, used these styles, so that in Scotland approximately one out of every forty-five people in the country was either of, or else immediately related to, some such "house." More than half the population considered themselves part of the Scottish aristocracy. Such an unprecedented situation goes far to explain the pride of birth and ancestry so characteristic of Scotland, and which Bishop Leslie in the sixteenth century observes was shared "by the haill people, nocht only the nobilitie."

In these circumstances, the subject of honours and dignities, pedigrees and heraldry, which in other countries has become a source of embarrassment or ill-feeling, consequently deprecated as a subject of discussion in mixed society, is--and always has been--in Scotland the natural topic of conversation amongst all ranks, and "proud as a Scot" has become a proverb on the Continent.