

**The Chanter**  
Nottingham Scottish Association Newsletter  
August 2008

Hamnavoe's morning broke  
On the salt and tar steps. Herring boats,  
Puffing red sails, the tillers  
Of cold horizons, leaned  
Down the gull-gaunt tide  
And threw dark nets on sudden silver harvests.  
The boats drove furrows homeward, like ploughmen  
In blizzards of gulls. Gaelic fisher girls  
Flashed knife and dirge  
Over drifts of herring.  
The kirk, in a gale of psalms, went heaving through  
A tumult of roofs, freighted for heaven...

From 'Hamnavoe' by George Mackay Brown

## **FROM OUR PRESIDENT**

Have you all enjoyed your summer break? No doubt some of us will have “tales to tell” since we have last met. A lot has happened during the summer, one of my highlights was seeing Blazing Fiddles in Uppingham. A small group of us managed to get tickets for a great evening’s entertainment. The square dance at Papplewick was, as usual, a sell-out and a very enjoyable night. Sadly this week we attended the memorial service for Annie Chalmers, who longer serving members will remember.

I hope you are relaxed and ready for the forthcoming events. Our seasons programme starts with the dancing class on Thursday 4th September. Our grateful thanks go to Graham Young, for all the years of service as our dance instructor. As he has now stepped down, we are trying a different format and we hope that this gets off to a good start. Isobel and I will be on holiday but we will be thinking about you from Arran.

President’s Night is the 25th October and because next year is the 250th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns I am taking him as my theme. Snippets of poems, songs and dancing, something for everyone so please come along.

**Bob Logan**

## **Blazin' Fiddles**

On the 24th June a party from the Nottingham Scottish travelled to Uppingham School in Rutland to enjoy an evening concert by Scotland's award winning group, Blazin Fiddles. This band of fiddlers draws on the distinct flavour of fiddle music from various regions of the Highlands and islands. From brilliant solo performances to ensemble sets interspersed with amusing stories they all come together in a fiery blend that really raises the roof. The whole audience was enthralled by the sheer brilliance of their performance with everyone's feet tapping and trying to resist the urge to stand up and start a-jiggin' to the music.

Such is the popularity of this group, now in their tenth year of performing, that initial attempts to see them at the Nottingham Lakeside Pavilion were met with disappointment as the concert was already sold out. If they come to this area next year then a visit is certainly a must.

For those who wish to find out more of this brilliant Scottish band then they have their own web site at [www.blazin-fiddles.co.uk](http://www.blazin-fiddles.co.uk) For the more adventurous, part of the performance that we enjoyed can be seen on [www.uk.youtube.com](http://www.uk.youtube.com) enter Blazin Fiddles and then select Uppingham-Murdo.

## **Dave Potter**

## **Take the Floor**

Many of you will know that 'Take the Floor' is the title of a programme of Scottish Dance Music on BBC Scotland on Saturday night at 7 o'clock, hosted for the past few years by Robbie Shepherd. Over the past few years Graham Young has been 'taking the floor' by leading our weekly dance class and our formal functions, but, at the end of last season he decided to hang up his microphone and take a well earned rest. Graham spent a lot of hours every week working out his programme, writing up his own dance scripts, sorting out the music to give us a nice mix of dances, old and new. We are indeed sorry to lose his services and experience.

Graham has gifted to The Association his collection of C.D.s and all his dance notes. At our last class in May, Bob Logan thanked Graham for his tremendous effort through the years not only his work with the classes, also his time on the council. Bob wished Graham well for the future and on behalf of the members presented him with a Digital Radio/CD player.

Starting off the new season we have a team of willing volunteers who will lead our weekly class until a new 'Graham' can be found. If you wish to add your name to the volunteer list or perhaps would like to consider a more permanent role your services will be greatly appreciated.

## **Bill Dall**

## **Barn Dance and Super Supper – Papplewick 2008.**

On what was probably one of the hottest days of the year, many of us donned our glad rags and put our best foot forward for a great evening of country dancing of a different sort from our usual Thursday evenings at the Nottingham Scottish – Barn Dancing! The evening was a great success. In spite of the heat, the dance floor was full and almost everyone joined in. The caller was excellent, especially, when we actually listened to him and set off in the right direction! It is not only at Scottish Country Dancing that some of us don't know our right from our left, but we had great fun and our enthusiasm made up for our lack of skill. It was extremely hot work and the men perspired while the women glowed becomingly - well, some did - some of us just looked like the roasted pig we didn't have this year – very pink and very hot! These memento fans from Spanish holidays came in very handy!

We didn't have the hog roast this year due to the fact that the pig and the hall prices had increased considerably. However, I don't think any of us missed it as we really did have a SUPER SUPPER – baked potatoes, lots of fillings, salad, cooked meats and all the trimmings and tasty gâteaux to finish off. Many, many thanks to Jeanne and Bernice for all the time and effort they put into shopping for and preparing a splendid spread. It was a wonder we managed to get up again to dance, but dance we did and the evening was voted first class fun by everyone. Some people were even lucky enough to win Raffle Prizes and of course Bernice had the Pound Coin Whisky competition going great guns – the object was to roll, throw, slide or whatever, a pound coin in the general direction of a litre bottle of whisky and the one which settled nearest to the bottle, won the golden nectar for its owner – *Slainte Mhath!* Some people have all the luck! Hopefully, we will have another Barn Dance and Super Supper next year, and I strongly recommend you book your ticket when it is announced.

**Margaret Barnes**

## **The 28th ASCDS Festival**

It's the merry month of May and time once more for the ASCDS Annual Festival of Scottish Country Dancing at Ollerton. A brave (or maybe just daft) team from the Nottingham Scottish has been rehearsing for the last five Fridays under the able – and patient – tuition of Brian to try and prove to its members that they really can dance. Twelve dances had to be learned in a fairly short time and, for me at least, there were a few I had never danced before. The last rehearsal on the night before the Festival didn't look too promising – have you ever tried to dance a reel of three on the side only to find there are only two of you as the dancing couple have disappeared to the opposite side, so you have to complete the figure of eight on your own? This particular dance was called *'The Inimitable Derek'* and seemed pretty incomprehensible from the crib sheet, but it was actually a really nice dance and not nearly as difficult as it sounded!

The Saturday of the Festival dawned. It was very hot and humid and seemed to be getting warmer by the minute. I set off, decked out in my white dress (made from a 'one size fits all' pattern!) and with about twenty pins to hold my sash in place. I think there should be a law that ladies of a certain age should not wear white dresses – at least not in this style. They really don't do anything for us. (*The current RSCDS Chairman, Irene Bennett,*

*agrees! Ed.)* It did feel rather good to be wearing my Clan sash and badge – an opportunity which does not arise too often, but gives a little tingle of pride in my heritage.

We all paraded around the hall with our respective banners and took our positions. The area allocated to each set seemed pretty small and there would be no drifting in any direction as is our usual habit. It was a case of staying in the lines or ending up in a completely different set! The crib sheets were cast aside - if we hadn't got it by now, we never would. Mine was extremely crumpled and had been folded and refolded so many times that it was difficult to read anyway.

The dancing went extremely well – just a few little errors which were quickly corrected and in such a large gathering were unlikely to be noticed anyway! Once the first dance was over we all relaxed a bit and began to enjoy ourselves. *'The Inimitable Derek'* went well and the afternoon passed really quickly. There were some excellent demonstrations from various groups and Nottingham's RSCDS Branch, which included a few Nottingham Scottish members, did the city proud with the 160-bar reel *'Prince Charles of Edinburgh'*. Ceol na h-Alba ably provided the music for another successful Festival and it is great to see that Scottish Country Dancing is still alive and well, and just as enjoyable and full of fun as it has always been. We finished the afternoon with a picnic tea outside and some stalwarts even stayed for the evening dance, which I understand was excellent.

My thanks to all who were involved in the preparation and organisation of the event. These things don't just happen – a great deal of work goes into making the Festival a success and it was wonderful to see the massed dancers having a colourful and enjoyable afternoon. Long may it continue!

**Margaret Barnes**

## **The Thirty-Nine Stops concluded**

"Certainly, Sir," replied the ticket officer, "and how will you be paying? Cash or Cheque? Debit or Credit? American Express, VISA or Other? And will you be needing a tasty snack from our supersaver OnTheRun range? Meatyburger from our New Obese Range or Special Healthy Option for Neurotics? Tea or Coffee? Latte, Mocha, Cappuccino, Espresso? Single Espresso or Double? With or without sugar? Drink here or take away?"

"Please:" I said. By this time my nerves were pretty bad. Frankly, I couldn't take much more of this rigmarole.

"I beg of you, sir! Have mercy! Let me go!"

"And would you be requiring our two-for-one half price offer on family-size Toblerones?"

"I'll take everything – tickets, offers, snacks, chocolate bars, hot and cold beverages – the lot!" I screamed, flinging down all my cash and cards.

"Bear with me," he sighed. He looked once again at his screen, and read me its message. "We apologise to customers but due to a signalling failure caused by unavoidable error this service is at present unable to operate," he said. He looked back up at me. "So you'll definitely be needing our PlusBus facility! SuperSaver Open Single or Advance OffPeak

Day Return? Credit or Debit? Business or Leisure? Disabled or Cyclist? Milk or Sugar? Under or Over? “

Glancing around, I noticed all the international criminals, undercover operatives, nine-fingered men and uniformed policemen in the queue were sporting the stupefied glazed look produced by that deadly combination, extreme horror and abject boredom. As one man, they quietly removed their revolvers from their pockets and took the only way out.

**Craig Brown**

### **Plus ça change ...a look at a 1962 social programme.**

- |                            |                              |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. The Reel of the 51st    | interval                     |
| 2. The Golden Pheasant     | 14. Lad o' Kyle              |
| 3. New Scotland Strathspey | 15. The Earl of Errol's Reel |
| 4. The Shire of Air        | 16. Ship of Grace            |
| 5. Macdonald of Sleat      | 17. Mairi's Wedding          |
| 6. The Winding Road        | 18. Scotsman in America      |
| 7. The Buchan Eightsome    | 19. Bonnie Anne              |
| 8. Perthshire Highlanders  | 20. Jack o' the Green        |
| 9. None so Pretty          | 21. Cauld Kail               |
| 10. The New Rigged Ship    | 22. Cadgers in the Canongate |
| 11. Peggy's Love           | 23. The Robertson Rant       |
| 12. General Stuart's Reel  | 24. Duke of Perth            |
| 13. Foursome Reel          | 25. Todlen Hame              |

EXTRAS (time permitting)

- |                          |                                    |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. The Birks of Invermay | 2. The Duchess of Atholl's Slipper |
| 3. A Trip to Aberdeen    | 4. Lady Auckland's Reel            |

*(One wonders whether they actually danced the extras, too a 1 a.m. finish was not unusual in them thar daysEd.)*

### **Cèilidh Dance in September put it in your diaries!!**

We have been floating ideas on how to advertise the Association to Scots, those of Scots ancestry and those who love all things Scottish in the Nottingham area. We were also brainstorming what else we could do as an Association for our members as well as our current Thursday socials, St. Andrew's Night, Hallowe'en, Burns nights and our trip to the Ashbourne Gathering. Many ideas flowed, ranging from organised nights out to a play, pub, golf or keeping an eye on the 'What's On' for anything Scottish - having missed the ball with **Blazing Saddles** ( see our president's comments). Does anyone fancy a wee football night out? Let the committee know and we'll arrange something: Scotland play Northern Ireland on 20th August and it's on TV.

Anyway, as a tag on to the AOBs at our first Council meeting the suggestion of a cèilidh

dance was voiced and the balls (or slip steps) set in motion. A venue (with a bar), a band, a caller and the need to offer our existing members something different, as well as to attract new members, were the prerequisites.

Well, the New Venture Social Club in Beeston Rylands is the venue, we have a bar and 100 tickets which are fast selling out. We have a live band, Fred's Folk, who will call the dances – check out their website at [www.freds-folks.co.uk](http://www.freds-folks.co.uk). This **isn't** Scottish Country Dancing, however, although there have been some dance requests which we will try to include, it's purely for fun and purely Cèilidh dancing.

So you don't need a kilt, you don't need a partner who can already dance - and actually you can take your non-dancing friends along without the fear of them 'not knowing how to circle eight hands round to the left and back'. It's a Friday night - 26th September to be exact - so with other branch socials in the area on the Saturday you can dance three nights that week.

Doors open at 7.30pm and there's dancing from 8 to 11.30. Tickets are £6 each from the committee, or e-mail [ceilidh@nottinghamscottish.org.uk](mailto:ceilidh@nottinghamscottish.org.uk)

There is another one pencilled in for Friday 7th November: the venue has still to be confirmed.

## **Shuggie**

## **AGM 2008**

There is no fear for the future of an association that is open to lively debate, and this was well seen on 24th April when the question of whether or not non-Scots should be eligible for Vice-Presidency or Presidency of the Association came up for discussion. The weight of opinion behind the *status quo* resulted in the withdrawal of the proposal, but happily we are now able to welcome Andrew Morrison into the vacant Vice Presidency role and Shuggie MacInnes and Margaret Barnes as Council members. A full list of names and contact details appears on the back cover.

## **DP**

### **FIRST STEPS – or 'How did you start Scottish Country Dancing?' Some reminiscences of Long Ago by one of our members.**

**21.10.61** Dear Mum – my heart is still reeling from the impact of being asked to dance, at the last Square Dance meeting, by a tall and strikingly attractive Scot in full Highland kit. He danced with me for the rest of the evening after the interval, and then asked if I would join a Scottish dancing team to perform at the Christmas Festival. This apparently entails free food, drinks and parties for about three evenings! I can't believe I shall have the luck to be wanted. My room-mate is a perfect horror; she sings '*My heart's in the Highlands*' and '*A Hundred Pipers an' a', an' a'*' throughout the day, just to tease. Still, I found myself singing 'Hey! for the Tartan!' so I can't talk.

**31.10.61** On Sunday I felt rather nervous about going to the Scottish practice as I had missed the first one. I was directed to a room in St. Andrew's Hall of Residence where about twelve of us were crammed in, sitting all over the bed and floor. We had coffee and biscuits and sat listening to Scottish folk music to get in the mood. I was quite sorry when we had to break up and trot down to the Games Room, where we practised steps and dances for several hours under the guidance of two Scots who have done a lot of dancing. Luckily two other girls were freshers, so I didn't feel too much of a novice on my own. Our instructors were quite severe on us when we didn't do everything right (*help!*) but it was a very friendly gathering and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. It was arranged for eight of us to practise again before the Square Dance. I still don't know if I shall be in the final team, though I hope so. If I am, I shall have to make a white dress. Do reassure Dad that the wild Scot shows no signs of flinging me across his handlebars and carrying me off to the Highlands!

**10.12.61** Our Scottish demo went off very successfully. One of the organisers said we girls could collect free pairs of stockings from his shop, and gave the boys double cinema tickets. I collected my free stockings and we girls are still awaiting hopefully the outcome of the **double** tickets. We thought it was pretty good, as we weren't expecting anything for dancing. They raised £200 for spastic children at the function. At the dance I had a very interesting conversation with my partner, Andie, who had not long returned from doing geology research in Coigach, far NW Scotland. Apparently girls are so scarce there that a man is hardly allowed to speak to, and certainly not to dance with any of the local girls whose boy-friends are very possessive. (*Sounds like CambridgeEd.*) Andie nearly got beaten up by some Highlanders for walking a girl home. What fun – for the girls!

**13.3.62** On Rag weekend, after dancing all Friday evening and most of Saturday to collect money, we still had our usual meeting on Sunday afternoon! We learned a new version of the Eightsome and another dance called the Hebridean Weaving Lilt. We danced and danced, and laughed and laughed\$at one point we all rolled about on the floor with laughter! We really had a wonderful afternoon, one of the best sessions ever. NO WONDER I WAS HOOKED!

**To be continued ...**

**Iris Dale**

## **In the Steps of Nigel Tranter**

If you are looking for Roxburgh Castle, two words of warning – don't look in present-day Roxburgh and don't rely on asking the locals: at least one Kelso lady was quite certain that it was in Roxburgh itself. Well, it used to be next door until Roxburgh moved! A castle with an Identity crisis, it has previously gone under the names of Marchidun, Marchmount, Rochesburgus or Rokesburgus and what is left of it after cannon fire and the energetic stone-robbers of Kelso had finished with it, and there isn't a great deal, now stands within the lands of the Roxburghe estate, with Floors Castle facing it across the Tweed. (Nobody seems to know where the Duke and Duchess got their extra `e' from, either – another little mystery).

Between the twelfth-century reign of David I (whose Norman friends at court may perhaps have called this stony ridge 'Rochesburgus') and the final destruction of the English earthwork-and-timber fort after Henry VIII's infamous 'Rough Wooing', the castle changed hands between English and Scots again and again. What's more, the **original** town of Roxburgh, on the haughland close by the castle, whose importance in the early mediaeval period placed it on a par with Edinburgh and Dunfermline, has completely disappeared and Tweed has changed its course!

This was the seat of the Scottish court during the reign of David I and for some considerable time after. Within its walls the capable but ill-fated Alexander III was born; until 1310, by order of Edward I of England, Mary, younger sister of Robert Bruce, had been imprisoned in a lattice cage hung from these same walls; then, *Malleus Scotorum* dead, the tide turned and over those same walls the Black Douglas re-took the castle for the Scots by night in 1314, his men disguised as cattle until they threw up rope ladders and overcame the sentries, and a Border legend tells of the woman on the battlements lulling her baby to sleep - '*Hush thee, hush thee, dinna fret thee, the Black Douglas will not get thee*' until the man himself appeared over the wall at her side and guarded her and the wee one as his men took the castle by storm.

Outwith its walls a siege in the 1430s which resulted, not in the ending of a hundred years of English occupation but in a humiliating retreat for the Scots army along with the loss of all its cannon, may well have added fuel to the fire of discontent which saw James I, King of Scots assassinated at Perth in 1437; here also his son James II, ever an enthusiast for artillery, paid for his interest with his life when his cannon '*Lion*' inconsiderately burst during a further siege of 1460, wounding the Red Douglas who nevertheless recovered in time to crown the nine-year-old James III in Kelso Abbey some days later. *Yet not even a brown sign marks the place*: we drove past it without realising.

I'd been reading too much of Nigel Tranter:

*'Built as a strength, a fortress, at the junction of two rivers, it was damnably difficult to get at. Access had to be gained by going half a mile up Teviotdale, to the nearest fording-place, and there crossing and approaching the castle from the west, climbing on to its spine'* (from 'David the Prince') *'Roxburgh Castle was extraordinarily and dramatically sited on a narrow peninsula where that other great river, the Teviot, joined Tweed, to form a lengthy and narrow arrowhead of steep, rocky ground protected by deep, rushing water on all sides) a succession of towers and keeps and a hallhouse within enclosing curtain walls* (from 'Tapestry of the Boar').

All right, it **was** *damnably difficult to get at*: a first attempt on the mound was defeated by what may have been a section of the original moat into which part of the flow of the Teviot was once diverted, plus shoulder-high undergrowth: until a retreat to Teviotside revealed a faint path through downtrodden vegetation and past a few relics of stonework until we eventually clambered to the top to be rewarded with a fine view of Floors Castle across the Tweed.

If you would like to see it as it may have been in 1460, look at [www.maybole.org/history/castles/roxburgh/htm](http://www.maybole.org/history/castles/roxburgh/htm) for a vivid reconstruction. As for the site today, *blessed is he who expecteth little*) :*but at Fast Castle, he shall not be disappointed, given walking shoes, a reasonable head for heights and dramatic lighting*) If you look for a

brown sign you *will be* disappointed, and it's just as well that there isn't one or the place would be overrun: or doubtless health-and-safetied by the Town Hall Nannies to remove any sense of adventure. So you have recourse to Mr. Tranter and *'Tapestry of the Boar'* or some such, and you recall that the shepherds' cottages above the Castle were at Dowlaw, and so take that turning off A1107 to drive carefully past flocks of sheep and herds of cattle to find – lo! and behold! a parking space and a sign which reads *'Fast Castle 1.3 km'*. Here we both disturbed the rustic peace with vigorous sneezing thanks to some element in the local pollen, and at this point I believed Her Ladyship to be conversing in tic-tac or semaphore but in fact she was fending off a species known only to Rhona as *'urrgh, cow-flies'*. And so we descended the steepening path towards the usual Berwickshire coastline of rock folded and tilted into spectacular cliffs.

The castle flattered to deceive: it looked quite close at one point until we reached the stage of *'if-it-isn't-really-close-when-we-get-to-that-bush-I'm-turning-back'* The light beckoned. I chose two lenses, Rhona sat on the box, and I slithered on and down, giving thanks for the light and a dry evening, having had no more sense than to turn out in a pair of slippery sandals. There was one rather nasty little bit where the path sloped away towards the lip of a 150-foot drop to the waves on the rocks - unwilling to emulate Alexander III without his horse,

I'll hand you over to Mr. Tranter:

*it wasnot on the clifftop but halfway down, a little redstone tower crowning an isolated spire or stack of rock which soared out of the surging waves" We ca' it the Fastness," they were told. "Nane kens for why it is there, or whae reared it. Auld it is. But there maun hae been a guid reason, for it would tak a deal o' building on top o' yon rock. Mair stanes, aye, an' men tae, would fa' in the sea than got set in place!"*

The precipice is now crossed by a narrow bridge with chains with which one can haul oneself up on to the castle. It was not always thus

*'there was a yawning gap between the land and the stack-top Tam dragged out a length of planking, fully ten feet of it, which he proceeded to toss, almost casually, across, its further anchor-point looking less than secure. "It'll no' break," he announced reassuringly, and strolled over to climb the quite steep and bare rock beyond'*

*'Tapestry of the Boar'* was set in the twelfth century - it is to be hoped that by the time Margaret Tudor turned up in 1503 on her way to be married to James IV and Mary, Queen of Scots dropped in during 1566, access arrangements were rather less informal. The castle had the usual history of changing hands between English and Scots, the last brief English occupation being in 1570; it had also a sinister reputation under the name of *'Fause Castle'* because, it has been said, lights were hung down from it to lure craft on to the rocks below, where the wreckers were lying in wait.

**DP**

## **Ashbourne Highland Gathering July 2008**

Last year Ashbourne Games was almost a complete washout. A limited programme went

ahead in super muddy conditions. In the last few days before this years event we, the dancers and the poor organizers feared for another wet day.

On Sunday, the day of the games, the sun was shining at 5 o'clock in the morning with not a cloud in the sky. Then the 'folklore' took over; 'Aye! Fair before seven, rain before eleven' Aye! If it's bricht ower early it'll no' last' Aye! Jeanne and I arrived on the field at 9.15 am just in time for a very heavy shower, fifteen minutes and a bacon sandwich later, the sky cleared and it just managed to stay dry all day, but boy was it windy!

Our team met up with dancers from Ashbourne and Derby Scottish for a quick walk-through in a wee sheltered spot. At eleven o'clock we 'walked-on' in a gale-force something. Kilts reached new heights, sashes flying behind our ladies like paper-streamers from the train at your old Sunday-School Trip.

Our fifteen minutes of fame included Seaton's Ceilidh Band, Culla Bay and Blooms of Bon Accord which passed without a hitch. Mind you, reels across the set were wind-assisted.

Our dancers were Peter & Iris Dale, Pip Sperling & Shuggie MacInnes, Robert Greenfield, Bernice Young and ourselves. It was a grand family day out but some events like the Drum Majors' competition and the poor wee Highland Dancers found the wind a bit of a challenge.

## **Jeanne & Bill Dall**

### **Scots as she is spoke...**

#### **At the Barber**

A big lad, six-foot and the rest, takes his turn in the chair and adjusts it to suit himself "Comfy?" enquires the barber, to be met with "Wishaw. You?"

#### **an' oan the Caur**

A passenger on the No.8 had just been to Blackpool and was bemoaning the exorbitant tram fares on the Prom. "The tram fare along the Prom is twice whit ye'd pey in Glesca". "Aye," replied the conductress, "if the English hud charged like that at Bannockburn they'd huv won!"

## **FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT- DATES FOR DIARIES**

**Saturday, 13th Sept:** RSCDS Nottingham – a Taster Dance for Dance Scottish Week, East Leake Village Hall, 7.30 p.m., £3.

**Saturday, 27th Sept:** RSCDS Nottingham, social dance, West Park Pavilion, **8 p.m.**, recorded, £5/£3.

**Saturday, 18th Oct:** Newark SCD Soc. Annual Dance, Ollerton Leisure Centre, 7.30 p.m.

**Saturday, 25th Oct:** Waltham SCD Group, Annual Dance, Waltham Village Hall.

**Saturday, 6th Dec:** RSCDS Nottingham, social dance, West Park Pavilion, 7.30 p.m., recorded, £5/£3

### **Overheard on the dance-floor**

“Don’t men look funny in trousers?”

“Are we going to start now, or is J\*\* going to undress?”

“`Haddington Assembly’? Can’t remember how it starts- it’s not too difficult- can’t remember how it finishes, either!”

“I was practising `Crossmichael’ in the office last week and I nearly tripped over a chair!”

“Could I borrow your new ASCDS syllabus? I want to organise a rugby match1”

**The next issue will be a gey thin one unless some kind souls are inclined to put pen to paper PLEASE keep those articles coming!!**