



THE SPECTATOR

MAY-JUNE 1991

ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY

OF

WILLIAMSBURG

XX

A GREAT SCOT

On April 13, 1991, the Saint Andrew's Society of Williamsburg lost one of its founding fathers and organizers, a six-time president of the Society, holder of every office in the organization, (many of them several times) and a man on whom the Society has depended for guidance and leadership throughout its existence.

Paul Ritchie died, after a long illness, on April 13th. A man intensely fond of his family, he left Margaret, his wife of over 50 years, a daughter who is also a Colonel in the Army, a son Paul Jr., and one grandson, all of whom greatly mourn him.

Every member of the Saint Andrew's Society of Williamsburg undoubtedly has vivid memories of him, his stories, and his tales of his 30-odd years in the Army. He had a fine career, including combat and staff assignments and fascinating experiences in intelligence work literally around the world.

To this Society, Paul gave unstintingly of his time, experience, knowledge, and interest. With his recollections of everything that had occurred in the Society, and his file of Society documents from its organization onward, he could and did provide to Society officers and board members unequalled advice and directions which kept them on the right road for the Society's best interests. He loved everything Scottish, rarely missed Highland Games or Scottish Festivals, was unfailing in his attendance and participation in Society activities, enjoyed Scottish Country Dancing and did so with a skill and dash that outshone other dancers half his age. If truth be known, on occasions he enjoyed a wee dram with friends, although it has been hinted that he savored a well-mixed Manhattan as much as he did Scotland's most important fluid product.

Paul was in truth one of a kind, a good friend to everyone he knew, and never at a loss for an immediate, apt, and humorous response to whatever was said or happened. He posed successfully at various times as everything from a Senator to a gynecologist. With his quick wit, he was able to puncture the most pompous ego, without leaving permanent scars, but derived (and provided) great pleasure from leading on unsuspecting victims who almost saw through his wild and improbable explanations, but were inevitably "hooked" by the seriousness with which he delivered them. Those who watched such hilarious

high-jinks realized that they were observing a master at work, and recall them years afterward.

The Saint Andrews Society, his friends, family, and all who knew him will be the poorer for his passing, but richer by far for having known him.

Margaret Ritchie requests that any of you who desire to express your sympathy in the form of a gift, please do so as a contribution to the Charitable & Educational Fund of the Saint Andrews Society of Williamsburg. Before you submit your gift, please call Henry Wann at 229-2686.

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die;
And I lay me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me,
'Here he lies where he longed to be:
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

from "Requiem" by Robert Louis Stevenson

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The Board of Directors has established membership as our "number one" goal for 1991. Our objectives are to improve communications with the members, gain new members, and enhance member involvement and attendance at our various Society events. This newsletter and the new telephone committee are steps to improve communications. We have also decided to sponsor a membership drive and contest during 1991. Our hope is that EVERY member will try to recruit at least one new member for us; emphasis is on recruiting younger members to sustain our Society in the future. Please note my comments below concerning member participation and involvement. If you have any suggestions on how our Society could be of more value to our members, please let us know.

In the last issue, I asked for volunteers from the membership to assist the Board of Directors with some portion of the jobs associated with our Society events. This can be just helping out on the day of the event or accomplishing one of the advance details. Volunteers are still needed to help with the Tartan Ball, Society tent at Tidewater & Williamsburg Games, Kirkin & Luncheon, Christmas Walk, and Burns Night. Please call me at 804-898-8151 after 6PM; we need your help!

I was most proud and pleased that 18 folks from our Society attended the Scottish Society of Tidewater's annual brunch at Fort Monroe on April 14. We all had a "bonnie good" time with lots to eat and good fellowship. Our friends from southside made us feel most welcome and did our Society the honor of piping "Flowers of the Forest" in memory of Colonel Paul

Ritchie. We hope to see our southside Scottish friends at our Spring Ceilidh.

EV TUCKER, PRESIDENT

SCOTLAND, LAND OF ROMANCE

Scotland is a land steeped in beauty and drenched in romance. This romance lies much deeper than mere scenery, those praised views. It is something in the air and the very soil itself. It is a romance of sharp-edged contrast and bewildering variety, of grim peaks and smiling green straths, of foaming mountain torrents and rippling silver streams, of gently sloping meadows and rolling moorlands where the wild wind skirls like a pibroch.

It is a romance of history, of a people battling fiercely for liberty and independence. The Scots, true to their emblem of the thistle, are a turbulent race. Even from the days of the Picts who surged round Hadrian's Wall, they have had the blood of fighting mountain men.

It is a romance of character-character that comes from the land. Dreamy Celt and sturdy lowlander alike owe their character to the land they live in. Romance is Scotland and Scotland is romance, but you cannot tell why this should be so, unless you see the country for yourself. Go to Scotland, see what I am saying.

FIRES IN SCOTLAND

In the year 1244, Haddington, Rokesburgh, Lanerk, Stirling, Perth, Forfar, Montrose, and Aberdeen were all consumed by accidental fire.

MEMBERSHIP DRIVE & CONTEST

Recognizing that new membership is our number one goal for 1991, we have started a contest open to all members. That member who signs up the most new members during the period, 1 Jan - 31 Dec 1991, will win two free tickets to Burns Night in Jan 1992. In case of a tie, each will receive two tickets. On each application, there is a space for the sponsor's and co-sponsor's name. The sponsor is the one who will get the credit for signing the new member. Be sure to sign the application therefore. If you need blank applications or have any questions, call Jack Robinson at 229-5020.

THE COCK OF THE NORTH

"The Duke of Gordon, who was the chief of the clan, was usually styled, The Cock of the North. The most ancient title was the Gudeman of the Bog, from the Bog of Gight, a morass in the parish of Bellie, Banffshire, in the center of which the former stronghold of this family was placed, and which forms the

sight of Gordon Castle, considered the most magnificent edifice in the north of Scotland. The Marquis of Huntly is now the chief of the clan Gordon. In Berwickshire, the original seat of the Gordons, the gipsies still retain the surname; and the natives of the parish of Gordon in that county, from their simplicity of manners, were usually styled the Gowks of Gordon."

from The Book of Scottish Anecdote, 1874

"When Scotland forgets Burns then history will forget Scotland"
Professor John Stuart Blackie

JOHN PAUL JONES, AMERICAN HERO

In the 1920's there was a popular dance, a wild and wonderful one, called the Paul Jones. Is there any question who it was named after?

Born John Paul, the son of a gardener in 1747, in Kirkcudbrightshire, he was fascinated by the New World, even as a boy. He first visited it when he was 13, serving as a cabin boy on a merchant ship. An elder brother had emigrated, and young John visited him in Virginia several times. When this brother died, John returned to Fredericksburg to claim his share of the estate. Taking the surname Jones, he remained there for two years. When he was 19, he became chief mate on board a slaver, and in 1773 he killed a man who was leading a mutiny.

When the American Colonies rebelled against English rule, Jones chose the Colonial side. Taking a command in the Continental Navy in 1775, he began to make a name for himself. The following year he made two Atlantic cruises, capturing 16 British ships. In 1778 he sailed along Britain's North Sea coast, landing in the Solway Firth in an attempt to capture the earl of Selkirk. However, Selkirk was away in Edinburgh at the time. But the very next day, he captured HMS Drake, the first Royal Navy ship to be taken by the Americans.

On his next cruise, he commanded a squadron of five ships, assembled with French assistance but flying the American flag. Not much happened until the squadron reached Flamborough Head off the English Yorkshire coast. There a battle raged, and Jones was determined to win, even shooting one of his own men who dared try to strike the colors. Jones captured two British warships in this battle, one of America's most memorable ones.

Afterwards, Jones was knighted by the French king and received honors from Congress. He went to Denmark to represent the American government, and while there accepted an offer from Russia to command their navy against the Turks. He died in Paris in 1792 at the age of 45, after a short but adventurous, rich and full life.

"Hang a thief when he's young, and he'll no steal when he's auld."
Lord Braxfield's maxim

DUNCAN PHYFE, MASTER CABINET-MAKER

Born in Scotland in 1768, Duncan Phyfe went to Albany, New York in his early teens and became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. In 1790, at the age of 21, he went to New York City, where he set up his own shop, and made fine-quality furniture in the Sheraton and Directory styles. Phyfe's work possesses a grace of line, a refinement of proportions, and a delicacy of ornament-reeding, fluting, cameo-carving-which lends it both elegance and a distinctive air. Among his chairs, sofas, and tables he produced so many little masterpieces incorporating the lyre motif that he is now considered its chief American exponent. His individuality again stands out in his Empire-style furniture.

Duncan Phyfe became so successful that at one time he employed a hundred workers. Eventually though his work suffered from his success and he retired from business in 1847. He died in 1854. Fine collections of Phyfe furniture are owned by the Museum of the City of New York; the Metropolitan Museum of New York; the Taft Museum of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Henry Ford's Edison Institute in Dearborn, Michigan.

ALEXANDRIA CHRISTMAS WALK

Did you realize you only have approximately 230 shopping days till Christmas? So no, it's not too early to think about the Christmas walk. What is it, you ask? Well, on December 7th, in mid-morning, the haunting sounds of pipe bands will quicken the blood of clan and Society members as they assemble for the parade. Hot cider, steaming coffee, and mouth watering pastries fuel the eager crowd. The swirl of tartan, barking Scotty dogs and Westies, the putt-putt of vintage cars and a thousand other treats charge the scene with electrifying anticipation.

What then you ask? More next time, but for now Bill Weaver says if you are planning to go, reserve soonest. The Society has 12 rooms blocked for Dec 6 & 7 at the Old Town Holiday Inn, \$85/night/room, single or double, \$15 for extra adult/room, under 18 free. Call 703-549-6080 (800-368-5047 outside Va.) Be sure to mention the Society, and call Bill Weaver at 804-229-3432 if you reserve a room.

WHY IS SCOTLAND YARD SO CALLED?

The place in which the headquarters of the London Metropolitan Police Force is situated is said to be on the site of an ancient palace which formerly stood there. The palace was built for the reception of Scottish kings when they visited England. According to Pennant, the palace was originally given by King Edgar to Kenneth of Scotland when he came to London to pay homage.

SPRING

"now nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And sheds her sheets o' daisies
Out o'er the grassy lea."

from "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots" by Burns

SPRING CEILIDH

It was a brilliant and magnificent day at Kingsmill, high clouds, and music in the pines—did you hear Nancy Geddes pipe; well, thank you Nancy, you struck a chord in many a heart there. The tunes of Lynn and Barry gave life a note. The food and the drink and the friends, and the chatter and the friends. Thanks to Byron Adams and Russ Scott for a job well done. Ev Tucker's red socks were something no one planned on. No, the Society is not responsible for the three blinded squirrels.

INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF THE CLANS—NOVA SCOTIA

Starting in July is a summer long celebration of festivals, gatherings, community events and highland games. For more information write to The International Gathering of the Clans, PO Box 456, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 2R5 or call 1-800-565-0000. Call 1-800-565-1563 for tours and reservation information.

A TASTE OF SCOTLAND—WHISKY PUNCH

Peel three lemons finely and squeeze out the juice, then put them in a large jug with 1/2 lb of sugar. Pour two pints of boiling water over, and leave until cold. Strain into a large bowl and add a bottle of Scotch whisky, stirring as you pour. Chill for at least one hour.

THE BUCHANAN CLAN

In Gaelic the surname of Buchanan is Mac a'Chanonaich, which means 'the son of the canon', a churchman. This suggests then, that the Buchanans may have originated from an ecclesiastical indiscretion. In the year 1225, Absalom, son of Macbethe, was granted a charter to the island of Clarinch in Loch Lomond by Maldoun, the third earl of Lennox. This island became the gathering place of the Buchanans.

From the 13th to the 17th centuries the family of Buchanan was to be associated with the Buchanan parish in Stirlingshire. The actual name Buchanan (Gaelic Both-Chanain) was not adopted until the middle of the 15th century when the family expanded into Dumbartonshire and the highlands of Perthshire. This expansion was mainly because of political ties with Lennox. The Buchanans' spheres of influence straddled the cultural divide of Scotland. Collectively the Buchanans gained reputations as mercenaries, serving in France from the 15th century and in Germany from the 17th century.

George Buchanan, the most erudite Scotsman of the Renaissance, received his formal education in France. It was there he gained a reputation as a linguist and teacher. After the Reformation, he returned to Scotland and became lay moderator in 1567. In 1579 he published *De Jure Rigni* which justified tyrannicide. Although suppressed in Scotland from 1584, it won acclaim throughout Europe. Revised as a handbook for revolution in the 1640s, it was again suppressed by Charles II following the restoration of the Stuart monarchy in 1660.

One of the first merchant adventurers was Andrew Buchanan, also a leading Glasgow citizen. His Virginia plantation made him a fortune as a tobacco lord, and in 1749, became a founding partner of the Ship Bank, the first Scottish provincial bank. Together with his three brothers, Buchanan formed the Buchanan Society in 1725, mainly for the relief of destitute highlanders drawn to Glasgow in the 18th century.

James Buchanan, elevated to Lord Woolavington in 1923, recognized the potential for export of blended Scotch whisky. His Black and White blend was the official toddy of the House of Commons in the 1880s. He left a fortune of seven million pounds when he died in 1935.

The History of the Ancient Surname of Buchanan was written by William Buchanan of Auchmar and published in Glasgow for A. Buchanan in 1793. This remarkable book which I own as part of my reference library contains histories of other ancient Scottish surnames such as Drumkill, Spittels, Macauselans, Auchneiven, Carbeth, and Auchmar-names not necessarily common. It is possible that this book was first published in 1723, according to a notation in the same. It also contains a list of the known clans of Scotland at that time. I'll include this in a future issue, and I think it will surprise many people.

3 RETORT

A visiting Englishman said to a Scottish countryman that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in a country such as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied, "Tastes differ. I'll move ye to a place, no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand of yer countrymen have been for five hunder years, and they've nae thocht o' leavin yet."

from *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, 1928

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Jun 22 Tidewater Scottish Festival , Norfolk Botannical Gardens
Jul 15 St. Andrews Society Luncheon, Mulberry Inn, Williamsburg
Sep 27 Williamsburg Scottish Festival, Williamsburg Winery
Sep 27 Tartan Ball & Balmoral Reception, Holiday Inn Patriot, Williamsburg

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN:

Scottish country dancing-----Call Jack Kane at 898 -6953
Strath James Pipes & Drums-----Call Jay Close at 564-0838
St. Andrews Society of Wsmbg-----Call Ev Tucker at 898-8151
Williamsburg Scottish Festival-----Call Bob Davis at 229-5653
Scottish American Military Soc-----Call Russ Scott at 887-2803
Scottish highland dancing-----Call Mary Adams at 220-0310
Piping lessons-----Call Jay Close at 564-0838
Scottish antiques-----Call Don Dixon at 898-1404
Alexandria Christmas Walk-----Call Bill Weaver at 229-3432
Charitable & Educational Fund-----Call Henry Wann at 229-2686

THE SPECTATOR is published bi-monthly by the Saint Andrews Society of Williamsburg. If you have a friend that you think might enjoy it, and who might be interested in joining the Society, call me, Don Dixon, at 898-1404 or 868-8745 and I will get them a copy and an application. We welcome criticisms, suggestions, requests, and praise. But don't call me until after June 14th, for Hazel and I are off to Scotland now in search of Scottish antiques and the ever elusive wild hairy haggis. Cheerio.

Saint Andrew's Society

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23187