

KASS



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EDITOR'S NOTES

Having spread doom and gloom eighteen months ago that it might not be possible to issue two newsletters a year due to lack of contributions, I am delighted to be producing my fourth effort in the two years since I took over as Editor. But please don't get complacent: as I've said before, don't assume that "someone else" will do it! Don't be shy about sending in your thoughts or experiences: and if you feel you haven't time to produce a final copy, let me have your ideas and I will do my best to put them on paper for you. Your "own work" would be much better, of course!

This time we have a further travelogue from our British Virgin Islander - all we need is some lush music, and you could hear "As the sun sinks in the west....", and I am delighted to welcome some new contributors, as well as the "old faithfuls" whose arms are getting used to my methods of twisting.

I have confessed before my fascination with the past, and this time we have the history of the Gravesend and District Scottish Association, which is about to celebrate its 80th birthday. A somewhat younger club, the Meopham SCD Club is celebrating forty years this year. Our congratulations to all concerned. Now, looking to the future, in her article, Jane Whittington of Meopham is seeking your opinion on a new venue for the Gravesend and Meopham summer picnic dance. Just when I'd got used to saying "The Nurstead Court dance", instead of "Cobham Hall", I see I'll have to change again, but it has been such a splendid occasion wherever it has been held, that I know KASS folk will support it, wherever it goes next. Please let Jane know your thoughts.

I am indebted to Irma Spence of Dover for allowing me to borrow some papers from the past, referring to weekend schools arranged by KASS in the seventies. As I have said elsewhere, Mrs Stephenson was a most formidable lady, and I would welcome memories of her from any of you who knew her: she was a character whose like, as the cliché goes, will never be seen again, and I for one would not like her to be forgotten.

Thanks again to all the contributors, and remember the next KASS Newsletter will be in May 2003. It's never too early to start writing!

Rita Menzies
38 Priestfields
Rochester, ME1 3AG

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

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

I look forward with some trepidation to the next two years, not least because I have an editor chasing me for copy – being so close, it is a task one keeps putting off, but that has to stop because she is very persistent.

My second cause for fears arises from my illustrious predecessors, most recently Pat Ansell. Pat and the rest have set me a formidable task to provide as much support for KASS as they did through their years of office, and to provide the same level of leadership and guidance which will allow the committee to get through the business at each meeting and home by a reasonable hour. I will seek to follow their example. My particular thanks are due to Pat – she handed over a beautifully shiny chain of office, which those of you who have seen me at dances will have admired. I need to find out how to polish it to that level (maybe Rita can give me some tips!)



The Autumn Tea dance was hosted this year by Sidcup, at St John's Church Hall. These dances have been running for many years now, and have become a regular and very enjoyable date in the calendar to look forward to. We move them around the County so that everyone has a chance to attend. I am fortunate in being in the middle, so I have been able to get to most. This one was no exception to the rule – we all had a great time with an interesting programme, and with walk-throughs only of the less well known dances. I look forward to the next one in the East with Dover as hosts.

Just after my election, we went down to Dover for their Autumn Dance, and Rita and I enjoyed a warm welcome there for a fine evening's dancing. If you look at the KASS Diary at the end of the Newsletter, you will find that there is a dance in Kent somewhere almost every Saturday through the year, and some evenings there are several to choose from. All of our clubs offer hospitality to any dancer who wishes to attend these evenings, and most depend on some attendance from outside their own membership to make the dances an evening for all to enjoy. Through my year of office, I intend to attend at least one dance from each club, and look forward to meeting you in due course. So far we have also been to Orpington and Sevenoaks, and enjoyed the dances and the company there. You may think that three dances in a month is not a good start, but give me a chance – I was only elected on the 1st of October, and have been on holiday for a week in the middle!

Rita and I usually go on a dancing holiday in the autumn. Unfortunately, this year, Barrhead Travel cancelled the trip they were to organise to Mallorca, so we found ourselves at a loose end, and chose to visit Marrakech for a week without the benefit of a Scottish Dance Band. It was a different holiday – weather generally very hot, some quite incredible scenery and a very interesting people. We enjoyed ourselves, but something in the food did not agree and laid us out for a week when we got back. Worth going, but I don't think we will rush back.

Finally, may I take this opportunity to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

David Menzies

Chairman

MESSAGE FROM PAT

Well our newsletter editor, Rita, will not have to chase me any more and the new KASS chairman, David Menzies, will have no excuse for not getting his contribution to her on time. Following the recent AGM. KASS now has a new chairman, David, and a new secretary, Peter Forrow. I would like to take this opportunity to give my personal thanks to John Day, the secretary of KASS for ten years. He has given me and previous chairmen invaluable assistance over the years, and the time he spent on KASS business must have been considerable. We owe him a great deal and I am sure everyone will agree with me when I say he will be a hard act to follow.

There have been three KASS events since the last newsletter, the first being the ball at Rochester. Medway ably hosted this, the music was provided by Robin Ellis and his band and David Menzies

and Dick Barford were the MC's. Most of the clubs were again represented, and everyone present had a very enjoyable evening. The second event was the walk held at and hosted by Dover. The route on the way back was very panoramic, although a bit close to the edge maybe for one or two people. It brought back memories for me as I used to live in Dover and on many an occasion walked on the cliff tops during the summer. The third and what was to have been my final event as chairman, was the tea dance held at Sidcup. Unfortunately I was unable to attend, so I am leaving the remarks on this to the new chairman, who kindly stepped in to take my place. As this was the only KASS event I have missed since I became vice-chairman four years ago, I hope I am forgiven.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my time as chairman over the past two years, which has really flown by. Particularly I appreciate the honour it was to be chairman during the anniversary year, which gave me a lot of great memories to look back on. Bob and I were made very welcome wherever we went, and I thank all the clubs in KASS for their hospitality and friendship. I must apologise to the one or two clubs that I may not have succeeded in visiting during my term of office, but there just was not enough time to fit everything in that I wanted to do. I wish David all the best in taking over the role of chairman. I am sure he will prove to be very competent, and I know the chain of office will lie much easier on him in more ways than one. One task I am glad not to have to do any more is to clean all the badges on the chain, at times an almost weekly chore. However, it was a great privilege to wear it and I am honoured I was given the opportunity to do so. It will seem strange not to be wearing it when I go to dances in the future. As my predecessor, Alan French said to me the other day, he felt naked without it.

My best wishes to everyone and I hope all the clubs in KASS continue to flourish. Scottish dancing is a great social pastime and a marvellous way of making new friends. Many thanks again for all the support I have received and, to pinch one of Alan's favourite phrases – Happy Dancing!

Pat Ansell
KASS ex-Chairman

September 2002

GRAVESEND AND MEOPHAM'S ANNUAL PICNIC DANCE HISTORY

The 25th Annual Picnic dance hosted jointly by Meopham Scottish Country-Dance Club and Gravesend and District Scottish Association was held on Saturday 21st July in the grounds of Nurstead Court in Meopham.

This event first took place on 16th July 1977 on the lawns of the historical house and later elite private girl's school Cobham Hall. An idea by the Gravesend Association became a dual effort when the Meopham Club was invited to join in the arrangements. The idea of dancing in such a beautiful setting with rolling lawns and parklands must have been a sure success. Plenty of room to park the car and set up a picnic in a closed environment made it popular with dancers and families alike. Frank Reid's Band was booked and a charge of 40p was made for admission in the first year. The proceeds from the dance and raffle were sent to charity and for many years the Caledonian Schools were the main beneficiary.

The weather was the only thing that was uncontrollable and a few times the dance had to be cancelled due to wet conditions. The change from early evening to an afternoon event seemed to solve the problem and for the next few years the dance took place without any interruptions. Then, in 1997 after twenty years, a new venue had to be found when the two clubs were informed that the dance could no longer take place at Cobham Hall. This was due to the fact that the venue was now licensed for weddings and apparently a lot of dancers reeling on the lawns may not be conducive to a wedding reception! Maybe it would have enhanced the occasion but however this was not to be and another venue had to be found. A few suggestions were named by David How and Nurstead Court in Meopham was the unanimous decision made by both clubs.

Such a wonderful setting for dancers, picnickers and families alike. A part mediaeval country house in an idyllic setting of lawns and gardens surrounded by fields and farmlands. On 19th July 1997 with Caber Feidh Band, the Picnic Dance relocated and was once again a popular and successful event. For the next five years we enjoyed glorious sunny afternoons and uninterrupted dancing. The raffle

proceeds continued to be sent to various charities making it a worthwhile effort as well as an enjoyable afternoon for all those who attended.

Alas! Nurstead Court is now also licensed for weddings and a Saturday booking is out of the question in future. Another suitable venue has been arranged for next year with this time, inside cover in the event of poor weather conditions. To be sure that the right decision is made Meopham and Gravesend Clubs would like some feedback from dancers as to which would be preferable.

- a. Rural countryside venue on a Sunday with no indoor cover.
- b. More localised area with alternative arrangements for indoor dancing.

Comments should be sent to;

Mrs. J. Whittington. 5 Coldharbour Road. Northfleet. Kent. DA11 8AE

e-mail jane@whittingtonj.fsnet.co.uk

We all want to continue with the picnic dance and your remarks are of great interest to us. So please let us hear from you.

Jane Whittington

Meopham Scottish Country Dance Club.

80 YEARS YOUNG - GRAVESEND SCOTTISH CELEBRATES!

The oldest Scottish society in Kent, Gravesend and District Scottish Association is planning to celebrate its 80th birthday in 2003. A Birthday Dance will be held on Saturday, 12th April at Northfleet School for Girls, music being provided by an augmented Caber Feidh.

GDSA was founded in 1923 and has continued to flourish ever since. although there was a period during World War II when everything was put on 'hold'. There is no record of the founder members, but I know that my father, Robert Knox Rankin, was a founder member, and my mother told me that when they were courting they attended a Burns' Supper, I believe in 1924.

It appears that after the First World War many Scots who had left Scotland to serve in the Armed Forces came and settled in the Gravesend area. As the gateway to the Port of London, Gravesend attracted many with a seafaring background who came and served on the river in various ways, including quite a number who joined the fraternity of Trinity House pilots. The paper industry was another important magnet as many of the Scottish paper mills exported their erstwhile employees to North Kent.

Early members of GDSA included Thomas B MacLean, dairy farmer, who supplied most of the milk used in the area, (deliveries twice a day with horse and cart) Peter Ness, who had a printing business in Parrock Street and Jimmie McGregor, the manager of Boots the Chemist. David Lamb was the chief engineer at APCM, Greenhithe and then there were Dr and Mrs MacKenzie at Northfleet, the Hendersons, Eunsons, Campbells, MacDonalds, Prentices and Wilsons, to name a few. My sister Jill was secretary for some time and Shine Mansell-Smith, who now lives in Gullane, East Lothian, held that same position for a number of years.

In 1947 GDSA resumed activities, the objects of the Association being:

1. To promote Social and Friendly intercourse between Members;
2. To organise Concerts and Socials and other gatherings to foster Scottish sentiment;
3. To assist, as far as possible, deserving Scots and Scottish Charities and any local Charity which the members may deem worthy of support.

In addition to monthly socials, members also met for a whist drive on St Andrew's Night and organised a hospital fete. Our recorded minutes date back to 15 March 1927 and in July of that year there was an outing to Windsor by steamer, when preference was given for "the larger of the two vessels" with piper and piano on board! For the Hogmanay Social in 1927 one and a half gross of paper hats were ordered.

The 13th Annual Burns Dinner was held on Friday, 24 January 1935. For the Burns Nicht in 1957, there were 150 guests present who consumed 22 lb of haggis! Burns Nicht at the Masonic Hall was always the highlight of the year, when some notable people were invited to propose the toast to The Immortal Memory. In 1971 Donald MacLean performed the "Address to the Haggis", which he has done so many times since with such flair. I recall some great entertainment from the doctors, Duncan Murray, the lead singer, and Norman Grant at the piano. Those were the days!

At the AGM in November 1937 some doubt was expressed as to whether the Association should continue and it was unanimously agreed that it should. At the Hogmanay Dance in 1947, held at the Co-operative Hall, Gravesend, tickets were limited to 320, membership then being 104. For a ceilidh in 1967 14 doz. mutton pies and 12 doz. eclairs were ordered. and in 1969 a tattie and herrin' supper was held at the Masonic Hall.

On each dance programme there were always two Eightsome Reels and it is recorded that in 1948 it was decided to abandon the Lancers and spend time learning Waltz Country Dance. In 1958 several members wished to learn steps to dances and so tuition was given during the interval. From the minute book: "It was decided that basic steps could be taught but that this should not be extended since if perfectionists were made it may be as in other societies, split it into two." At the AGM in 1959 Robin Ellis and Eric Eunson were thanked for their excellent instruction.

The original rules stated that at no time shall an Associate Member be eligible to hold office as President or Vice-President but in May 1984 this rule was removed from the rulebook. In 1990 the then President, was concerned that GDSA was no longer a Scottish Association and that the membership was too few to continue. However, we now have a membership of 40 and meet regularly

throughout the dancing season at the Miskin Hall, Singlewell, Gravesend on alternate Thursdays and share with Meopham in organising the annual charity picnic dance.

Among the names on the President's Medallion ribbon is that of David How, who was President from 1994-96. David has been Hon. Secretary of GDSA since 1984, giving stalwart service to the association. The current President is Paula Dyke who will be leading the anniversary celebrations. There are still a few members with Scottish connections and we hope we can attract more enthusiasts, whatever race!

So please get your ticket for the dance on 12 April 2002. It will be a good evening.

Jean Armour (President, 1991-94) Gravesend and District Scottish Association

GETTING OFF THE ROCK

In the last newsletter, I wrote about my average days in Tortola. It is a truly remarkable place to be living, and my little expeditions to the other 50 BV Islands have helped make it an enjoyable time here. But I am a geographer, and we geographers have an appetite to explore, and I am afraid Tortola does not satisfy that ravenous appetite. Being only fourteen miles from end to end (a drive from Rochester to Sittingbourne would more than cover it) when I get bored of the same two main roads and have done a complete circuit of the island in my jeep (50 miles including all possible cul-de-sacs) it is time to jump on a ferry or plane to go visit another. Fortunately, just two miles separate the UK from the USA and I can be in one of the US Virgin Islands in less than an hour. And so many other islands, some independent countries, some still territories of other powers are a mere hop away by plane. Let me introduce you to a few nearby islands that have provided me some relief from living on my "rock".

Saint John

Lying a mere two miles across the Sir Francis Drake Channel, this is the closest foreign island to BVI. It is slightly smaller than Tortola but squat and round. To get there you board a small ferry at the West End Terminal, about 10 miles from my house. The ferry goes right across the north coast of St John, as the main port of entry and only "town" is Cruz Bay, in the west facing its sister island of St Thomas. I've never been to New England but the warehouses and bustle of the crowded harbour at Cruz Bay suggest a Maine fishing port. After you clear immigration and customs, this tiny town of 750 souls throbs with activity. It is such a tourist destination, not only for mainland Americans and itinerant Brits but also for day-trippers from St Thomas. It is immediately American, road signs everywhere, neat tidy pavements and sidewalks (don't get confused by the terminology here). The only thing different is that they drive on the left, as they do in the other USV islands. Rockefeller bought two thirds of St John and donated it to the Federal Government to become a National Park, the smallest in the USA, so once out of the service area of Cruz Bay, most of the island is scrubby woodland and pristine beaches. Driving around you have an immense sense of emptiness. There are some wonderful vistas and beaches to visit, but to be honest the reefs are not as good as those in BVI, too many diseased or damaged. Still, I love to get away to this place to have a bit of civilised wilderness.

Saint Thomas

Possibly the biggest disappointment in the whole Virgin Islands is St Thomas. The second largest in area, it has the largest population, and it seems sometimes like the whole island has been concreted over. Driving around one day, it was hard to find a public space to enjoy the view; everywhere had been partitioned into private gardens and residences. Even the beaches had been fenced off and you often had to pay to see the sea, a concept totally alien to a British Virgin Islander. It is the place most BVI islanders go to shop, as goods there are so much cheaper, even with the excise duty on the way home. American stores such as Subway, McDonald's and Wendy's abound here. I saw the largest supermarket I had seen for months recently (about twice the size of Bowater's Tesco's in Gillingham). The only place I really like is Charlotte Amalie, the capital. It is as busy as a capital city should be and contains several old colonial buildings that Road Town lacks; the fort in particular is noteworthy. At one time, Charlotte Amalie was the second city of the Danish Empire and the fort protected an active harbour. Nowadays the harbour is not full of slave and trade ships, more it has

between three and six mega-cruise liners a day, each carrying up to 5000 tourists, swamping this tiny island. All in all, St Thomas is a place to use, not to enjoy.

Saint Croix

There are many ways to get to St Croix but I took the best. After an hour's ferry ride from West End to Charlotte Amalie, I walked out of the ferry port, around the corner and boarded a seaplane. Next to the terminal is a notice which warns all drivers that if they park next to the gate their car will be hauled into the harbour and used as a mooring. A ride in a seaplane starts dramatically. You crowd into this tiny cabin space, bobbing up and down in the harbour, and then the engines start and you taxi to free water. When the engines roar up spray spreads backwards from the plane and you gradually lift from the water surface, the floats bouncing on wave crests. The rest of the flight is rather unexciting, until the plane plonks into Christiansted harbour. The pretty (yellow) fort and old colonial buildings give this town an air of substantiality. Indeed it was the capital of the Danish West Indies until the Americans bought it in exchange for Greenland at the turn of the 20th Century. The rest of the island is a mixture of quaint and functional. The largest oil terminal in the Caribbean dominates the centre of the island, but St Croix being larger than St Thomas, St John and Tortola put together, the terminal does not dominate. The east end is dry scrub, more desert than forest, and has at its conclusion Point Udall, the easternmost point in the whole USA. At the western end, degraded rainforest shrouds the peaks of the rugged hills and dominates an incised coastline. Compared to Tortola, the roads are long and straight and empty as are the long sweeping beaches. It is a relief after living on small islands to find somewhere you can see for miles and yet still not see the sea!

Sint Maarten/ Saint Martin

This peculiar island lies some seventy miles east of Tortola, a mere thirty minutes flying time. I've visited a couple of times, once going Dutch, the other being a French connection. The island is the smallest area of land in the world divided amongst two nations. The south is Dutch, heavily developed with hotels, casinos and marinas. They speak mainly English there. On the north (and slightly larger) side, they are French, part of the Guadeloupe Department. Here it is more open, more chic, more French, but they still speak mainly English. Currency was once split between Francs and Guilders. Now they share Euros. Much more developed than Tortola, St Martin sometimes seems cramped, but it has its quiet corners, and something I crave, variety. I've stayed in a massive casino resort on the Dutch side, next to the Simpson lagoon, one of the largest inland waterbodies in the whole Caribbean. At Grand Case, the other resort I stayed in, the restaurants down the village street form the gourmet capital of the Caribbean. The two capitals are also a contrast, Phillipsburg on the Dutch side is brusque, a commercial centre with the clean Hollandaise style. Marigot is arrogantly French, loads of chic boutiques, Parisian restaurants and even something resembling boulevards. Luxury megayachts and fishing boats mingle in every sheltered bay. St Maarten has one of the largest airports in the north east Caribbean, but there is not much room for a long runway. Indeed, landing jumbo jets pass a hundred feet above one of the most popular beaches, and the blast from departing airliners can blow unsuspecting tourists into the sea.

Anguilla

Lying about five miles north west of St Martin, this curious eel-shaped piece of land feels out of place. It is another British Overseas Territory, like my own island, but whereas BVI has taken some of the trappings of the USA, Anguilla remains very British. The road signs are enclosed in red circles and triangles, they drive on the left, they have British flags all over the place. Most Caribbean islands split into the dramatically volcanic, like St Lucia or Dominica or Tortola, or dead flat like Barbuda or Anegada. Only a small number are gently undulating, i.e. look like Thanet. Barbados is one, Antigua to a certain extent is another. Anguilla is the third. Only sixteen miles long and three miles wide, it is incredibly sleepy. It is mainly built-on plots of land scattered amongst dry scrub of aloes, cactus and small trees. The beaches are as you expect, eye-hurting white next to turquoise water, quiet, undisturbed and exotic. Behind these are large salt ponds that harbour a range of birdlife. The only "town" is The Valley, which reminded me of many a provincial African town I had seen, wide open roads, no obvious centre and a bunch of people hanging around at every street corner doing nothing. Too quiet to live on, it was nevertheless a lovely place to spend the day.

Anegada

I don't have a favourite island, I prefer to pick and mix, but I have to admit that one of the best in the Caribbean I can see from my apartment in Tortola. Although part of the BVI, Anegada is so different from the others, almost completely flat, but sheltered from the raging Atlantic by the third largest coral reef in the world. Despite being only twenty miles away, I have only visited a couple of times. On the ten minute flight the island is gradually revealed, its lowness shields it from the horizon till you are in the air, then the great sandy bank to the south, then the salt ponds containing flamingos then the mangroves and the massive sweep of Horseshoe Reef reveal themselves. Only 250 people live here, but it is nearly as large as Tortola. The vegetation is dry cactus scrub and mangrove in amongst limestone rubble, fringed by 20 miles of sandy beach. I walked all of them, working with an overenthusiastic Scotsman who searches the world for turtles. We saw many nests in the sand, secluded from the outside world, the small hawksbills under the sea grape trees, the large greens' nests, like bomb craters on the beach. We were so tired when we got back to the beach bar, but although the waitress had gone home, we had arranged for her to leave an icebox of Carib Beer to quench our horrendous thirsts. Walking the coast was interesting, but it is the waters around Anegada, the richest in the Caribbean, that really attract. There are huge conch shells larger than footballs, long spiny and slipper lobsters ready for pulling from within the reef. The fish are bigger here, and I snorkelled in amongst huge canyons of pristine coral reef, spotting thousands of vivid specimens. Watch out for the sharks, and don't think you are safe in the shallows, where I have seen many a nurse shark patrolling. When we went out in a local fisher's boat, we hunted turtles, not for their meat and shell, but for their DNA, part of the Scotsman's research to better understand these curious creatures. To catch a turtle, you scout around one of the many coral heads, keeping the sun behind you so you can see their vivid shells against the polyps. They try to dart off, going onto the sand around where they are easier to spot and catch. As long as you keep them below the water, they use up their oxygen supplies quickly in their panic, and after a short chase in the boat, they will dive to the sandy bottom. It is then a simple job of dropping off the boat into about three feet of water, and leaping on the turtle, gripping the shell firmly behind their legs so they cannot snap your fingers off with their beaks. You then haul them up through the water, controlling their flippers and hand them into the boat. Easy. Honest.



Saint Christopher

When I worked in Chatham I had the opportunity to supervise a PhD student from St Kitts and Nevis on a project looking at beach erosion. I neither met nor spoke to Edsel; correspondence was all by email. This summer I finally got to meet him and be given the tour of his wonderful island. St Christopher is the official name but everyone knows it as St Kitts. Shaped like a cricket bat, it has a mountainous west surrounded by bright green sugar cane and a dry lumpy east like many a Virgin Island. The central volcanic peaks are dramatically cloaked in rainforest and shrouded in mist, but the gently sloping flanks covered in plantations give a homely feel. A small railway runs around the whole island, collecting the cane from the fields and taking it to a refining plant in Basseterre, the capital. Edsel cut a piece of cane for us both and we chewed mightily on them as we drove around. He took me to a strange hill, a volcanic plug on the coast, on which had been built an enormous defence – Brimstone Fort. Think of Edinburgh Castle and you have both the scale and the dramatic setting. It amazed us how so many slaves and soldiers must have toiled to arrange the huge granite boulders and lug something like 400 cannons to the battlements. As I stood next to one of the cannons, it crossed my mind that they may have been built by Chatham dockyard hands. Indeed, the British connections are many, one street in Basseterre is Liverpool Row, either a connection with the Prime Minister or the fact that at one time, so much of the sugar went to the warehouses on the Mersey. On the east side of the island the following day, we passed through a dry moonscape

punctuated with salt ponds – a vivid red algae staining the waters, and on to a wonderful beach bar overlooking the sister island of Nevis. We sat eating mahi-mahi burgers while some of the imported monkey population searched the restaurants garbage cans for titbits.

Afterthought

A lot of islands, all within easy reach of Tortola. There are many more I haven't been to yet, Puerto Rico is only 30 minutes flight away, Antigua, Barbuda, Nevis are nearby, and then there are all the downislands; St Lucia, Barbados, St Vincent, some of them new, some old friends, that await a visit..... I need a new passport.

Alan Mills Medway and District Caledonian Association, British Virgin Islands Chapter.

TRIVIA QUESTIONS

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1. Stone Encircling the Timepiece</p> <p>2. Donning the Cracker.</p> <p>3. Melody Conductor, Por Favor</p> <p>4. Strewn Gray Matter.</p> <p>5. Miniscule Colorless prevarications.</p> | <p>6. On Account Of.</p> <p>7. Tapping Without Illumination.</p> <p>8. Number One Beret.</p> <p>9. Two Big Apples.</p> <p>10. Your Place or Mine, at 8 pm or 9 pm.</p> | <p>11. Infant the Exterior is not warm.</p> <p>12. 11:59 pm.</p> <p>13. Carson Single Note.</p> <p>14. Two Shiners.</p> <p>15. 32,000 Pounds.</p> |
|---|--|---|

Harry Drew

Men Strome Kilt. size 38-40 inch, Russell, Hunter or Galbraithe Tartan, Virtually unused £150.00 o.n.

Kilt Belt, 38 - 40 inch (plain buckle) £30.00 c

Kilt Belt (ornate buckle) size 36 - 38 inch £35.00 o.n.

Dress Sporran

Dress shirts 1- 16 1/2 1- 17 (collars)

E-Mail MONICADREW@STRAYDUCK.COM or

Telephone 01227 750229 Harry Drew

A VISIT TO ARIZONA.

A friend of my youth, Janice, married my husband's brother Mike, and so became my sister-in-law. We went everywhere in a foursome. Sandy's work took him to Africa, Mike and Janice emigrated to America, and thereafter there were twenty-odd-year gaps between our meetings, though our friendship remained as firm as ever. Mike died in 1988, and seven years later Janice married Jim.

When Sandy died in early 2001, Janice invited me for a holiday with her and her second husband in Arizona. That's why 14th March 2002 found me winging my way across the Atlantic, changing planes at Minnesota, and flying south to Phoenix Arizona. We landed at Minnesota in a blizzard, and the plane had to be hosed down with aviation fuel to melt the ice on the engine and wings, but in Phoenix it was a warm summer evening when I arrived. Sadly, my luggage went to New York!

Janice and Jim gave me a warm welcome, and we drove the twenty-odd miles to their home in Sun City. Sun City is custom-built for Senior Citizens. You can't buy a house there unless you're over fifty-five. All the houses are bungalows - no staircases in Sun City. They are beautifully laid out, surrounded by lawns and citrus fruit orchards. The lawns are kept like bowling greens by little Mexicans on motor mowers once a week. None of the residents work. They are all retired and spend their time in the pursuit of pleasure. There are several parks, five golf courses, five leisure centres which have swimming pools, jacuzzis, bowling greens and alleys, and classes in every kind of craft and leisure pursuit, exercise, dancing (all except Scottish dancing, alas) and beauty parlours. I have never seen so many glamorous grannies and fit and handsome grandpas.

Everybody wears shorts, teeshirts and trainers by day, and gets dressed up at night. There are concerts in the parks, and free lunches after the church services on Sundays. People do their shopping in golf carts in the malls, and college boys pack it and carry it out to their vehicles. One lad, hearing my accent, said "Oh, you came from Scotland? Do you know the Fergussons? I am one of the clan".

We went on a trip to the Grand Canyon.... Four hours driving through red Arizona mountains and through old gold-mining towns with houses clinging to the hillsides, so that they could be one storey at the front and four storeys at the back. Towards evening we reached a railroad terminus town called Williams, two hours' train journey from the Canyon - you're not allowed to drive any nearer - parked the car, and booked into our hotel. The hotel had no dining-room, so we went out to an "Eat as much as you like" buffet in a street like the old Wild West. The staff had guns on their hips, and a honky-tonk piano accompanied our feast.

Next morning, on the way to the station for our two-hour journey to the Canyon, an altercation broke out between some cowboys, who started shooting at each other until the sheriff arrived to cart them off to jail. But I suspect it was all done for the tourists' benefit, because the dead men got up and went off.

The Grand Canyon was breathtaking... More massive than I had ever imagined, the primeval rock formations incredibly colourful, changing colour with the movement of the passing clouds, and the great Colorado River, one mile down in their depths, looking like a thread. If you attempted the walk to the bottom (which we didn't) you had to carry a gallon of drinking water, the temperature, 65 degrees on top, being 120 degrees at the bottom. Even without the descent, by walk or by helicopter, it was an unforgettable experience.

On the way back, our train was held up by desperadoes, who came aboard to fleece the passengers, but the sheriff was there, so all they got were tips for playing their guitars and singing cowboy songs.

Everything was an anticlimax after that except for my hosts' "Grand Ole Gospel Meeting" party, to which, weeks before, I had received a very jokey invitation. "Come to the Ole Gospel Meetin' House... (their address); in Sin City. Bring your instrument, Jew's harp or whatever, and R.S.V.P. with your favourite gospel song, eats, libations and music provided. Come and enjoy." I thought it was a spoof, and said that my favourite song was "Oh you'll never go to heaven on roller skates", an old boy-scout campfire song, which I thought everybody knew.

But it was a genuine Gospel Meeting. The minister was there, and the organist and all the church people. They had chosen "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Shall we gather at the river" etc. etc. Was my face red when I had to teach thirty-odd holy people

"Oh you'll never go to heaven on roller-skates
You'll roll right by them pearly gates,
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.
You'll never get to heaven in a Ford coupe'
For the Lord has shares in Chevrolet.
You'll never get to heaven in a rocking chair
Cos the Lord won't have no lazybones there.

You'll never get to heaven with a bottle of gin
'cos old Saint Pete won't let you in.
I ain'y gonna grieve my Lord, I ain'y gonna grieve my Lord
I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more.'

Thank Goodness they laughed. But I've got a feeling Ah'll no git askit back.

Maisie Holmes

Medway and District Caledonians

A PROUD SCOTSMAN

A man known to and heard by many – that is how I would describe Jimmy Miller who sadly passed away on 29th July. A man of great character and determination, he was known to many both in the circles and Scottish dancing and piping and in the local community.



After serving with the 2nd Battalion of the Argyll and Southern Highlanders in the Second World War, Jim settled in the Medway towns with his wife Nancy. Here he joined the Kent Police and was described by the local newspaper as the 'bagpiping local bobby'. He was always interested in keeping fit and while in the police force was involved with the Kent tug-of-war group. He took part until the age of 52 and continued to keep fit, doing daily sit-ups and press-ups into his 80s.

A member of the Medway & District Caledonian Association, Jim served for several years as president. He and his wife Nancy were part of the demonstration team performing both locally and abroad. When I first opened a Highland Dancing class in Rainham he proved to be a great strength with his help and encouragement. I'll never forget Janet Cook's expression when I entered my first batch of pupils for their dancing exams and produced a live piper to play for them, rather than use taped music. He loved playing for the 'little 'uns' and not only came to the weekly class to play for them, but would travel to competitions with us so that he could tell them where they'd gone wrong!

His contribution to piping in Kent was equally notable considering the standard reached by some of his former pupils. Mr Spoore, from Wigmore, was the Queen Mother's official piper for five years. He said: "He was a **good** teacher both of the theory and the practice of music - I had a few sore knuckles from time to time. I certainly have a lot to thank Jim for". He and Len Rose, another of Jim's former pupils, led Jim's funeral cortege. The bagpipes were a lifelong love for Jim who played for more than 60 years and was the official piper for the Gillingham branch of the Dunkirk Veterans Association. He was also a member of two bands in the south-east.

He will certainly not be forgotten in the south east where he was not only invited to speak in schools and at other group meetings about his bagpipes but where he must have played at hundreds of weddings and despatched many a fellow Scot by playing at their funerals. His talents and love of his native land have made a very considerable contribution to the local community.

Jenny Barrow

Medway and District Caledonian Association

For Sale

(Best offer!)

Approximately 50 records (12") of
Scottish Country Dances.

For more details phone Eric
Grimwood,

Telephone: 01227 860244

FOR SALE

I have several items of domestic
HiFi that are surplus to
requirements and are suitable for
use in a small hall environment (3
sets long x 2 sets wide)

Amplifiers, Speakers, Cassette
Decks, CD players

They are all in good working order
but must be disposed of soon.

All enquiries to Peter Farrow at
Gravesend:

AS I WAS GOING TO

Well, no not St Ives but as Mike and I went to (or rather travelled round) the Lake District and Galloway this summer we had some out-of-the-ordinary meetings with some unusual people. Our first 'meeting' was planned – we met up with Mary and Trevor Howard for a walk and a meal and as we reminisced about holidays and dancers and combinations of the two the name of Anthony Marsden kept popping up. He was obviously a well – respected teacher in the southern lakes area but I suddenly realised that I knew him too; we had met at St Andrew's some 10 years before and he had even paid a whistle-stop visit to Mike and me in Sevenoaks in the mid 1990's when he happened to passing through! Even more amazingly we turned out to be staying not 100m away from his home and on Mary's ringing him (and his wife) up there and then coffee was arranged for the following morning. We had a pleasant time together and it transpired that Mike and Anthony had lots of interests in common – as did his wife and I as we were both teachers in Secondary schools. Our coffee time was cut short as Mike and I were anxious to get started on our walk round the Langdale Horseshoe. We had hoped to meet again at a concert the next day but they did not make it; however Mary and Trevor did and we found ourselves being treated to an outstandingly professional performance of Piano Trios in a small church in the middle of the Lake District – and all the young performers (graduates of the Royal Northern School of Music) asked in return was a donation!

As we were going.....for a walk round Buttermere, we came to a fork in the path and were undecided whether to digress up to a rock formation.....as we looked up we heard strangely familiar voices and there were friends from Rickmansworth (including Anne who is Maggie's 'best' friend from schooldays) walking round the lake in the other direction! Not only had they decided that this was the year for them to visit the Lake District (not having visited it, like us for over 30 years) but once again we discovered that they were staying just minutes away from our B&B. We stood swapping anecdotes about the climbs we had done and about how our respective families were when we realised that we had already made plans to meet up in a few week's time – so we made our farewells. Mike and I thought that had to be the end of the coincidental meetings but there were more to come!

Before those however we had some interesting conversations (or maybe monologues is a better word) with folk we fell into conversation with because of my love of dogs. On our first evening in Newton Stewart we went for a walk, which took us over all the bridges and through the town gardens. There we (or rather I) said hello to an old chap and his friend and their very old but very friendly dog. We were then regaled with the dog's intimate medical history – and some of it was very intimate! – until our fellow walkers suddenly said "well, grand to meet you" and went on their way without our having said a word other than 'mmm' or 'oh dear'! If I tell you that the monologue was delivered in an extremely broad Scots accent you will understand why Mike and I were quite relieved not to have had to have a 'proper' conversation – we probably would have given quite inappropriate responses at times!

In Portpatrick we were looking for ice creams after a brisk walk along the cliffs when we tripped over a 'Dandy Dinmont' dog. In case you do not know (and we did not but we certainly do now) these are miniature dachshunds. On showing interest in her the owner gave us her whole life history and assured us that she was just the right sort of dog for my step – mother and where to get details of available dogs! We thought we would never get away but fortunately (for once) it started to drizzle a bit and everyone rushed off for shelter - in different directions.

We had other 'doggy' meetings but the best one was as we were walking back off 'The Merrick' – Galloway's highest hill. What it lacks in height compared with other Scottish hills it certainly made up for in mud! It was hot and sunny when we climbed it but it had rained a lot previously. We were stopped by several folk asking for directions through one particular area so as to avoid wallowing in aforementioned mud. However we met our final doggy friend before this and he had obviously had a whale of a time covering himself in the sticky brown stuff. He was a gorgeous hairy dog, very young and full of life – he turned out to be a pedigree of some kind but I forget what! His owners on the other hand looked as if they would be more at home on a beach on the Costa Brava than climbing this hill; they were very trendily dressed and they were the sort of bronze colour you never see in Scotland normally – not weatherbeaten enough. However on getting into conversation it transpired that they had

only recently got married – in Canada – and that they were great fans of that country for holidays. As we had gone there last year and also fallen in love with it we had a long talk about all Canada’s marvellous attributes. But the conversation did not stop there; they were Geordies and we chatted for ages with them on that Scottish hillside about holidays we had had in the North East of England etc etc etc.....We will probably (but not definitely knowing Mike and I) never see them again and yet we held this fascinating conversation with them for about 20 minutes or more!

Our final meeting was probably the strangest of all. We had decided to do a cliff walk that on the OS map looked easy enough for a gentle stroll after our day climbing ‘The Merrick’. It started at Stairhaven and as we drove down the long winding road into the car park we noticed an old Peugeot with a gaggle of children aged between about 2 and 12 clustered around it . We counted 5 of them and realised that they and their Mum and Dad were preparing to go on a walk. We commented on how unusual that was nowadays – especially with 5 children in tow! Mike and I took a while to sort ourselves out and meanwhile the family had obviously started out on ‘our’ walk. As we set off ourselves we realised that this walk was a lot more challenging than we had realised but it was fine for us as long as we were willing to do a lot of leaping over bogs and streams and other obstacles! We wondered out loud how the family might be getting on when we rounded a corner and ther they were ahead of us. As we approached the Dad took off his sun-hat, turned towards us and said “Mike and Maggie, how nice!” – just as we recognised this family as belonging to a Curate who had been at our Church in Sevenoaks in the 1990’s. We had gone to Johnny and Diana’s wedding and we knew they had had 4 children – then along came Archie ‘as a bonus’ as they said. So once again we had a long conversation catching up on family news until we reluctantly went on our way. The walk got tougher and tougher but they all persevered with it – we kept looking back through the binoculars to keep track of their progress. One amazing family!

And that was not the end of our holiday – and we met lots of other folk to have leisurely chats with – but it is good to end with the vision of that family of Mum, Dad, 2year-old on Dad’s back, others chatting away about all and sundry along that cliff top in Galloway. That was just one of our meetings as we made our way (not to St Ives) but to the Lakes and Galloway.

Maggie Talbot

Orpington

COURT REPORTS

The following are all allegedly taken from genuine Court reports.

Q: What is your date of birth?

A: July 15th

Q: What year?

A: Every year.

Q: What gear were you in at the time of impact (of a car)?

A: Gucci sweats and Reeboks

Q: This Myasthenia Gravis, does it affect your memory at all?

A: Yes.

Q: And in what way does it affect your memory?

A: I forget things.

Q: You forget. Can you give an example of something you've forgotten?

Q: How old is your son, the one living with you?

A: Thirty-five or thirty-eight, I can't remember which.

Q: And how long has he been living with you?

A: Forty-five years.

Q: What was the first thing your husband said to you when he woke up that morning?

A: He said "Where am I, Cathy?"

Q: And why did that upset you?

A: My name is Susan.

Q: Now, doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

Q: The youngest son, the twenty-three old, how old is he?

Q: Were you present when your picture was taken?

Q: So the date of conception of the baby was August 8th?

A: Yes

Q: And what were you doing at that time?

Q: She had three children, right?

A: Yes.

Q: How many were boys?

A: None

Q: Were there any girls?

Q: How was your first marriage terminated?

A: By death.

Q: And by whose death was it terminated?

Alan Croxford

Q: Can you describe the individual?

A: He was about medium height and had a beard.

Q: Was this a male or a female?

Q: Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to a deposition notice that I sent to your attorney?

A: No, this is how I always dress when I go to work.

Q: Doctor, how many autopsies have you performed on dead people?

A: All my autopsies are performed on dead people.

Q: All your responses must be oral, OK? What school did you go to?

A: Oral

Q: Do you recall the time that you examined the body?

A: The autopsy started around 8.30 p.m.

Q: And Mr Dennington was dead at that time?

A: No, he was sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy.

Q: Doctor, when you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?

A: No

Q: Did you check for blood pressure?

A: No

Q: Did you check for breathing?

A: No

Q: So, then, it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the Autopsy?

A: No

Q: How can you be so sure, Doctor?

A: Because his brain was sitting on my desk, in a jar.

Q: But could the patient have been alive at the time, nevertheless?

A: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practising law somewhere

THE WAY WE WERE

I've been delving into the past again - or, at least someone else has on my behalf.

While on a dancing holiday in Crieff in June, David and I met Irma and David Spence, who live in Folkestone, when they are not in Brussels. We spent a very pleasant time with them, and a number of other KASS folks, and inevitably, the reminiscences flowed....

"Did you know Mrs Stephenson, and Colin?" asked Irma. We admitted that we had known Mrs Stephenson, but only in the eighties, when, by all accounts she'd "mellowed" considerably. Colin, her husband, had died some time before we came to Kent. They had both been KASS Chairman - she in 1958-59 and again 1964-65, and he in 1962-63.

I knew her only as "Mrs Stephenson", while a few people referred to her as "Jan Stephenson", but never to her face, not in my hearing at any rate. A formidable lady, the archetypal retired Headmistress of a bygone age (not many would dare to be so autocratic these days), I discovered when I attended her funeral, that her baptismal name was Jessie, and she was actually Dr. Stephenson. She seemed to prefer J.W.W. Stephenson, which is how she chose to be remembered on the KASS chain. She was, of course, the first female Chairman of KASS.

Irma Spence particularly recalled the time in the 1970's, when the Stephensons organised weekend dancing schools at Cliftonville. And it is no surprise that these events were

"KENT ASSOCIATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETIES
9th RESIDENTIAL WEEKEND SCHOOL OF SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING
DATE:- OCTOBER 1971:- Friday, 22nd (from dinner; Saturday 23rd and Sunday 24th till afternoon tea 4pm
PLACE:-Rathcoole Hotel, Norfolk Road, Cliftonville, Margate, Kent.
NOTE:- ALL SESSIONS ARE LOCATED HERE.
FEES:- (Inclusive, Board, residence, tuition) =£5,25 per student.
STAFF:- Mr. Derek Haynes, Lancaster, a very well-known dancer and teacher is our instructor; Mrs. Phyllis Draper, pianist One Day Schools, R.S.C.D.S. London Branch is our pianist).
STUDENTS:-ADULTS ONLY and preferably well experienced. This Course is QUITE UNSUITABLE for beginners, near beginners or dancers of little experience.
Rathcoole Hotel was last year found comfortable and convenient, especially in respect of its ballroom which is a integral part of the Hotel. Catering was excellent.* There is accommodation for 48 DANCERS only.
As the Hotel is STRICTLY A COMMERCIAL CONCERN, it will be appreciated that once FINAL FIGURES are given to the proprietor - as they MUST BE ON SATURDAY 16th OCTOBER, CATERING AND ACCOMMODATION CHARGES WILL HAVE TO BE MET BY STUDENTS WHO AUTHORISED THE ORGANISERS TO BOOK A PLACE FOR THEM.
As the Ballroom is not so spacious as the former School Hall, it is PRACTICALLY CERTAIN that NO DAY STUDENTS CAN BE ACCOMMODATED AT ANY SESSION.

organised in an extremely business-like manner.

Whew!! I have reproduced all these instructions as they were written, omitting only the extra underlining which was deemed necessary to reinforce the rules. I suppose if you were able to accept the conditions, and the tone in which they were communicated, you were probably a suitable student.. I'm afraid I would have been too scared to set foot on the Ballroom floor!

Irma and her sister duly applied for places, and received the following reply:

"Dear Misses Gould,
You have been accepted as Residential Students at the 9th Residential School of Scottish Country Dancing.....
The balance of fees should be forwarded to us at the above address by SATURDAY, 25th SEPTEMBER, (£4.75) each, and made payable to TREASURER. K.A.S.S.
Sincerely yours,
COLIN & J.W.W. Stephenson,
(Joint Organisers)."

I am rather surprised that she considered taking unattached young women, but I suppose Mrs S. would have been a very vigilant chaperone, and the schedule was so rigorous as not to allow much time, far less energy, for flightiness!

Two years later, the format was the same:

“AS A LAST YEAR’S STUDENT of the School, you are given extra-early notice of the 1973 School (same venue, same weekend i.e. October 19. 20. 21.), but our first teacher, Mr Bill Hamilton, is returning as instructor.

If you wish to reserve a place for yourself/yourselves, will you, please, inform us by SATURDAY, 24th FEBRUARY, enclosing the customary booking fee of 50p? We look forward to seeing you all again in October.

Sincerely yours,

COLIN and J W W STEPHENSON

At the end of the booking form, there was a further reminder:

“PLEASE NOTE THIS INTIMATION - INVITATION IS DIRECTED TO YOU PERSONAL IY AND IS NOT TRANSFERABLE ”

Irma’s booking was again accepted, but there was a further communication in September:

“Dear Irma,

Between the time of sending out the application forms for the 11th Weekend School and to-day (sic) when making final arrangements for our stay on October 19-20-21 the new proprietors have been forced by circumstances beyond their control viz. very steep rises in food costs, higher staff wages and Value Added Tax, to increase charges to paying guests at the Hotel.

It is with the utmost regret that we take a step quite unprecedented for us of requiring a further payment (60 pence)to meet the above charges. The only other alternative is to cancel the Week-end School, which, from comments made to us over the years, students would appear to regard as a step even more regrettable still.

May we request you to (1) include the additional 60 pence per student in your balance of payments or (2) forward it if you have already completed the payment of fees earlier stated that all financial transactions may be completed by Saturday, 29th September at the very latest?

We remain,

Sincerely yours,

Colin and J.W.W. Stephenson,
(Joint Organisers.”

I can almost detect “P.S. Written in haste!” which has occasionally crept into my own correspondence! How it must have hurt to write that letter, admitting a chink in one’s invincibility! Please note the absence of capitals for emphasis, and the conciliatory “Dear Irma..”

I sometimes wish that one had the power to command obedience as was obviously the way of things under the iron rod of Mrs Stephenson, but I’d like to think that with less starchiness and formality, KASS is now a more welcoming organisation, and Scottish Country Dancing is a lot more fun...



Footnote: At the Sheerness Picnic Dance, later this summer, Irma and I were talking about the photographs her sister had taken in 1971, and she said she and some of her friends had



even danced on Margate beach between sessions, when, she added, a lady who was part of the party played the mouth organ for them. Maisie Holmes, who was with us, exclaimed "That was me!"

Rita Menzies

Medway and District Caledonian Association

KASS COMMITTEE MEETING HELD ON 30 APRIL, 2002

1. 22 people attended the meeting. 15 clubs were represented.
2. Mo Dalton and Don MacPherson have taken over as Secretary and Chairman respectively of Sheerness.
3. Booking partners in advance. Further discussion took place. There was general agreement that KASS could not dictate to anyone, though prebooking partners for every dances should be avoided if possible and some attempt should be made to leave a few dances to take up beginners or someone you haven't danced with before. It was suggested that MCs should allow enough time between dances for dancers to find partners otherwise people would be forced to prebook.
4. The Treasurer reported that the public liability insurance policy premium had increased from £315 to £600 because of a general rise in insurance costs after September 11 and some legal changes.

KASS AGM HELD ON 1 OCTOBER, 2002

1. 27 people attended the meeting. 17 clubs were represented.
2. The title of Social Secretary was changed to Events Co-ordinator.
3. David Menzies said he was open to ideas for preparing a KASS website.
4. Recent KASS events:-
Thanks were extended to Medway for hosting the Ball on 11 May at the elegant Corn Exchange, Rochester; to Dover & East Kent for organizing the Walk on 7 July including a Battle of Britain fly past; and to Sidcup for organizing the Tea Dance on 29 September and laying on some extensive roadworks and a tricky one way system around Sidcup High Street.
5. Future KASS events and host Societies:

Autumn Dance, 2002	Cobtree
Spring Tea Dance, 2003	Dover
Ball, 2003	Medway
Walk, 2003	North Kent
Autumn Tea Dance, 2003	Volunteer needed
Autumn Dance, 2003	RSCDS T. Wells
6. The annual club subscription was increased from £15 to £25 to help towards the increased insurance costs.
7. Election of Officers

Chairman	David Menzies
Vice-Chairman	Iain Kinnear
Treasurer	Maggie Talbot
Secretary	Peter Farrow
Events Co-ordinator	Margaret Harwood
Newsletter Editor	Rita Menzies

Jenny Sheehan and John Cottrell were reappointed as account checkers.

Pat Ansell retired as Chairman and John Day retired as Secretary

John Day

KASS Secretary



Stop Press

Dover SCD Group have a new Secretary: Mrs Mary Quinton, 15A Granville Road, Walmer, Deal, KENT CT14 7LS, Telephone 01304 375836

KASS MEMBER SOCIETIES' MEETING VENUES AND TIMES:

Club	Meeting	Time	Location	Comments	Contact
Canterbury St Andrew's SCDG	-Friday evenings		The Canterbury College's Dance studio		
Cobtree SCD Club	Wednesdays	8.15 10.15	Grove Green Community Hall, Grovewood Drive, Maidstone (turning opposite TV studios).	Throughout the year	John Day 01622 831838
Deal Scottish Country Dance Group	Tuesdays	8.00-10.00	Great Mongeham Village Hall, Mongeham, Deal	Beginners welcome	Contact Margaret Lucas- 01304 374221
Dover Scottish Country Dancing Group	Adults Mondays	8.00 10.00	Salem Baptist Church, Maison Dieu Road, Dover		
	Juniors Wednesdays	6.00-8.00	Same venue		
The Gravesend and District Scottish Association.	Alternate Thursdays	8.00	Miskin Hall, Hever Court Road, Singlewell, Gravesend	September to June Dates 6/9/01 - 13/12/01, and 10/1/02 -27/6/02)	
Medway and District Caledonian Association	Mondays	1.30 - 3.30	Bredhurst Village Hall	Throughout the year, except Xmas and New Year, beginners welcome:	Mike Gould 01634-684486. E-mail: mikegould~skynow.net
	Tuesdays	8.00 - 10.00	Wakeley Road Methodist Church Hall, Wakeley Rd, Rainham.	Beginners' Teaching Class	
	Thursdays	8.00-10.30	All Saints Church Hall, Frindsbury	Social Dancing: all welcome, all year round.	
	Fridays in term-time pm	5.30-6.30	Wakeley Road Methodist Church Hall	Children's Teaching Class (Children accepted from age 6)	
Meopham Scottish Country Dance	Mondays, beginning of	8.15-10.30	Meopham Village Hall	September to end of Jun, with Christmas/ New Year break	Contact: Jane Whittington: 01474 350918.
North Kent Scottish Association	Wednesdays	7.45	Methodist Church Hall, Crayford		Contact: Bill MacFarlane – 01474 832801
ORPINGTON AND DISTRICT CALEDONIAN SOCIETY	Monday	2.00 pm	St Paul's Church Hall, Crofton Road, Orpington	Social dancing: Weekly classes September to May	
	Monday	8 pm	Chislehurst Village Hall, Church Lane, Chislehurst	Beginners and improvers	
	Thursday	8 pm	Petts Wood Memorial Hall, Petts Wood Road, Petts Wood	Social dancing	
RSCDS Royal Tunbridge Wells Branch	: Mondays.	8.00-10.00	St Augustine's School, Wilman Road, Tunbridge Wells.	Beginners' class	
	Tuesdays	8.00-10.00	Same Venue	General class	
	Thursdays	8.00-10.00	Same Venue	Advanced Class	
Sevenoaks Reel Club	Tuesdays	8.00-10.00	Kippington Church Centre		
Sidcup & District Caledonian Association	Wednesdays	8.00-10.15	Hurst Community Centre, Hurst Place, Hurst Road, Bexley.	Throughout the year	Iain Kinnear 01689 877312
Sittingbourne	Thursdays	8.00-10.00	St Mary's Church Hall, Park Road, Sittingbourne	Summer Break	

Club	Meeting	Time	Location	Comments	Contact
Sheerness White Heather Club	Fridays	8.00 10.00	Halfway Hall, Halfway, Sheppey	Summer Break	

2002 KASS DIARY - SEPTEMBER, 2002

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
4.1.03	Isle of Thanet New Year Dance, Minster Village, Scotch Mist
10.1.03	North Kent Burns Night, Gravesend Masonic Hall, Robin Ellis
11.1.03	Sheerness Bums Night Supper, Queenborough, Caber Feidh
24.1.03	Orpington Burns Supper, The Warren, Hayes, Robin Ellis
25.1.03	Medway Bums Supper, Franklin Rooms, Gillingham, Caber Feidh
25.1.03	Sidcup Bums' Supper, Swanley, Caber Feidh
1.2.03	Sevenoaks Dance, Kippington Church Hall
1.2.03	North Kent Dance, St. Paulinus Hall, Robin Ellis
15.2.03	Dover Dance, Dover Boys Grammar School, Caber Feidh
22.2.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Caber Feidh
22.2.03	Isle of Thanet Winter Dance, The Centre, Birchington
1.3.03	Thanet & District Haggis Supper & Dance, Birchington
8.3.03	Meopham Spring Dance, Northfleet, Robin Ellis
15.3.03	RSCDS Tunbridge Wells Day School,
15.3.03	North Kent Dance, St Paulinus Hall,
22.3.03	Deal Dance, St. George's Hall, Deal
22.3.03	Medway Spring Ball, Corn Exchange, Rochester
29.3.03	Sidcup Dance, St. Johns Hall, Robin Ellis
12.4.03	Gravesend 80th Birthday Dance, Northfleet, Caber Feidh
12.4.03	Isle of Thanet Dance, Minster Village Hall
26.4.03	RSCDS Tunbridge Wells Spring Dance
26.4.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Robin Ellis
27.4.03	KASS SPRING TEA DANCE, Dover, St Margaret's V. Hall
3.5.03	Thanet & District Birthday Dance, Birchington, Caber Feidh
3.5.03	North Kent Dance, St. Paulinus Hall, Robin Ellis
10.5.03	KASS BALL, Corn Exchange, Rochester, Robin Ellis
17.5.03	Canterbury 40th Anniversary Ball, St. Anselms School, David Hall
24.5.03	T.Wells & Crowborough Spring Ball,
3 1.5.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Robin Ellis
7.6.03	Orpington Summer Dance, Petts Wood, Robin Ellis
14.6.03	Isle of Thanet Summer Ball, Birchington, Caber Feidh
	KASS WALK
12.7.03	North Kent Summer Dance, St. Paulinus Hall, Records
19.7.03	Gravesend and Meopham Picnic Dance, Northfleet School for Girls, Caber Feidh
26.7.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Robin Ellis
30.8.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Recorded music
27.9.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Robin Ellis
	KASS AUTUMN TEA DANCE
4.10.03	Dover Annual Dance, Dover Boys Grammar School, Caber Feidh
4.10.03	Tunbridge Wells & Crowborough Dance, St. Dunstan's Hall
11.10.03	North Kent Dance, St. Paulinus Hall, Records
11.10.03	Orpington Autumn Dance Petts Wood, Robin Ellis
18.10.03	RSCDS Tunbridge Wells Autumn Dance,
25.10.03	Isle of Thanet Dance, Minster Village Hall
8.11.03	KASS AUTUMN DANCE, Tunbridge Wells
28.11.03	Orpington St. Andrews Dinner/Dance, The Warren, Robin Ellis
13.12.03	Isle of Thanet Ceilidh, The Centre, Birchington
13.12.03	Meopham Christmas Dance, Northfleet, Robin Ellis
31.12.03	Medway Hogmanay Dance, St. George's Centre, Chatham
31.12.03	Orpington Hogmanay, Petts Wood, Robin Ellis
31.12.03	North Kent Hogmanay Dance, Baker Trust Hall, Crayford
31.12.03	Sidcup Hogmanay Dance/ Games Night, Taped music

JOHN DAY,

Secretary