

KASS



Contents

<u>EDITOR'S NOTES</u>	2
<u>MINISTER ON THE LOCH</u>	2
<u>A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN</u>	3
<u>STILL DANCING</u>	4
<u>TUNES OF GLORY</u>	6
<u>AN AVERAGE SORT OF DAY</u>	7
<u>IDTA EXAMINATIONS _MARCH 2002</u>	10
<u>MY NEW KNEE IN FRANCE</u>	11
<u>GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT LIFE</u>	11
<u>CALEDONIANS' REUNION.</u>	12
<u>MILSTEAD SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCE GROUP</u>	15
<u>GOING DOWN THE TUBE</u>	16
<u>SECRETARY'S LAMENT</u>	16
<u>HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR DANCES? - ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER'S QUIZ</u>	18
<u>LATE NEWS EXTRA: MEMBER BREATHALYSED ON MILK RUN</u>	20
<u>GOING DOWN THE TUBE – ANSWERS!</u>	20
<u>HIGHLAND GATHERINGS .SUMMER 2002</u>	20
<u>KASS COMMITTEE MEETING HELD ON 5 MARCH 2002</u>	21
<u>2002 KASS DIARY - 30 APRIL, 2002</u>	22

EDITOR'S NOTES

The panic and the arm-twisting are over, for a week or two, at least! Fortunately, I have once more received enough articles to produce what I hope you will agree is an interesting newsletter.

Once again we are mixing travel with history, information, humour and the inevitable quiz. We salute our heroines: Margaret Lucas who crossed the Channel in search of a knee, and Jenny Barrow braved a very painful abscess in her tooth to help brighten up New York. As for Alan Mills, he is still suffering the rigours of his Robinson Crusoe life in the Caribbean. It's lovely to hear from KASS folks in far-flung corners of the world, like Alan in BVI, and Ellen Dempster in Edinburgh. Are there any more of you out there? We would love to hear from you!

When the Queen Mother died, the Medway News recalled that her sister, Lady Rose Leveson Gower one lived in Gillingham. Not only did Lady Rose live in the area, but also she was a member of the Medway and District Caledonian Association (See pp 9,10). I found this article from the "News" fascinating, not only for its historical content, but also for the manner in which it was written: how journalism has changed! I wish we could get a write-up like that in the "Medway News" nowadays, even if some of it reads as if it might have been written by McGonagle! By the way if members of other societies are able to date the event accurately from the named attendees, I should be very grateful - it would save me delving again into the Medway archives. The mention of the Duchess of York means it must have been between 1923 and 1936.

I gather that some of you found the last quiz quite difficult: I thought it was very easy, but perhaps no one else has the same sort of twisted mind, with an appetite for trivia, as I have! I am grateful to those who sent in entries, with some very ingenious solutions (no one got all the answers right, by the way), and especially for the thought and research that must have gone into finding so many dances with Burns references in their titles. Many of these were new to me: perhaps they will form the basis of another quiz one day, who knows!

Many thanks to all contributors, and especially to those who make my life so much easier by sending their contributions by e-mail. But don't sit back: November is already looming... If you have anything you think would amuse, entertain or inform fellow KASS members, don't be shy about passing it on. I look forward to hearing from you.

Rita Menzies
38 Priestfields
Rochester, ME1 3AG

Telephone: 01 634 849787
E-Mail: Rita@dmenzies.freeserve.co.uk

MINISTER ON THE LOCH

See Dance Quiz, Question 37 Kate Middleham provided this reproduction of Sir Henry Raeburn's painting, the inspiration for "The Minister on the Loch"

Kate Middleham

Sittingbourne



A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

It does not seem possible that this will be my last KASS newsletter contribution as Chairman; how time flies! It only seems a very short time since I wrote my first article when I became Chairman eighteen months ago. All the planning and anticipation of the events for the 50th Anniversary of KASS were in full swing and now they are all just a memory. I hope though, for all the people who attended all or some of those events, that they are a lot more than 'just a memory'. I know I will look back on



The final event to celebrate this anniversary year was the Autumn Dance at Darrick Wood School in Orpington. My thanks go to Orpington for hosting this event so well for us, and to our two MC's, David Cullens and Peter Godfrey, who both did a great job in making the evening's dancing run so smoothly. The music was provided by Caber Feidh and we also had a delicious anniversary cake. All these things combined together to make another great evening, thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

The KASS Spring Tea Dance was held last Sunday at Grove Green, Maidstone and this was very ably hosted by Cobtree. Again it is a pleasure to report on another very successful event because of the support of the clubs within KASS, particularly on a Sunday afternoon. Our two MC's were Dick Barford and John Day, who did a very competent job, although I am very glad I am not the only one to confuse afternoon with evening when MC'ing at a tea dance.

'To book or not to book?' was the question brought up at the KASS committee meeting in March. After much lively discussion, we were no nearer solving the problem, as very valid points were raised on both sides of the argument. I am not going to go into them all in this article, but I think it is important to mention this important issue so that everyone is aware of what is going on. I do not believe that KASS can dictate what individuals do or do not do, but a compromise of pre-booking some dances that you particularly want to do and leaving the others free has been the most frequently mooted solution put to me. The proposal that a designated dance in each half of a programme should be set aside to dance with someone you have never danced with before, has largely been met with the response that people would rather choose their own dance, rather than be dictated to by the host club. By the time this newsletter is

circulated the KASS committee will have met again and I look forward to some more lively discussion on this topic.

I hope to see as many of you as possible at the KASS Ball on 11th May at Rochester, and the Walk on 7th July.

Pat Ansell
KASS Chairman

April 2002

STILL DANCING

Arriving in Kent in 1969, I was quickly welcomed into the arms of our local Scottish group, Sheerness Heather Club. The members were small in number but large of heart. Led by two of the biggest hearts, Charlie Davidson (a founder member) with wonderful support from his wife, Joan, the Club became my 'home' during the 28 years we lived on the Isle of Sheppey. Friday night meetings were like an evening with the family, where the welcome was warm, easy and uncritical. Scottish Dancing was the love of Charlie's life – he was typically, "A Glasgow Lad", as personified in Mary Howard's dance, created in his memory – an enthusiastic promoter of things Scottish. He recognised a fellow spirit - my love of dancing starting from school lessons with the remarkable Miss Allie Anderson - and soon, like Charlie, I was an active member of Medway Caledonians. My two daughters were introduced to Scottish Country Dancing at both Clubs and took part in fancy dress competitions and other special events for younger members. With Charlie, Joan and Jock Davidson (another great 'character') weekends became a continuous round of Club dances all over Kent, and with the ever-patient Joan as navigator and Jock as the confusion element, we found our way to various corners of the County. As a newcomer to the area, my social life horizons suddenly widened. Ian, my husband, not a dancer, joined in Burns Nights and summer walks and many acquaintances, first encountered in those early days, are still our closest and dearest of friends.

Many congratulations on the excellent Golden Jubilee Year issue of KASS newsletter. So many happy memories connected with my 28 years in Kent were in the contents list alone! (Should I commiserate with Alan Mills having such a hard time on BVI? No, I think not!)

Going down the list, there's Maisie Holmes, continuing to put pen to paper in her inimitable style. I reckoned it was because I owned a glittery white dress that I got the part of "Cinderbella" to her "Prince Charming" in the first production of her pantomime, written for Medway in the 70s. Inspired casting made Donald McLean "Buttons" and George Hornby and the late Cliff Wood, the ugly sisters. Club members brought life and individuality to all the roles and Mike Leake created the scenery. What fun we had! Luckily, Maisie's family ties bring her to Edinburgh and there's a Medway reunion with Vera and Noel Coward and the Dempsters a couple of times a year with Mike and Elizabeth Leake coinciding to make one reunion the more memorable.

Next we have Chrissie Ballard, a delightful and entertaining founder member of Sheerness Heather Club. Her prompt action, thinking more of others than herself, is typical of her generous spirit. Her friendship is still a bonus in my life, despite the distance.

Thirdly, Robin Ellis, that most musical of accordionists - dancing to his band is just a joy. His arrangements, such a delight to the ear, lift both feet and spirit giving Meopham dances a special sparkle. His fascinating contributions to this edition confirm his scholarship in the field of Scottish dancing and Scottish music. His comprehensive information on old and current recordings is of particular interest, but how I wish recordings of the Robin Ellis Band were available! Enquiring once, Robin replied that he and the band preferred the pleasure of playing live music – and what a treat that is.

Talking of music, there is a special place in the hearts of Sheerness members for *Caber Feidh*, who, when they were first formed, Roger and the boys developed their style playing at Sheerness. They became and still are “our” band, with, when she could be spared from her young family, another excellent musician, Margaret Godfrey at the piano. Margaret and I developed a harmonious friendship through singing. We had many hours of fun together when she accompanied me and had the mixed blessing of recording for radio as winners of the Medway Radio Cup at the Gillingham and Medway Music Festival. We were also lucky enough to entertain the Scottish Societies over the years.

Finally, many thanks to the editor, who is part of the wide circle of friends made through Scottish Dancing in Kent and whose skilful work on the newsletter helps me to stay in touch. It would surely have been a dull life without you all – my grateful thanks.

Ellen Dempster (still dancing) Edinburgh

TUNES OF GLORY

In August 2000 an official record for the world's largest pipe band was set when 8,836 officially registered pipers and drummers marched through the streets of Edinburgh. The event raised large sums for cancer research.

Since that record was set, the Americans have set about organising a similar event in the streets of Manhattan, held on 6th April – a day they have named Tartan Day. The event had the backing of such sponsors as Scottish Power, Visit Scotland and Dewars and would also raise money for cancer research. The aim was to have 10,000 musicians taking part, with representatives from every continent.

Our contingent, consisting of 19 pipers and drummers from the London Ambulance Service, the Waltham Forest and City of Rochester Pipe Bands set off on Thursday 4th April. Our first impressions of New York were not too impressive – mini-bus drivers who didn't seem to understand English, skyscrapers that excluded the bright sunlight from the pavements which looked really dismal and dirty and a bustle which made Oxford Street look like a village high street. Even Broadway and Times Square look unimpressive in the daylight. I discovered that it's the lights at night, which make these spots look attractive and impressive. We stayed in an enormous hotel (1,500 rooms) directly opposite Pennsylvania station. I quickly learned that everything in New York is enormous – from the width of the streets, the size of the vehicles and buildings to the helpings served up in restaurants. On Friday we held a band practice in one of the hotel conference rooms – this was fun as various other musicians staying in the hotel wandered in when they heard the music (racket) and came along to join us. A representative from the New York Fire Department came along to do some fund raising by selling us baseball caps with NYFD 353 emblazoned on the front - 353 is the number of fire-fighters who lost their lives on 11th September.

On Saturday we congregated in the streets off 6th Avenue – several bands forming up together under the leadership of one pipe major. Although the march started at 2 o'clock our band (Group No. 23) didn't actually move off until nearly quarter to three. The march itself was impressive and I must admit it was a wonderful feeling being in the front rank of a band with 8 pipers abreast. We had been given the music of a set number of tunes, which all the bands played. Although it was a sunny day, there was an icy wind blowing and every so often there was a slight snow flurry. The wide pavements all along 6th Avenue were crowded and the ambulance servicemen who marched in front of us carrying their banner as well as the Saltire, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes received hearty applause. Unfortunately on reaching Central Park each band had to dismiss immediately in order to make way for the bands following and this meant that everyone just trickled away as there was nowhere to regroup. We all felt that for such a great event the organisation was somewhat lacking. We later discovered that the record had not been broken as there were apparently less than 8,000 musicians in the parade. Hopefully the cancer research charities have not been adversely affected by the disappointing numbers. Our band had organised a fund-raising ceilidh and had given a few charity performances to raise more than £1,700 for the cause. I believe they are organising the next attempt at breaking the record to take place in Toronto in four years' time. In the meantime Edinburgh retains the record!

Sunday was a good day for sight-seeing – a fresh, clear sunny day. Most of our group went up the Empire State Building, which was only a few minutes walk from the hotel, but had an eternal queue, and many visited Ground Zero. I chose a 3-hour cruise around the island and this proved to be an easy way of spotting the major landmarks and learning about the people and history of New York. Once again I was utterly amazed at the enormity of the place – the skyscrapers stretched on for miles and miles.

We returned to the UK on Monday – well most of us did. Our pipe major, Eddie McHale had had to drop out of the parade because of a pain in his chest. After various tests he was kept in hospital for a quadruple by-pass operation. He is now convalescing at home. The fact that my weekend had been marred by a very painful dental abscess seems rather insignificant compared to that.

The general opinion of my fellow band members is that the event was very disappointing and although it was an interesting experience it didn't match up in any way to those we've attended both at home and on the continent.

Jenny Barrow

Medway

AN AVERAGE SORT OF DAY

A day in the life of an honorary Tortolan: Rita said write about what I do, so here it is. It isn't much different from what you do; I get up, I have breakfast, I go to work, I have lunch, I work again, come home, have dinner, watch TV and go to bed....and snorkel, sail, swim, trek through forests and along beaches....just your average lifestyle. For an honorary Tortolan. So here goes. This is what I do.

It always gets light at about the same time, about half an hour before I rise. The sky pales quickly, a few red streaks play across the gap in the curtains. It seems almost instant that it is bright and sunny. The last of the nighttime chorus dies down; the incessant crickets and frogs grow quiet. The bats that live in my roof come home to roost. I hear their last squabbles and their banging around as they settle down to sleep. Just as I drowse off again, the alarm sounds. Shower, breakfast, sometimes in front of some trashy US TV, at other times out on the terrace, although the glare of the sun and early heat of the day is sometimes too much to bear. But even early in the morning, I can look down on a number of high class yachts, super sleek motor boats and larger sailing ships gently easing their way between the islands below me.

Then it is up to the car park above the house, put on the sun glasses, roll down the windows, turn on ZBVI – the local radio station. If I time it right, I hear a very English voice say “12 o'clock Greenwich Mean Time” and I'm able to listen to 6 minutes of BBC World Service news through ZBVI. Every few days, I take a bag of trash, er garbage, er rubbish, up to the skips on the main road – there are no dustbin collections in the BVI, you have to dump it in one of the green skips or dumpsters along the roadside. I turn right onto the Ridge Road and along a mile of winding concrete lane to a hairpin bend. At one corner, I look down on Road Town, the capital, below me. On most days of the week, a large ship or two have already tied up along the cruise dock. Although they are enormous, from the top of the ridge at 800 ft, they look like toys. Beeping my horn at the corner, I lock the wheel as far as it will go to get around the hairpin bend, and then I drop in a series of 1 in 4's to the town, go through the back estates of Road Town and join the inevitable traffic jam. Despite Tortola being small, there are many cars, and most of them pass through Road Town three times in the day – at 8, at 12 and at 5. The central roundabout near where I work is where everyone meets, and I have to crawl the last half mile into the office.

I'm usually the first senior officer in, and have to turn on the A/C and unlock the front door. I turn on my office computer and, if the electricity and/or network is up and running, check my email. From there on every day is different. Some days I can spend the whole time in the office, either in front of the computer or at interminable meetings that go nowhere. Or else I go down to the computer lab I run in the basement to check my staff are doing the work I have set them and aren't gossiping to their friends on phone or email. Those sort of days only occur two or three times a week. At other times, I have to visit other offices. Trying to link all the information gathered on the island together needs me to visit a lot of the government departments and private businesses. I go to Town and Country Planning and Surveys departments to talk about their maps, or I see the Agriculture Department to discuss surveying the small number of farms on Tortola, the Office of Disaster Preparedness to look at vulnerability of houses to earthquakes or hurricanes, or I go to see the people at National Parks Trust who manage the 20 or so small reserved areas of lands and sea that protect the best treasures on the islands. These include The Baths on Virgin Gorda, a set of curious granite boulders on the beach where the water laps in around their bases, making a sort of natural Turkish bath. They also manage Sage Mountain, the only area of rain forest we have where huge mahogany and fig trees are covered in lianas and other creepers. From the top of this peak, the highest in the Virgin Islands, you can see all the other islands (both British and US) and, on a clear day, all the way back west to Puerto Rico. Then there is the Estate Agent's, Smith's Gore, for whom I have developed an application to allow them to map their property sales more efficiently. They reside in a most curious building; a traditional wooden, turn of the century, Caribbean house with railed terraces and cool rooms, which sits astride a massive boulder in Main Street.

Lunch is a hurried sandwich in the office, or a trip downstairs to one of the common buffet style take-away's or roti shops. It is also the time to get some errands run, pay the electricity bill, the rent, the phone bill; no direct debits here. Or get to one of the shops, have a haircut or visit the bank. The afternoon is shorter and we all knock off at 4:30. There are good reasons for this, you only have a couple of hours daylight left to get everything else done. I tend to do the shopping in one of the larger supermarkets on the way home. Unfortunately it is just across from one of the largest marinas and if I am unlucky I get behind a bossy American woman who has just bought enough food for her flotilla of ten yachts to get right round the Caribbean and probably up to Florida before she has to shop again. Then again, these yachties just have big appetites, and a penchant for alcohol, the only cheap commodity on the island. Then it is back up the hill and home for dinner.

Nightlife on Tortola is what you hear croaking away in the nearby bush. Tortola is not renowned for an incredible social beat like Trinidad, St Lucia or Barbados. Many locals tend to get home of an evening and shut up for the night. There are a number of bars to go to, a few lively ones in town, a couple of more traditional road side liming joints like Rudi's, an outside hilltop shack at a junction where you have to wear a fleece to keep the trade winds out of your bones. Some of the marinas have good bars and restaurants, and there are a few bands and acts, which do the circuit. But generally social life on the island is a daytime activity – beach parties, barbeques and the kinds of thing that would not look out of place in a Kent village – car boot sales, jumble sales, dog shows and coffee mornings. One of the best nights out was to a curry night at Maria's-by-the-Sea

Hotel in town, twenty kinds of curry to sample from all over the Caribbean and elsewhere. I hardly ate for a week after that one!

The weekends are lazy times, sitting on the veranda reading, writing emails or doing a bit of homework. I've started to snorkel at least twice a week on some of the Tortolan reefs. If you never put your head underwater in the Caribbean then you have missed half the story – wonderful coloured parrot fish, groupers and the weird and wonderful shapes of animals like the stone fish, pipefish, sea cucumber, anemones and, of course, the coral itself. I got close to my first turtle a few weeks ago, a huge hawksbill that scurried out of reach as soon as he noticed me in the water. A sting ray with a five foot wingspan watched me so intently I was certain he was going to eat me. And conch shells and lobsters in the seagrass. Crabs everywhere. Even on top of Sage Mountain you can stumble across a soldier crab, like a giant hermit crab, that rolls up in its shell, protecting the opening with its giant red claws. Late afternoon walks along the coast, a sun-downer in a beach bar, or if I have got organised, I get in with some sailors and mess about in boats, and by the end, making sure I am three sheets to the wind (a technical yachting term, I am told....hic).

The best times to be had are when I manage to get off island. Tortola is a fine place to live and work, but it is the jewels offshore, which are the real treasure of Nature's Little Secrets. Most of the time, I find my travels are through my work. I was lucky enough early on to go to Guana Island, the perfectly formed lump I look over from my apartment. I took a launch across, and I took lunch up in a cool restaurant on a ridge overlooking a lagoon containing pink flamingos on one side, and a rocky bay and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. This exclusive resort normally costs you 600 US Dollars a night, but the lifestyle is so simple; no TV's, few phones. It is a place to get away from everything else. A trip over to Norman Island in the south was also good; fifteen minutes on a speedboat took us across the four-mile channel, and we wandered around the hills looking at a planning proposal for a hotel. The water out here is crystal clear, the corals are wonderful, and the shoreline and islands form a perfect backdrop to some of the best sailing water in the world.

A trip over to Virgin Gorda, the second island of BVI, was another glimpse into 'ow the other 'alf live. Little Dix is owned by the Rockefellers, the most perfect Caribbean bay, fringed with palms, golden sand leading to a magnificent reef. George Harrison used to stay here; Whitney Houston also stayed but complained the resort was not big enough for her entourage of hairdressers and bodyguards. We looked over some plans to build two luxury villas for movie stars and a health spa overlooking the sea. We were treated to a sumptuous buffet lunch in their airy restaurant, regaled with tales from the manager of which pharmaceutical giant I had just spilt food on, or how certain rock stars want all the palm trees cut down so they can see the sea, before being brought back to the mainland on their private ferry. I drove home, opened up a can of spaghetti and a bottle of wholesale beer and returned to my more usual lifestyle.

One of the best days at work so far was the day I went to Great Tobago, a National Park on the most westerly island, with the Parks Trust project manager and a botanist from Kew Gardens. Rocky cliffs surround the island, and we could not land the launch, so we had to drop off the side and wade in, holding our bags above the surf. The island has amazing vegetation, a dry scrub of trees, aloes and cacti. Locally known as Jumping Cactus, these little so and so's appear to spring out from behind a bush and attach to your clothes, or skin, or shoes. With each step, one of us would scream as another little so and so (I am holding back the language here) dug right in, and you would flick it off with a stick, only for it to find a curious trajectory that stuck it to another part of your anatomy with equal pain. One spike went right through half an inch of leather shoe upper. We carefully trekked up to the ridge that divides Great Tobago, and looked down on the reason for us being there, to monitor the colony of Brown Boobies and Magnificent Frigate Birds on the sea grape trees below. This is the largest colony of frigates in the Caribbean, some 200 birds on a small number of trees. Battered by the north easterly trades for much of the year, the trees are in a decrepit state. Normally we would not get close to them, but the birds get caught up in fishermen's lines when feeding and drag the lines back to the bay where they get tangled in the trees. We wanted to cut these wires to avoid other birds being caught in them. Regrettably, we saw six birds strangled by the line but getting in amongst the trees I got a first hand view of these amazing creatures. They have a wingspan of up to six feet, a long pterodactyl like beak and the males have these huge red throat patches, which they inflate to attract mates. Watching these animals fly above us, or roost close by in the trees made me feel incredibly privileged. Fortunately, the ruggedness of the terrain dissuades many people from approaching the island, but the remnant of a goat population on the island is gnawing away at their precious roosts.

After scrambling back up the hill to eat our lunch, and dropping back to our bay, we had to get back aboard our launch. The swell was worse than before, and our only hope was to swim for it. We made our way to the right of the small bay, where some rocks jutted out into deep water. We threw our bags at the bobbing boat; fortunately our cameras and clothes were not wetted. Then we had to time our dives into the sea to ensure we weren't swept into the jagged rocks by the waves, and swim the twenty yards back to the boat. Soaked through, but with a grin across our faces, we were all chuffed at surviving our adventure, and by the time we got back to Road Town had dried out again.

So there you have it, I tend to think that my days are very ordinary and unexciting; perhaps I am getting used to the heat and the views, and wonderful nature around me. But the adventures that occur during the occasional

jaunts to other islands in the archipelago have the air of pure serendipity, and it is this that makes it worth being here.

Alan Mills

**Medway and District Caledonian Association
British Virgin Islands Chapter**



It is a hard life!

IDTA EXAMINATIONS - MARCH 2002

Once again we entered children for the IDTA exams, organised as usual by the RSCDS London at Pont Street. There were thirteen girls and I am very pleased to say that they all passed. So, congratulations to:



Grade I

Emily Brown
Rebecca Goode
Jessica Harris
Lauren Key
Emily Skinner

Grade II

Victoria Grayland
Emily Lovelock

Grade III

Alex Hackwell
Becky Hobbs
Elizabeth Huddart
Kirsty Russell

Grade V

Katie Boorman
Robyn Hackwell

The wide range of ability and experience in our classes at the moment presented us with many challenges this year, as we tried to fit in exam work, continue to cater to the newer children in Pamela's class and maintain the interest and enjoyment of those not doing exams.

The more advanced girls formed one set for practice, but as they were spread over three grades it meant they had to learn all nine dances to be supporting couples in each grade. This they did admirably and deserve credit for their hard work.

It was just as well, as the exams were organised very differently this year - to put it kindly - and there was no opportunity to join other teams doing the same grades for the actual exams. This meant that on the day the girls had to dance as a set in all three grades, though they were only judged on their own grade - one girl from Grade II also made up the numbers in Grade I.

The girls will be presented with their awards at a Tea Dance on 19

Robyn and Katie, Grade

Many thanks to Pamela Farrell for continuing to take the beginners/Grade I class, to Harry Robertson for giving his usual pre-exam 'Master Class'. (He also quietly achieves the impossible - absolute silence and full attention from everyone!!) Thanks too to all the parents, grandparents, friends and Medway members who continue to give us their help and support in promoting Scottish Country Dancing.

Margaret Anne Robertson

Medway & District Caledonian Association

MY NEW KNEE IN FRANCE

When the pain in my right knee worsened and I had already been 15 months on a waiting list for a total knee replacement, I contacted my G. P. who asked if I would consider having my operation in France.

I readily agreed and within 4 weeks had been assessed by the French surgeon and anaesthetist who had come over from Lille to Ashford in Kent to assess the patients who had elected to have their operations in France.

Two weeks later I was collected by ambulance from my home in Deal and taken through the Tunnel to Lille where we were welcomed by the medical staff, given our rooms and later a four course dinner. My operation took place next morning (16th February) and from then until I was discharged on 4th March 1 was visited daily by my surgeon, anaesthetist and physiotherapy team who gave me one hour's physio daily. The nurses, orderlies, cleaners, etc. were kind, polite and most helpful and all liked the 'English patients' as we were called.

The food was as could have been served in a 4 star hotel. A choice of menu - 4 course lunch, 4 course dinner with wine or water. All the bedrooms were bright and airy with en suite bathrooms, outside telephone line, a TV. and a choice of an English newspaper free each morning.

Four weeks after my return home I was contacted regarding a follow-up appointment and this I attended in Ashford on 11th April. The French surgeon came over to conduct the post-operative assessment and was extremely pleased with my progress. Although the Polyclinique de la Louviere is a private clinic, all the treatment given to the 'English Patients' was done under the N.H.S.

To anyone needing a hip or knee replacement operation I would thoroughly recommend the Polyclinique de la Louviere in Lille.

Unfortunately I will be unable to dance for some time as although my knee 'is able' I have an arthritic right elbow and hand.

Margaret Lucas,

Deal S.C.D.

GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT LIFE

THAT LITTLE CHILDREN HAVE LEARNED

No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.

When your Mum is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair.

If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person.

Never ask your 3 year old brother to hold a tomato

You can't trust dogs to watch your food.

Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.

Never hold a Dust-Buster (hand vacuum) and a cat at the same time.

You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk.

The best place to be when you're sad is Grandpa's lap.

THAT ADULTS HAVE LEARNED

Raising teenagers is like nailing Jelly to a tree. Wrinkles don't hurt.

Families are like fudge - mostly sweet, with a few nuts.

Laughing is good exercise. It's like jogging on the inside.

Middle age is when you choose your cereal for the fibre, not the toy.

GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT GROWING OLD

Growing old is mandatory; growing up is optional.

Forget the health food, we need all the preservatives we can get.

When you fall down you wonder what else you can do while you're down there.

Author unknown – this was sent to me by E-Mail. I hope it makes you smile for a moment or two!

Margaret-Anne Robertson

Medway and District Caledonian Association

From the Chatham/Gillingham News

CALEDONIANS' REUNION

Distinguished Guests at a Garden Party.

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove
The hills of the Highlands forever I love

It's guid to be merry end wise,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue

The above lines from the pen of Robert Burns, or the sentiments prompting them, must have been in the hearts and minds of the large party of Scots that assembled on the pleasant lawn of Brick House Farm, Cuxton, on Saturday last. The house referred to is the residence of Mr. John Edward, the venerable and popular President of the Medway and District Society of Caledonians and that gentleman once again provided a delightful afternoon and evening for his friends from over the Border. Among those present were Scots from all round the district, the party numbering nearly 150 and when the proceedings were in full swing it was an animated scene that was presented. Everyone was in a genial and merry mood, and all were full of praise of their President and his daughter (Mrs. Hurley), their host and hostess, for the hearty way in which they extended their hospitality. Mr. Edward is not a mere nominal president, for he takes the keenest interest in the Society, despite the fact that he is in his 83rd year, and on Saturday he gave further proof of his wonderful vitality by taking an active part in the proceedings, and contributing several Scottish songs in a delightful manner.

This year's reunion was rendered additionally important and doubly enjoyable by reason of the fact that two very distinguished guests honoured the event with their presence. We refer to Lady Rose Leveson-Gower (a sister of the Duchess of York), and her husband, Captain the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower, D.S.O. R.N., of Berengrave House, Rainham. Their visit, by the way, was not of a passing character, for they remained during practically the whole of the programme, arriving early and departing late. They were, indeed, two of the most enthusiastic guests, and seemed delighted to have the opportunity of reviving old Scottish memories. They took their places in the Eightsome much to the delight of those present.

A representative of the "NEWS" was one of the guests and although he always feels at home in Scottish gatherings, and finds the atmosphere contagious (sic!), yet the thought occurred to him on this that an Englishman, and a Southerner at that, realises his limitations. It has been remarked that the dialect that conveys often the most delicate and subtle suggestions to the Scotsman must sometimes leave the English man or woman cold. There were some smart Scottish introductions in the speeches, which could only be adequately dealt with by a Caledonian. Then how nice it would have been to have introduced and reproduced some of the little "hits" made by some of the guests in conversation.

The arrangements for the event were admirably made by Captain C. T. Ruse, the hon. secretary of the Society, who received hearty assistance from Mr. G. Bryden, the Chairman, Mr. J. Fraser, the hon. assistant secretary, and members of the committee. By the way, Mr. Bryden has recently taken up his residence at Rodmersham near Sittingbourne. Most of the visitors journeyed from Gillingham, leaving Victoria Bridge in two of the Maidstone company's 'buses at two o'clock. They did not leave Cuxton till nine o'clock so that they had a long as well as a pleasant time.

As the guests passed on to the lawn at Brick House Farm, they were introduced to the host and hostess, and as their names were announced one realized how thoroughly Caledonian the gathering was. Here are some of the names called out: - Mr and Mrs MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, Mr and Mrs McIntyre, Mr and Mrs McKinnon, Mr and Mrs McKillop, Mr and Mrs. Ferguson, Lieutenant Mair, Mrs and Miss Elliot, Mr and Mrs McLeod, Captain and Mrs Gellatly, Mr Russell, Mr and Mrs Colquhoun, and others. The Maidstone Caledonian Society was represented by Mr and Mrs Hepburn and Mrs Norrie; Gravesend Society was represented by Mr W. Donaldson (President) and Mrs. Donaldson, Mr Robert Miller, (Secretary) and Mrs Miller, and Peter Ness (treasurer). Others present included the Rev. A. P. Williams (Vicar of Birling), Mrs. Berger (wife of the Vicar of Cobham), Mr. and Mrs. George Bryden and Mrs. W. Thomas, and an enthusiastic friend of the Medway Society in Mr. R. J. M. Stedman the Rochester City Coroner, who prides himself on his Celtic blood.

Much of the success and pleasure of the day was due to Pipe Major J. Duncan (in Highland dress), who was untiring in providing the strains so dear to Scots. Pipe Major Duncan (who was formerly in the 2nd Royal Scots Band) opened the programme by playing the march "The Stirlingshire Militia", the strathspey, "Lady London" and the reel, "The man from Glengarry," under the fine old willow tree that adjoins the lawn. Then followed further selections by two Naval pipers (Messrs. F. Fox and W. Farmer).

Then came a few words of welcome from Mr. Edward, who was led forward by Pipe Major Duncan, playing a Highland tune. Mr. Edward said that on behalf of the Association he heartily welcomed the visitors. The weather was in their favour, and he hoped they would have a nice time together. He hoped it would not be the last gathering they would have there. He was afraid a year or two ago that he would have to leave Brick House Farm. Lord Darnley had told him that it would be sold. "As I was the oldest tenant on the estate Lord Darnley began with me with the bad news," remarked Mr. Edward amid laughter. But his lordship had altered his views, and now if he (the speaker) could get the rent together he did not intend shifting (laughter and applause).

Mr Donaldson, the Gravesend President, responding for the visitors, said they all appreciated Mr. Edward's kindness very much indeed. They were gathered in a delightful spot, and if there was a little more hill and some heather they might imagine themselves in Braemar (laughter). He was glad to see so many present, and to hear the various dialects. He was a Lowlander himself, but his heart was in the Highlands (laughter and applause). He hoped their Society and kindred societies would go on flourishing. It was good when living with the majority for the minority to join hands together; and they would find Scots wherever they went.

Later in the programme, the Chairman of the Association (Mr. G. Bryden) proposed a vote of thanks to the host and hostess (Mr. Edward and Mrs Hurley). He first expressed thanks to Captain the Hon. Leveson-Gower and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower for their presence. Amid hearty applause, Mr Bryden said their distinguished guests had joined the Association and were now members with them. It was also his pleasure, said Mr. Bryden, to thank their President for his generosity in giving them of his hospitality. Mr. Edward had been from the very outset one of the faithful few, and now he had reached the highest position they could put him in. Might he live long so that they might enjoy his hospitality more and more as time went on. The speaker went on to refer to the excellent work done by the Secretary (Captain Ruse) and the assistant Secretary (Mr. J. Fraser). He had spared no effort. Might they continue their efforts until they had not over a hundred but over a thousand to partake of their President's hospitality (laughter)? The speaker also expressed thanks to Mrs. Hurley, to Pipe Major Duncan and to the ladies of the Social Committee.

Mr. Edward said they had done their best, and they were well rewarded by the splendid company that had gathered. Mr. Bryden and their good secretary had left little work for Mrs. Hurley and himself to do. He was very pleased to do what he could for Scots. He was well repaid. But there were none like Aberdonians (laughter and "question"). He did not know what Englishmen would do without Aberdeen (laughter).

Captain the Hon Leveson-Gower also briefly replied in a humorous speech. He was delighted to see such a gathering of Scottish people. It was the same all over the world. They always stuck together, and helped each other. They were the most hospitable race on the face of the globe (laughter and applause). He wished their Society every success, and thanked them very much for their kind reception (applause).

During the afternoon tea was served on the lawn. During chat over the tea tables, it transpired that Mr Edward's paternal Great Grandfather fought at the battle of Culloden, and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower's forebears also fought there, three being killed. By the way a seat of honour was provided at the tea for the distinguished lady visitor - a chair in which it is said Prince Charlie sat on the night before Culloden, April 15th 1746. The armchair was purchased by Mr. Edward's grandfather at a landed proprietor's sale at Speyside. It was made of gean, a wild cherry wood.

The musical and dancing items, which took place at intervals throughout the afternoon and evening, were greatly enjoyed. The choruses to the old Scottish songs were taken up heartily. Mr Edward, the venerable host sang "The Bonny Banks o Loch Lomond" and other songs. Mr. D. Ferguson gave "The Bonny Lass O' Ballochmyle" "Auld Jo Nicholson's Bonny Nannie", "Piper O' Dundee " and in response to a special request, "The Massacre o' MacPherson". The choruses of many of the verses of the last named were taken up with great zest, and aroused much merriment. Mr. A. Thomas gave

a fine rendering of "Angus Macdonald", "Down in the Vale" and "Friend of Mine". Miss A Elliott sang the ever favourite "Annie Laurie" and "Comin' through the Rye". Mrs. Hill delighted with "Lochnagar" and "The Hundred Pipers". Mrs. Topping was well received in her musical medley "The Possibilities of a Popular Melody". Mr. Ness aroused much merriment with his humorous ditty "We All Gang Hame the Same Way". Then there were instrumental trios by Miss G. Perriton (piano), Miss S. Cadogan (violin), and Mr. Stewart Lang ('cello). Piper Duncan figured in the pibroch, "Macrae's March".

A special feature of the programme was the exhibition of dancing by Pipe Major Duncan's young pupils - the Misses Betty Lang, Dolly Hanson, Winnie Russell, Tina Elliott and Florrie MacKinnon. They acquitted themselves admirably, although it was their first public appearance. They were wearing their sashes of the Stuart, McKinnon and Macdonald clans.

Of course dancing was a big feature. There were many dances, but the Eightsome Reel I already referred to, was the piece de resistance.

A parting song by the host ("Will you no come back again"), and "Auld Lang Syne" ' concluded a very jolly time.

MILSTEAD SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCE GROUP

Bert & Joyce Whittaker, with Bob Thomson teaching, started the Milstead Scottish Country Dance Group in 1964. Approx. 50 attended with ages ranging from 6 to 60 years. Two sessions were held on Tuesday evenings (Joyce spending Tuesday afternoons baking cakes etc. for the refreshments) after the earlier junior session both groups met for refreshments before the seniors danced. Milstead being a tiny village up on the North Downs many members came from the surrounding villages. It was a lively group with no one wanting to go home at 10 o'clock. Our members attended many dances and Balls (in long white dresses and sashes). Remember the Junior KASS at Sittingbourne? We did demonstrations etc. the lot!!! Bob Duncan was a great favourite with us and never charged when he came and played at our socials and we were very sad to say goodbye when he went to South Africa in 1971.

Sadly things move on, Bob Thomson changed his job and had difficulty in getting to teach our group, Joyce had a minor stroke and our youngsters were growing up and moving away so in 1973 our group joined Sittingbourne.

Those were the days!!!

FAREWELL TO BOB DUNCAN

40 bar reel

- 1 – 8 1st couple set, cast behind 2nd couple cit own side, lead down through 3rd couple & cast back into 2nd place on own side.
- 9 – 16 1st couple advance setting, passing left shoulders to 1st corners, turn corners both hands, advance setting to 2nd corners, passing left shoulders and turn 2nd corners both hands.
- 17 – 24 Reel of three wrong side, all eight bars, finish in 2nd place wrong side of the dance.
- 25 – 32 1st man gives right hand wheel with 3rd couple, 4 bars, 1st lady ditto with 2nd couple. 1st couple change places left hand wheel, 4 bars, finishing on own side in 2nd place.
- 33 – 40 6 hands round and back, repeat from second place.

Bert Whitaker

Sittingbourne

FOND FAREWELL TO BAND LEADER

Members of the Milstead Scottish Country Dance group said a fond farewell to Scottish dance band leader Bob Duncan and his wife who are emigrating to South Africa at the end of the month. The Milstead club arranged a special farewell party last Tuesday, which was attended by more than 60 members, and their guests during supper presentations were made to Mr. & Mrs. Duncan and members of the band.

GOING DOWN THE TUBE

50 Stations – can you get them all? (Answers on page 14!)

	Clue		Clue
1.	An angry monarch	25.	Non alcoholic lager
2.	Make em sick.	26.	Could this be where the chief executioner lives?
3.	Monks with dirty hands.	27.	Tea party at the big house.
4.	A road with a betting shop.	28.	Catches a rabbit by a stream.
5.	Ecological vicars.	29.	Heidi's house.
6.	Richard Whittington's des. res.	30.	Anyone for tennis ?
7.	Charred quercus robur.	31.	Regal open space
8.	Dorian's domain.	32.	Labours card game.
9.	Ex-councillor Derek is angry.	33.	A university city with a big top.
10.	Passports please.	34.	Is Karl Marx's grave a communist plot?
11.	This place is a riot.	35.	Elliptical.
12.	Cockney rabbit 'ole.	36.	Flockwatcher's flora.
13.	Woof, woof	37.	Chelsea's home by a stream.
14.	Created a valley.	38.	A lucky number of nuns.
15.	A mound of dyslexic mosquitoes.	39.	Where you cultivate calcium carbonate.
16.	She was not amused.	40.	Car manufacturer.
17.	An American setting for English comedies..	41.	An ancient thoroughfare.
18.	Where a Frenchman met his end	42.	A description of the enormity of this station.
19.	An old place to roll your own.	43.	Father and son TV doctors live here..
20.	A place to Live and Let Die.	44.	Gabriel
21.	Would you find a branch of Lloyds Bank here.	45.	Seat of government
22.	MC shoeing horses.	46.	Doctor Foster practises here
23.	Babar and Balmoral.	47.	Is this station falling down?
24.	'Just the one' is On the Up in this leisure garden.	48.	TV School
		49.	Obelisk
		50.	A Scottish Thoroughfare

John Warner

RSCDS Tunbridge Wells

These Cris de Coeur appeared in a community newsletter recently – do they ring any bells?

SECRETARY'S LAMENT

If the Secretary writes a letter it's too long
 If she sends a postcard it's too short
 If she speaks at a meeting she's interrupting
 If she doesn't she's shirking her responsibility
 If she offers a suggestion she's a know all
 If she says nothing she's useless
 If the attendance is poor she should have telephoned
 If she telephones she's a nuisance
 If she reminds members to pay their dues she's insulting
 If she doesn't she's lazy
 If the meeting is a success the committee is praised
 If it's a failure the Secretary is blamed
 If she seeks advice she shouldn't be in the job
 Ashes to ashes – dust to dust

If others won't do it the Secretary must.

PS. But she loves the job all the same (sometimes)

WHICH ARE YOU???

Are you an active member, the kind that would be missed?

Or are you just contented, that your name is on the list?

Do you attend the meetings, and mingle with the flock ?

Or do you stay away, and criticise, and knock?

Do you take an active part to help the club along?

Or are you satisfied to be the kind that "just belongs"?

Do you ever visit, call, on a member who is sick?

Or leave the work to just a few, and then call them a 'clique'
Think this over, fellow member, you know right from wrong;

Be an active member, and do not 'just belong'.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR DANCES? - ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER'S QUIZ

A.	WHO'S WHO?		C.	KENTISH MATTERS	
1.	H. R. H. and H. M.	Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh	26 .	Dance dedicated to the daughter of the Glasgow Lad	Ship in Full Sail
2.	Bill Ireland	Dancing Master	27 .	Roger and his Band.	Caber Feidh
3.	Derek Ivory's Daughter.	Alison Rose	28 .	Josie May	Lady of the Dance
4.	A Puccini Heroine?	Butterfly Bride	29 .	What we dance East of the Medway	Man of Kent's Jig
5.	Larry Hagman	Star of Dallas	30 .	A Dance for the Vice-Chairman	Menzies Rant
6.	Broun's Reel	Duke of Perth	31 .	Mrs Honey's Dance	Pauline's Reel
7.	Old Nosey	Duke of Wellington	32 .	The Treasurer before dawn?	Sleepy Maggie
8.	Former Foreign Secretary	Earl of Home	33 .	Is this where the Chairman 1983-4 lived?	Hamilton House
9.	Elizabeth or Sarah	Duchess of York	34 .	Was this his favourite (Square) Dance?	Gavin's Reel
10.	Earl of Wessex.	Prince Edward	35 .	You can take this reel from Dover.	Trip to the Netherlands
B.	WHERE?		D.	WHAT?	
11.	The Way to the Skye Ferry.	Road to the Mallaig	36 .	Angus's Girlfriend?	McLeod's Fancy
12.	Paddy's Milestone	Ailsa Craig	37 .	Raeburn Portrait	Minister on the Loch
13.	A Minister's week-end home?	Dorney Wood	38 .	Kelly's Boat.	Ship of Grace
14.	Argyle Street Railway Bridge	Hielandman's Umbrella	39 .	Edinburgh Beggars.	Cadgers in the Canongate
15.	Bannockburn	1314	40 .	Introduced "The Mac Flannels"	Glasgow Highlanders
16.	3554 ft.	Schiehallion	41 .	The Swedes are pleased to see you	Gothenburg's Welcome
17.	An old favourite Ballroom in London	Porchester Hall	42 .	Soapy Pub....	Rover's Return
18.	Do you Reel or Can-can here?	Moulin Rouge	43and another	Queen Victoria
19.	Don't drive in here at St Andrews.	The Swilcan (Burn)	44 .	A useful resource for Burns Night.	The Haggis Tree
20.	Where the Rangers dance in London	Sloane Square	45 .	Pashmina.	Cashmere Shawl
21.	Glasgow's Old River	Clutha	46 .	Dance made in Switzerland.	The Cuckoo Clock
22.	I wish you were Whisky	Campbeltown Loch	47 .	Say it parrot fashion.	Pretty Polly
23.	Opposite the new Parliament building	Holyrood House	48 .	Does it smell of kippers?	Wind on Loch Fyne

24.	Strathspey crossing the Border.	Sark Bridge	49 .	Is this the fastest dance?	Twa Meenit Reel
25.	The end of the line from King's Cross.	Waverley	50 .	Forsyth's greeting (or half of it!).	Nice to See You

I felt like giving bonus points for effrontery (or humour) to the entrant who offered "Dainty Davie" as the answer to number 30...but honesty and a sense of decency prevailed!

Rita Menzies

Medway and District Caledonian Association

LATE NEWS EXTRA: MEMBER BREATHALYSED ON MILK RUN

We were duly gathered for our Thursday evening club night when, horror of horrors, it was realised that we had no milk for our tea break. Malcolm, the true McDonald that he is, volunteered to visit the local supermarket some half mile up the road.

Seeing flashing lights in his rear mirror, our member thinks that the boys in blue must be off on some urgent mission, so he pulls over to let them pass. Still there, so presumably they do not consider it safe to overtake so he drives on and tries again a wee bit further up the road, Still they do not appear to appreciate our noble knight's gesture so he goes on undeterred, still determined to complete his mission.

Then, thinking long and hard, Malcolm tries to fathom why, if the police are in such a hurry, they are still behind him, A brainwave —perhaps they want to know where they too can buy a pint of milk at this time of night. Being of a kindly disposition he pulls over yet again and it looks as though he might have guessed aright because standing outside his window is an officer waving what appears to be an empty bottle with a straw in it. Winds window down: " Would you mind blowing into this please sir?"

Why they took against Malcolm we still do not know, but at least he got our milk.

David How,

Gravesend

GOING DOWN THE TUBE – ANSWERS!

1.	Kings Cross	19.	Holborn	36.	Shepherd's Bush
2.	Turnham Green	20.	Bond Street	37.	Stamford Bridge
3.	Blackfriars	21.	Blackhorse Road	38.	Seven Sisters
4.	Ladbroke Grove	22.	Hammersmith	39.	Chalk Farm
5.	Parson's Green	23.	Elephant and Castle	40.	Vauxhall
6.	Mansion House	24.	Wembley	41.	Old Street
7.	Burnt Oak	25.	Barbican	42.	Wapping
8.	Chigwell	26.	Tower Hill or Hanger Lane	43.	Latimer Road/Grove
9.	Hatton Cross	27.	Manor House	44.	Angel
10.	Heathrow/Pimlico	28.	Snaresbrook	45.	Westminster
11.	Brixton	29.	Swiss Cottage	46.	Gloucester Road
12.	Warren Street	30.	Wimbledon	47.	London Bridge
13.	Barking	31.	Queen's Park/ Park Royal (Regent's Park?)	48.	Grange Hill
14.	Maida Vale	32.	Redbridge	49.	Monument
15.	Gant's Hill	33.	Oxford Circus	50.	Caledonian Road
16.	Victoria	34.	Highgate		
17.	Ealing	35.	Oval		
18.	Waterloo				

HIGHLAND GATHERINGS .SUMMER 2002

For anyone who enjoys Scottish dancing and the sound of the pipes and drums a day spent at a Highland gathering is a real treat. There are several gatherings held within a reasonable distance of Kent and the following dates may be of interest:-

Colchester Gathering, Held in the beautiful Castle Park at Colchester, with Pipe Bands; Sunday 2nd June Highland dancing competition and displays of country dancing

Cherwell Gathering Sunday 16th June Held at Banbury, with Pipe Bands; Highland dancing competition

Knebworth House Sunday 23rd June First time this year

Harpenden Games Sunday 14th July A day of fun and games with a wonderful community spirit. Pipe Band displays; Highland Dancing Competition; displays by country dancers of all ages (from toddlers upwards).

Contact Coleen Hutchinson (020 8554 3340) for further details of any of these events.

Jenny Barrow

Medway and District Caledonian Association

KASS COMMITTEE MEETING HELD ON 5 MARCH 2002

1. 20 people attended the meeting. 13 clubs were represented.
2. The Chairman thanked everyone who had helped to make the 50th anniversary events in 2001 such a success.
3. New Secretary. A volunteer is still needed to replace John Day who will be stepping down at the AGM in October. It was suggested at the meeting that Peter Forrow of Gravesend was willing to take the job on but he has since indicated that he would only do the job as a last resort because he has other commitments.
4. New Vice- Chairman. David Menzies will be taking over as Chairman in October when Pat Ansell completes her two years in the post. We shall need a new Vice-Chairman to take his place.
5. Booking partners in advance. Marion Dredge of Canterbury St. Andrews suggested that KASS should adopt a policy of discouraging people from booking partners in advance because it deterred newcomers and less confident dancers who tended to be left on the sidelines. The general view was that it was up to the individual and that KASS couldn't dictate to people. We should, however, try to help and encourage newcomers whenever possible.

Alan French made the point that if you didn't prebook you tended to finish up at the bottom of the set all the time. He added that prebooking allows you to spread your dances amongst a wide range of dancers from different clubs. He was not convinced that prebooking was a bad thing.

6. KASS events. Clubs agreed to organize forthcoming events as follows

Walk, 7 July 2002.	Dover & East Kent
Autumn Tea Dance, 2002	Sidcup
Autumn Dance, 2002	Cobtree
Spring Tea Dance, 2003	Dover
Spring Ball, 2003	Volunteer needed
Walk, 2003	North Kent
Autumn Tea Dance, 2003	Volunteer needed
Autumn Dance, 2003	RSCDS T. Wells

John Day

KASS Secretary

GENTS KILT
34" waist-23" Length
Ancient Campbell of Argyll
Black Jacket 34"

Offers Please **01634 811837**

2002 KASS DIARY - 30 APRIL, 2002

4.5.02	Thanet & District Birthday Dance, Birchington, Caber Feidh
4.5.02	North Kent Dance, St. Paulinus Hall, Robin Ellis
11.5.02	KASS BALL, Corn Exchange, Rochester, Robin Ellis
18.5.02	Canterbury Spring Dance,
18.5.02	Sevenoaks Dance,
25.5.02	Sidcup Dance, St. Johns Hall, Robin Ellis
1.6.02	T.Wells & Crowb'gh Ball, Beechwood School, David Cunningham
8.6.02	Orpington Summer Dance, Petts Wood, Robin Ellis
15.6.02	Isle of Thanet Summer Dance, Birchington Village, David Hall
22.6.02	Sheerness Summer Dance
7.7.02	KASS WALK, St. Margaret's Village Hall, Dover
13.7.02	North Kent Summer Dance, St. Paulinus Hall, Records
20.7.02	Meopham & Gravesend Picnic Dance, Nurstead, Caber Feidh
27.7.02	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Robin Ellis
31.8.02	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Taped music
28.9.02	Medway Autumn Ball, Corn Exchange, Rochester, Green Ginger
28.9.02	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Robin Ellis
29.9.02	KASS AUTUMN TEA DANCE, St. John's Hall, Sidcup
5.10.02	Dover Annual Dance, Dover Boys Grammar School, Caber Feidh
5.10.02	Tunbridge Wells & Crowborough Dance, St. Dunstan's Hall
12.10.02	North Kent Dance, St. Paulinus Hall, Records
12.10.02	Orpington Autumn Dance, Petts Wood, Robin Ellis
18.10.02	Sidcup Special Supper Dance, Welling
19.10.02	RSCDS Tunbridge Wells Autumn Dance,
19.10.02	Canterbury Autumn Dance
26.10.02	Sidcup Dance, St. Johns Hall, Caber Feidh
26.10.02	Isle of Thanet Dance, Minster Village Hall
9.11.02	North Kent Dance, St. Paulinus Hall, Crayford, Robin Ellis
9.11.02	KASS Autumn Dance, Invicta Grammar School, Maidstone, Caber Feidh
29.11.02	Orpington St. Andrews Dinner/Dance, The Warren, Robin Ellis
30.11.02	Sidcup Dance, St. Johns Hall, Caber Feidh
30.11.02	Medway Day School
7.12.02	Cobtree Xmas Dance, Invicta Grammar School, Caber Feidh
14.12.02	Isle of Thanet Ceilidh, Birchington Village Centre
14.12.02	Meopham Christmas Dance, Northfleet, Robin Ellis
3 1.12.02	Medway Hogmanay Dance, St. George's Centre, Chatham
3 1.12.02	Orpington Hogmanay, Petts Wood, Robin Ellis
31.12.02	North Kent Hogmanay Dance, Baker Trust Hall, Crayford
31.12.02	Sidcup Hogmanay Dance, Games Night, Taped music

JOHN DAY,

Secretary