

KASS



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EDITOR'S NOTES

The article on Mrs Stephenson in the November 2002 edition jogged quite a few memories: I wish I had written down all the anecdotes I have heard. I am still open to offers .but preferably written, as my memory isn't so good these days...

One whose memory is still functioning well, into her eighties, is Chrissie Ballard, who along with her daughter, Rosemary, has sent in fascinating contributions. I must say they made me wish I'd got to know Mrs Stephenson better, as her interest in linguistics and education coincides very much with mine. Incidentally, Rosemary has written her contribution while convalescing after a very nasty accident. We wish her a good recovery.

My gratitude to all contributors, both new and "regulars" .where would I be without them?- but please don't leave it to the faithful few!

If you read the list of contents above, you will see an item called "Dear Editor". This is not the normal "Letters to the Editor" page, but I think it would be a good idea to start such a feature. So if you have some thanks to give, or some praise, even a complaint or a "Hobby horse" I would be delighted to hear from you: perhaps we could get a dialogue going on some hot topic, not necessarily concerned with dancing.

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A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

We have been saddened by the loss of a number of dancers – most recently, Frank Hardy of Medway and John Vincett from Cobtree. They were regular attendees at our dances over the county before their illness incapacitated them, and they will be missed.

The Spring Tea Dance at St Margaret's at Cliffe with Dover as hosts was the usual fun afternoon, with a good turn out drawn mainly from the East of the county. It was an interesting programme, with some less familiar simple dances – just the sort of programme that suits the Tea Dance format. Sheerness has agreed to host the Autumn Tea Dance, on Sunday 28th September at the Halfway Hall on Sheppey. Again it is a simple programme, and this time the venue is in the middle of the County, so I hope there will be a good turn-out again.

We have continued our tour of the KASS club dances, with visits to Meopham, Deal, Sheerness, Cobtree, Sevenoaks, Sidcup, North Kent, Gravesend 80th, RSCDS Tunbridge Wells and Thanet and District! We also attended the Canterbury Scottish Society St Andrews Dinner and Medway's Burns Dinner Dance.

There was a discussion about the future of the KASS Highland Ball at the Committee meeting in March, and again at the May meeting, with some feedback from Member Societies. The Ball has a long history, going back to the origins of KASS, and we try to keep up the old traditions. The problem is that a Grand Ball in grand surroundings with a sit down meal, means costs keep rising. If that is not what the members want, then KASS should offer something which is wanted, and that is what the consultation is about. This year, some societies have reported that they feel the cost is too high, and will be absent on the night, but we have a considerable number of the faithful who have bought tickets. I am looking forward to the evening – I like the formality and the spectacle of the Ball, and the Corn Exchange in Rochester provides a fitting setting for the event. However, if the dancing is the thing people really want then maybe future events should concentrate on that aspect. We are a democratic organisation, and events are organised for the members, so we follow your wishes. The conclusion of the May meeting was that we should seek to bring down the price to between £15 and £18 for a formal dance with a band. We will seek to reduce the costs of the Hall and of the catering.

I am looking forward to the next few months with the regular summer events – the KASS Walk, the Meopham and Gravesend Picnic Dance at its new venue and the regular Saturday Evening Club dances all over the county, including Canterbury St Andrews 40th Anniversary, and the KASS Autumn Tea Dance I referred to earlier. Have a good summer, and may the sun shine on your holidays wherever you may be.

David Menzies

Chairman

SMALL WORLD

As my friends will all aver, my favourite sport is talking. And my hobby is giving talks about Colonial Africa in the fifties to Clubs, W.I.s, and Townswomen's Guilds etc.

Last week I was speaker at the Sittingbourne Wives Club, and I described how my husband had joined the Colonial Office in 1952, hoping for a posting to one of the colonies, perhaps Fiji, The Seychelles or Bahamas, or Virgin Islands – or some such glamorous part of the British Empire, on which, it was said, the sun never set. I had an old school map, circa 1950, on which all the pink bits were British Colonies. We studied it avidly while we waited to find out where they would send us. Dream on, cockeyed optimists!!!! In the event, they sent us to Darkest Africa. Our first posting was to Nyasaland, "A mountainous country in Central Africa" said the Encyclopaedia, "where snakes of the constrictor type abound"!!!!

So we went there, by train, by ship, (14 days), by train again (four days and nights this time), then a hop over the mountains by 'plane, and, at last, we were in Nyasaland. Then, a day's journey by car over roads that shook up your liver, massaged your bottom, and loosened your back teeth brought us to Zomba, the



Capital. For the first week we stayed with the Director of Medical Services, a Scot called Dr. McKenzie. He had a favourite saying, which he trotted out to all newcomers. "In Nyasaland" he'd say, "you'll find there are two plagues – white ants and Scots". He would explain that David Livingstone had journeyed through Nyasaland, founding Presbyterian Missions wherever he stopped, and that these missions are working to this day, staffed by Scottish Missionaries.

Well, I recounted this tale to the Sittingbourne Wives, as far away from Central Africa as you could imagine, and afterwards, when we were having a cup of tea, a lady from the audience said to me – "You know that Dr. McKenzie you talked about? He was my grandfather". I said "Well, I never! He had seven-year-old twin daughters, I remember", and she answered, "That's right, one of them is my Mum!!!"

Isn't it a small world?

Maisie Holmes

Medway & District Caledonian Association

THE DOVER AND EAST KENT SCOTTISH SOCIETY

A Wee bit of history about our Society 1887 - 2003

It is One Hundred and Sixteen Years since a group of eight very patriotic Scots, gathering in the Prince Regent Inn, Market Square, Dover, on September 1887, decided that it would be a fine idea to form a Dover & East Kent Scottish Society. The three principal objects for which the Society was started was the promotion of social and friendly meetings of members, the holding of an annual dinner and the relief of deserving fellow countrymen and their families. These ideals have been steadfastly honoured to this day.

Following this small get-together of Scots, for the first time, St. Andrew's Day was properly observed in Dover when arrangements were made for a dinner in the Apollonian Hall on November 30th 1887. The Dover Express on December 2nd reported that "For years nay for generations, there have been men from over the border settled in this ancient borough and there are always a goodly number of Scotchmen in the regiments quartered in Dover. Now the idea has been started, henceforth, Scotchmen in Dover will meet together to celebrate their National feast day.

In the early years the Society was very much a male preserve with men only enjoying the celebrations, Scottish music, dancing and singing, and haggis, but gradually ladies were observed occupying the galleries of the various halls and listening to the proceedings with evident interest and pleasure. Also during those early years the Society had a large number of its members coming from the various services stationed in and around Dover and many toasts were to the Imperial Forces.

However, time brought changes and more and more the Society membership covered a much wider spread of people who all brought their own enthusiasm and ideas to help mould the organisation.

Occasionally, Burns Night events were also held, with considerable success and as time went on successive committees arranged other events throughout the year, including visits to Caledonian Games and Scottish concerts in London.

The year 1900 was noteworthy for the fact that to mark St. Andrew's Day the St. Andrew's flag flew from the municipal buildings throughout Dover for the first time. Also in 1900 the Society was presented with a signed portrait of Sir Walter Scott and later acquired a portrait of Robert Burns, which to this day is prominent at all Burns Supper nights.

Activities in the Society were halted during the periods of the two World Wars, but following resurgence of interest after World War II, at a meeting in February 1946, a resolution was unanimously carried granting to ladies full membership status; prior to that decision it had been acceptable only for them to work behind the scenes!

Since then the ladies have played an ever increasing role in the Society's affairs. Mrs D. Macfarlane became the first Lady President 1979-1981, followed by Mrs N. Pressley 1989-1990, Mrs M. Johns 1990-1992 and finally Mrs Dorothy Poole who was first elected in 1997 completing her fifth and final year in April 2002.

In 1946 it was also agreed that the rules of the Society be suitably abridged so that each member could be issued with a copy. A President's Badge of office was purchased in 1955 at a cost of £27.0.6d and had to be refurbished in 1999 for the rather larger sum of £165. A quaich, still in regular use at Society functions was acquired in 1963. Also in 1963 the Society purchased a seat for presentation to the corporation (sited at the front of the Gateway) and donated a chair for the new hall, the "Hall of Clans", at the Royal Caledonian School.

In 1965 we became a member of The Kent Association of Scottish Societies and although our membership lapsed for a period of time, we rejoined in September 1997, with committee members serving as Society representatives on that body. Membership of the Burns Federation was agreed to in 1973 and in this too there has been constant interest and representation at conferences and functions of that organisation.

The Society contributed to the design, purchase and installation of a Burns Memorial Window, the central west window, in St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh. The stained glass window was dedicated on June 30, 1985 with the Society being represented on that great occasion.

At a unique presentation in Biggin Hall, in September 1985 a number of former Presidents were presented with past President's lapel badges the first time this had been done in the 98 years of the Society's existence.

In the year 2000 a Sgian Dubh, to be used when addressing the haggis, was purchased with money donated by a life member, and henceforth, outgoing Presidents will receive a Sgian Dubh to mark their term in office.

The Society also contributed one of the inscribed flagstones which surround the band stand in Pencester Gardens. Members of Parliament for the town, and town and district dignitaries have been guests at Society functions over the years and all have paid tribute to the part played by many Scots in the area throughout the generations.

There have been times during the 116 years of the Society when interest has waned and membership numbers fallen, but always the dedication and determination of Presidents and committee members have rekindled the flames of patriotism and kept the Society functioning.

"It behoves every true Scot to maintain their long and old customs, if they allow them to slip away they would fall back among those countries with no glorious past and a history which dates only from yesterday."

David Kynoch

Dover and East Kent Scottish Society

WHAT SENIOR CITIZENS ARE WORTH

This letter was submitted by a senior Lady.

Did you know that we old folks are worth fortune? We have silver in our hair, gold in our teeth, stones in our kidneys, Lead in our feet and gas in our stomachs!

I have become older since I saw you last and a few changes have come into my life. Frankly I have become a frivolous old woman!! I am seeing six gentlemen everyday!

As soon as I wake up 'Will Power' helps me out of bed then I go to see 'Jimmy Riddle' and then it is time for breakfast with 'Mr Kellogg, followed closely by the refreshing company of 'Mr Tetley' or my other friend who I know only by his initials 'PG'

Then comes someone I don't like at all~ 'Arthur It is', he knows he is not welcome; but he insists on being here and what is more he stays for the rest of the day. Even then he does not like to stay in one place so he takes me from joint to joint.

After such a hectic day I am glad to get to bed (and with 'Johnny Walker' too) what a hectic life. Oh yes, I am now flirting with 'Al Zheimer'

The vicar came to call the other day, and said that at my age I should be thinking of the hereafter. So I told him I did all the time For no matter where I am, the bedroom, the kitchen the sitting room or the gardens, I ask myself "Now what am I here after"?

Well I will close now and hope that 'Will Power' is your constant companion too, but do make sure that his friend 'Emma Royd' does not creep up on you from behind!! And watch out for the crafty one 'Gery Atric'

DANCING SHOES

You will be aware that James Senior, St Andrews is no longer trading as a source of dance shoes. Apparently Mr Senior has another shop now – selling ordinary shoes – and if you ring they do not always give details of the new suppliers (if they are new staff I presume).

The dance shoe business has been taken over by:

St Andrew's Shoemakers Ltd. (James Senior)
Mail Order Department,
Unit 13, Coal Wynd Industrial Estate,
Dunnikier Road, Kirkcaldy,

Fife
Scotland
KY1 2RA

Tel: 0870 7542 104 Fax: 0870 7542 105

Email: SALES@JAMESSENIOR.co.uk
website: WWW.JAMESSENIOR.CO.UK

We have looked at the web site – the usual Internet shopping procedures that allow you to select what you want and place your order over the Internet if that is how you like to do business.

MUSINGS AFTER ENFORCED 'RETIREMENT'

I was recently catapulted into retirement from teaching by a minor health problem that was a major problem when teaching. I mused on the fact that I would never again stand in front of a class desperately rewriting my lesson plan in my head having realised that the person with whom I shared this A level group had just taught the lesson I had planned. On the other hand I would never again have the pleasure of seeing a group of youngsters understanding and enjoying mathematics. I fell to thinking about how the Education System had treated me as a child, teenager and young adult (and incidentally how it had prepared me (or not) for the post of Treasurer).

There are probably many folk in KASS who have far more interesting tales to tell than this one - if you are out there then please put finger to keyboard and tell us about it! As a young child (under 5) I lived in an all - female household most of the time; if my Dad was not off reorganising Army Camps and Colleges after the war (1939 - 1945) he was in the Canal Zone attempting to help in Britain's vain attempt to hang on to the Suez Canal. My Mum was determined that her daughters should get the best start in life and make the most of whatever ability they had. I can vividly remember the sessions with 'Janet and John' with my Mum and I could certainly read competently before I went anywhere near a school. What my Mum did not attempt to teach me, surprisingly, were my numbers - more on that later!

We eventually made the long journey (via Malta) to the Canal Zone to join my Dad; I remember that flight - I was 4 at the time- for the number of books I got through, to the despair of my Mum! I think there was little reading material left for me in our household by the time we landed. School was the usual (!) Army type abroad - a large modern 2-storey building housing Junior and Secondary Pupils and very well staffed! This was in Suez. On moving on life was somewhat different; civilian staff were reluctant to stay in this war zone and the schools were rapidly decreasing in size. My Dad was a teacher but had been posted abroad on general administrative duties. However eventually he had to come and teach; Dad had taught boys from the ages of 11 to 19 but now he was required to share the teaching in the Primary School with a formidable Headmistress who directed that he teach the Infants!

Dad rose to the occasion magnificently - he had to as his elder daughter (me) was in the said Infants and would report home to Mum everything we did. I remember that he did at last start to teach me number work but I still had not encountered the currency of the time - namely £. s.d.. Dad did not attempt to enlighten me and later this proved a wrong move. (You may be getting concerned at this point if you remember that your Treasurer is writing this - but do not worry!) Dad's main problem was getting me to let him take the register in peace; apparently if he read out my name I would indignantly point out that "you know I am here, you are my Dad", but if he omitted my name I would protest that "just because you are my Dad does not mean you know I am here"!

All good things come to an end and we had to leave Egypt very rapidly in 1956; we left in a sandstorm and we had to race across the airstrip to catch the plane, which must have been one of the last to leave carrying civilians. Blackbush Airport was cold and dreary and the weather in Rugby where we were staying was snowy and cold. Apparently we went to a very 'good' Primary School there but the only thing I remember is the red lace-up boots I had (I loved them but nevertheless my feet were permanently cold!). I still could not use British currency and my mental arithmetic was awful. But I could read practically anything that was put in front of me.

This reading ability meant that when I reached my Primary School in Reading I missed out on the top Infants Class and was whisked into the Juniors without a 'by your leave'. I still did not understand place value in numbers and to this day I do not know why my (very numerate) Mum and Dad did not realise this. I hated that class and every morning saw my Mum pushing and the teacher pulling me into the classroom. It would never happen nowadays (I hope); someone would realise that something was wrong and try to sort it out. The next few years went by and I did all my arithmetic by rote and lost myself in the world of books and music! I was often ill in the winter months but never unhappy as long as Mum or Dad made enough trips to the library. Unfortunately they never thought to get me any books on anything remotely connected to Mathematics and any ability I had in that direction remained hidden.

Then the 11-plus came round; my teacher thought I would get into Grammar School on the English and the Intelligence Tests - never mind about the Arithmetic. Sure enough I did (but I was

interviewed by the Headmistress of my new school and she very kindly asked me to finish off a story for her and do a puzzle - no numbers!). At the end of my first year at this school there were great concerns as I still did not seem to have any conception of number and algebra - I nearly had to repeat but I think they decided that there was no point and they would just put up with me in Maths lessons!

In my next year my Guardian Angel appeared in the shape of a Maths teacher called Mrs Button. For some reason she decided that I was not a hopeless case and that there must be some reason for my being a mathematical disaster area; she discovered my total lack of understanding of the number system (and I still was not very hot on £.s.d.) and she set to work to put the matter right. She worked a miracle on me as the world of mathematics opened up and became clear to me - to such an extent that as many of you know I eventually did a Maths degree and became a Maths teacher! Mrs Button would not have passed an OFSTED inspection - she did not follow syllabuses and plans - but she was a brilliant teacher. She inspired me (and many others at Kendrick School in the 1960's) to enjoy Mathematics as a subject in its own right - as an Arts subject as well as being 'the Queen and servant of Science'. Incidentally I eventually learnt to do mental arithmetic reasonably well when I served behind the bar in my Dad's local during vacations - no automatic tills in those days - so the KASS accounts are hopefully in safe hands!

So a chapter of my life has closed now but hopefully I have recognised the problems that some youngsters have had with Maths because I had them myself and overcame them. Maybe some of them have come to enjoy mathematics and to see it as more than just 'numbers'! Perhaps it was just as well that for most of my early life I lived in world dominated by books and literature and not by numbers - despite the fact (and I left this till the end) that my Dad was a Maths teacher!

Maggie Talbot

Orpington

UP-DATE ON THE HIGHLAND GATHERINGS FOR 2003

For anyone who is interested in the sound of the pipes and the swing of the kilt, I list below the dates (as they've been advised to me) for the Highland Gatherings to be held in the south east this summer.

Colchester Gathering Held in the beautiful Castle Park at Colchester
 Sunday 1st June Pipe Bands; Highland dancing competition and displays of country dancing
 Contact: Coleen Hutchinson 020 8554 3340

Cherwell Gathering Cancelled for this year
 Knebworth House
 Sunday 8th June
 Contact: Coleen Hutchinson 020 8554 3340

Harpenden Games A day of fun and games with a wonderful community spirit
 Sunday 13th July Pipe Band displays; Highland Dancing Competition; displays by country dancers of all ages (from toddlers upwards)
 Contact: Coleen Hutchinson 020 8554 3340

Corby Championships South of England Highland Dancing Championships
 Sunday 13th July
 Contact: Elaine Skelding 01536 460984

Jenny Barrow

Medway and District Caledonian Association

CLUES OF A VEGETABLE NATURE

1.	Weep about her (6)	25.	Sounds an interfering type (6)
2.	Sounds like a blooming dog! (11)	26.	Reverse the 16 th letter of the Greek alphabet (6)
3.	The answer could be a lemon (5)	27.	Found in the growing rape despite spraying(5)
4.	Rust in the automobile perhaps (6)	28.	"I know a bank where the wild blows" (5)
5.	Blown in disapproval (9)	29.	Subject relatives to persistent questioning (7)

6.	Betray one's accomplice (5)	30.	An unwanted third person (10)
7.	Rotate a small church (7)	31.	An Argentine fruit? (9)
8.	A green theatre (5)	32.	A painter's food perhaps (6)
9.	A very quiet French article (5)	33.	A Shakespearean carpenter (6)
10.	A stale joke (8)	34.	Shoot at nothing (6)
11.	Inexperienced and confused ape (5.3)	35.	Beastly mother and male offspring (6)
12.	Sounds as if slightly burnt (5)	36.	Men around fifty (5)
13.	Has the makings of an oriental cutlet (7)	37.	Conference about Spain initially (7)
14.	The bombast of a communist scoundrel? (3,7)	38.	Rodents go backwards in the mud (7)
15.	Has the cat hurt its foot? (6)	39.	A free state in Africa (6)
16.	The era of the taxi we hear (7)	40.	Sounds like two people at a large meeting (10,4)
17.	This oil was Popeye's girl friend (5)	41.	Found wherever a woman goes (5)
18.	A firm firm head (7)	42.	A Japanese province (7)
19.	Off repeated background noises on stage (7)	43.	Put a damaged tree in the back of the car (8)
20.	Pelt with shot (6)	44.	Put or initially store (6)
21.	Back large cask legislation (6)	45.	Weeds from Scandinavia (5)
22.	Not the fruit of a Scotch fir (9)	46.	In in a French inn (9)
23.	Father's bargain we hear (7)	47.	Sounds like Tennyson's lady (7)
24.	I'm lost in the labyrinth (5)	48.	Cry about the chopped up conger (6)

Maggie Talbot

Orpington and District

Please send answers to the Editor (details as on Page 1), by 1st October. A prize will be awarded to the winner on the evening of the KASS Autumn Dance, 8 November 2003.

GETTING CLOSE TO NATURE

I never intended to be an expert in droppings when I first got to Tortola. But in my little apartment high above the Caribbean Sea I soon got very close to them, in fact could hardly avoid them. The bat droppings in the spare bedroom from the inhabitants of the roof space, the occasional husk of a dead beetle in amongst them, the rat droppings in the spare bathroom that fill up the wash basin in a matter of days; joined with the dust from carpenter ants and termites. In the kitchen I came closer to pests; I not only saw the dung from the cockroaches which hide in the cutlery drawer, but these disgusting creatures, some of them enormous, would cower as I opened cupboards and then scuttle off down tiny gaps. Number one fact, wherever humans try to make their homes out here, there are hundreds of opportunists who want to feed off your extravagances.

On top of that, I suppose I had to start appreciating that first, living in the country and second, being in the tropics, would mean that I would get close to nature pretty quickly. For those of you who have never experienced these latitudes, it seems impossible that you could block off the incessant noise of crickets and frogs in the many shrubs near the house every night. I suppose, though, it is the same as many of you blocking out the noise of a main road, ambulance sirens or kids letting off fireworks. Fighting off mosquitoes all the time is another menace, but the satisfaction I get from my electric swatter, when the fly turns into a blue spark and a fizzing crack, pays back for all the blood they have sucked out of me.

You could ask, then, why I want to try and attract more animals to the flat when I already have so many gatecrashers attending my party. Well, there are more amazing creatures than cockroaches to entertain. Buzzing around the royal palms and bougainvillea are beautiful humming birds. I searched for a month for a feeder for them; the main supplier had to wait for a shipment from Alabama before I could set up the contraption on my terrace. I screwed a hole in the roof and filled the glass container with a sugary solution, screwed on the feeders, upturned it and hung it from a hook by means of strong wire. I then sat back on the terrace and waited.

I didn't have long to wait. A few moments later, the low hum of a Green Throated Carib came whistling into the terrace, and this 4 inch animal hyperactively surveyed the feeder, before probing its long thin beak into a gap in the yellow grill that allowed it to access the sugar solution. As I watched all day, several other humming birds came in, but were often bullied away by the larger bananaquits. Much like a blue tit, these yellow and blue birds like to guzzle the sugar, but have difficulty getting through the yellow grills. So one cheeky bird decided to tug out the grill and hurl it to the ground to get a free passage to the sucrose solution.

Both species get annoyed by the pearly eyed thrasher, a light coloured thrush like bird that defends its territory ferociously despite its slender build. I have a bunch of them who circle round the house staking territory and warding off anything that comes in to range. These are not the kings of the steep valley that drops away from my house to the coral fringed beach below. A large hawk glides effortlessly across the 900 ft drop, terrorising the pigeons and other birds that dominate the valley. Sometimes he passes a few feet from the edge of the apartment and swoops away deep over the valley.

There are plenty of lizards to go round, too. I frequently have geckos posturing on the doorstep as I try and commute to work. Regrettably, I see little baby geckos in the house. These tiny, almost transparent creatures search in vain for food before I discover their bodies, rigor mortis already set in, splayed across a tile in a couple of days. Enough survive to lick up the insects in the garden though. We have iguanas on a few islands, some of the smallest lizards in the world live in Virgin Gorda, a couple of snakes live here, although I have to travel up to the tops of the mountains to see them. Neither species is poisonous. Indeed there are few problems from land based creatures, the worst are probably the fire ants, which have terrorised the western hemisphere for several years. When I was turtle monitoring in Anegada last year, a friend was burrowing in a potential nest when he was aware that a few hundred ants had simultaneously bitten his arm. He had to rush, fully clothed, into the nearby sea to rid himself of the little blighters.

In terms of mammals, apart from the ubiquitous rats that follow humans around, we are fairly sparsely populated. Being a small island miles from a mainland, land based species are relatively few unless they can fly. So bar several species of bats (including the twittering ones that live in my roof), the only other mammal is the mongoose, introduced by man. These small stoat like creatures

can be seen rummaging in garbage cans or hurrying across the road from undergrowth to undergrowth.

Although the terrestrial populations are not too diverse, the sea life is spectacular. Tortola is almost completely fringed by coral reef, and so many of the other islands have both soft and hard corals. In amongst these are seagrass beds and mangrove swamps that support the nurseries for shellfish and fry. Snorkelling in amongst these, I have been witness to huge clouds of fry, thousands deep, their little silver bodies glistening in the sun as I spook them with my jerky arm movements. Unfortunately, where little fish gather, larger fish can also be found and I have found myself staring into squadrons of barracuda, their vicious looking faces at the end of long thin muscular bodies. They herd the schools into ever tighter bunches before making stabs into the throng to find their next meal. Other creatures join the mêlée; tarpon and groupers below, and frigates and pelicans swoop down from above. One day in Cane Garden Bay in Tortola, I was snorkelling above this maddening throng of fish, when I realised there were larger fish with large fins herding them from beneath. When a lot of fish start staring back at you when you snorkel, you realise that you are not just an objective observer but just as much part of the food chain as the next bit of DNA. (You may have heard the joke of the two sharks watching a diver; one says to the other "I always avoid those ones with tanks on; they give me gas.").

I have often been asked, and, yes, they exist almost everywhere; the waters around BVI are infested with sharks. The small flat grey nurse sharks patrol close inshore; I have often seen them in as little as two feet of water in popular bathing beaches. Out in deeper water there are lemon sharks; the first time I saw a shark fin out of water was in Anegada when a lemon shark calmly swam by our little fishing boat. I saw a massive tiger shark once, although I was safely in a police patrol plane 200ft above the sea, but the shark's massive bulk was clearly visible against the turquoise water. The perception that these creatures are going to cause you problems is misleading; they'll only take one bite out of you before they realise you don't taste good. And if you spend too much time worrying about sharks, you forget all the other creatures that can cause you harm, a nip from a snapper, a sting from a puffer fish, needles from a sea urchin sticking in your skin. The dangers are far outweighed by the rewards of visiting the wonderland of coral. The multitude of shapes and colours of the coral itself; from the hard staghorns, elkhorn and brain corals that build the reef, to the delicate sea fans and gorgonians that decorate the rock with beautiful gardens. Often the reef seems quiet, but hang around for a while and the shy creatures begin to emerge, and you have the colourful parrot fish pecking at the coral, sergeant majors with their yellow and black stripes, herds of blue surgeon fish roaming the reef together and simultaneously dropping to feed on a coral head before moving off, as one, to the next feed.

The great sights are the turtles. I have described catching turtles in Anegada before, and we see the hawksbill and green turtles all the time. For about a month or so, the largest of the family, huge leatherback turtles, come ashore on the north coast of Tortola. These animals can be up to 8 feet long, with a huge black shell covering its leathery skin. The females emerge to lay their eggs, hauling themselves halfway across the beach to find a spot that would not get waterlogged. With her powerful back flippers, she excavates a massive hole, and deposits upwards of a hundred eggs before carefully refilling her nest and crawling back to the sea. Cumbersome on land, when she starts to float, her huge flippers become efficient engines and in four or five strokes she has powered herself beyond the surf. Sixty days later, the babies emerge and try to reach the relative safety of the sea. In between, iguanas, pelicans, crabs and fish grab what they can of the turtle-feast. The turtles spend up to fifteen years at sea before they return to lay their own eggs. Little else is known of these creatures, where they go, where they mate, and even if the old adage that they return to their native beach is uncertain. Scientists have found that their dive bell construction allows them to sink to depths over 1000m without being affected by the pressure. They truly are remarkable and mysterious animals.



One creature dominates the BVI and is causing a lot of concern as it is invading in huge numbers, causing the destruction of the environments and killing many of the other animals. Humans have

lived in BVI for thousands of years, as the Amerindian archaeology has proved, but in the last fifty years the numbers have increased dramatically. The reason many are here is to see the beauty of the islands and the rich and perverse biodiversity that lives within it. But the associated development of apartments and hotels, new resorts and marinas, and irresponsible waste management, could ruin the whole place. Fortunately, the BVI is very rich in beauty and diversity, and it is hoped the humans see sense and manage it properly before the nature becomes history.

Alan Mills

**Medway and District Caledonian Association
Somewhere in the Western Hemisphere.**

ANAGRAMS – BRITISH TOURIST ATTRACTIONS

1.	HONEST GENE	11.	SORRY HOOK MISER
2.	DRAGGED CHORE	12.	NOW FOOL RODENT
3.	GRAND WEEKS	13.	CHARITABLY SURE LADS
4.	ALIGN ACE HUMPBACK	14.	DOORS WHERE SOFT
5.	DIVORCEE FLOWS FIFTH	15.	MAD ROTOR
6.	BY HEADACHE	16.	THE HUMPY LOO
7.	VOUCH WET ROLL	17.	SEND LAND
8.	HUGE BLINDERS ACT	18.	DIRE BORING
9.	MY SAND TOYS	19.	SWEET BIN BY MASTER
10.	BITTEN NEARBY	20.	POSSIBLE COUNTING FRIENDS

Answers are on page 15.

John Warner

RSCDS Tunbridge Wells

DANCING IN RUSSIA

Some of you may have seen the article in the RSCDS bulletin, (Issue no 80 October 2002) entitled Dancing in Russia, written by Jim Cook of the London RSCDS. It is about Jim's visit to the Kuban Scottish Dancers in Krasnodar, established and led by a talented dancer and enthusiastic teacher called Ilona Gumenyuk.

The Bristol Branch of the RSCDS has been very supportive and has assisted the Kuban group to gain affiliated group status. This official recognition enables the group to meet the demands of Russian bureaucracy, which gives them access to official buildings – they currently meet to dance in the Palace of Culture.

I quote from Jim's article –

“But there is a downside. It is a crying shame to see such interest and enthusiasm hampered by geography and the economic situation. Soft leather pumps are just not available in Russia, but appeals to dance groups and individuals have provided some help. With a university lecturer's annual income in Russia only £300GBP, it is impossible for the group to finance costumes not created by themselves. The women now have attractive white dresses and tartan sashes, but kilts for the men are much more problematic. The group is in demand for local demonstrations but the men's presentation would benefit if kilts, sporrans, socks and flashes could be obtained. As the group continues to increase in size, the demand for kit will continue. The group's kilts, plus the use of two tartan ladies' skirts, are allocated to the best male dancers.”

I was touched by this account, especially having recently been on a holiday to Budapest where we met and danced with five enthusiastic and accomplished dancers from the local SCD group who suffer from similar problems. Some of you might be interested in helping, individually or collectively.

Plans are progressing for a 10-day Scottish country dance holiday, from Friday 5 to Sunday 14 September 2003 on the Black Sea in Russia, with the intention of providing classes and dances with the Kuban Scottish Dancers.

Music by Scotch Measure (David Queen, Andrew Lyon and James Gray) and teachers yet to be named. As this is Cossack country expect to see (and join in?) some Cossack dancing.

Readers interested in supporting the group with funds or kit (collection can be arranged from most areas in the UK, and some places in Europe), or who would like information on the adventurous holiday, should contact –

Fiona Grant either by email, OFFICE@DANCETOUR.CO.UK, or by post, 7 Maurice Road, St Andrews Park, Bristol, BS6 5BZ

M A Robertson

Medway & District Caledonian Association

TRUE HAPPINESS? GET A KILT!

(Kate found this in a National Newspaper)

Happiness is a kilt. A 10-year study into what makes us happy has discovered that the most contented people in Britain are Scottish country dancers.

All that reeling, jigging and Highland flinging seems to provide the perfect tonic for physical and mental health. Oxford Brookes University looked into various hobbies and activities, and then measured volunteers for happiness and a sense of wellbeing, Scottish country dancers scored highest for happiness.

Big smile

“I'm not surprised by the findings,” said Elspeth Gray, secretary of the Royal Scottish Country Dancing Society, “When you see a room full of Scottish country dancers in full flow everyone has a big smile on their face.”

The society has a healthy membership of 25,000, and they're jigging and crying "Hooch!" in all corners of the world. "We have three branches in Japan, several in Africa and even one in Russia," said Elspeth. "The amazing thing is that most aren't run by Scottish ex-pats, but by local people. " As well as an excellent way of keeping fit, there's a natural exuberance about Scottish country dancing that acts as a real escape valve if you're feeling stressed."

Kate Middleham

Sittingbourne and District

CHILDREN'S IDTA DANCE EXAMS – FEBRUARY 15 2003

Once again we made the trip to Pont Street in London for the Children's IDTA exams – eleven juniors and six adults. We did so with even more trepidation this year – it was the day of the Anti War demonstration. On our walk from Victoria, a loud bang nearby scared us all silly – to our relief it turned out to be a burst tyre on a passing van, which scared them as much as it had us! In fact, as Pont Street is close to the Embassy area, many streets were closed, police were everywhere and it was quiet.

There were less than thirty children altogether taking the exams this year, and we provided ten of them. As in previous years, we made up sets from our own group or joined up with others. However seven of our older girls had a new experience – making up a set with a lone lad! Lizzi partnered him and he talked them through a dance they had never done before and they then danced it for the examiner!!

The good news is that all ten candidates passed, one with credit, and they should all be congratulated for the extra work they put into reaching the required standards and to all the help they gave to each other in learning the dances. Thanks to Robyn Hackwell for returning to the class to partner others where required. The results were:

Grade 1

Leona Chalmers Credit

Grade 11

Bethan Evans Lloyd Evans

Rebecca Goode Lauren Key

Grade 111

Victoria Grayland Emily Lovelock

Grade 1V

Alexandra Hackwell Lizzi Hudart Kirsty Russell

They will receive their awards on Sunday May 11th at a Tea Dance in their honour, at Oaklands School, Weedswood Road, Walderslade, Chatham. 2.00 – 5.30 pm. All are welcome.

We were very sorry to say goodbye to Pamela Farrell in January as she started a new job in London. The junior class was started in November 1993 and when we split into two rooms a few years later, Pam taught the beginners. So for the last seven or eight years she proved to be an excellent teacher, colleague and friend. She was responsible for teaching the Grade 1s for the last three years and can take the credit for their exam success and continued good progress. We miss her but wish her well. Luckily we persuaded Barbara Meade, long standing member of the Association, to take over the beginner's class and hope that she will enjoy the challenge and stay!

As ever, sincere thanks to all the relatives and friends for their interest and support.

Margaret Anne Robertson

Medway & District Caledonian Association

MRS STEPHENSON REMEMBERED

I first met Mrs Stephenson in the mid 50s; just about the time she and Colin founded KASS.

She remained a very private person – even her work, as a Head Teacher was only a question of “I believe she is Headmistress, but not very sure.”

She and her husband were very supportive of all the fledgling Scottish Societies and people tried very hard to dance as well as they could when she came: keeping in strict lines, precise steps and so on. Having said that, probably all native Scots, as it were, had a good grounding, since country dancing was part of the Scottish School P.E. curriculum. However, spouses and friends were eager to join in, and if the more woolly or exuberant made her “hair curl”, she was much too polite to show it, - or only they didn’t notice!

Coming by facsimiles of two pieces of her academic work, we learned very late that she was Doctor Stephenson (originally Doctor Scott). The preface to her PhD thesis is intriguingly sparse, as I suppose it would be, confining only to her “academic career”. Jessie White Wightton Scott matriculated at St Andrews University. There is, oddly, no date on the PhD, but other information places it between 1925 and 1927. A long quote from the Preface states:

“I matriculated in October 1921 and then graduated in October 1925 following a course in the Faculty of Arts, First Rank, First Place in Senior Honours English, then Thomas Thow Scholarship in the Department of English 1923-4, I graduated Master of Arts with First Class Honours in English Language and Literature, Mediaeval and Modern in October 1925, since when, on being awarded the Berry Research Scholarship in English, I have continuously engaged in research on the “Sources of Spenser’s Diction” in the Shepherdes Calendar”. In 1927, the Carnegie Trustees made me a grant of £175”

Her thesis seeks to show how the English Language came from the cold, as it were, from a time when Latin and French were the only prominent languages in literary and legal life, and how words were trawled from many sources, especially Northern and Dialect forms.

In 1928-31, Mrs Stephenson began some research while at Dundee Training College for Teachers, but as she writes her professional work “caused me to remove to England, and on being freed from professional duties in December 1968 I resumed the research abandoned nearly 40 years earlier”. This research was on “Education in the Burgh of Dundee in the Eighteenth Century”, and is fascinating in its description of the huge variety of schools and how they, and their pupils were funded, with much commentary around the social context too.

My mother found this fragment of a small verse my father wrote to Mrs Stephenson and Colin, but we don’t know the occasion – perhaps her retirement? Maybe my parents’ move to Taunton (Both in 1968)? or possibly at Colin’s death.

They were good days, the old days
When you graced our dancing floor
It was “mind your corners, watch your feet”
Instructions by the score!

I mind the envy in my soul
As matching to his pace
My feet would splay, avoiding just
A’ falling on my face

We strove amain to earn your praise
To show how we could learn
While I could only move lime some
Demented pachyderm.

(Possible some verses missing, one sheet goes on:)

And so the song is ended; - yet
The melody lingers on.
The memories from within the heart
Are never past or gone.

I mind how regally you swept
‘Cross dance, in reels of three
Whilst Colin moved on lightest foot
To meet you easily.

And if within Celestial Halls
Yourself and Colin choose
To lead the dance, before you do
You’ll let us lace your shoes!

I don't think Dad would have penned this if he'd had any idea of her literary achievements, but it was so typical of her that we didn't!!

Rosemary Jackson

Sheerness Heather Club

I first met Mrs Stephenson many years ago, I think in the 1950s. At that time Sheerness Heather Club was only starting and we had just moved from our ex-RAF Nissen hut to the Labour Hall at Halfway (now a Double Glazing salesroom).

We had been greatly helped by the Medway group and had extended our rather meagre repertoire of Scottish Country Dancing. I rather liked "La Russe" but had forgotten part of the sequence, so, like Captain Kirk, I "boldly went" not into outer space, but to Mrs Stephenson, who not only sent me the instructions but offered to come to Sheerness to teach it!

She came at intervals after that and put us through our paces. No mean task! She taught us quite a number of dances. Among those that spring to mind are "Bonnie Brux", the "Bonny Lass of Bon Accord" and "Macdonald of Sleat".

My late husband was a great admirer of Mrs Stephenson, her steps, timing and bearing all accomplished with seemingly effortless ease.

At one of our Burns Suppers, my husband gave the toast "To the Lassies", and Mrs Stephenson was giving the reply. He, out of devilment, as well as praising the beauty etc. of the ladies pointed out some of our little "quirks" etc. Mrs Stephenson abandoned her prepared speech and answered him in kind, and we listened to an exchange of friendly banter, which was highly entertaining.

Mrs Stephenson made all her own ball gowns, using a vintage treadle sewing machine, but all inside seams were overstitched by hand, using beautiful, tiny hemming stitches. A number of these dresses were sold in later years, and the proceeds given to a Children's Society, I think Caledonian, which Mrs Stephenson had supported over many years. I would not be at all surprised to hear that even now some are languishing in wardrobes "too good to throw away", but too much out of fashion to wear nowadays.

Those of us who remember Mrs Stephenson will always think of her with pride, admiration and gratitude.

Chrissie Ballard

Sheerness Heather Club

To many who knew her, Mrs Stephenson was affectionately known as "MAMA KASS." Whether she was aware of it, we don't know, but it was not uttered within her range of hearing.

In the early years, before the dance "Fugal Fergus" was around, "Waverley" was a popular dance and I remember on one occasion when Maureen and I were fourth couple, Mrs Stephenson was third lady.

During the dance, much to our annoyance, our set did the dance as per book, whereas the other sets tapped the behinds or "twizzled" the men or ladies as appropriate as they passed behind them in the opening sixteen bars.

When it came to my turn, I must have had BRAIN FADE because I playfully tapped the ladies behinds until it came to Mrs Stephenson, then my hand froze on the way down. The dance concluded and Mrs Stephenson approached. Thinking the worst I awaited the dreaded dressing down, only to hear her say "Mr Pope, don't I get a turn."

So there was after all a sparkle of mischief behind that dour exterior.

Dennis Pope

Medway and District Caledonian Association



KASS WALK

SUNDAY 6th JULY

STARTING AT PLATT VILLAGE HALL, ST. MARY'S PLATT.
DURATION APPROX. 2 1/2 HOURS
NOT SUITABLE FOR PUSHCHAIRS.

WALK COMMENCES AT 2.00pm. TEA / COFFEE WILL BE
AVAILABLE IN THE VILLAGE HALL, COST £1 PER PERSON.
BRING YOUR OWN FOOD.

LITERACY AND NUMERACY

SO, YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE TOUGH ENOUGH TO TRY TO LEARN ENGLISH?

This little treatise on the lovely language we share is only for the brave. A linguist, the original author unknown, passed it on. Peruse at your leisure, English lovers.

Reasons Why The English Language Is So Hard To Learn:

- 1) The bandage was wound round the wound.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish furniture.
- 5) He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- 6) Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
- 7) A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
- 8) When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- 9) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the door to close it.
- 14) The buck does funny things when the does are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell down a sewer line.
- 16) To help the planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
- 17) The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
- 18) After a number of injections my jaw got number.
- 19) Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
- 20) I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
- 21) How can I intimate this to my intimate friend?

Let's face it — English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple or pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France. Sweet-meats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat. We take English for granted. But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig. And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?

Alma Hollands

Cobtree and Medway

Scottish Higher Leaving Certificate Papers – Highly confidential

We have received a leak from the Scottish Education Department – with regional variations!

DRAFT HIGHER GRADE MODERN MATHEMATICS PAPER 2003 (HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL)

GLASGOW REGION	Name	Nickname	Gang name
1.	Shuggie has bought half a kilo of cocaine for distribution. He wants to make 300% on the deal and still pay Mad Malky his 10% protection money. How much must he charge for a gram?		
2.	Wee Davie reckons he'll get £42.50 extra Marriage Allowance a week if he ties the knot with Fat Alice. Even if he steals the ring, the wedding will cost him £587. And he'll have to start buying two fish suppers every night instead of one. How long will it be before Davie wishes he'd stayed single?		
3.			When Rangers play Celtic, their fans sing The Sash every 10 minutes when they're winning and every 15 minutes when they're losing. How many times did they sing it at last season's Cup Final?
4.			Joey and Davie stole a 1999 green Toyota 1600 GL with 35,000 on the clock — and got a grand for it. How much more would they have got if it had been metallic silver, done 29,000 miles and had low profile tyres?

5. Jake the Flake and Fingers got grassed up for dealing speed. The Flake got 18 months but Fingers got 3 years. How many more previous convictions did Fingers have?

EXTRA CREDIT: Who was Fingers' Brief?

EDINBURGH/BORDERS REGION: Name
Company

Rugby Club

Daddy's

1. Gavin has a spare ticket for Julian Clary at The Festival Fringe. But Benji and Adrian BOTH want to go with him. How long does he cry before giving them the tickets?

Freemason and a QC. How long before Todd becomes the Lord Advocate?

2. Half of Peter's friends say that they went to school with Ewan McGregor. Another third say they were Gordon Brown's flat mate at University. A sixth say that their dad played rugby with Tony Blair's dad and the rest say Sean Connery was their milkman. Only one is telling the truth, so how many friends does Peter have?

4. Tamsin's Personal Trainer charges £250 a week, but has sex with her whenever she wants it. Jasmin's Life Coach charges £50 a week but has refused all sexual advances. Which one of the women weighs 19 stone?

3. Todd wants to be a lawyer, but is as thick as Edinburgh Castle. His daddy is a

5 Princes Street is 2467 yards long. On average, there is someone begging for money every 195 yards. You walk at 3.1 miles an hour. How long will it take if you tell them all to sod off and work for a living?

HIGHLANDS REGION Name

Glen

Clan

1. After Hector's death, Archie has to pay Death Duty on Glenbogle. With 25,000 acres, Archie must pay £1.76 for the first 15,000 acres and 90p per acre for the remainder, including VAT. How many people actually give a toss?

3. If an Aberdeen supporter laid every sheep in Grampian Region end to end, how many people would be surprised?

2. An Afro-American called Zachary Obisanjo Kokobobo asks a Tartan Shop in Inverness if he has any Scottish Genealogy. How long does it take to flog him full Highland dress and matching kilts for his wife and 10 kids?

4. If you caught a Loch Ness Monster 115 feet long and each foot weighed 271bs, how much money would you make by selling your exclusive story and pictures?

5. Sorry, question 5 has been delayed by heavy snowfall and will be here as soon as the Cockbridge — Tomintoul road re-opens in the spring!

Anonymous Agent

Somewhere in Scotland!

And finally, the miracles of modern technology!

DEAR EDITOR,

Wood this bee any good four KASS? I must stress eye did knot right it!!!!

Spelling Bee

*Eye halve a spelling chequer
It came with my pea sea
It plainly marques four my revue
Miss steaks eye kin knot sea*

*As soon as a mist ache is maid
It nose before two long
And eye can put the error rite
Its rare lea ever wrong*

*Eye strike a key and type a word
And weight four it two say
Weather eye am wrong oar write
It shows me strait a weigh*

*Eye have run this poem threw it
I am shore your pleased two no
Its letter perfect all the weigh
My chequer tolled me sew*

Ailean Baker

Medway and District Caledonian Association

KASS COMMITTEE MEETING HELD 18 MARCH 2003

1. 19 People attended representing 13 clubs.
2. Some discussion took place on the problem of powdering floor sealant
3. The treasurer reported the current financial position of the society and reiterated that the public liability insurance premium is expected to rise again.
4. Some discussion also took place on the price of Ball tickets. It was agreed to consult the member societies on whether the current format of the Ball should be continued in the future with tickets priced at the current sort of level of £22 or should another, cheaper form of function be organised. Representatives were asked to consult their members and report back to the next Committee meeting.
5. The next meeting was arranged for Tuesday 6th May.

Editor's Note: The Annual General Meeting will be on 7 October 2003

ANAGRAMS – The Answers

1.	HONEST GENE	Stonehenge
2.	DRAGGED CHORE	Cheddar Gorge
3	GRAND WEEKS	Kew Gardens
4.	ALIGN ACE HUMPBACK	Buckingham Palace
5.	DIVORCEE FLOWS FIFTH	White Cliffs of Dover
6.	BY HEADACHE	Beachy Head
7.	VOUCH WET ROLL	Lulworth Cove
8.	HUGE BLINDERS ACT	Edinburgh Castle
9.	MY SAND TOYS	Symonds Yat
10..	BITTEN NEARBY	Tintern Abbey
11	SORRY HOOK MISER	Yorkshire Moors
12.	NOW FOOL RODENT	Tower of London
13.	CHARITABLY SURE LADS	Salisbury Cathedral
14.	DOORS WHERE SOFT	Sherwood Forest
15.	MAD ROTOR	Dartmoor
16.	THE HUMPY LOO	Plymouth Hoe
17.	SEND LAND	Lands End
18.	DIRE BORING	Iron Bridge
19.	SWEET BIN BY MASTER	Westminster Abbey
20.	POSSIBLE COUNTING FRIENDS	Clifton Suspension Bridge

John Warner

RSCDS Tunbridge Wells

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	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	
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	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 June, with Christmas/ New Year break	Jane Whittington: 01474 350918.
North Kent Scottish Association	Wednesdays	7.45	Methodist Church Hall, Crayford		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	
Thanet and District Caledonian Society	Tuesdays	7.30	The Vale Church, The Vale, Broadstairs	Dancing Sep to June + other functions	Anne Campbell 01843 298056

2003 KASS DIARY – 1ST APRIL, 2003

10.5.03	KASS BALL, Corn Exchange, Rochester, Robin Ellis
17.5.03	Canterbury 40 th Anniversary Ball, St. Anselms School David Hall
24.5.03	T.Wells & Crowborough Spring Ball,
31.5.03	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
6.7.03	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 (note change from usual venue)
26.7.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Robin Ellis
15.08.03	Cobtree Summer Dance, St Pauls Church Hall, Maidstone, Caber Feidh
30.8.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Recorded music
27.09.03	Medway Autumn Ball, Kemsley, Caber Feidh
27.9.03	Sidcup Dance, St. John's Hall, Robin Ellis
28.09.03	KASS AUTUMN TEA DANCE, Halfway, Isle of Sheppey
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
15.11.03	Canterbury St Andrews Autumn Dance, St Anselms RC School
29.11.03	Medway Day School, Upbury Arts College
28.11.03	Orpington St. Andrews Buffet/Dance, The Warren, Robin Ellis
6.12.03	Cobtree S.C.D., Invicta Grammar School, Maidstone, Caber Feidh
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

Peter Forrow,

Secretary