



# THE CALEDONIAN



The R C S Annual Highland Dancing Competition trophy winners on stage at Illingworth Hall on Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> May 2009



Winner of Chief's Encouragement Award  
In U 11 Novice Section Dominique Rigby



Winner of John Ogg Trophy for 2009  
Premier Section Over 16 - Claire Smith  
Adjudicator Heather Sayers & Lennox Pawson



Winner of Walter & Ann Lumsden Trophy  
Premier Section 13 - 16 Rebecca Spink  
Presented by P C Ann Calver

**June  
2009**

**"The Caledonian" is the official journal of**

**The Royal Caledonian Society of SA Inc.**

**ABN 67103 096 385**

**Patron of the Society:**

**His Excellency Kevin Scarce AC CSC RANR Governor of  
S.A.**





### FROM THE CHIEF

Omar Khayyham said 'the moving finger of time having writ, moves on.....'

It does. Already we are at the end of the first half of the year, wondering where it went. But we have been busy. Our **Film & Afternoon Tea** was well attended. We welcomed **2 new members** into our Society that day, and spoke to some who have since joined. We wish them all welcome.

Those who have since joined will be welcomed personally at our **Speaker and Afternoon Tea on 21<sup>st</sup> June**. Please try to be present to hear **Mr. Hamy Marcelin** and to meet our new folk. Due to 2 accidents when I damaged the Sciatic nerve and tore the Hamstring in my left leg I have been unable to represent the Society as often as I wished since Christmas. Recovery has been/is long and painful. There have been setbacks but progress is being made. This coupled with spinal problems since my fall from a stage, made sitting difficult and climbing stairs impossible. However, our Society was represented at all functions when invited, if not by me, then by Directors or Office Bearers. **Director Malcolm Orchard** accompanied me to the Royal Commonwealth Scy. Queen's Birthday Celebrations, the Victoria League Anzac Day Luncheon, and Port Adelaide Caledonian Scy. Past Chiefs' Night. I was represented at Strathalbyn Chief's Installation by **Director Roselee Bruce**: and at The Lord Mayor's Colonel Light Statue Celebration by **Banner Bearer Adam Gifford**. Thanks to them both.

Our **Pipes and Drums** were again magnificent in the Anzac Day parade. They still have the power to stir the hearts of all with their dress and performances. As is our custom, a book, **donated by Malcolm Orchard**, was laid on the State War Memorial at the Dawn Service by **Director Roselee Bruce**. This year the book was gifted from the Society to Scotch College. Anzac Day also saw **Director Malcolm Orchard honoured for his 50 years unbroken service as a Senior Marshall**. This was announced on Radio and television during the March, so perhaps you heard it. Congratulations are extended to him from us all for this achievement. We have had other members honoured for 50 years of service to various organizations at various times. I greatly commend them all for their loyalty. Many of us have given 50 years and more to the Royal Caledonian Society and know what a joy it has been. I thank all who have done this also.

Our **Highland Dance Competition** was very successful. Thanks to all who gave so much of their time to make this the success it was. **Secretary Christina Cockerill** does a mammoth job in organizing everything from registrations to printing of programmes, ordering food for the hungry etc. Her band of helpers includes **PC Lennox** and **Mrs. Robyn Pawson**, **Directors Ann Wickham**, **Roselee Bruce** and **PC Ann Calver**. **Assistant Banner Bearer Brian Spencer** provided the loud speaker system and all music required for the dancers. **Piper Ernie Dowler** again played during the **John Ogg Trophy**. Our grateful thanks go to them all. Numbers at our **Family Dance Class** are still small but there were 10 attendees last week. This is encouraging as we

compete with so many other activities for young folk today. We must continue trying to impart to them their heritage. If they are given the best, surely they will never choose lesser things in later life. Do collect your copy of the **Scottish Banner** whilst attending the Afternoon Tea on June 21<sup>st</sup>. Our own Chief's Piper, **Hamy Marcelin**, will entertain us with anecdotes of his 40 years in the Diplomatic Service. It will be a delightful day for only \$5.00 plus a plate of goodies to share with our members and friends. I hope to see you all there. It would be wonderful to find the room reserved for us overflowing. The **Scottish Banner** continues to support us in every way. You will find all our functions listed in the Banner and on its Web Page. Please look it up if you are on the Internet. We thank all concerned at the Banner. Do purchase your copy of the paper. It is good reading. We also get regular free publicity in the **Fortnightly Weekender**. We are indebted to both of these papers. **Scottish Radio** has also been good to us. **Jean Lumsden** always ensures that we are mentioned in her programmes. as does **Margo Mernitz**. I hope you are able to listen to them. I wish you all well for the winter. Please make a note of our **Winter Concert** on August 2<sup>nd</sup> at Rosefield Church, Highgate, a warm, airconditioned venue with comfortable seating. Do come, be entertained, and enjoy the pleasure of again meeting each other in the Friendship, Love and Pride of the Royal Caledonian Society.

### BETWEEN OURSELVES

Several of Our members have had operations since our last publication;-

#### **BEST WISHES GO TO THE FOLLOWING:-**

**Kaye Gifford** for a knee operation

**Amy Gifford** for Knee and Cartilage removal operations

**Grant Andrews**, who is slowly regaining his strength after his shoulder trauma.

**Adam Gifford** for extended operations.

**Mary Buckley**, who is home now recovering from surgery.

Dance instructress **Leonie Garrick-Burgess** is also up and about again.

#### **OUR CONDOLENCES ARE EXTENDED TO :-**

**Noel Carthew** for the passing of his Mother

**Jackie Leslie** for the passing of her Mother Vera Leslie. Vera and her husband Andrew were long time and very active members of the Society back in the 1950's. Vera was 3 months short of reaching 100 years of age. Eulogy on back of insert.

**Belated congratulations to Bob and Helen Fawcett** who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary (50 years) on March 26th with sons Jon and David and their families.

**Jean Lumsden (Burnside Ceilidh Band)** has a new phone number **82660589**

**MEMBERS: CORRECTION** – Cufflinks with the Society Crest would cost \$25 a pair. If you are interested would you kindly contact **PC Lennox Pawson on 8379 1949**

**SOCIETY TIES** – **McGREGOR TARTAN** with Society Crest are available from the Secretary \$25 each.

#### **FOR SALE If interested ring Ph. 8186.0369**

1 x McLaughlan ladies' kilt & cape size 12 - 14 \$250.00

1 x Cummin ladies kilt size 12 - 14 \$200.00



## Eulogy for Vera Leslie – Much loved Past member

Vera McBurnie Mann was born in Durban South Africa on 19<sup>th</sup> July 1909. Second daughter of Peter and Lydia, and one of three children – Edna, Vera and Max

At the age of four Vera with her family, enroute to South America, stopped in port Adelaide where her father took sick and they remained in Australia.

They lived in Croydon with family, then Maitland (Yorke Peninsula), and Norwood, before settling in 1922 at 37 Thomas Avenue, Newstead district where Vera grew up with her family. Attending St Barts Church of England in Norwood she met Andrew Leslie who had come from Broken Hill through the church youth group. They married on the 1<sup>st</sup> of June 1935 and Jackie was born in 1939. In 1941 when Jackie was 2 they bought their own home in Frewville - to their delight Graeme was born there in 1944.

Vera and Andrew joined the Royal Caledonian Society. Andrew was in the Masonic Lodge and Vera was in the Eastern Star. Jackie's lasting memory as a young teenager is of gatherings in Carr Avenue with member of four pipe bands – neighbours joining in dancing, pipe bands etc.

Fun, Fellowship and Food - with always room for one more. The Leslie generosity to others was large

Vera loved tennis, basketball and played lawn bowls from the time she retired until well into her 80's. Bowling took her all over Australia and New Zealand. She enjoyed cards, board games, and Ballroom dancing which took place at the Palais Royal. She was a volunteer at the Queen Vic Hospital and the Children's hospital for many years. She had two trips to the UK and Europe, visiting and living with Jackie in Rome, but the best trip of all was in 1996 when she went back to South Africa with Jackie. They had a glorious morning on Table Mountain with a beautiful clear view. She travelled by ship, plane, train, bus, ferry and car during her lifetime but never mastered either riding a bike or driving a car.

Andrew died in mid 1965. Vera's much loved son Graeme was tragically killed in a traffic accident in 1968.

She finally became an Aussie citizen on 25<sup>th</sup> January 1984, 70 years after she had arrived in 1914.

She lived in Carr Avenue for nearly 50 years, and then went to Canberra for 2 years when Jackie stopped working with Foreign Affairs. After that she returned to SA and lived at West Beach until failing health required her to move into Roselin where she completed her journey on 7<sup>th</sup> May 2009

## The Legendary piper of D-Day WILL return to Normandy to mark the 65<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Allied landings. 6<sup>th</sup> June 2009

Heroic Bill Millin, who braved heavy fire to boost troops' morale, is set to attend the event.

After splashing on to the French shore on June 6 1944, bagpiper Bill fearlessly marched up and adown the beach 4 times, playing stirring songs as explosions wracked the coastline.

Bill, then 21, escaped unhurt as colleagues fell beside him

He was branded "the Mad Piper" with his heroics immortalised in the 1962 film The Longest Day.

Bill was the piper of Lord Lovat, brigadier of 1,200 Special Service commandos who spearheaded the assault.

As Bill landed on Sword beach, his commander told him to play his pipes. He said: "I paddled through the surf playing Hieland Laddie. Lord Lovat turned round and gestured approvingly.

"When I finished he asked for another. When I looked round – the noise and people lying about, the smoke, the crump of mortars– I said to myself, "You must be joking". He said "How about The Road to the Isles?" I said,

"Now would you want me to walk up and down sir?" He said, "Yes, that would be nice."

"I saw people face down in the water going with the surf. Others were trying to dig in. Yet when they heard the pipes, they stopped and waved their arms, cheering".

"As they moved off I found myself on my own. No one told me to stop playing, so I had to run to catch them up".

Widowed Bill, 86., of Dawlish, Devon, said "I think this will be last big anniversary. I'd like to go back one more time. It will mean a lot to me."



### The safest place

If those who are the religious elite are closest to God, why is it that they are so rarely closest to love? This was a point I was highlighting at our EMERGE service for youngsters on Sunday Night as I was speaking from John 8

If God is love, those who know God best

would love people most. Jesus said he came not to condemn the world, but to bring the world life. Why is it that so many who represent him are ever so quick to condemn? All her accusers could see was a woman guilty of adultery in John 8. There's always so much more behind these stories—a woman abused by

her husband searching for love; a little girl abused by a relative, who would forever confuse love with sex.

If Jesus' encounter with this unnamed adulterous woman tells us anything, it reveals the unexpected truth that the safest place for a sinful person to go is to God. He and he alone is the only One who will neither condemn us nor leave us in our brokenness. On the mount of Olives she found herself most alone and discovered the unimaginable— God wanted her. God was her place to belong, and this reality became the beginning of new things. That may be the most powerful thing about love. Love gives us a fresh start. Love gives us a reason to live.

Blessings  
Rev Chris

## JOURNEY TO A BEAUTIFUL PLACE Margaret & John Minney's Scottish trip (finale)

**Shetland** won my heart 5 years ago and after another two weeks there, it is still dear to me. It has equivalent beauties in its land and its people, to Skye, except that it is Nordic in character, not Celtic. This time we were there for the Accordion and Fiddle Festival, and I quickly found out, standing in my rubber-soled walking shoes on that first day, that this was a listening and a dancing festival. They dance in the afternoon and they dance through the night and in the next afternoon and again for four days with barely a rest. Everyone dances. Numerous Scottish dance bands came to Shetland and played quarter-hour segments throughout each event. We listened, adored, applauded, compared, analysed, considered form and players who had passed on and young potential, and waited on appearances of favourite musicians. After listening, the chairs in the community centre hall were cleared, and the bands came back for us to dance. We danced like our souls depended on it, in couples, in couples progressing through the floor, in threes, and in sets, all enthusiastically, swinging, stepping out, coming together with great smiles and welcomes. The young folk and the old folk joined the throng and there was no room on the floor for a wrong turn. If I sat gazing at passing feet to try to pick up steps, a hand would be offered to lead me to the floor to teach me.

If the skill of the dancers awed me at Islesburgh Community Centre in **Lerwick**, I was stunned on the Saturday night at Clickimin Sports and Leisure Centre, where 700 folk dressed in their very best, including young people and a few scrubbed up children, showed we Australians how to have a really good time. In dances like the Quadrilles, sets of eight danced their first figure, and from a store deep in their experience and memories, they danced five more, all different, all fast and furious. Then in the Lancers, they did it again, differently. With so many sets, at one stage they danced the length of the floor through other sets who then joined them for a birl and some figures of eight, before separating back into their own sets again. That achieved, they did something similar at right angles with the other lie of sets across the floor. Shetlanders also have the notion of hospitality sewn up, and we were made welcome by relatives and friends and relatives of friends and former strangers, and made new, warm friends. Even the Shetland ponies came to the fence for a nuzzle and never shied away. We drove to the northernmost tip of Unst, Shetland's northernmost island, making two ferry crossings and staying overnight, stood on high cliffs with clean, northern sea air in our lungs, and saw the spot where the black centre of the earth has oozed through its mantle. At **Lerwick Harbour** we never tired of watching ships and ferries come in, and leave, deck lights white against the dim of evening, lighthouses flashing at rocky outcrops, white caps pressing on the furious sea beyond the edge of the opposite island.



Ferry in Lerwick Harbour

(Continued)

Getting off Shetland by air is never a certainty, and the day we left, strong winds were forecast. At Sumburgh airport, the little bucking horse on the tarmac held about 35 people when full, and with only 20 of us on board, it sprung impatiently on its wheels with the wind under its belly before we taxied lurchingly along the sea wall. Once in the air, the way was rough and it tumbled us mightily before we rose above the clouds. Touching down at Edinburgh was a repeat performance, and although we flew magnificently low along the Firth of Forth, the scenery was bounding around outside the windows so sharply, that it became unwatchable. After a fine stopover at dear **Edinburgh**, always comfortable with its architecture and mood to Adelaideans, we flew to Heathrow, out to Kuala Lumpur and home, two fit, well people full of the beauty of the Scots and their land

**Margaret and John Minney**

## LENNOX'S

### LOONIES

#### I think I'll take up golf!



An 80 year-old Scotsman goes to the doctor for a check up. The doctor is amazed at what good shape the guy is in and asks, 'How do you stay in such great physical condition?' 'I'm Scottish and I am a golfer,' says the old guy, 'and that's why I'm in such good shape. 'I'm up well before daylight and out golfing up and down the fairways. I have a wee glass of whisky, and all is well.' 'Well,' says the doctor, 'I'm sure that helps, but there's got to be more to it. How old was your Dad when he died?' 'Who said my Da's died?' The doctor is amazed. 'You mean you're 80 years old and your Dad's still alive. How old is he?' 'He's 100 years old,' says the old Scottish golfer. In fact he golfed wi' me this morning, and then we went to the topless beach for a walk and had another wee dram and that's why he's till alive. He's Scottish and he's a golfer, too.' 'Well,' the doctor says, 'that's great, but I'm sure there's more to it than that. How about your Dad's dad? How old was he when he died?' 'Who said my grandad's died?' Stunned, the doctor asks, 'You mean you're 80 years old and your grandfather's still living! Incredible, how old I he?' 'He's 118 years old,' says the old Scottish golfer. The doctor is getting frustrated at this point, 'So, I guess he went golfing with you this morning, too?' 'No, Grandad couldnae go this mornin' because he's getting married today.' At this point the doctor is close to losing it. "Getting married!!" 'Why would a 118 year old guy want to get married?' 'Who said he wanted to?'

## NOMINATIONS FOR COUNCIL

If you are a financial Corporate or Scottish Corporate member of the Society and would like to take a more active roll – Nominate for Council.

**For a nomination form please contact:**

**Secretary Christina Cockerill Ph 82764160**

**or**

**Chief Anne Miller**

**Ph 8379 2515**



**Interested in learning the  
Pipes or Drums?**

**The Royal Caledonian Society  
Pipes and Drums  
are always looking for persons  
to swell their ranks**

Contact — Alf Payne Mob. 0413 319 738

**Society Contacts**

Phone: — 8379 2515

Postal Address:

PO Box 6571, Halifax Street,  
ADELAIDE S.A. 5000



Society Management may be contacted as follows:

**Lady Anne Miller** - Chief Ph. 8379 2515  
*e-mail:* chief@rcs.org.au

**Ian Mc Donald** FCA - Treasurer  
**Christina Cockerill** - Chieftain, Secretary; Asst. Treasurer;  
Ph. 8276 4160  
*e-mail:* secretary@rcs.org.au

**Ann Wickham** - Chieftain; Director Ph. 8379 5993

**Grant Andrews** - Director Ph. 8379 6490

**Roselee Bruce** - Director, Chair Social Ph. 8263 7004

**Steve Schumacher** — Director Mob. 0488 596 541

**Malcolm Orchard** – Director Ph. 8272 0847

**Dan Meehan** — Director; Pipe Major

**Ann Calver** — Past Chief Mob. 0419812621

**Lennox Pawson** — Past Chief Ph. 8379 1943

**Alf Payne** — Band Manager Mob. 0413 319 738

**BOOK REVIEW:**

**SCOTLAND – SECRETS OF THE HIGHLANDS.**

by Jessica Renison.

Jessica Renison's "Scotland" is a very pleasant book in which to browse.

It runs to some 160 pages in a large format with a full paged colour photograph on nearly every second page. Its text looks at four main subjects ;

Castles and Clans,  
History, Heritage and Folklore,  
Wildlife and Plantlife,.

Landscapes, Seascapes and Cityscapes.

And thus, for example, the full text of seven verses of the Skye Boat Song follows a large photograph of the forest on the Isle of Skye and, of course, the Thistle is given its full due in text, poetry, and photographs. (The Thistle found its way onto the national coinage of James VI and remains there today. It is often deployed to epitomise the national character; strong, resilient, not to be toyed with lightly, and of course, displaying a joyful burst of colour when least expected).

The patriot Henry Scott Redell does just this in his poem "Scotia's Thistle":

Scotia's thistle guards the grave,  
Where repose her dauntless brave:  
Never yet the foot of slave  
Has trod the wilds of Scotia.

Free from tyrant's dark control –  
Free as waters of ocean roll –  
Free as thoughts of a minstrel's soul,  
Still roam the sons of Scotia.

For all its modernity, Scotland is a country that manages to integrate its unique traditions into the pulse of contemporary life. The result is a lively dynamic between the old and the new, the ancient and the modern.

Scotland was published in 2007 by Kandour Limited, London and is recommended reading.

Dryades

**THE DATES TO REMEMBER INSERT**

Please be sure to check out the upcoming functions organised by the Council of your society, and mark them on your calendar.

We would love to see more of you at these events and get to know you. **Your society needs your support to keep it alive.**



**The Caledonian**

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