



THE SPECTATOR



St Andrews Society of Williamsburg

September-October 1993

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

By the time you receive this newsletter another Williamsburg Scottish Festival will have come and gone. It is my hope that all of you were able to, and did, attend. Having spent eight years on the Festival Board, I know just how hard these people work to put on a successful festival. This year it was even more difficult because the board was working short-handed. To these people who have worked so hard I say well done, and well deserved thank you from everyone who attended.

The next event on our program for the year is Member's Night, formerly called Dining Out. It will be held Wednesday evening, October 13; please plan to attend. Incidentally, the name was changed to be more in line with our informal evening of fellowship, fun and entertainment rather than a very stiff and formal affair. It is open to all members and guests who are prospective members. This is a great opportunity for the membership to get to know one another and to meet the

board members. If you have any ideas as to how we could do things better and differently, this is a good time to express them. However, I feel it is my duty to warn you. If you come up with something, you may be invited to a board meeting to express your views. Our board meetings are always open to the membership.

On Sunday, November 21 the Kirkin' O the Tartan will take place. Last year's Kirkin was very well attended. We are hoping for even better attendance this year. In conjunction with the Kirkin' and luncheon which follows, we will celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the St. Andrews Society of Williamsburg. We especially hope that as many of our charter members as possible will be present. I am told that we will have a good program, but all I can say at this time is come and be surprised along with me.

Taylor Fraser, President

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THE SAINT ANDREWS SOCIETY

How did all this 'Scottishness' begin in Williamsburg? Well, to have an understanding of the early days of the Williamsburg Saint Andrew's Society and its founding, let us turn the clock back 25 years. The current membership of the society must credit two men as the *fathers* of the organization, Bob Duncan and Dave Shepherd. The backgrounds of these two remarkable men were markedly different. Bob was a banker and community leader whose ancestors were in Virginia at the time of the founding of the nation. Dave, on the other hand, was Scots born and owned the Shepherd's Scottish Shop on Bacon Street. They possessed a common tie, love of Scottish heritage and culture. That, coupled with their drive and determination, gave rise to the Saint Andrew's Society of Williamsburg.

Dave Shepherd's shop served as an informal gathering place for Williamsburg's Scottish-American community in the mid 1960's. Folks would gather there on Saturday afternoons to chat about *things Scottish*. Dave had wanted to form some sort of Scottish organization in town and had been in contact with several people who were involved in Scotia or Saint Andrews Societies. One of these, William Lindsay of Greenville, South Carolina, provided a contact in the Saint Andrews Society of Washington, D.C. as a source of guidance. Meanwhile, Bob acquired the assistance of Robert Reed of the Savannah, Georgia Saint Andrews Society. Mr. Reed sent their membership procedures and the Society's constitution and by-laws. These were important documents to our early committees who did the groundbreaking work on our initial charter. It was during this time that Dave and Bob laid the plans for a Scottish organization in Williamsburg.

By late 1967, Bob wrote the Washington Society seeking counsel on forming a Williamsburg Society. Their Board voted to assist wherever they could. This relationship proved very important during the early years of our society, right up to the presentation of our original flag. The Washington Society presented it. After many meetings in late 1967 and early 1968 at Bob's home, a nebulous formed. Ten men gathered. Bob Duncan, Dave Shepherd, Ed Alexander, Duncan Cocke, Arthur Gordon, Phil Macgruder, Tom McCaskey, Donald McConkey, Paul Ritchie, and Jim Whyte met in the board room of the old Peninsula National Bank on Duke of Gloucester Street. There, they laid the plan for the Williamsburg Saint Andrews Society, a plan which gathered momentum.

On March 5, 1968, Harry Blunt, a past president of the Washington Society, led a committee of five to meet with the Williamsburg group to cover the specifics for the founding of the Society. By this time, the Williamsburg group had grown to 16 with the addition of Don Donaldson, John Fletcher, Russ Hastings, Gil Jones, Richard Lawson, and Rick Wilson. Things grew hectic as the group formulated an organizational structure, developed guidance documents, invented and devised membership forms and procedures, and involved other people in the fledgling society. But, it happened.

On May 8, 1968, the founding members gathered at the board room to officially establish the *Saint Andrews Society of Williamsburg*. The date was designated as *founder's day* and the society's official birthday. The *founder's* list was complete with the addition of Jim Anthony, J.T. Baxter, David Clark, C.H. Forbes, Gil Granger, Mac MacGillivray, Jack McPherson, Willie Monroe, Bob Pollard, John Stewart, and Howard Topp. And that's the story.

By the end of May 1968, the Williamsburg Saint Andrews Society was a viable, functioning organization with by-laws, and elected board of directors and officers plus 28 members. Ask any of the founders about the early years. But, be prepared to sit back and listen to some answers to your questions. I know, as I think back, I smile, sometime with a tear in my eye, but oh those voices, those people, those desires, its interesting, its ; my, has it been 25 years?

Howard Topp



THE FIRST WOMEN DOCTORS

The Medical Act of 1858 established a medical register, and insisted on all practitioners holding a qualification from a British medical school. Since no institution would award degrees to women, and hospitals would not admit them for experience, it was impossible for a woman to become a doctor.

Sophia Jex Blake succeeded in persuading the University of Edinburgh to admit women to separate medical instruction in 1869, but this was withdrawn in 1874. Sophia went to London and set up the London School of Medicine for Women. One of the first to enroll at Sophia's school was Janet Waterston. Born in Inverness in 1843, she had worked as a missionary in South Africa for the Free Church from 1867 to 1873. She studied first at London and then in Dublin, was licensed in 1878 and returned to Africa, where she was the first white woman doctor. After working in Free Church missions, she set up a public health service for women in Cape Town. She died in 1932, aged 89.



I WILL REMEMBER ALWAYS

I will remember
When mere sight must die,
That swoop of gull-wings
White against the sky;
Tossed foam and wave-fall
Flame-bright on pale sand;
Bays milk-white, rock-girt,
And the still, green land.
I will be hearing
In my memory still
Bird-cry, sea music,
All the airs that fill
Brimming, the stillness

Of this isle of peace;
Even while hearing
And remembrance cease.

I will be bringing
For thank-offering there
When the blest token
Priestly hands up-bear,
(God grant!) to dying
Lips, most thankful word
For all the beauty
That but veiled my Lord.
from Highland Scene by Marion Lochhead, 1942



THE EVE OF ALL HALLOWS

Halloween, or the eve of all hallows, 31 October, was entered on the Christian calendar as the Feast of All Saints, the 'Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed'. In Scotland, this festival was affixed to a pagan one, the Celtic festival of Samhuinn. The Celts believed that this night was the past, the present, and the future.

Samhuinn was the winter solstice, a time when the Celts returned their flocks to the protection of the winter fold. Thus it was a day of thanksgiving to the gods for the safe return of the cattle and a time to plea for a renewed food supply.

Since Samhuinn was also a feast of the dead for the Celts, for All Saints, it became a time when evil walked. It was a night for witches riding on broomsticks and doing nasty things. Of course bonfires deflected the witches' ride.

The main symbol of Halloween is the scooped-out turnip lantern, which is given a skull-like face, with a candle set inside. This harkens back to a time when such things would keep evil demons away.

The apple might well be deemed the fruit of Halloween in Scotland, being used for divination and for the *dookin* ritual. A tub, half filled with water, would be placed in the middle of the floor and in would go several well-polished apples. In turn the company, without using hands, would kneel and try to pick up an apple with their teeth. This is a relic of the Druidic Ordeal by Water, signifying the passage of the soul across the waters to the hereafter, to Apple-land (Avalon). Burns's *apple at the glass* custom he remembered thus: "Take a candle, and go, alone, to a looking glass: eat an apple before it, and comb your hair all the time: the face of your companion to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder."

ψ

WILLIAMSBURG CHRISTMAS PARADE & SCOTTISH CHRISTMAS WALK

This is a reminder to come out, gather unto yourself the Christmas spirit, and revel in your Scottish heritage. Join together with other members of the Society for this Twenty-Fifth Christmas. Assemble on Duke of Gloucester Street between 8:00 and 9:00 on the morning of December 4th. Just look for the kilts. If you have any questions, call Jack Rouzie at 220-1151, he'll answer them all.



ANCESTRY

"The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato-the only good belonging to him is under ground."

Sir T. Overbury

BURNS NIGHT

At the last Burns Night celebration we had 109 members and guests. Once again we held it at the Fort Eustis Officers Club on January 23. Burt Mitchell of *Piper's Dream* fame and local Colonial Williamsburg balladeer Robin Welch entertained us wonderfully. For those who tried it, waltzing to Burt on the pipes is something not soon to be forgotten. I am sure I would have done better with the drill sergeant, from the movie *Glory!*, yelling instructions.

We also conducted our Annual General Meeting, passing proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws, and electing new Board members Charles Saunders, David Borland, Byron Adams, and Mason

GHOSTS IN THE CLOSE

I have always assumed that Glasgow's tenements have just always been there. Nobody could have put them up deliberately. When I first read about the ancient Picts running about in woad and scaring the life out of Caesar's legions, I took it for granted that they did their running about through the closed and back courts of Gallowgate where I was born.

The tenements are built extravagantly of good sandstone, so that they have outlasted all those generations of Picts and are still there, and there doesn't seem anything anybody can do about them. It's true that in George Street and over in Govan, on the south side of the Clyde, some of them have started falling down spontaneously during the past ten years, but this is probably because people left them and they get lonely, and not through any constitutional weakness.

Most of them run to four storeys, built in rectangles to enclose the back courts. The back courts are divided by brick walls and brick-built wash-houses built for climbing over. It was on one of these that I made my first acquaintance with the terror that lurks in the big city. I would be four years old at the time, a perilous age in Glasgow because in order to live a full rich life at four, you have to attach yourself to the bigger fry and they can always run faster and jump higher than you can. So I was at the tail end of the line one night on the run along the top of the back court wall in Gallowgate and on to the high wash-houses of Cubie Street, and I was good and far behind when I arrived at one of the obstacles of the course.

There was a turn in the wall, and in order to finish the run you had to dreeep to the ground, stand on a dustbin to get astride the next bit of wall and then home to the roofs. The next instant I lowered myself to dreeep I knew it was too far. It was too dark to see the ground below, but I had heard enough about people breaking both legs. I had heard practically nothing else, in fact, from the time I could walk. But by this time I was hanging by my fingers and I couldn't climb back up either. I shouted, but nothing happened, so I screamed, and I had a good vibrant scream in those days. A Glasgow back court on a dark Tuesday night is the loneliest place in the world.

Young. Colin Govan was selected to fill an unexpired Board vacancy. We also installed new officers Taylor Fraser as President, John Kane as Vice-President, Tom Nichols as Secretary and Bruce Schoch as Treasurer.

Any event brings up questions and new ideas. We have used the *modified* British dining-in format for as long as I can remember for Burns Night. Is this the most appropriate format? What would you rather see? In the past, we have had both ballroom dancing and country dancing. Would you like to see these again? Is there someone among you who would like to lead country dancing? Would you prefer an afternoon event to one in the evening? Would you prefer that the Annual General Meeting be conducted at another event? These are only a few questions, I'm sure you have more, and plenty of ideas. Please share them, and anything else that is on your mind. Send them to our president, Taylor Fraser. Thank you. Yours Aye,

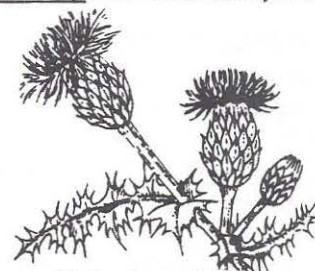
Bruce P. Schoch, Treasurer

SCOTS PROVERB

Keep your breath to cool your porridge.

"A man on hearing that his wife had died during an operation exclaims in the first pangs of grief, 'There is something in Burns for every moment of a man's life, good days and bad. I shall find his sympathy here. Burns would have known what I feel now.'"

from Brithers A', Peter Esslemont, 1933



Some time later my sister Johanne, sitting in the house a hundred yards away and two storeys up, recognised the screams and bolted out to save me. She had to prise my fingers off the top of the wall before she could pick me down.

Lone children coming up their own stairs had a cry--*OPENNNN!* It penetrated through every house in the building, a merry ring. But under the mere expression of noisy high spirits was a thin undertone of fear. For a close at night, even your own familiar close, is a menacing thing, and there is nothing you want so much as the heartening sound of your mother opening the door for you upstairs before you even start climbing. There might be anything lurking on one of the landings under the sputtering gaslight; in fact, there is, you know there is. But you can't linger at the foot of the stairs either, for there you are too close to the back court, and that's nothing but a rectangle of blackness at the rear of the close.

Even without going into the close at all you can feel the dark menace, for, in a quiet street at night, your quiet footsteps abruptly throw back an echo each time you pass a close. You look in quickly, and there's that dark limbo at the other end. Or you force yourself not to look round, but you can feel the blackness through the side of your face, and you break into a run, but that merely quickens the rhythm of your unease, for as your feet echo past each close, you realize that something is running along keeping in step with you at *the back of the building*, hurdling the back court walls effortlessly with its long legs...and how many long legs?

So when you see a boy running on the pavement and uttering a sharp hoot as he passes each close in a Glasgow street, he isn't doing this merely to enjoy the echo and annoy the burghers. He is shouting his defiance at something in the back court that keeps pace with his every step.

dreep:drop close:passageway

an excerpt by Clifford Hanley from *A Scottish Sampler*, 1960

2

CLAN HAMILTON

The first on record, Walter fitz Gilbert, was from the migration of Anglo-Norman magnates from Northumbria in the 13th century. He backed the English during the Wars of Independence but sided with Bruce after Bannockburn, and was rewarded with lands in Lanarkshire and West Lothian. The name itself means *crooked hill* and the modern town of Hamilton thus takes its name.

Lord James Hamilton in 1445 changed the name of the family domain from Cadzow to Hamilton and became a supporter of the Douglases. By marrying Mary Stewart, he established the Hamiltons as the premier noble family with a claim to the throne. The eldest son James, was made Earl of Arran in 1503 but became embroiled in political intrigues around the infant James V. This, along with feuding with the Douglases, resulted in the Hamiltons being driven from the streets of Edinburgh, a time known as the '*Cleanse of the Causeway*'.

The Hamiltons were divided over religion. Sir James of Finnart, an architect, was active in the slow roast of his kinsman Patrick Hamilton, the first Protestant martyr, at St Andrews on 29 February 1528. The second earl of Arran, James, who became regent, was removed from office because of being a suspected Protestant and a vacillating supporter of an alliance with England. His son, the third earl, spent harrowing periods of imprisonment for his Protestant activities. Not thrilled at all with the notion that he become the Scottish suitor of Elizabeth of England, he went off his noodle when rejected by the lovely Mary, Queen of Scots.

James brothers, John and Claud, supporters of Mary, were exiled periodically from Scotland until returned to favor by James VI. The family became established as Ulster planters but remained committed Catholics. In later years of James VI, the second

marquess of Hamilton effectively ran Scottish affairs from the court of James. In Edinburgh it was run by his kinsman Thomas, earl of Melrose, otherwise known as 'Tam o' the Cowgate'. Alas and alack, good times didn't last. Thomas was downgraded to Scottish Secretary in 1627, a sign of the provincial relegation of Scotland by Charles I. James, the third marquess of Hamilton, was expected to retrieve the monarchical position by insincere concessions to the Covenanting movement from 1638. Attempting to steer a moderate course between Crown and Covenant, his inept leadership led to his own execution and that of Charles I in the second Civil War. But he wasn't the worst.

By far the most incompetent Hamilton was James, the grandson of the first duke. This James, the fourth duke and nominal leader of the Scottish opposition to the parliamentary union of 1707, possessed a manifest lack of political will. Throughout the country there was a steady swell of antipathy toward the union, but Hamilton's incompetent leadership not only failed to deliver a decisive protest, but left the parliamentary opposition in total disarray. Even though he was awarded a British peerage (for reasons of birth), he was not permitted to sit in the House of Lords, nor were his successors. As if to illustrate his ineptness at conducting proper affairs, he actually named his youngest son *Anne*. Does it surprise you that *Anne* became a mixed up spendthrift? (Reminds me of a song by Johnny Cash, no, that was someone named Sue.)

The Hamiltons did develop a deserved reputation for landscapers and patrons of the arts and architecture. During the 19th century, their wealth as agriculturalists was enhanced by their activities as coalmasters. Any strikes by Scottish miners to improve pitiful wages and appalling conditions in the mines were dealt with by the Hamiltons with an action considered sinful. They brought in Irish labor. It is ironic that the

stately ducal palace at Hamilton had to be evacuated and demolished in the 1920s because of subsidence caused by the disused mineshafts.

There are many Hamiltons in Scotland and throughout the world who would not claim descent from

the ducal family or its many aristocratic offshoots. It is likely that these humbler Hamiltons derive their name from the Lanarkshire town rather than the original 'crooked hill'.

SCOTTISH AMAZON'S EPITAPH

"Fair maiden Lilliard lies under
this stane,
little was her stature, but great was
her fame;
Upon the English loons, she laid
many thumps,
And when they cutted off her legs,
she fought upon her stumps."

HEARSAY: 55 B.C. *Very many lesser islands are thought to lie off the coast, of which isles some have written that for thirty days on end, during the winter, is is night there. We ourselves found out nothing on that point, save that we say from sure measurements by water that the nights are shorter than on the continent.*

from Julius Caesar's "De Bello Gallico" which describes his campaigns in Britain in 55 and 54 B.C.

THE LAW IN SCOTLAND

It is not too well known that Scots laws differ greatly from her neighbors. The Scottish legal system is still the system that was in vogue at the time of the Union with England. Recognition of this law was an integral part of the treaty and although certain Scots laws have been superseded by statutes of the Westminster Parliament, certain parts have

been honored to a greater extent than others.

ADVOCATES: Barristers practicing before the Supreme Courts of Scotland are called Advocates.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: The Roman Church was abolished in Scotland, by statute, at the Reformation. Presbyterian church government was established by Act in 1592, and was again recognized in 1689 by Acts commonly called the Charter of the Church.

DIVORCE: There are two grounds of divorce: Adultery; and Malicious Desertion for four years.

FOREIGNERS: Anyone who is not a native Scot, or who is not born of Scottish parentage, or who has not a Scottish domicile, is in Scots law a foreigner, and must be cited as such edictally before the Court of Session. It is definitely laid down by an authority that an Englishman and an Irishman are legally foreigners in Scotland.

HAMESUCKEN: Hamesucken is an assault committed in the dwelling house of the person assaulted, to which he has fled for safety; or an assault by one who goes to a man's dwelling house designedly for the purpose. It is not hamesucken to assault a landlord in his inn, nor is it hamesucken to assault an actor in a theater; nor is it hamesucken to assault a man in an outbuilding, or in his shop or office.

SANCTUARY: The Abbey of Holyrood, with its precincts, is now the only place in Scotland having

the privilege of sanctuary. The protection does not, however, extend to criminal warrants.

BAIL: All crimes and offenses, except murder and treason, are bailable.

DESUETUDE: Scots statutes, contrary to the practice in most other countries, cease to be law by long non-observance, or by long contrary practice.

HOLOGRAPH DEEDS: Holograph deeds are deeds written wholly, or in the essential parts, by the signer's own hand. Such deeds do not require to be witnessed. A holograph will, unwitnessed, will stand in law. Incidentally, the term *Will* is not by itself used technically in Scots law. A will may be written in pencil.

condensed from *The Scots Book* by Ronald MacDonald Douglas, 1949

EPITAPH FROM POTTERHILL, PAISLEY

Here lies Mary, the wife of John
Ford,
We hope her soul has gone to the
Lord;
But if for hell she has chang'd this
life
She'd be better there than be John
Ford's wife.

PRIVATE FINDLATER AT DARGAI

It was close upon 2:30 when the final attempt was made, and it was preceded by an incident which recalls the old days when the commanding officer, removing, harangued his men before going in.

After a message had been heliographed for a concentrated fire of guns on the peak, Lieutenant-Colonel Mathias, a gallant Welshman, turned to the regiment, and in words now historic, said, "Gordon Highlanders, the General has ordered that position to be taken at all costs-the Gordons will take it!"

Then Major Macbean sprang out of cover at the head of his company, and with a yell the Gordons swarmed from the protecting ridge into the zone of fire.

Led by Colonel Mathias, with Macbean on his right and Lieutenant A.F. Gordon on his left--with the pipes skirling the 'Cock of the North'--the irresistible mass of waving kilts and white helmets swept on for the first rush.

A murderous hail tore up the dust in the hollow; Macbean went down, but cheered his men on as they passed by him. Piper Findlater fell, shot through both feet, but, struggling into a sitting posture, continued to play, like more than one Scottish piper in the brave Peninsular days.

The first rush was followed by a second, officers leading, and then by a third, and in forty minutes they had done the business with a roll of three officers and thirty men either killed or wounded.

As the leading companies breasted the steep zig-zag path, the troops on the other side of the basin followed in support, and the enemy, terrified at all this valor, scuttled down the opposite slopes of the hill, leaving little for the British bayonet to accomplish when it gained the crest!

But many brave deeds had been done meanwhile, among them that of Private Lawson, who under heavy fire carried Lieutenant Dingwall out of danger, and then ran back to pick up Private Macmillan, receiving two wounds himself....

It was at first reported that Piper Milne had been the hero of Dargai--Milne was shot through the bagpipes in the Chitral campaign--but the official gazette settled the matter by awarding the Victoria Cross to Piper G. Findlater, No. 2591, and for several months he was probably one of the most talked about men in the British Isles.

His pluck was undoubted, and fine was the example he set; moreover, his act was of so dramatic a nature as to win the approval of every one with an eye to effect, and when, at Netley Hospital, her Majesty, Queen Victoria, rather than allow her wounded soldier to stand, rose from her wheelchair to pin the Cross on his breast, his triumph was complete.

I remember how he was cheered to the echo when, at the Military Tournament, he entered the arena, with the grey-coated pipers of the Gordons, a stout, short-necked man with a suggestive double limp that told of Dargai wounds barely healed.

from Scotland Forever ♪

U.S. MAY FOLLOW BRITAIN'S LEAD

Authoritative quarters this afternoon foresaw the probability that the United States would seek to follow the lead of Great Britain, and begin the construction of two new battleships. Official comment on the publication of the British rearmament programme has been withheld, but it occasioned no surprise in the Naval and State Department quarters, which had apparently been advised in advance of Britain's intentions.

The Glasgow Herald, Wednesday, March 4, 1936

THE SEA GATES OF WESTER ROSS

"Today a wind from the West out over the hills came blowing--

Ah, how it made dim dreams and memories start!
And I thought that I smelt in my room the wild thyme growing

And the scent of the sweet bogmyrtle filled my heart.

Go back, O breath of the hills! Would that we went together!

Tell how their lost child fares.

Whisper among the bracken, and say to the broom and the heather

That still my heart is theirs.

Steal quietly as a dream along the glens that we know,
The glens that shall fade from me only when I lie dying;
Sink into peace in the quiet places, silent and low,
Where the dust men know not is lying."

Lauchlan Maclean Watt ♠

SANDY'S AEROPLANE FLIGHT

An Aberdonian living in Croydon became very friendly with an Air Pilot. In due course he ventured to enquire what it would cost to get a flight with him to Paris. The pilot named a sum, but knowing his friend's weakness, suggested that he would gladly give him and his wife a free flight in his aeroplane if he promised to remain silent during the entire journey. Sandy conferred with his better-half and the proposal was accepted. The day for the trip arrived and off they flew. At the end of the journey the pilot turned and congratulated Sandy on maintaining silence such a long time and especially during the looping of the loop over the Channel. "Mon," said Sandy, "It was a deeficult job, especially when you looped the loop, an' the wife fell oot the machine." from Canny Tales Frae Aberdeen, 1926

AN EXPERT ENGINEER

There was in the service of the Scots one John Crab, a Fleming, a most expert engineer. He constructed a moveable crane, whereby stones of a great weight might be raised on high, and then let fall upon the enemy.--Dalrymple 1319--from The Book of Scottish Anecdote, 1874

SCOTTISH PLACE NAMES

Kirkintilloch--Strathclyde-'castle at the head of the hill'
caer(Brittonic)castle, fort; *cinn*(Gaelic)at the head;
tulaich(Gaelic)of the hill.

The old name was Caerpentulach, incorporating 'pen'
(Brittonic), meaning 'at the head'.

Birnam--Tayside-'Village of the Warrior'
blorn (old English) warrior; *ham*(old English) home,
village.

There are two trees here which are claimed to be the
pitiful remains of Birnam Wood, immortalized by
Shakespeare in *Macbeth*.

Aviemore--Highlands-'big hill face'
aghaidh(Gaelic) hill-face; *mor* (Gaelic) big.

The big hill-faces here are now used much for skiing.
from Scottish Place Names, 1989 by Chambers

CONTRIBUTIONS NEEDED

Comrie's famous landmark, the White Church,
needs 25,000 pounds for repairs. Built on a site where
records show worship goes back to 1268, it has a three-
faced clock tower and ancient kirkyard.

In 1965, the building became a Youth and
Community Center. It also sees service as the focal point
for village activities. The village needs help to maintain
the ancient edifice. If you so choose, send any amount,
small or large, to Mrs Jean Gemmell, 3 Almondbank
Crescent, Comrie, Perthshire, Scotland, PH6 2PA.†

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

DATE	EVENT	LOCATION	POINT OF CONTACT
Oct 13	Members Night	Ft. Eustis O' Club	Charles Saunders 229-6463
Nov 21	Kirkin & Brunch	Colonial Williamsburg	Marcus Kirk 565-3022
Dec 4	Parade & Lunch	Williamsburg	Jack Rouzie 220-1151
Jan 22	Burns Night	Ft. Eustis O' Club	Tom Ferrier 565-4471

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN:

Benevolent Society -----Call Henry Wann
at 229-2686
Piping lessons- ----- Call Nancy
Epstein at
Strath James Pipes & Drums-----Call Nancy Epstein
at
Scottish Highland Dancing ----- Call Barbara Bonet
at
Scottish American Military Society -Call Al Cowan at
587-8913
Williamsburg Scottish Festival -----Call Lu Gordon at
565-2271
St Andrews Society -----Call Taylor Fraser
at 851-5730
Scottish Country Dancing-----Call Jack Kane at
898-6953
Scottish Antiques-----Call Don Dixon at
898-1404

A TASTE OF SCOTLAND-- SCOTCH MIST

1/2 pint full cream 2 tablespoons sieved,
boiled chestnuts
caster sugar to taste
1/4 teaspoon vanilla flavoring

Beat the cream till fluffy. Sweeten to taste with sugar
and add vanilla. Moisten the chestnuts with a
tablespoon of thick cream, then fold in half the whipped
cream. Pile in a small glass dish. Coat with remainder of
cream. Dip in sherry the ends of enough sponge fingers
to encircle the cream. Place fingers, dipper ends
downwards, round the cream. Serve with compote of
orange or tangerine fingers. Go on, you deserve it.

SCOTLAND

"The kingdom is very old and very noble."
Don Pedro de Ayala, on Scotland, to Ferdinand and
Isabella of Spain, 1498

"Content am I, if Heaven shall give but happiness to thee,"
Burns, speaking to Jean

KIRKIN'O THE TARTAN

Prepare yourselves you lads and lassess for November 21th for the Society's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary *Kirkin' O The Tartan*. It will be held at the 10:30 service of Saint Bede's Catholic Church. The church is located at the corner of Richmond Rd and College Terrace, one block west of Zable Stadium. Please plan to meet at the church no later than 10:15 to line up for the procession in. We are fortunate to have Nancy Geddes as our piper again this year.

Following the church service we will attend the breakfast brunch buffet at the Williamsburg Hospitality House Hotel, located across Richmond Rd from the church. The cost of the brunch is \$11.39, payable on the day. We hope you will come and join in the celebration of our 25 years of Scottish-American fellowship.

Please fill out the following reservation form and return it to Mark Kirk. This form is to determine the number of attendees only, *please send no money*.

Mark Kirk, Director
St. Andrews Society
112 Prentis Place
Williamsburg, Va 23188



Yes, I plan to attend the *Kirkin' O The Tartan* and brunch buffet.

Name _____ Number in party _____

THE SPECTATOR is published by the St. Andrews Society of Williamsburg bi-monthly. We welcome inquiries, requests, articles, personal stories and anecdotes, fully documented and notarized deeds to your clan castle, and polaroids of the Loch Ness Monster. Your editor is Don Dixon. Any correspondence to **THE SPECTATOR** should be sent to me at 1 Wagner Rd., Poquoson, Va. 23662.

Saint Andrew's Society

P. O. Box 533
Williamsburg, Virginia
23187

