

KASS



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EDITOR'S NOTES

This is my sixth edition of the Newsletter, and each time there seem to be fewer hours in the day to get things done. This year I was held back by a misbehaving computer, which was out of action for several days. Many thanks to the “old faithfuls” (not so much of the “old”, I hear some say) who are the mainstays of this edition, as ever. This will be Alan Mills's last letter from BVI, as he will be returning “home” later this month. I am sure we all hope that he will continue to enlighten us about his next exotic posting, even if it's back to Medway. I am glad to say that there are also one or two new contributors, who actually volunteered, without any arm twisting. But we still have room for more, the next newsletter is only six months away, so why not get scribbling now!

All the anniversary celebrations went very well, as you will read from the reports. This year, Medway celebrates its 80th (at least) anniversary: the foundation of the Association is thought to have been earlier than 1923, but there is no archive material to back this up, so if anyone out there knows anything, do get in touch.

I suggested that we might start a “Letters to the Editor” section, but alas, none has been forthcoming: I guess we don't do enough to cause controversy: perhaps the vegetarians will strike back (see page 11) or perhaps you have opinions about booking dances, or the cost of the new Scottish Parliament building.... One thing which interests me is my perception that Scotland itself has changed over the last few years. On our last visit, I was occasionally made to feel like an alien (I was even corrected in my pronunciation of my surname!), and I wondered how the **real** English are treated north of the Border. I would love to receive any comments.

The competition to solve the “Clues of a Vegetable Nature” brought in four entries, and I am glad to report that this year we have a clear winner. The Brain of KASS 2003 is John Warner of RSCDS Royal Tunbridge Wells, and he will receive his prize at the Autumn Dance, on 8th November.

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A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

Another year, another Newsletter! The KASS annual General Meeting took place on 7 October - Peter has summarised the meeting elsewhere. Personally, I am honoured to have received a mandate for my second year as Chariman. Once again the dancing season has started, and Rita and I have enjoyed the welcome from one Society or another on most Saturday evenings – lots of good dancing, all over the county, from Orpington and Sevenoaks to Dover and Isle of Thanet. This year has seen the emergence of a number of new dances – Dream Catcher, Silver Grey, Fifty Years On among others – which I still have to master, but it is a challenge, and usually everyone is prepared to help when I get lost.

One serious matter came up at the KASS AGM. The licensing laws are changing, and it appears that club functions may require a liquor licence (cost £10 at the moment) from the local magistrates court if items containing alcohol are awarded as prizes from the raffle. Peter has enquired of the courts and has had confirmation.

Private functions, where tickets are only sold to members of the organising club, may be exempt from this requirement, but most clubs have guests from other clubs at their dances. It remains to be seen how this provision in the law will be enforced, but you have been warned.

On a similar concern, the Public Performance people contacted David How who passed them on to Peter Farrow. They claim that if a club puts on a “Public Performance” a licence is required. David tells me that this matter was considered many years ago, and that he responded and heard nothing more. Apparently they have woken up now! I advised Peter to respond that KASS only have the Tea Dances for which we do not charge admission, and the Autumn Dance and the Ball where we presume that the bands concerned have the necessary licence. Apparently, there is an option for KASS to take out an “umbrella” licence covering all KASS clubs, and if this is a viable option Peter will bring it to the next Committee meeting for discussion. In the mean time, it is possible that this organisation will contact individual clubs.

I am writing this just before the KASS Autumn dance: I hope to see lots of you there, and at other dances over the weeks to come. Merry Christmas and a Happy New year when they come.

David Menzies

Chairman

RECOGNITION AT LAST

Jean Armour, who has been on our committee for over 25 years and was our President 1991 – 94, has, at long last, had her varied voluntary work acknowledged. In July, she attended a ceremony at the House of Commons when the MP for Dartford, Dr. Howard Stoate, presented her with an award certificate in “recognition of her outstanding service to her local Community”. The presentation took place in the Terrace Marquee, alongside the Thames, followed by tea and cakes.

It all started in 1970 when Jean wanted her children to learn to swim and she took over as Secretary of the Beaver Swimming Club for Greenhithe and Swanscombe. Meetings were held in her house and the children used to swim at the outdoor pool at Greenhithe.

At this time, she became a member of the Parochial Church Council for Swanscombe Parish Church of St Peter and St Paul (and still is!) and has been editor of the Parish Magazine for over 20 years. She was, for a time, on the Oast House Executive Committee, and is presently,



since 1978, secretary (was trustee) of the Swanscombe Almshouse Charity. She has helped at the Swayne School as a reading assistant, was a Sunday School teacher, and has been a volunteer with St John's Ambulance Service, served as a Church Warden at her church and as Secretary of the P.C.C.

During much of this time, Jean was bringing up her five children single handed following the death of her husband in 1970 and working full time for Dartford Borough Council! How has she had time to do all this AND regularly come Scottish Country Dancing! I wish I knew her secret – as the Kentish Times reported, she is sheer Jean-ius!

David How

Gravesend and District Scottish Association

QUIZ (FOR FUN!)

1. Stone encircling the timepiece	6. On account of	11. Infant, the exterior is not warm
2. Donning the cracker	7. Tapping without illumination	12. The devil, he would be
3. Melody, Conductor, por Favor	8. Number one Beret	13. Carson Single Tenner
4. What third couple say in Sloane Square?	9. Two Big Apples	14. Two shiners
5. Miniscule colourless prevarications	10. Your place or mine, at 8 or 9 pm	15. 32,000 pounds +

You have to be a certain age to answer these! Answers on page 10

Monica Drew

Sheerness Heather Club

CLUES OF A VEGETABLE NATURE – ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1.	Weep about her (6)	Cherry	26 .	Reverse the 16th letter of the Greek alphabet (6)	Turnip
2.	Sounds like a blooming dog! (11)	Cauliflower	27 .	Found in the growing rape despite spraying(5)	Grape
3.	The answer could be a lemon (5)	Melon	28 .	“1 know a bank where the wild blows” (5)	Thyme
4.	Rust in the automobile perhaps (6)	Carrot	29 .	Subject relatives to persistent questioning (7)	Pumpkin
5.	Blown in disapproval (9)	Raspberry	30 .	An unwanted third person (10)	Gooseberry
6.	Betray one’s accomplice (5)	Grass	31 .	An Argentine fruit? (9)	Tangerine
7.	Rotate a small church (7)	Spinach	32 .	A painter’s food perhaps (6)	Radish
8.	A green theatre (5)	Savoy	33 .	A Shakespearean carpenter (6)	Quince
9.	A very quiet French article (5)	Apple	34 .	Shoot at nothing (6)	Potato
10.	A stale joke (8)	Chestnut	35 .	Beastly mother and male offspring (6)	Damson
11.	Inexperienced and confused ape (5.3)	Green Pea	36 .	Men around fifty (5)	Melon
12.	Sounds as if slightly burnt (5)	Chard	37 .	Conference about Spain initially (7)	Parsley
13.	Has the makings of an oriental cutlet (7)	Lettuce	38 .	Rodents go backwards in the mud (7)	Mustard
14.	The bombast of a communist scoundrel? (3,7)	Red Currant	39 .	A free state in Africa (6)	Orange
15.	Has the cat hurt its foot? (6)	Pawpaw	40 .	Sounds like two people at a large meeting (10,4)	Conference Pear
16.	The era of the taxi we hear (7)	Cabbage	41 .	Found wherever a woman goes (5)	Mango
17.	This oil was Popeye’s girl friend (5)	Olive	42 .	A Japanese province (7)	Satsuma
18.	A firm firm head (7)	Coconut	43 .	Put a damaged tree in the back of the car (8)	Beetroot

19.	Off repeated background noises on stage (7)	Rhubarb	44	Put or initially store (6)	Sprout
20.	Pelt with shot (6)	Pepper	45	Weeds from Scandinavia (5)	Swede
21.	Back large cask legislation (6)	Walnut	46	In in a French inn (9)	Aubergine
22.	Not the fruit of a Scotch fir (9)	Pineapple	47	Sounds like Tennyson's lady (7)	Shallot
23.	Father's bargain we hear (7)	Parsnip	48	Cry about the chopped up conger (6)	Celery
24.	I'm lost in the labyrinth (5)	Maize	49	A Staffordshire town(4)	Leek
25.	Sounds an interfering type (6)	Medlar	50	Is in the downpour, but is usually dried(6)	Raisin

Maggie Talbot

Orpington and District

GRAVESEND'S 80TH ANNIVERSARY

There was an exciting buzz at the Northfleet School for Girls on 12th April, when 112 dancers gathered to celebrate the 80th anniversary of the Gravesend and District Scottish Association. Visitors came from all over Kent and beyond, including members who had moved away many years ago, to share in the party atmosphere.

A beautifully iced cake bearing the "Red Lion" emblem of Gravesend Scottish was on display (and then eaten!) and refreshments were excellent, including a glass of wine. Dance music was provided by Caber Feidh, who were in fine fettle, and the programme included the dance "80 years Young" devised specially for the occasion. The delightful table decorations of little tug boats, suitably named "80 years young", reflected Gravesend's riverside heritage.

A most enjoyable evening was had by all!

Jean Armour

Gravesend and District Scottish Association

CANTERBURY 40TH ANNIVERSARY BALL

Didn't we have a luvverly time the day we went to Canterbury St. Andrews 40th Anniversary Ball! What fun! Good company, good food, great music from David Hall and his band, and fine dancing. People from all over Kent came to celebrate with us – Canterbury Scottish, Cobtree, Deal, Dover, Gravesend, Isle of Thanet, Maidstone, Medway and Orpington. It was grand to see so many dancers jigging and reeling, setting and turning. So much enjoyment! Such Bonhomie! Everyone bent on enjoying themselves in the company of like minded people all intent on the dance. All turned out so beautifully, formal and gracious in kilts and gown and plaids of many hues and colours. All this came together to present a spectacle of sound and movement, proficiency and elegance, colour and pattern, enjoyment and enthusiasm. All ably led by our MCs, Mike Armstrong and Andrew Helbling, who literally kept everyone on their toes. A celebration of forty years devotion to Scottish country dancing, Scottish culture, pride and tradition, effort and indulgence, patience and encouragement. We owe so much to our teachers which hopefully we illustrate and honour in our dancing.

During a most enjoyable meal David How of Gravesend kindly paid tribute to our club and, of course, to Eileen Aycott who has taught for the whole of our 40 years. Dr. Barbara Armstrong presented a brief history indicating that our name – Canterbury St. Andrews – arose from the fact that Eileen began her teaching of our group 40 years ago in St. Andrews United Reformed Church in Canterbury. And there was I, in my ignorance, believing it had something to do with that much revered town in Scotland (would we dare to presume!). In 1968 Eileen for a short while taught members of the Scottish Society at St. Dunstons and also took over a beginners group at UKC which began in 1965 when the University first came to Canterbury, continuing for 10 years, when the group folded, mainly due to the student's lack of interest. During this time she "unofficially" taught the St. Andrews group dancing at the Friends Meeting House. What a busy lady she was! From 1978 to 1983 an annual day school was held at the Dominican Priory followed by a dance in the evening (sounds familiar) and in 1979 a demonstration team was formed. Eventually membership dwindled somewhat until 1990

when, with support from some Thanet members, it grew again. Then in the late 90s numbers increased dramatically with a move to Barton Court School plus more widely placed advertising and a reconstituted beginners group taught by Marion Dredge. And here we are today, a vibrant club which is fun to attend (which, I am sure, are all our clubs) where we come to enjoy the dance and aim to improve our dancing, and where there is much laughter. And here still is Eileen, still teaching. Grateful thanks were expressed to Eileen for her expertise, help and encouragement in starting and continuing our Canterbury St. Andrews group. A bouquet was presented to her and then she cut the 40th anniversary cake. And then back to the dancing – somewhat heavier and ponderous in gait (well some of us were!).

Subsequently at an ordinary club night we presented Eileen with a bird bath, specially made for her and inscribed “Canterbury St. Andrews Scottish Country Dance Group 1963-2003”

David Papa **Canterbury St. Andrews Scottish Country Dance Group**

CEILIDH - 6 NOVEMBER 2004 KEMSLEY HALL, - KEMSLEY

About 20 years ago, when I was teaching Scottish dancing in Tonbridge, I organised a Ceilidh depicting Scottish Dancing through the Ages. We were a group of dancers who were keen on the history of highland and country dancing and with the help of my teacher, a lot of practising and many hours spent poring over old manuscripts, both of dance and costume, we put the first Ceilidh together. This became an annual event for Tonbridge, I organised a further three and after moving to Wales they then went on to have a further four.

I have now been back in Kent for four years and after chatting to dancing friends in the Medway area, I have an urge to "do" another such Ceilidh.

The band, singers, pipers, hall and caterers etc are all booked and soon we will get down to get the Ceilidh items and costumes together. These items will be slotted in between a normal dance programme.

I hope to involve a lot of dancers in my area and those of you who aren't involved but would like to spend, hopefully, an enjoyable and interesting evening, please come along.

Mo Dalton **Sheerness Heather Club and Medway**

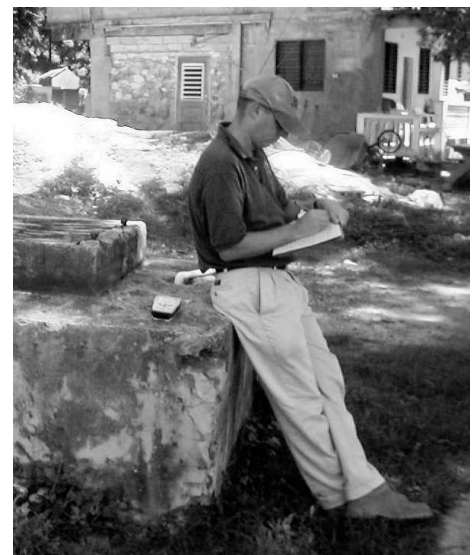
MISSIVE FROM THE ROCKS

I knew it was that time of year – the clocks are going back in the north so we are now one hour closer to UK than we were last week. The north coast of Tortola is beginning to get the swells back that start over on the African coast. The threats of hurricanes are receding once more and we seem to have escaped for another season. And it is time that an email from one Rita Menzies drops in my inbox being all nice and charming and chatty and threatening me with all kinds of misadventures if I do not produce an article before the Autumn dance. And there it was, innocently sitting there one morning. They look so innocuous at first glance; talking of the weather and the doings of Medway and how her lumbago is ...er well, you get the idea. And just as she lulls you into a false sense of cosiness she hits you with “Have you any titbits from the Tropics you could send to cheer us up now winter's set in”?

I think of all my work deadlines and the fact that I have started the process of packing once more to move on to my new posting (currently a cardboard box under Charing Cross Station) and write back rather sheepishly that I can try but not sure I can fit it in. She comes back a day later with a backhand smash of “You seem to be horribly busy at the moment, I am (almost) reproaching myself for asking for your help.” I love the almost. I should have suspected something was up when she headed the email with “Guess What?”

So now I am wracking my brain thinking what else to tell you about these little rocks while trying to organise an international fisheries conference and publicise the work I do in a special “GIS day”. For frankly, during an ordinary week, I sit in my office typing away at the computer, and it is not much different from being anywhere else in the world.

So, sorry Rita, it looks like I cannot get the article done, I have been too busy and I just do not think I would be able to get anything interesting for anyone. This Geographical Information Systems (GIS) Day is driving me crazy. But fortunately, my training as president of a Scottish society has given me the military-like nous to think of every finicky detail we need to organise. I am becoming deeply unpopular for making sure we have enough sandwiches, the decorations are put up correctly, the protocol is followed and the haggis is well cooked. How did that get in there? We are holding a geography quiz in the Botanic Gardens hall followed by some speeches by the Governor, the Deputy Governor, the Chief Minister, the Deputy Chief Minister, the Minister for Natural Resources and Labour, the Minister of Communication and Works, the Minister for nothing in particular but his brother has a good job as the Chief of Police.... We have been going round the primary schools on the island showing them the computer maps and explaining why geography is important – which they enjoy. When we handed out the quizzes they were not so happy. But some did well. We asked some questions on general geography, some on the Caribbean and we gave them a map and pointed out 18 islands of the BVI to name. One very smart boy got them all right but there were some creative answers from others – for instance some think that “Puerto Rico”, “Cuba”, “Florida” and “Jamaica” are some of our islands. Others just made up names so I would love to rename some of the rocks “Sock Island”, “Bad Dog” and “Dirty Dog”. Then again, it is not so bad as some names that do exist like “Pull and Be Damned Point”, “Boo Point” and “Throw Way Wife Bay” and a bit more imaginative than the six “Long Bays” and five “White Bays” that exist. So hopefully the finals will go off OK and we shall emphasise how important geography is.



Then there is this international fisheries conference to organise. It is going well except the hall we intend to hold it in has no floor and the air conditioning is not in, the taxi drivers are on strike and the conference chairwoman is more concerned with the colour of the palm trees she wants at the opening ceremony than whether we have a hall to hold the conference in. Oh well. It will all come out in the wash and if it does not, they will all just put it down to being in the West Indies. Things are meant to go slow, be delayed, don't worry, and be happy.

Shame we cannot keep hold of the whole West Indies idyll, even in these sleepy little islands. I have been here a mere two years. I have seen some changes – I suppose wherever you live it happens but it seems so much more intense in paradise. The centre of Road Town is growing up – more buildings exceeding the official building height of a mature palm tree (and less car parking space for more cars), houses are being built all over the hillsides, more bays are being reclaimed to provide flat land. The government are still planning on more hotels and a golf course where some lovely countryside now exists.

Talking to old Mrs Shirley, whose husband is named after the recreation ground (or is it the other way around), I got a longer perspective. I was at a reception for some UK civil servants at the Yacht Club a few weeks ago (took me two years but I am finally hobnobbing with what passes for society on the rock). Mrs Shirley is a lovely lady – her eyes shine brightly as she talks and while she tells you of the past you see she encourages the youth and the future. When I talk with her about the amount of development in Road Town, she manages to think back thirty years or more to the time when most of the town did not exist. Where modern Road Town sits is all reclamation from the 1960's. Before then it was single street of chattel houses, and Mrs Shirley would come out of her house and straight into the harbour and take a bath every day before she went to school. She went fishing for bait in the mangrove swamps around town and spent her weekends at the local beaches where the salt fish would be cooked up by the mothers while the fathers played Dominoes under the tamarind tree.

Don't think these things have gone completely, I have been impressed in recent weeks when I see some youths slamming down domino tiles at a brightly coloured juice bar that they have set up. Much better than the hoodlums who want to try and capture the "brotherhood" of the Bronx and Brooklyn rather than develop their own culture – blame the Cable TV that feeds 50 channels of US TV down the pipes to us.

So work has been filling my weeks and I am afraid even the weekends have been too busy for me to sit down at the laptop and rattle off an article. Most Sunday mornings I am scrambling in the bush searching for a sugar mill. In the late 1700's Tortola was covered in 120 sugar and cotton plantations. Plantation is a grand name as most of the places were dilapidated farms even when they were able to rely on slaves to slog away on the precipitous terraces or overheat in the boiler houses. After emancipation the whole economy collapsed and the natural vegetation reclaimed the hillsides. I am helping the Rotary Club out here map all the historical sites in the islands. We hack away at the back of houses finding the old great house, above the mill round where, because of uncertain winds, the preferred method was to have oxen going round a crusher to squeeze the sugar juice from the cane. It then flowed downhill to the boiler house where it went through a series of coppers before the pure sugars were separated from the molasses and put in barrels before being slid down the hillsides to the coast and shipped off to Liverpool or London. We tromp around the scrub of a weekend tracing out the buildings that make up the estate, the one feature we never see being the slave quarters which were wooden and have succumbed to the termites years back.

Other historical structures we have found are the first cinema, the churches, and the forts which used to defend the BVI from Spanish, French and Danish attacks. One English guy here is studying of a PhD on the defence of the islands from the forts, and I have assisted him in mapping the range of the cannons (some of which may have been forged in Chatham). I have managed to help him show that not only was most of the island covered by fire, but also that across Road Harbour, the main safe water off Tortola, and five forts protected the harbour entrance with significant fire power.

And then there is still all this snorkelling to do. I had to help a lady take her boat down from near the airport to Road Harbour last weekend and we did an hour off Marina Cay in amongst the reef. It is the only time of the year when the seas are not too rough and we can swim in some comfort. The fish were very active in amongst the coral, and we did not realise that 90 minutes went by before we got back to the launch. Then it was crack open a couple of Heinekens and head round the south side of Tortola, the sun beating down, the green hillsides bobbing up and down, and me nodding off at the wheel – it is so difficult to steer with a bottle in your hand.

And then I have been trying to visit some friends on the other islands, and then there has been the students I have been teaching, and then there was the....

So, I am very sorry Rita, but I think that there is nothing I can tell you that would be interesting for the newsletter and I have just been too busy to do anything that anyone will find appealing. Sorry.

Alan Mills Medway and District Caledonian Association – British Virgin Islands Chapter

US SEA POWER

This is an actual radio conversation between a US: aircraft carrier and Canadian authorities off the coast of Newfoundland in October 1995. The transcript was apparently released under the Freedom of Information Act.

Canadians: "Please divert your course 15 degrees south to avoid a collision."

Americans: "Recommend you divert your course 15 degrees north to avoid a collision."

Canadians: "Negative. You will have to divert your course 15 degrees south to avoid a collision."

Americans: "This is the captain of a US Navy ship. I say again, divert YOUR course."

Canadians: "No, I say again, you divert YOUR course"

Americans: "This is the, Aircraft Carrier USS Lincoln, the second largest ship in the United States Atlantic fleet. We are accompanied by three destroyers, three Cruisers and numerous vessels. I demand that you change, your course 15 degrees north - or countermeasures will be undertaken to ensure the safety of the ship."

Canadians: "This is a lighthouse. Your call."

FRENCH CONNECTION

You may remember Rita contributed an article some years ago about a holiday in Brittany in the very hot summer of 1990 - nine Anglo Scots spent an idyllic fortnight in two adjacent houses at Ile Tudy on the west coast of Brittany. Needless to say a good time was had by all, so much so that some of us decided to repeat the experience this year! Maisie Holmes, Elizabeth and Mike Leake, Vera and Noel Coward, Tony and Lynda MacGowan and Rita and I (all frae Medway) and Margaret Ingram with Vera Joyce (from Watford & West Herts. Scottish Society) joined forces for a holiday in the Dordogne area.

It all started with a search on the Internet for a gite somewhere in France. We were lucky – we found a farmhouse near Eymet which had a converted Barn with space for 6 people in each of two units. The gites had everything – fully equipped kitchens with dishwashers, washing machines, gas hobs, ovens, microwave ovens and the usual electric kettles, toasters and so on. On the comfort side, there were two double rooms and two singles in each unit. Outside, there was an unheated swimming pool (heating not required after the first day or so, when the sun came out!) with a terrace for sunbathing and so on – just right for a party of 11!

Next question was how to get to Eymet. Noel and Vera opted for the French Rail service. They picked Maisie up on their way from Edinburgh, crossed the channel and then spent the night on the train as it travelled to Brive which was only 50 miles from Eymet, so they arrived first on Saturday and settled in to one of the houses. The rest of us decided to drive in two cars, with one overnight stop near Vierzon (Internet again for the hotel booking!). It was a curious hotel – an old French Chateau with a cold unheated swimming pool (which we did not sample) about 5 miles outside Vierzon. It also had no restaurant (apart from continental breakfast), so we had to repair into Vierzon and there found a pleasant restaurant which could take all 8 visitors at one sitting – open windows to the warm French evening air, and good wine with the meal!



We all assembled at La Barthe in the afternoon, after some adventures along the road, and found that the facilities were as good as they had looked on paper. Each gite had a dining table inside and a terrace with a large table (space enough for all of us round one of the tables). Elizabeth and Mike sampled the swimming pool – their verdict “not unpleasant, but slightly cool”. Our first night was passed with chat and some left-overs from home, lubricated by a selection of local wine, and then we settled into the comfortable beds to recover from our journey.

There is a lot to see in the Dordogne. Eymet is one of the “Bastide” towns with fortifications dating from the 100 years War. It is at the western end, near the wineries of Montbazillac and Bergerac. Bergerac is an old town on the

Dordogne with a number of ancient interesting buildings and churches, and the usual selection of supermarkets on the outskirts. We wandered round the streets and looked at a few churches and other buildings – most interesting was the House of Wine, with displays from the Bergerac vineyards and exhibitions on wine growing. Just outside was a statue of Bergerac’s most famous citizen – Cyrano de Bergerac. His nose is regularly broken and removed as a souvenir, so the locals have supplied a somewhat crooked replacement! Just outside Bergerac, in its own estate, is the Chateau of Montbazillac – magnificent gardens, acres of vines and the chateau. The chateau is fully furnished, from the wine cellars (yet another exhibition on vine growing and wine) to the second floor with a set of models of the various chateaus of the area. Bergerac was a centre for Huguenot resistance, and one room is dedicated to the protestants of several hundred years ago – we noted Luther and Cranmer but no John Knox - and their connections with the chateau family. The tour ends with a visit to the souvenir shop with an opportunity to taste the local wines and to buy those we liked. Montbazillac is a very sweet white wine, quite unique, and we tasted that (several vintages), and one or two other Bergerac wines (Rita was driving back to the gites!).



One day, we all set out - 3 cars – to drive along the Dordogne, and decided to travel separately up the river by a variety of routes to La Roc Gageac. “Un des plus beaux villages de France” the notice told us,

but then the same notice appeared outside most of the villages in the Dordogne, and actually most were very picturesque and quaint, so maybe the claims were justified. We arrived first, after some adventures driving along the narrowest roads I have ever seen - it looked like a shortcut on the map, and Rita was driving.... Having arrived, I found a text message on my mobile phone (they did work!) from Elizabeth asking where we were, so we replied "We are here. Where are you?". We set out along the road looking for somewhere for lunch and after a few false starts we found a pizza house with enough space. The other cars arrived separately while we were walking along the road, and joined us at the other end of the restaurant for lunch. Afterwards we each went our own way - we had a cruise on the Dordogne, and got the last places on the sail on two separate boats while the others went off elsewhere.

Vera Joyce had a list of places to visit, so our next port of call was Domme ("Un des plus beaux...") which was a few miles East of Gageac, so off we went. In Domme, Rita, Margaret and Vera set off to explore and find the beauties of the place. I preferred to settle down in a café with some refreshment - a huge banana split! While I sat there in the village square, who should appear but Tony, followed by Mike, Linda and Elizabeth - they had followed the same route and were wandering round the village.

Noel had an ambition to take a canoe on the River, and persuaded Mike to join him. Maisie insisted on making up a third, so off they all set one morning. We heard about it afterwards: you hire a canoe at one point and paddle it 10 or 20 kilometres (downstream!) and then catch a bus back to your car, so the work is not too hard. We were told that they installed Maisie in the middle of the canoe, and Noel and Mike did all the work. They were equipped with life jackets, so there was no danger (the river is actually only about 4 or 5 feet deep!). They did have one adventure - another canoe with one adult and a number of children capsized, and Noel manoeuvred their canoe into position to keep the children afloat. Needless to say they returned to the pool that afternoon to boast about their exploits.

Our main visit to the vineyards took us to St Emilion, some 30 miles to the west and approaching Bordeaux. Once more we approached through vast fields full of vines. St Emilion is one of the classic French red wines, but the town is something else. It is built on a hill, so you enter at the foot of the hill, park your car and then climb up to the main town square. On the way, we passed a creperie, not to be resisted, so we stopped there for lunch, then on up to what we thought was the top. Not a bit of it! A flight of stairs led from the square up to the top level, dominated by the cathedral and castle ramparts with magnificent views across the country for miles (mainly vineyards!). When we had seen our fill, we walked back to the car park and tasted some rather fine wines in the degustation - very fine wines, but a little on the expensive side, so we did not buy anything.

In the evenings we alternated between heading for the restaurants in Eymet and eating in, from the barbecue or the food prepared by our expert chefs (the ladies!). There were three restaurants to choose from. We tried the Italian one first (the creperie was closed that night and we had yet to find the third). Good Italian dishes, accompanied by our choice of wines, and eaten on the terrace in the Eymet town square - open air and pleasantly warm in the evening. The Creperie was on the opposite side of the square, with tables outside in the shelter of the overhanging houses. French Crepes are a favourite dish for me, and fortunately everyone found something to their respective



tastes. There was only one problem, which we solved on our second visit - the portions were too large, so most of us ended up ordering one salad between two people (a few managed the lot!). The third restaurant was in a small hotel at the end of the village - excellent gourmet food, once again accompanied by the choice of the local wine.

Most afternoons we ended up lounging round and dipping into the swimming pool. After the first day or so the weather heated up, and the pool heated with it until by the end of the fortnight our basking was under the sun umbrellas on the terrace, and visits to the pool were more frequent to cool off. For a party of 11, the pool was a

comfortable size and there were a good number of lounge chairs, with a selection of sun shades. Unfortunately, the first chair I sat on collapsed (it is in the corner of the picture). I seem to have that effect on chairs from time to

We had other entertainments some other games, and even music from a portable CD some parties - Elizabeth's



time. (Can't think why - Ed) in the evening - Trivial Pursuit, Scottish Country Dancing to player, and of course we had birthday, and a party for the

Dandos (our hosts).

Another of Vera Joyce's "must visit" list was Rocamadour. This was a full day's trip to the East end of the main Dordogne valley, and well worth a visit. The village is perched on the side of a precipice, with houses built from the bottom to the top. It is a place of pilgrimage – the devout pilgrims come to the main street and then ascend the 365 steps to the main complex of churches on their knees. We chose an easier route – there is a small train which carries visitors from the car park at the foot of the town up to the main street, and from that level there is a lift which bypasses the staircase. Once more we (I) found a creperie in the main street, so we had lunch before proceeding to explore the wonders of the place. At the top of the stairs there are a collection of 7 or 8 chapels and one large church. The major icon is the Black Madonna – a small statue of the Virgin Mary with black face and hands. Stuck into the cliff face above the churches is the sword of Roland – nobody seems to know how it got there!

A final word on the local wines. We found some very good and very cheap wines. An expensive bottle one of us bought turned out to be undrinkable, but fortunately two of us had visited a wine shop and found a huge stainless steel vat full of wine and a shopkeeper willing to let us taste it – we bought a 5 litre bottle of a very pleasant red wine at about 2 euros a litre, and we all enjoyed that over the next few nights (it did not last very long!). However, having found that source we visited a number of other tasting stations and bought most of the wine for drinking from stalls offering degustation facilities. On the last day we visited a small shop on the village square in Eymet and found that it was managed by an Englishman, so we had no language problems. He had a selection of fine wines from the area, and was willing to let us sample before we bought – we were pleased to oblige, and rewarded him by buying a good stock to load into our cars for the journey home (so much so that I had to prevail on Noel to take some of our wine in his huge estate car boot because my boot was full!)

On the journey home, the driving cars had booked to stay in Chartres (an easy drive from Calais). Noel, of course was heading for Brive and his overnight train journey, so his party spent the day touring in the Dordogne valley on their way to Brive, only to find when they got there at 17:00 or so that the French rail men were striking and their train was not running. They had to set off late in the day, stop for the night in a hotel and then drive on to Sangatte to join the tunnel service, so they arrived back in the UK after the rest of us. We had a brief exploration of Chartres and its cathedral, and then a good meal in the hotel and a nice leisurely drive from there to Calais, so much so that we were able to join the ferry ahead of the one we were booked to join and got home early in the evening. It was a great holiday – we will do it again in a year or two.

David Menzies

Medway and District Caledonian Association

FRENCH CONNECTIONS 2

While considering the invitation to dance in Pau next Easter which has emanated from the Paris Branch of R.S.C.D.S., I happened to look at the Branch's Web site (<http://rscdsparis.free.fr/>). It is worth a look if you are holidaying in Paris, or considering their visit to Pau at Easter. The following is taken from the first page of their web site:

"We meet most Monday nights from 20h-22h at Impasse Chandon, 280, rue Lecourbe, 75015 PARIS. Métro: Boucicaut or Convention. Everybody is welcome to attend these evenings. You don't need to come with a partner, and all you need is a pair of soft soled shoes and comfortable clothing to dance in. Once a month the Monday evening class is aimed especially for beginners, where the figures and steps of Scottish country dancing are really focused on. The cost is 5€ per night for members (6€ for non-members) which covers the cost of hiring the hall. With the exception of visitors, we ask that dancers take up membership of the club (particularly for insurance reasons).

Note : The yearly subscription costs 23€. 11€ of this is sent to the RSCDS Headquarters in Edinburgh and covers the administration costs of the society. The rest of the subscription is used by the local club to cover its costs. Each member receives a book of dances from the society once a year, and has the opportunity to participate in the annual Summer School at St Andrews.

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR 2003-2004 Each evening we have two "compulsory" dances which are on each programme for two months. This enables dancers to build up their repertoire of dances which are chosen for their quality and their popularity.

2003-2004

NOVEMBRE-DECEMBRE 2003

Montgomeries Rant (Reel), St
Andrew's Fair (Jig)

OCTOBRE 2003

The Braes of Breadalbane
(Strathspey)

SEPTEMBRE

2003

Well Done Jack
(Jig)

David Menzies

Medway and District Caledonian Association

Letter from France

I always meant to write to the Telegraph as a follow-up to this letter. People would be astonished at the range of countries where Scottish Country Dancing exists, especially, I always feel, in Japan!:

"I was very interested to read Mark Palmer's article on Scottish dancing ("It's the Reel Thing", February 15) and thought you'd like to know that it is flourishing not only south of the border but also in the south of France, in the Pyrenees. We live in a small village (population about 200) and each month a group of expatriate Scots and local people meet to perform all the traditional Highland dances and a few more besides. We have even done demonstrations. The Kilt is most popular down here with the French.

"Audrey Wilson, Riqarda, France"

This piece was passed to me for publication, but unfortunately I have lost the name of the originator.

French Members

Some time ago I received a copy of a very impressive Newsletter from the Dover & East Kent Scottish Society. In it I read the following piece:

"The Auld Alliance is alive and well, as was demonstrated when the Dover & East Kent Society received two membership applications from across the channel. Pascal and Sherie Sainson who live in Calais were introduced to the Society by work colleagues, and thanks to Sherie's Scottish Grandmother were delighted to find they were eligible for Membership. Pascal and Sherie recently attended the St Andrew's Day Dinner and Dance, and thoroughly enjoyed it, being especially pleased by the warm welcome. They are now looking forward to Burns' Night."

From "The Wee Bletherer" Dover and East Kent's new monthly magazine

I understand Pascal and Sherie have attended several functions since then, and I think we may have danced with them at the Tea Dance at Dover. Medway has its own French Connection in Blandine Berlemont-Woods, who has been a member for a number of years - in fact we danced at her wedding to Chris! Chris and Blandine now have two children, and Paul sometimes comes dancing with his mother.

R Menzies

Medway and District Caledonian Association

Dancing in the Antipodes

While in the Southern hemisphere during February I chanced to see this Ad. In the Auckland "What's On" leaflet:

"Beginners class in Scottish country Dancing - partners not required
St Oswalds Church, 195 Campbell Rd. One Tree Hill
Every Monday until 24 February, 07:30 p.m. – 10:00 p.m".

My "shoes" had been packed, so I rang the telephone number. The lady would be delighted to pick me up on her way. There were indeed a few beginners, but mostly folk like ourselves (some grey heads of course), which made me feel very comfortable and they were very welcoming. As it was mainly a class for beginners, most of the dances were easy, but I had not heard of any of them, except Sugar Candy:

The Druid Stone	Wallace the Guardian	The Southern Cross
Leap Year	The Watson Reel	Sugar Candie
Merry Reapers	The Galleon	

Anyway, it was a very pleasant evening!

Kate Middleham

Sittingbourne and Medway

TIM'S DESCENT

Just lately young Tim
Has felt a bit grim
And thought he'd try getting upstairs
He put on his wings,
Warm socks and such things
And adopted angelical airs

Those pearly gates loomed
And Tim thought, "I'm doomed"
When he heard St. Peter shout "wow"
This place is for saints
And that's something you ain't
So get yourself off down below"

The dejected poor soul
Thought, "Who'd think I'd stoke coal
I saw myself playing the 'arp
Or blowing a tune
Like McPherson is doin'
But shovelling fuel, I want up!!!"

But down young Tim went,
Decidedly bent
On making the most of his lot
"Well it's warmer I guess,
So I'll give it my best
And play on these bagpipes I've got"

Then Satan's head rears
shouting "Get thee from here,
And `old up that `orrible din
You've descended so low
That there's no place to go
But back to your wife for your sin".

*Inspired by Tim almost popping his clogs
a few years ago*

**Vic Law, Medway and District Caledonian
Association**

ADDRESS TO A VEGETARIAN HAGGIS

Gae hide your peely-wally face
Incomer tae the pudden' race.
Ablow them a' ye tak your place.
an' there ye'll bide
Ye're naethin' but a waste o' space;
Awa' an hide!

Whit weirdit trencher wad ye fill
That widna win a score o' "Nil"?
Ye play your pairt as meat gey ill;
Ye're just a joke.
Tae dine on ye I hae nae will;
Ye mak me boke!

Puir de' il that ettles for this trash;
Wersh mixtie-maxtie greens an' mash,
Unchancy, gastrous, dreich an gash
On plate ye sit.
Tae fire a man his foes tae thrash
Oh how unfit!

Ye Po'ers wha mak' mankind your care
An' dish them oot their bill o' fare
Whit gart ye fesh this unco ware
Tae staw an' gag us?
Gin ye wad hae oor gratefu' prayer
Gie us REAL haggis!

The above piece was brought to my attention recently. The sentiments are not necessarily those of the editorial staff, so veggies and vegans please don't start throwing neeps at us! Those of us who enjoy addressing and eating the real thing may be permitted to feel some sympathy with the author Editor.

Answers to Quiz.

1. Rock around the clock	6 Because	11. Baby, it's cold outside
2. Putting on the Ritz	7. Dancing in the Dark	12. Stranger in Paradise

3. Music, maestro, please	8. Top Hat	13. Johnny One Note
4. Let's Face the Music and Dance	9. New York, New York	14. Two Lovely Black Eyes
5. Little White Lies	10. Where or when?	15. Sixteen Tons

MEOPHAM AND GRAVESEND NEW PICNIC DANCE

The Annual Picnic Dance once again had a glorious summer afternoon for the event. Run jointly by Meopham Scottish Country Dance Club and Gravesend Scottish Association the dance has now taken place annually for 26 years. Held previously at Cobham Hall Girls School and Nurstead Court Meopham, this year a new venue was used at Northfleet School for Girls. Having two such excellent venues before, which unfortunately are now not available, an alternative was not easy to select. Luckily we seem to have chosen well. A sheltered lawn with picnic tables, suitable close parking, plenty of space to dance and to picnic and alternative indoor arrangements if wet.

Dancers who regularly attend were all pleasantly surprised with the set-up. Over 100 people arrived and settled down to enjoy the dancing accompanied by Caber Feidh. The picnic held during the interval is followed by the raffle. The proceeds of the raffle and dance were originally sent to the Caledonian Schools but in recent years local charities are the recipients. This year £90 each was sent to Demelza House and Kent Air Ambulance.

For those who have not had the pleasure of attending one of our picnic dances may I highly recommend it as wonderful informal gathering of dancers, friends and families.

Many dancers bring along family and friends as guests who are welcome to join in dances such as Dashing White Sergeant, Borrowdale Exchange and Gay Gordons. Some are even brave enough to attempt other dances on the programme assisted by the more experienced dancers. All good fun. Children also seem keen to join in and if the dances are too complicated volunteers make up something simple for them to dance on the sidelines. A wonderful chance for children to enjoy the simple pleasures of social dancing.

Hopefully many more dancers will be able to attend next year when the dance will be held on Saturday 17th July. We intend to send all KASS clubs details next Spring and a reminder in the next KASS Newsletter so that you do not miss out on this very enjoyable occasion.

Jane Whittington

Meopham Scottish Country Dance Club

PICNIC DANCE 2003

We dancers sometimes ask ourselves if our brains need testing, when it is far too hot to dance but we still do it! What else would we do?

On a very hot summer's day in July over 100 dancers gathered at Northfleet School for Girls for the Annual Picnic Dance organised by Gravesend & District and Meopham Scottish Dancing Club.

On arrival, everyone sought the shade spots, under the trees and in the shadow of the school. However, once Caber Feidh started playing we had to join in dancing on the grass. The ground was fairly even and quite dry as there had been no rain for some time. Thankfully, there was a gentle breeze and later a few little clouds came over and shielded us.

There had been some doubts about holding the picnic dance at the school after the other beautiful venues of previous years – Cobham Hall and then Nurstead Court. It seems that any doubts were soon dissolved as the school quadrangle was a pleasant area, with the added benefit that, should it rain, dancing could be held in the school hall. On this occasion that was not necessary and it is planned to hold the picnic dance there next year. So put it in your diary for 2004: July 17 at 2.30 pm.

All the profit goes to charity and so £180 was shared equally between Kent Air Ambulance and Demelza House.

We all left with our feet and brains intact. I think!

Jean Armour

Gravesend and District Scottish Association

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

Recently, a newspaper article appeared entitled "A rare breed of holiday".

If you can't bear to put your pooch into kennels, "Dog-Days Activity Holidays", based in Fife, offers "activity holidays specially tailored for you **and** the dog in your life" and promises that both dog and owner will be "happily exhausted" by the end of their week's stay.

Activities include canoeing, forest cycling, obstacle courses, and, bizarrely, dancing. We are told that "Scottish dancing is usually less precarious (than canoeing, I suppose) and is a uniform hit with both owners and their prancing pooches. Dogs learn to spin, skip figures of eight and weave between their owners' legs." Wonder if they tried "Angus McLeod"? I liked the final comment : "Line dancing is the simpler alternative for less co-ordinated canines – or owners"

The article does not name the actual location in Fife where these activities take place – I don't suppose it could be St Andrews?

In The Daily Telegraph on 15th February, Mark Palmer wrote of his trials and tribulations in undertaking a crash course in SCD, so that he could attend the Berwickshire Hunt Ball. I already have the picture – Hooray Henrys in velvet and lace scuffing their way through the Eightsome..... Anyway, our author took it seriously enough to enlist with a club called PGT Reels. PGT stands for Parson's Green Tube, which conjures up pictures of dancing in all sorts of adventurous or even dangerous venues, but they actually meet in a school hall, like many others with less exotic names. PGT sensibly taught Mr Palmer old standards such as the Dashing White Sergeant, the Eightsome Reel and Hamilton House, but found the Duke of Perth "highly complicated". (Wonder how **he** –and his dog – would have fared with Angus McLeod?)

At the ball, all seemed to have gone well, with the help of some expert partners, until "the wheels came off during the Reel of the 51st Division, danced twice that evening because everyone loves it so much". Seated at breakfast, still bemused by the night's efforts, Palmer began to deliberate. "Do I pick up my knife first, or do I pass it to my partner as she hands me her fork?" Poor soul! I wonder if that is how our beginners feel after their first dance?

However, the concluding paragraph might have been written by any one of us: "And then I thought of what Robert and Joseph Lowe, the Scottish dancing teachers, said in 1822: 'There are no silent envious gazers, no sullen critics to mar the amusement or intimidate its votaries....and while pleasure beams in every eye, the young and old are equally employed in forming the mazy circlets of the dance.' "

I hope it is ever thus.

Rita Menzies. With grateful thanks to Kate Middleton for all the original research.

FRUITCAKE RECIPE

1 cup water	1 teaspoon baking soda	7. Mix on the turner. If the fried fruit gets stuck in the beaters, pry it loose with a drowscriver.
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon salt	8. Sample the whisky to check for tonsistency.
4 large eggs	1 cup brown sugar	9. Next sift two cups of salt. Or something. Who cares ?
2 cups dried fruit	1 cu brown sugar	10. Check the whisky.
1 ½ cups all-purpose flour	lemon juice	11. Now sift the lemon juice and strain the nuts.
Nuts	1 gallon whisky	12. Add one tablespoon of sugar or something. Whatever you can find.

Method:

1. Sample the whisky to check for quality. Take a large bowl.
2. Check the whisky again to be sure it is of the highest quality. Pour one level cup and drink. Repeat.
3. Turn on the mixer; beat 1 cup butter in a large, fluffy bowl.
4. Add one teaspoon sugar and beat again.
5. Make sure the whisky is still OK. Cry another tup. Turn off mixer.
6. Break 2 legs and add to bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit
13. Grease the oven. Turn the cake tin to 350 degrees.
14. Don't forget to beat off the turner. Throw the bowl out of the window.
15. Check the whisky again. Go to bed.
16. Who the heck likes fruitcake anyway ?

Well, have a good Christmas anyway!!

Margaret Anne Robertson

Medway and District Caledonian Association

MEETING AND AGM HELD ON 7TH OCTOBER 2003

23 people attended representing 15 clubs

It was reported that there is a change to licensing laws. Since the meeting, we have found that technically if alcoholic items are offered as prizes in a raffle the event should be licensed. At present licences can be obtained from the local magistrates court. A licence is not required if it is a private event, with all tickets sold in advance, and only to club members – visitors from other clubs might break this rule. It remains to be seen whether or not the police or the local authorities will enforce this matter.

The arrangements for the KASS Ball on Sat 8th May 2004 were finalised It is expected that the final ticket price would be at or below £17. The Ball will be at Chatham Grammar School for boys, with the usual set meal from a caterer who has been recommended for his services to some KASS Societies.

Volunteers for the other KASS events in the 2004 diary came forward (see diary at end of newsletter) The present Officers of the Committee gave their reports for the year which indicated that it was a successful and encouraging year.

The present insurance arrangements were proving very difficult to control and, for the amount of savings to each club, was very time consuming. There is an alternative policy available, which is on a society basis, not on an umbrella basis and it is hoped that all clubs will use this. The Treasurer will send details to each club. The present umbrella policy will not be renewed in April 2004. As a result, it was agreed that no increase in the KASS subscription for the current year was required, and that a reduction might be considered next year (the present subscription was fixed last year to cover the present insurance premium).

All the existing officers indicated their willingness to stand again and were elected unopposed. The Events Co-ordinator, however, indicated that she would like to retire next year and a replacement will be sought for this post next year. Finally it was agreed that more ladies should be encouraged to volunteer to MC the KASS dances.

After the meeting several of the committee retired to the pub for a well earned drink (just joking David!)

Peter Forrow

Secretary

KASS DIARY. 2003 / 2004

- 15.11.03 NKSA Dance. St. Paulinus Hall, Robin Ellis
- 15.11.03 Canterbury St Andrews Autumn Dance St Anselms School
- 28.11.03 Orpington St. Andrews Buffet/Dance, The Warren, Robin Ellis
- 29.11.03 Medway & District Day School & St. Andrews Dance Upbury Arts Coll. Gillingham
- 29.11.03 Sidcup Charity Dance, St. Johns Church, Caber Feidh
- 6.12.03 Cobtree Christmas Dance Invicta Grammar School 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

Year 2004

- 3.1.04 Isle of Thanet SCD New Year Dance, Minster Village Hall, Scotch Mist
- 9.1.04 NKSA Burns Night. Masonic Hall Gravesend, Robin Ellis
- 11.1.03 Sheerness SHC. Burns Supper & Dance, Queenborough Hall. Caber Feidh
- 24.1.04 Medway & District Burns Dinner Dance Franklin Rooms Gillingham Caber Feidh
- 31.1.04 Sidcup Burns Night, Parkwood Hall School, Swanley, Robin Ellis
- 7.2.04 Sevenoaks Reel Club Dance New School Westheath. Records
- 14.2.04 Dover SCDG Spring Dance St. Margaret's Village Hall Records
- 14.2.04 NKSA Dance. St. Paulinus Hall, Robin Ellis
- 21.2.04 Isle of Thanet SCD Dance, The Centre, Birchington Records
- 28.2.04 Sidcup Dance, Caber Feidh
- 6.3.04 Thanet & District Haggis Supper & Dance. The Centre Birchington, Caber Feidh
- 13.3.04 Meopham SCDC Spring Dance Northfleet School Robin Ellis
- 20.3.04 RSCDS Tunbridge Wells Day School. Hugh Christie School, Tonbridge
- 20.3.04 NKSA Dance. St. Paulinus Hall, Records
- 20.3.04 Deal SCD Dance St Georges Hall
- 27.3.04 Medway & District 80th Anniversary Spring Ball Corn Exchange Rochester McBains
- 27.3.04 Sidcup Dance, Robin Ellis
- 17.4.04 RSCDS Tunbridge Wells Spring Ball. Venue tba, Scottish Measure
- 17.4.04 Isle of Thanet SCD Spring Dance, Minster Village Hall, Records
- 24.4.04 Sidcup Dance, Robin Ellis
- 25.4.04 KASS Spring Tea Dance Platt Village Hall Gravesend to arrange
- 1.5.04 NKSA Dance. St. Paulinus Hall, Robin Ellis
- 1.5.04 Thanet & District Annual Birthday Dance & Supper. The Centre Birch'ton, Caber Feidh
- 8.5.04 KASS BALL Chatham Boys Grammar School Robin Ellis
- 15.5.04 Canterbury St Andrews Spring Ball St Anselms School Music tba
- 15.5.04 Sevenoaks Reel Club Dance New School Westheath. Records
- 1.5.04 KASS Walk (Sevenoaks to arrange)
- 29.5.04 Tunbridge Wells & Crowborough, Beechwood School, Pembury Road, Colin Dewar
- 29.5.04 Sidcup Dance, Robin Ellis
- 12.6.04 Isle of Thanet SCD 25th Ann. Ball, The Centre, Birchington, David Hall
- 19.6.04 Sheerness SHC. Picnic Dance, Conservative Hall. Minster Road, Halfway Sheerness
- 10.7.04 NKSA Dance. St. Paulinus Hall, Records
- 17.7.04 Meopham & Gravesend Annual Picnic Dance Northfleet School. Caber Feidh
- 31.7.04 Sidcup Dance, Robin Ellis
- 28.8.04 Sidcup Dance, Taped Music
- KASS Autumn Tea Dance Sidcup to arrange Date tba
- 25.9.04 Medway Autumn Ball Kemsley
- 25.9.04 Sidcup Dance, Robin Ellis
- 2.10.04 Dover SCDG Annual Dance St. Margaret's Village Hall David Hall Band
- 9.10.04 NKSA Dance. St. Paulinus Hall, Records
- 16.10.04 RSCDS Tunbridge Wells Autumn Dance Venue tba, Band TBA
- 23.10.04 Isle of Thanet SCD Autumn Dance, Minster Vill. Hall, Records
- 6.11.04 Ceilidh - Dancing thro' the ages Kemsley Hall contact Mo Dalton Medway
- 13.11.04 KASS Autumn Dance St. Anselms School Canterbury. Hosts Canterbury St. Andrews
- 11.12.04 Meopham SCDC Christmas Dance Northfleet School Robin Ellis
- 11.12.04 Isle of Thanet SCD Ceilidh, The Centre, Birchington,

Peter Forrow,

Secretary