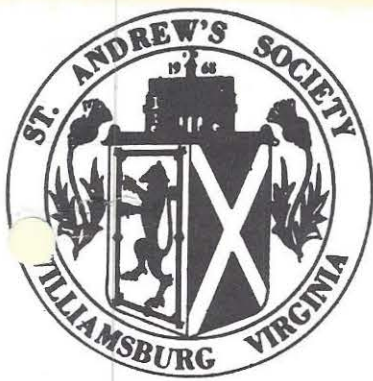




THE SPECTATOR

July - August , 1994

SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF WILLIAMSBURG



The Prince and St. Andrew's

Our Society has a link, via our member from Alberta, Virginia, to HRH The Prince of Wales and his visit to William and Mary in the spring of 1993.

Member Bob Flinn attends as many of our meetings, luncheons and dances as he can. It is quite a distance to travel from his home in Alberta, Brunswick County, near Lawrenceville, but he makes the trip quite often, including spending an afternoon with us at the Ceilidh in May.

As can be learned from these copies of an article from the Montgomery Clan Newsletter and a letter from the Prince's secretary, Bob has been fortunate enough to have had several encounters by mail and in person with the famous "Royal".

We have reproduced a copy of the letter to Bob, and reprinted the column from the Montgomery Clan Newsletter. It may be of interest to you. It is apparent that Bob actively pursues his interest in his clan and his Scottish heritage.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales Visits The College of William and Mary

Robert Sturdivant Flinn, CMSI LIFE member
of "Merry Hill", Alberta, Virginia writes:

"I was lucky enough to have a minute's conversation with H.R.H. The Prince of Wales on His Majesty's official visit to my 'alma mater', The College of William and Mary on the occasion of its 300th (tercentenary) anniversary on February 13th. Perhaps you viewed some of it on TV?

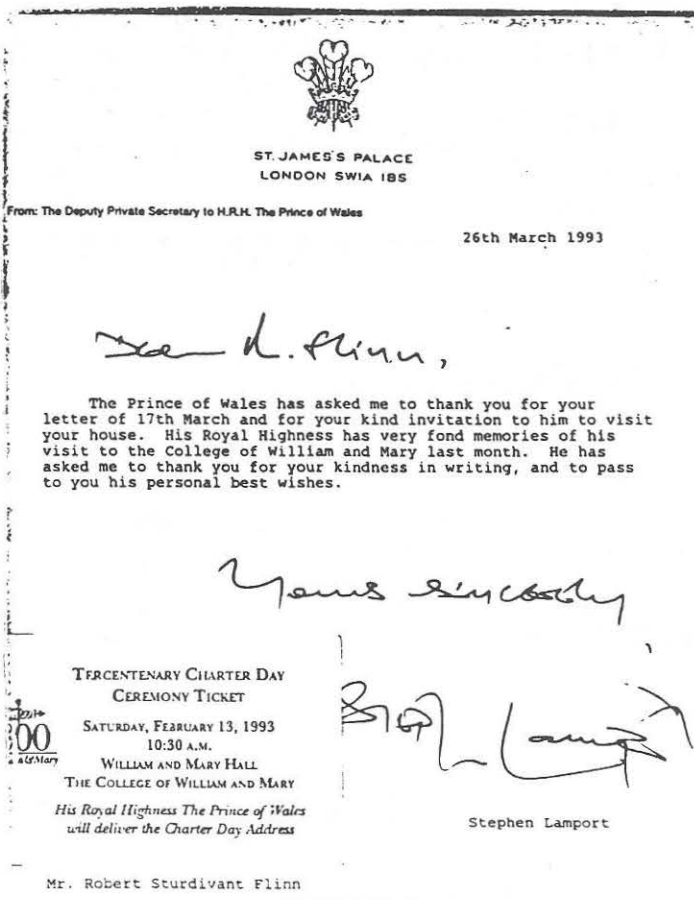
"He was able to receive a wildly cheerful reception by students as he marched into Wm. and Mary Hall in the official procession to a packed, every seat, (11,000) to capacity audience.

"In 1981, I was lucky enough to shake the Royal hands. Although I was four persons from the ropes for this visit when he came by to speak to the crowd at random near the campus center, and did not get to shake hands, as he looked up he saw my "Balmoral" with the Montgomery crest/badge, at which time I said, 'Montgomerie' your Highness and he was attentive long enough to let me say that I represented several Scottish societies: The St. Andrew's of Williamsburg, Clan Montgomery Society International and the Brunswick Historical Society.

"Then, I invited him to Alberta and Brunswick County to view the site of Governor Spotswood's (a Scot) Fort Christanna, named for Christ and Queen Anne, built in 1714. I also pointed out that the Spotswood Cannon in the Wren Yard at William and Mary also came from Ft. Christanna, plus the fact that Goronwy Owen, poet laureate of Wales, came to Brunswick in the 1700's and is buried here. I couldn't help mention Alberta as the home of the "World" famous Brunswick Stew.

"Having received a letter from his secretary in 1989 (which mentioned my parents' involvement in assisting the founding of the North American Bluebird Society) he sent greetings then and best wishes. I reminded him of his correspondence.

"It was fun and maybe he appreciated a tad of what was related as he did utter a Royal "thank you" and said he was glad he remembered to answer my letter in 1989. Laughingly, I said I was one of the "renegade" Scots men along the ropes with whom he spoke in 1981. He laughed - a really witty and humorous heir apparent, in spite of all his troubles. He does, like myself, like to hold to some traditions and support the cause of the study of good literature and linguistics in a world society that seems bent on wallowing in lowering standards."



THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator is published Periodically by the St. Andrew's Society of Williamsburg, Virginia
President: Jack Rouzie Editor: Tom Nichols
Contributors: Tom Ferrier, Taylor Fraser, Don Dixon, Ev Tucker, Jack Rouzie, Bruce Schoch

The Editor Comments

Our St. Andrew's Society of Williamsburg offers an excellent opportunity for pleasant social contacts in a variety of environments and situations. Although the wearing of the kilt by the men, and tartans or woollens by the ladies, adds a spirit of festivity to many of our gatherings, it can instantly be noticed that attire of a certain prescribed form is not necessary. I, myself, enjoy wearing the kilt on these occasions. It takes me back to the days of my childhood when my father wore his to the Gordon Highlander gatherings in our home city years ago. But, for many years, I did not have a kilt, and only acquired one when our children presented it as a gift on a wedding anniversary. Before that, I came to our Society gatherings in whatever was available at the moment. The point is - Scots in Scotland seldom wear their kilts, even on special occasions. We have the opportunity to enjoy wearing them, but we do not have to. Isn't that nice?

As I write this, we are getting ready to go to the Tidewater Games in Chesapeake. They are always hot. Early June in Tidewater is a lot warmer than early June in Lanarkshire, but I suppose I'll put on my 10 pounds of good British wool and march about the games feeling like a Scots "sojer" must have felt like in Egypt or the Sudan as he marched against the Fuzzy-wuzzies in Victoria's time.

Well, if you have read this far, I might as well hit you up for a favor: if you have any news about Scots, Scotland, or any of our friends here in the area, please drop it into the mail or give me a call so I can run a wee article in "The Spectator" to let the rest of the Society membership know what's happening. I know that some are travelling, some are feeling poorly, and some have nice things happen to them. If you let me know, I can include it here. Thanks.

Quarterly Luncheon July 25

The quarterly luncheon, an informal gathering for Society members, their ladies and friends, will be held at the Williamsburg Country Club on July 25. The group will meet at 11:30 for liesurly socializing, then go in to lunch.

Charles Saunders is arranging the details, and will be sending out a flier to be returned with your reservations. If you would like to contact Charles for more information, or if you would like to present a short program, call him at 229 - 6463.

We Go To The Games

Our Society has been represented at several of the games in the area. Getting out and about to meet fellow Scots and their ladies at the Central Virginia Games in Scotchtown and the Tidewater Games in Chesapeake has afforded opportunities for our Williamsburg Society to support these games and spread the word about our own activities.

The Society has been able to sponsor a tent and man an information table. You can usually find Bob Davis, Ev Tucker, Jack Kane, Jack Rouzie or Taylor Fraser meeting and greeting the fellow Scots who stop by to say "Hello".

From the President

I would like to thank our new editor, Tom Nichols, for all his hard work in preparing and sending out "The Spectator". This edition will be the second of the year and he is encouraging our members to send information of interest for him to print.

For members who did not attend the Spring Ceilidh at Kingsmill Pavilion on May 1, you missed out on one of the big events of our program year. The Strath James James Band is back. Yes, the entire Band performed for us and joined in all the fun. We enjoyed plenty of good food, drink, conversation and a raffle of many interesting Scottish antiques donated by Don Dixon. After the meal we were entertained by Don Dixon's history of the Scottish antiques he had on display. His light humor in recounting the tales of his experiences antiquing in Scotland added an interesting twist. I want to thank Byron Adams and Jim Young for their thorough planning in putting together one of the best attended ceilidhs we have had.

We had a tent at the Scotchtown Games on May 28 and a number of our members attended with Bob Davis and Ev Tucker acting as hosts for our Society. This was a well attended game and our membership should try and get out to support them next year. We are planning to attend the Tidewater games the weekend of June 25 and hope many of our members will come by our tent. We are also attending the Grandfather Mountain Games in conjunction with representatives of the Williamsburg Scottish Festival.

Our next event will be the Quarterly Luncheon in July. This is being organized by our Vice President, Charlie Saunders.

We would like for all our members to help us in supporting our own Williamsburg Scottish Festival at the Williamsburg Winery on September 24th. Plan to come out for this once-a-year event that so much hard work and planning by our local Scottish friends and Society members provide.

Yours Aye,


Jack Rouzie, President

Southern Maryland Celtic Festival *By Taylor Fraser*

All games and festivals are not the same. On April 23, my wife and I went to the Celtic Festival of Southern Maryland. The people in charge of the festival had tried very hard to keep it small and friendly, however, in spite of everything they have tried to do, it keeps getting bigger and in some ways better. Each year they seem to have more and more clan tents.

The big difference in this festival and other festivals is that this one is not only Scottish but includes Ireland, Wales and, yes, even England. The festival takes place at Jefferson-Patterson Park, near Prince Frederick, Maryland. There is a small museum there, and an old barn that has been fixed up to accomodate performances by groups representing Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England. There are also stalls for some small vendors representing all the Celtic nations. Outside of the barn they hold the typical highland athletic events and have the larger vendors' tents and clan tents.

Not being athletically inclined, I did not toss the caber or throw the hammer. I did throw a little bull and entered the knobby knees contest - but lost. However, one of my clansmen did take third place.

If you would like to experience something a little bit different, I strongly recommend the Celtic Festival of Southern Maryland. For information on next year's festival write to ...P.O.Box 209, Prince Frederick, Maryland, 20678.

Editor's note: The following article was prepared for the last issue of "The Spectator", but was inadvertently left out. It is presented better late than never.

Burns Night, The Last Yin

By Tom Ferrier

One hundred and fifty Society members swooped down on the Williamsburg Hilton a Kingsmill on last January 22nd for the annual Burns Night. Cocktails around the fireplace in the lobby fired the evening while Robin Welch and Bob Zentz filled the air with musical smoke. Nancy Geddes Epstein piped the evening fine: and Marshall Hale, Byron Adams and Bill Weaver guarded the colors. Taylor Fraser welcomed us all and Guy Nelson delivered the Burns grace sae fine. Then, as Nancy piped, Bob Davis, bearing the "chieftain of the puddin' race", along with sword-bearer Rod MacGillivray and whiskey bearer Jim Ogilvie, proceeded to the front. Bill Garret delivered a most rousing "address tae the haggis" which caused all to consume all the beasties. After Jack Kane and Dave Borland toasted the President and the Queen we all dived into the prime rib and chicken breast Wellington.

Afterwards, President Taylor Fraser announced the winner of the Scot of the Year award: Woody Woodward. Due to ill health, Woody was not able to attend so his wife, Jean, accepted the award for him.

To remind everyone why we were all there, Howard Topp gave "The Immortal Memory", a talk which brought to mind the life and works of Scotland's beloved Bard, Robert Burns, for us all.

Then Taylor Fraser recognized those Board members whose terms were ending and offered his personal thanks. Jack Rouzie, the incoming President, introduced the newest Board members.

Our evening's entertainment started early with the Toast to the Lassies and the reply, given this year by Gordon and Cindy Duffus. Then followed the scheduled entertainment by Robin Welch and Bob Zentz. Their duets and solo ballads took us to a circle of folk on the dance floor who were singing "Auld Lang Syne".

All in all, the Burns Night Supper was a fine evening and from all reports we hear it was one of the best. Many thanks to all who made it happen.

Frasers Take The Trophy Home

Apparently, Frasers are the most friendly of Scots. This year at the Central Virginia Games clan tents were judged on appearance... and, we later learned that a smile and a sincere interest in attendees went a long way toward winning!

Clan Fraser Associates former President Taylor Fraser worked long and hard last year to create an attractive and informative collection of photos and text on our Fraser heritage. Admittedly, some other clans have worked equally diligently on their presentation as well. But between Taylor's imagination and craftsmanship ... and the warmth of Frasers who greeted all who approached our tent, CFA won the large, attractive trophy. MC Bill Frazier accepted the trophy on behalf of the Clan.

From the Clan Fraser Associates newsletter "JE SUIS PREST".

Alexandria Christmas Walk

Your Board of Directors has decided to support the Alexandria Christmas walk, December 2 - 3, 1994. Twelve rooms have been set aside at the Old Town Holiday Inn for the 2nd and 3rd at \$96.00 per night. (Editor's note: This is close to the parade route and a good price for that area at that time.) The hotel location is in the center of town and near all activities, but is by no means the only hotel available to you if you decide to attend. The Board will maintain a hospitality suite on Friday and Saturday nights.

The parade will be on Saturday morning with our St. Andrew's Society of Williamsburg members marching as a group. There will be group dinner Saturday night if desired.

Anyone interested should call Bob Davis at 229 - 5653 as soon as possible so that names can be forwarded to the Holiday Inn as a block, and we can add rooms if necessary. This is important: to get the names in to Bob as soon as possible. For further details and any additional questions about the Christmas Walk, give Bob a call.

POETS & POETRY OF SCOTLAND

It sometimes distresses me that no one can name a Scottish poet other than Burns, Scott or Hogg when in fact there so many wonderful poets whose works should be remembered. Indeed, there are present day poets as well, but that for another time. Here let us recall a poet who struck "...the Scottish harp with a bold and skillful hand, producing tones in accordance with the universal song of nature..."

Charles Gray

Charles Gray was born at Anstruther, Fifeshire, March 10, 1782. He was the schoolfellow of Dr. Chalmers, and Tennant the author. In 1805 he obtained a commission in the Royal Marines, and continued in service for 36 years, retiring on full pay. Having an extensive knowledge of Scottish song, he published a small volume of "Poems and Songs," and became a favorite in Edinburgh society. The following is only one example of his work.

When Autumn

When Autumn has laid her sickle by,
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry;
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze;
And the robin again sits burd-alane,
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane;
When come is the hour o' gloamin' gray,
Oh! Sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When winter is driving his cloud on the gale,
And spairgin' about his snaw and his hail,
And the door is steekit against the blast,
And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,
And the ribs are rypet, the cannal a-light,
And the fire on the hearth is bleezin' bright,
And the bicker is reamin' with pithy brown ale;
Oh! dear is to me a sang or a tale.

Then I tove awa' by the ingle side,
And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,
When the nights were lang and the sea ran high,
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,
And the mast was strained, and the canvas rent,
By some demon on message of mischief sent;
O! I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,
For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side.

Submitted by Don Dixon

THE KING O' THE CATS—A Folk Tale From Badenoch

Once upon a time, on a frosty moonlit night, a man was struggling along a mountain road, when, suddenly, he saw before him three cats. And that was strange enough, as the man was miles from any house—and cats, as surely as everyone knows, never stray far from the shelter of a house and the warmth of a fire—but stranger still was the fact that each of the three cats was weeping bitterly.

A bit further along the road, the three cats were joined by another three. And then, by threes and fours, and by half-dozens, the road became packed with cats—grey cats and black cats, big cats and little cats, she-cats and Toms. Never was seen such a sight so strange; and surely all the cats in Badenoch, and far beyond, must have been gathered there on that road, that night. And never a blink at the man did they give—not one of them—he might not have been there at all.

And then, suddenly, from over a hill, and on to the road there came four big pole-cats bearing a small, cat-sized coffin.

'And what, in the name of heaven, will this be?' thought the man, but never a word did he say.

After a while the cats—the whole concourse—following the coffin-bearers, mounted a bit of a hill, and there they spread themselves in a mighty, weeping, circle.

Then the four pole-cats began to scratch the earth, digging a grave for all they were worth.

And, what with all the digging, and what with the weeping and wailing that was going on, the man was able to creep quite close to the coffin and take a good peep at it. After all that he had seen, there was nothing could amaze him; so that he was not a bit put out, or surprised, when he looked at the coffin, and saw that it was draped with a purple cloth that had worked on it, in threads of gold, a cypher and a royal crown.

Having seen that, the man stepped back, for he was no more than a poor and simple man who knew his place, and it was not for him to be too near a royal funeral; but, for all that, he thought no harm might be done by his waiting in the background to see what happened.

After a while, when the grave was dug to the satisfaction of the four pole-cats, a big black Tom rose up to deliver an impassioned oration in very good Cat-Gaelic, which is not unlike Irish; but as the man only had the Gaelic of Badenoch, devil a word could he understand, except the one ever-repeated word *righ*, and that meaning 'king.'

After the burial, and after all the cats had gone, the man went on his way.

But as the funeral had kept him late, he thought it best to seek for shelter. In the distance he could see a twinkling light, and at last he came to a cottage. He knocked at the door and walked in.

'Hail to the house!' said he; and 'Hail to the Stranger!' was the welcome answer he got; for that was always the way in Badenoch before the people took to keeping English tourists as the principal industry of the district.

Whilst the woman of the house prepared some supper, the *fear-an-tighe* brought out the bottle, and he and the traveller sat each one on either side the fire; and the traveller telling the tale of his strange adventure on the road.

And he finished the story with a fine description of the gold-worked royal crown and cypher on the purple cloth that had been over the coffin.

When—suddenly—the cat of the house, and it no more than a bit of a kitten, leapt to its feet from the rug where it had been dozing. Out came its claws, up went its back, and into the burning peats it spat.

And 'A Dhe!' it yelled; 'then me father's dead! *Ochoin! Ochoin!* Treason and treachery! But I'll be king o' the cats!'

And up the chimney he vanished.

from The Scots Book, 1935

1994 ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY OF WILLIAMSBURG OFFICERS, COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN AND APPOINTED OFFICERS

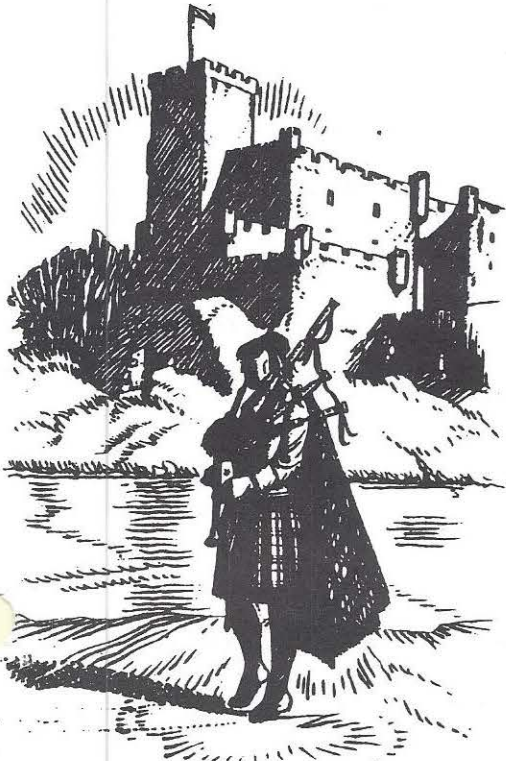
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Membership	Tom Sale	722 - 0161
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Quarterly Luncheon	Tom Ferrier	565 - 0024
	Dave Borland	253 - 0945
Spring Ceilidh May 1	Byron Adams	220 - 0310
	Don Dixon	868 - 8745
Scotchtown Games May 27	Bob Davis	229 - 5653
	Everette Tucker	898 - 8151
Tidewater Games June 25	Taylor Fraser	851 - 5730
	Bob Davis	229 - 5653
Godfather Mt. Games July 9	Everette Tucker	898 - 8151
	Bob Davis	229 - 5653
Williamsburg Festival September 24	Charlie Saunders	229 - 6463
Member's Night Mid-October	Everette Tucker	898 - 8151
Kirkin' and Brunch November	Ken Garrison	898 - 5350
Christmas Parade Alexandria	Bob Davis	229 - 5653
Burns Night	Bob Davis	229 - 5653
	Jack Kane	898 - 6953

Schedule of Activities

Grandfather Mountain Games July 9
Quarterly Luncheon (Ladies Invited) July 25
Williamsburg Scottish Festival September 24
Members' Night Mid - October
Kirkin' O' the Tartan and Brunch November
Christmas Walk, Alexandria December 2 - 3
Burns Night . . . (To be set) January 21 or 28, 1995

Saint Andrew's Society

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