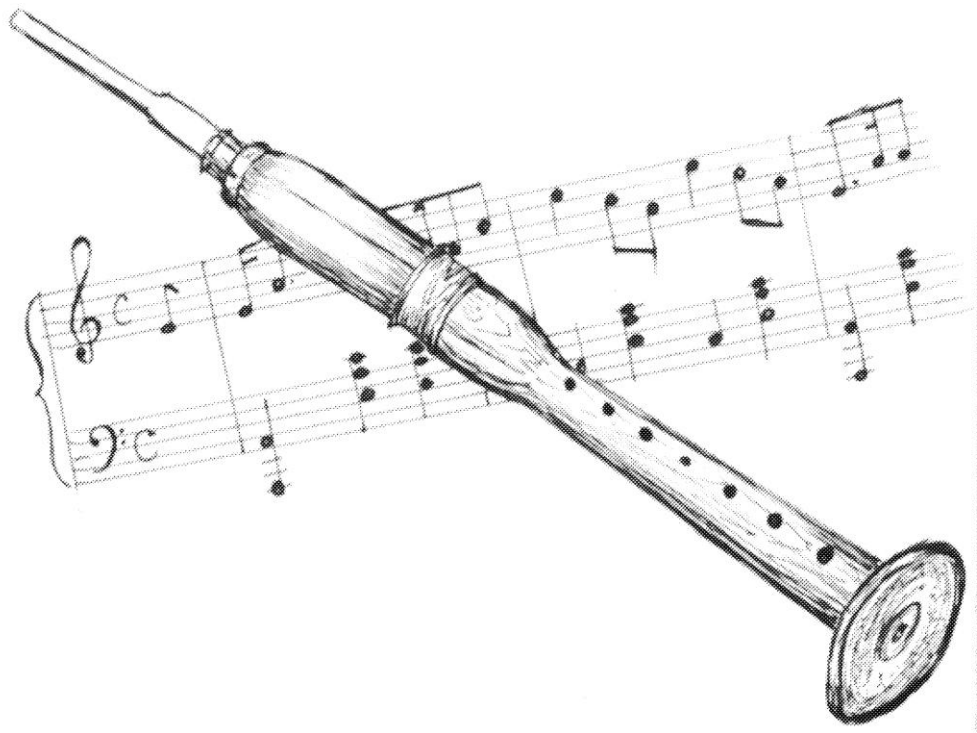


The Chanter



Nottingham Scottish Association
Newsletter
December 2011

www.nottinghamscottish.org.uk

Heap on More Wood by Sir Walter Scott

Heap on more wood! – the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone:
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While Scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the
while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had
roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;

The Lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair'.
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on
high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death to tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry makers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutt'd cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest
ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the
year

From the President, Margaret Barnes

Nollaig Chrídhéil agus Blíadhna mhath ùr!

It seems no time since I last wrote to you and I continually ask myself “where does the time go?” I know now exactly what my Dad meant when he said after he retired that he didn’t know how he found time to go to work! We have, as some of you know, recently had a wedding in the family (the second in 11 months). Our lovely new daughter-in-law is half Greek, half Scottish and speaks perfect English with a Scottish accent!

Talking of weddings – many of the Nottingham Scottish members attended two very special parties recently. In September Jeanne and Bill celebrated their Golden Wedding and in October Shuggie and Pip started out in married life. Many congratulations to both couples.

Our new dance season is well under way and the Thursday night social dances have been well attended. Our beginners and improvers have made great progress under the tuition of Jeanne and Bill, to whom we are very grateful for giving their precious time. The classes have now stopped for this year, but we are hoping to do some more in the new year.

This year’s Hallowe’en Ceilidh, held at Papplewick and Linby Village Hall was a great success. We sold 77 tickets and almost everyone had made a huge effort with their fancy dress costumes. The fish and chip supper was once again very popular and for the Council it was a lot easier than preparing a buffet. The hall looked fantastic decorated with tartan ghoulies, ghosts, pumpkins, skeletons, witches, bats and spiders etc.

The walking group continues to be very popular and our latest one had twenty-five walkers, plus two members who joined us for lunch at the Seven Mile. We are all looking forward to the Christmas walk and lunch, which has already attracted about 40 members.

On 19th November we held a dance night for experienced dancers, but assured our newer

members they were welcome to join us. We had a real fun night, although by the end of it we were convinced Bernice was trying to kill us off with a programme of very energetic dances, some of which were so old we had either forgotten them or had never danced them before! They were certainly a challenge for mind and body. We are planning on holding another one in March and hopefully some of our newer members will feel able to take part by then.

Once again the St. Andrew’s dinner dance was a great success. The hard work of the Council in the run-up was more than worthwhile and we had an excellent meal, followed by some energetic dancing. See Jan’s article for the details. Bill carried out his duties of Croupier in his own inimitable way and our guest speaker, Ewan McNeill, was a great hit in his “Tribute to Scotland.” I think it touched a chord with quite a few of us. I have also heard that the tablet his wife won in the raffle, apart from giving out one two pieces during the evening, was consumed by Ewan in one fell swoop for breakfast the following morning – true Scotsman indeed!

As is traditional, several members attended the service at St. Andrew’s with Castlegate the following morning, when the President and Vice President were invited to do the Bible readings.

Looking forward to next year, we have a trip to hear the Scottish Fiddle Orchestra at the Symphony Hall in Birmingham on 10th March – the coach is now fully booked and the tickets purchased. We are also hoping to organise a trip to the Edinburgh Tattoo in August, so if you are interested, please let us know. At this stage we are only sounding out the interest to see if it is viable.

The Council are working hard to give our members an interesting and enjoyable programme for the next year and we will keep you posted on any forthcoming events.

From the Editor

Hello everyone,

We have a bumper edition for you this quarter, with articles on Halloween

both past and present. (Or 'Hallowe'en' both past and present as I have been corrected to say by my Scottish friends), Saint Andrews Day, and exciting accounts from our members of adventures on mountains, and expeditions to Annesley Woods.

We also look forward to Christmas and Hogmanay in this edition.

Thanks to all those who have contributed.

I too would love feedback on any of the articles, and although it is good to know that so many of you are on line (our email address is vincent.christine@ntlworld.com) I would love to

hear from anyone to whom pen and paper is their preferred choice.

Send your articles, to The Chanter at: 29 Devitt Drive Hucknall Nottingham NG15 8BL

It would be nice to have articles that reflected a time of year that the article was to be published. A good example of this is the article in this edition written by Margaret of her recollection of 'Hallowe'en' in the fifties.

Does anyone have any memories of an extra special occasion they have attended in the summer? Or just a comical, interesting or magical moment that occurred when you were just not expecting it.

Entries for the next chanter must be in by the first of March 2012.

May I also take this opportunity to wish all members of the Nottingham Scottish and the RSCDS
A good Christmas and a Happy New Year

A word about the pictures in this publication.

As you can see we have added more photos and clip art this in this edition of the Chanter. However, we are not sure how they will look when they are reproduced. To check their viability would mean a lot of toing and froing between the us, and Bob, who does the photocopying.

This would make the whole process of producing the chanter really complicated and it is unfair to ask even more of the volunteers who give up their time to produce this newsletter.

So in this edition if the pictures and photos do not look so good, you will have to bear with us and we will use it as a learning curve so we can determine just what format the pictures and photos will have to take in future editions.



Strictly Halloween

This year's Halloween dance was held at Papplewick village hall. It was the usual mixture of dances and games sandwiched around an enormous fish and chip supper which sustained us but did nothing to improve our artistic abilities. Schuggie called the dances and was

very effective as our local neighbourhood werewolf.

Obviously, the responsibility of articulating dances called for removal of the wolf's mask but this wasn't synchronised

awfully well with the appearance/non appearance of the moon. Each year demands great thought and careful preparation for this event. Recently I had seen the musical "Wicked" which is a prequel to the Wizard of Oz. Una wasn't convincing as the Wicked Witch of the West as she smiles too much. I was the Wizard and was handicapped as my daughter Roisin had lost my cork embellished Australian (Oz) hat the week before. Nevertheless Una found some gold hair dye and I ended looking like an elderly manic version of Shane Warne. In a serious attempt to win the quiz, Una had invited her cousin Tommy and his wife Debbie to the dance. Tommy is something of a midlands quiz supremo and had recently won the prestigious event "The Brain of Bromsgrove." We didn't win. Tommy was slightly irritated that the quiz was based only on a wide knowledge of sweets. He said rather uncharitably that the winning table came was comprised of people whose average weight would have been about 15 stones. Obviously "sweets" was their specialist subject.

Most of the revellers had made a great effort to embrace the costumed theme. Bill was an effective Rab C Nesbitt whereas Jean, always a figure of authority, was Mrs Baden Powell. Bernice managed to look even more ridiculous than last year. Margaret's ensemble as Dolly Pardon was augmented by prosthetic boobs. I managed to avoid doing any dosey does with her on this occasion as it could have led to a serious injury. However, the person who scared me most was Sue in her late 60's hippy gear and long purple wig. She could have been a member of the Charles Manson gang.

In a break from the dancing, the hat swapping game was introduced. In this participants sit in a circle and steal the hat off the person in front. With one hat removed each time it's like a cerebral version of musical chairs and an excellent way to spread your own personal dandruff over a wide population. On a similar

theme, the musical chair game where men and women rotate around a circle of chairs until the music stops, at which point the men grab the nearest chair and the women jump on the nearest knee. At one point, realising I wouldn't get one of the available chairs and without thinking, I quickly whipped one away from the man who was about to sit on it and from the woman who was about to sit on him. They both collapsed in a heap on the floor. Fortunately no-one was injured, fortunate indeed that she wasn't a member of the "Sweets Table" team. Justifiably, Bernice sent me off immediately and as I trudged off I tried to think of an appropriate response. What would Wayne Rooney have done in these circumstances?

The most vigorous dance on the programme is the Cumberland Square Eight which at some stage involves a group of two couples, with the men supporting the ladies, rotating at high speed so that the ladies feet are a couple of feet from the ground. Opposite me was Mark, who picked up the two ladies with consummate ease as though they were a couple of empty beer barrels. I could have just hung on to them and he would have just as easily swung all three of us round. On the next set Andrew had a much more difficult challenge. As the only man in the group, he was opposite Roisin who, wearing her killer heels, gave minimum support for the required weightlifting. Bernice took a video of the whole dance and as it evolved, the gyroscopic assembly got closer and closer to the ground. Great credit should go to Andrew for keeping things airborne. Hercules would have been impressed.

Our thanks go to all of the committee members who work so hard to make this event such a success and we all look forward to repeating the whole exercise again next year.

Alan Ratcliffe

From the Archives

“ 2011 Hallowe’en Ceilidh in Papplewick Village Hall

Fish & Chip Supper and a great time was had by all. “

Now compare it with newspaper cuttings from the Archives about the Childrens Halloween Parties held in 1925 and 1944...

Scottish Association Children’s Hallowe’en Party 1944

The Children’s Party was held last Saturday 28th October 1944 and The President, Lt. Comm. G.J. Mackenzie handed out to all the children, apples from his own orchards. From the Association, every child received the gift of one 6d saving stamp in view of the impossibility of obtaining toys.

Just over fifty children enjoyed every minute of the party especially the cakes and ice-cream. Lots of party games followed with many parents joining in.

There was no charge for children, but a 3/- charge for adults.

Scottish Association Hallowe’en Celebration 1925

The members of The Scottish Association assembled at The Mikado Café last night to give the children their annual Halloween treat and took advantage of the occasion to make a presentation to Mr John Crawford who for fifteen years has been President of the Association, resigning at last annual meeting The presentation took the form of a Scottish Drinking Vessel of the 17th

century, known as a ‘mether’ made especially for the Association and bearing the Edinburgh Hallmark.

Various games and competitions were held for the children, while a novel feature was a ‘mystery cake’ containing numerous small trinkets and such-like articles which were divided amongst the kiddies.



**Article research by
Jean and Bob Dall**

HALLOWE'EN IN THE FIFTIES

Contrary to modern popular belief the Americans didn't invent Hallowe'en - they just hi-jacked it!

The festival goes back to the time of the Druids in Ireland and Scotland and was known as Samhain - end of Summer. It was the time when the spirits were closest to the living world and there were many customs, superstitions and celebrations connected with it. However, in Scotland when I was a child (a while ago I admit), Hallowe'en was the time for dressing up and going out "guising." From about the beginning of October plans were being made for costumes and Mum's rag bag was raided. Which character we dressed up as depended on availability of materials!

A few days before the big night, Mum would get the biggest turnip available from the greengrocers and my Dad, armed with one of his fish filleting knives, would start the serious task of hollowing it out - pumpkins are no contest in comparison! A face as evil-looking as possible would be cut out and a small candle placed inside - no tea lights in those days. Two holes were made on either side for the carrying string and the top would be replaced (preferably with a hole in the middle so that the candle wouldn't go out). When they had been lit for a while the smell was pretty grim, but that didn't seem to bother us.

Before the lantern was lit though, there was some serious dressing up to do. My Mother was pretty imaginative, so over the years I have been a cat, a witch, Charlie Chaplin, a hula girl, Cleopatra and numerous other characters. However, when Mum was working in the evening and Dad was in charge the costumes were a bit of a mish mash. It was a case of whatever was to hand, so on occasions I looked like an undersized char lady, an oversized elf complete with toadstool and a few other odd-looking characters.

Next step was to light the turnip lantern and then collect Mum's shopping bag, into which she would have put an apple and some nuts to start me off. Suitably kitted out, I would call for my friend next door, pick up a few others on the

way and off we would go to do the rounds. Most of the neighbours entered into the spirit of things and would open the door, pretending to be surprised by the odd assortment of children standing on their doorstep. The cry would go up - "Can I have my Hallowe'en please (musn't forget the "please" - good manners impressed the grown-ups and increased our chances). We would be invited in, but before we got our treats, we had to earn them. I was a very shy child and even behind the mask, this was the bit I dreaded. Most of my friends were happy to sing a song or dance and the boys would tell silly jokes amidst a great deal of nudging and pushing, but I always hoped no one would notice that I hadn't performed. Some adults were a bit persistent though and I would finally be coaxed into saying a poem. There was no way I was going to sing a song as my musical skills were non-existent, in spite of having a very musically talented mother. I was lucky enough to have a good memory though and a Dad who would spend time teaching me poetry and stories, so when I could finally be persuaded to get in on the act, it wasn't too bad. We would then hold out our bags into which would be tipped an assortment of apples, oranges, nuts and sweets. Sometimes we even got a threepenny bit or better still, a sixpence. Of course we all knew which were the most "profitable" houses to visit and we would stand in the street comparing our spoils.

Sometimes someone on the street would throw a Hallowe'en party and after guising was completed, everyone would end up at the party. There would be dookin' for apples and as most houses had a baby bath, this was the usual receptacle for the apples. There was no health and safety then of course. You just put your head in the water and tried to grab the apple with your teeth and if you were lucky enough to succeed, there were usually several teeth marks in it from someone else's unsuccessful attempt! Sticky treacle scones would be attached to string and hung from the pulley in the kitchen and you had to try and eat one with your hands behind your back. Imagine the mess! There would be games involving nuts and balloons and there was always a prize for the best fancy dress. By this

stage in the proceedings, some of the adults would also have donned fancy dress and there were certainly some imaginative outfits. I remember one year my Dad being dressed up in our neighbour's daughter's kilt, which was very short, a white silk scarf wrapped round his head like a turban, an enormous whitewash brush for a sporran and carrying a white enamel pail for apples and nuts. A pair of wellies completed the outfit. Goodness knows what he was supposed to be, but he gave everyone a good laugh anyway.

It was all simply good fun, without any evil intentions and there was no "Trick or Treat" as they have now. This is of course is an American idea which seems to have caught on here and with the numerous horror films which have been

released on the theme, people seem to view the night with trepidation and fear. We wouldn't have dreamed of playing any tricks on our neighbours and on the very few occasions when one didn't answer the door, we just thought they were meanies and skinflints, so we would just bang really hard on the door and run off.

At the end of the evening, we would make our way home and proudly show off our collection of apples, nuts, etc and count up any money we had been given, which was a real bonus. I can remember being far too tired for a bath, so it was just a case of a quick wash and falling into bed exhausted and happy. The turnip lantern had of course long since burnt out.

Margaret Barnes.



Traditional Scottish 'Clottie' Dumpling (made for Birthdays and Hogmanay)

1lb Plain Flour
1lb Dried Fruit – currants & raisins
½lb Shredded suet
cup of brown sugar or granulated (approx. 5oz)
2 teaspoon bicarb. of soda,
2 teaspoons mixed spice
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 Tablespoons syrup or treacle
½ pint cold water to mix to soft dough
White cotton cloth, sterilized.

Dust cloth with flour. Place mixture in centre of cloth, pull up corners, twist cloth and tie tightly with string. Place on a plate, keeping water about half way up pot, boil for approximately 4 hours. When time is up, remove cloth carefully.

Jeanne Dall

(You can see I have not gone metric!)

Traditionally 'silver thrupenny pieces' and trinkets (wrapped in tissue paper) and inserted into the pudding before serving.

Dates for your Diary

Saturday 28 January 2012

Burns Celebration Dinner & Dance

Enclosed with your Chanter is a flyer-booking form for the Burns Dinner & Dance in January 2012. To allow room for dancing, the Council have decided to limit the numbers to one hundred, and tickets will be allocated on a first come first served basis, so book early to avoid disappointment.

(At the time of writing, the Council are trying to find a bigger room within the Masonic)

Nottingham Ceilidh Night

Ceilidh dancing to live music from Jigabit

All the dances will be called.

Non dancers welcome

Saturday 11th February

Dancing starts at 8pm (doors open 7.30)

Ionic Suite, Belgrave Rooms, 25 Goldsmith Street, Nottingham NG1 5LB (The same venue as our St Andrews and Burns nights).

Tickets are £9.00 **in advance**. Contact Schuggie on or email secretary@nottinghamscottish.org.uk 07875718702 for tickets

Saturday 18 Feb 2012

Quiz night

St Andrews with Castle Gate Church.

7.30pm, cost £2.00. Tea and biscuits.

Saturday 10 March 2012

Scottish Fiddle Orchestra SOLD OUT

August 2012

Edinburgh Festival & Military Tattoo

3 Day Executive Coach Tour

Approx. cost £225 per head Plans are in hand for a 3 day coach trip to Edinburgh in August 2012 (dates to be confirmed) during 'The Festival', including an evening performance of the world famous Military Tattoo on the Castle Esplanade.

This is a great opportunity for you to enjoy the fantastic sight and sound of 'The Tattoo' something you will never forget. During the trip, we plan to have some free time in Edinburgh and visit other splendid attractions.

St Andrew's Dinner Dance

Oh what a night. There we were in all our finery. I was deep in conversation awaiting a glorious G&T imagining its beautiful refreshing crispness. When over my shoulder a little voice chirruped, "Jan will you jot a few words about tonight for The Chanter?" Perhaps I was a little distracted or something but out of my mouth came the words "yes Bernice"

Moving on.....

On Saturday 26 November the annual St Andrew's dance took place. Members of Nottingham Scottish and their guests enjoyed a night of food dancing and merriment. Once we had relaxed and had a little tippie in the bar we then went through to the beautifully decorated Ionic suite, found our seats and indulged ourselves in a rather yummy three course meal, consisting of soup, fish and green stuff. Then a golden pastry lovingly blanketed, soft delicious sweet apples, all swathed in a velvet custard. We then reclined on a chaise lounge and had a little nap.---- oops off I go.

Actually, after coffee had been served we relaxed and listened to our guest speaker Mr Ewan McNeal who gave The Toast to Scotland. His hugely witty observations and sharp delivery soon had us sitting up in our seats and hanging on to every word. Even I, a mere Sassenach, was with him every step of the way.

We then went through to the bar area, to allow time for the tables to be cleared and what a surprise. The sound of the pipes greeted us as we walked through the door, a lovely sound I thought, as I carried on chatting to my companion. In my head an image appeared of a hairy, burly 40 something. But then I looked, became quite and listened to the beautiful sound of a very talented 11 year named Andrew playing the pipes with all his heart, his proud parents stood at his side. Fabulous.

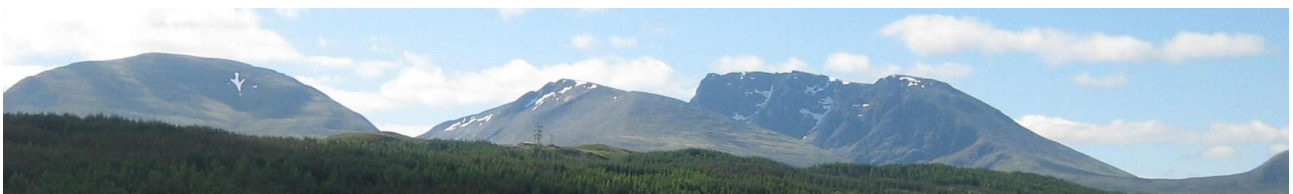
We then returned to the now cleared room and guess what, they made everyone dance around the room, apparently its some sort of tradition!! Bill called a variety of dances and all I could see was bright eyes and huge smiles as everyone enjoyed themselves.

The evening closed with a few words from Margaret and after hugs and farewells we all went home "tired but happy"

Well apparently I've had my quota of space in The Chanter. Got to go!

Jan Lees

Three Peaks 1969



When Schuggie mentioned that he was going to do the 'Three Peaks' run (Ben Nevis, Sca Fell Pike and Snowdon in 24 hours) it brought back memories of 1969 when I, with 5 others, also did the run. I suspect things were a bit different then.

At that time, the final links of the M6/M74 had only just been completed so that – probably for the first time (unless any of our readers knows different!) – it became possible to do all three

peaks in one 24 hour period. We drove ourselves to Fort William in a Mini (original, of course) and an Austin A40 (older readers will remember it) – 3 to a car with tents, baggage etc. These days, most three-peakers have themselves driven by a non-climber – a much safer option.

The first group of three set out on day one – led with military precision by one of our number who was a naval sub-lieutenant and

was determined to have discipline. The second group, which included me, were considerably more laid back. We set out on day two, having prepared by having a lazy day on the beach at Morar – unusually for Lochaber it was the middle of a heat wave.

Memories get a little hazy, but I think we set out at about 4.00pm to climb the Ben and completed it in around 4 hours (we must have been fit!). Certainly we got back in time to pick up a beer before driving off into the night – not much concern for H&S there, I fear!

Six hours or so without much sleep – try sleeping in a mini stacked to the gunnels with gear! – brought us to Borrowdale shortly before dawn. Climbing this in the half light was probably my lowest ebb – but a beautiful dawn at the summit cheered us on our way. Oddly, the summit was occupied by about 30 people

Continuing our regular feature

How I Met Bernice

I never met her. It's not my fault. She's not *my* friend. Una's the one who met her. She's Una's friend. In 1983 we moved to Papplewick and because I had been playing bridge for some years, I persuaded Una to take up bridge. A couple, Jack and Margaret Cameron organised lessons in bridge at the village hall and after a few months this developed into a regular games evening. After 6 months, Bernice joined the group and learned how to play the game. Later still I appeared for a game and at the time I was reading a book called "Bridge in the Menagerie" by an author called Victor Mollo. In it, he likened every bridge player to a type of animal. This is my observation of the

Papplewick Bridge Club cast. Una is the "Rueful Rabbit", pleasant, nice, always in a state of confusion but very often wins because of outrageous good fortune. Bernice comes in as

sleeping out under the stars – goodness knows what they were doing there.

On to Snowdon. By this time my feet were killing me so I discarded my army-surplus boots and wore my alternative footwear. I'm ashamed to confess that they were hush puppies – again older readers will remember them. They were, however, blissfully comfortable and, in hot dry sunny weather, absolutely fine.

We made the top by 4.00pm and celebrated with a drink in the summit cafe before heading down. We were pretty tired by then but had sufficient energy left to join up with the first party and swap stories with them over a long and happy evening in Llanberis.

Andrew Morrison

"Charlie the Chimp", always talking about every conceivable subject under the sun with the single exception of the hand she's currently playing.



Alan and Una at the Hallowe'en Ceilidh

Alan Ratcliffe

Please write and tell us about yourselves and how you too met Bernice

A photo of yourselves would also be nice as we fell this is a great way of getting to know you all!

Rules are made to be Broken...

It was a pleasant October morning when a small group of pensioners set out to walk through the fields to a local hostelry. There was, however, no public right of way through the fields and the group leader had failed to secure permission from the farmer to cross his land.

The group were exhorted to “walk the first part quickly” and were advancing sheepishly, watching for an angry farmer armed with a pitchfork. They were a little surprised when their errant leader waved and called to a man spotted in the farmyard. Apparently the next field was the problem.

A tractor was spreading fertiliser in a nearby field on the forbidden farm, so the group were asked to creep along as low as possible so as to be out of sight of the driver. Having evaded detection, the walkers straightened up and continued to a village.

A new housing estate had mysteriously sprung up since the walk was reconnoitred. After a couple of false starts, a route was selected past a row of houses. A painter was perched on his ladder with a can of paint dangling precariously from a rung. Disappointed that none of the group accepted the challenge to walk under the ladder, the leader stopped to question the workman about the problem of crossing the railway. She had omitted to mention to her followers that the level-crossing had been blocked off by wire fences.

The obstacles were deemed to be surmountable and the intrepid ramblers accepted the danger with barely a murmur of dissent. A train was

approaching as the crossing was reached. “Hide!” came the command from the front. As the leader was a pillar of the community, she considered that it might be better not to be seen. Hiding was rather difficult as there was hardly enough foliage to conceal a small dog. The seven walkers tried to look inconspicuous.

The lunch venue was reached without further incident. A gate leading to the outdoor seating area specified clearly that no pets were allowed. The leader and her dog settled at a table. Just in case the breach of regulations had gone unnoticed, the kind individual who offered to place the leader’s refreshment order was detailed to ask for water for the dog.

The guilty party ate a hearty lunch before a waitress emerged and captured the faces of the offenders on camera. She was persuaded to hand the camera back to its owner and the group left unimpeded.

On the return journey, the route passed two men performing a delicate operation involving a ladder. The leader decided that this was a good time to recruit another photographer. Fortunately, no one was injured. The younger man made his excuses and fled, leaving his companion to face the music. He complied with amazing grace.

If these adventures sound suspiciously familiar, you will be pleased to hear that the Nottingham Scottish Association ramble was enjoyed by all. Do join us for the next one if you can.

A Walker

**Walks are all from Tommywoods, Main Street ,
Linby Village and aim to start 10.30 am**

Dates for 2012

6th Jan Sat
4th Feb Wed
7th March Wed
4th April Sat
5th May Friday
1st June short evening walk with BBQ

**please telephone Bernice - 963 7228 - before
turning up.**

