

SCOTTISH ST. ANDREW SOCIETY OF GREATER ST. LOUIS

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Members & Friends,

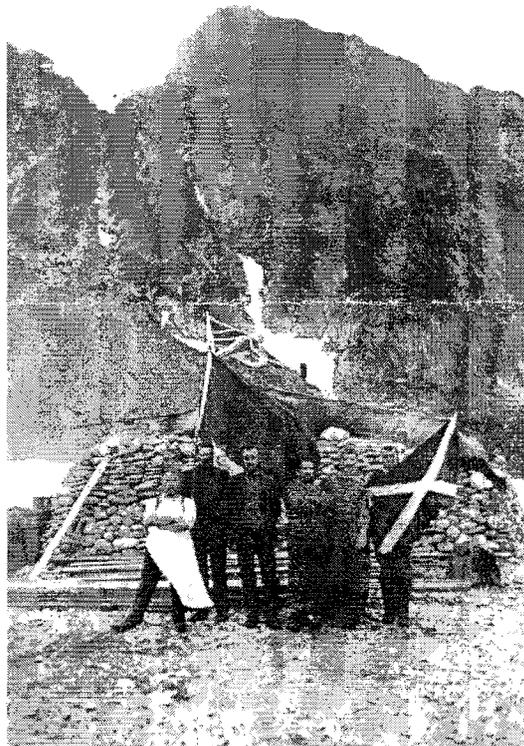
Well here it is, the middle of November, and I'm just sitting down to write my first address to you all as new President of the Society. Would that I could say I am writing to you while admiring a Loch out the windae, or getting ready to go Munro bagging in the Cairngorms, or out on the toon searching for a Forfar bridie and can of Irn Bru. Alas- not the case! But as we near the apex of our Society calendar- St. Andrew's night, the Christmas Party and of course our Rabbie Burns Nicht in January- it occurs to me how wonderful it is to have a Society such as ours in St. Louis that caters to those "right aff the boat" as well as to those with just a love of Scotland. We've many wonderful nichts planned this upcoming year and I encourage you to become involved in the Society, in the Scottish Games, in the Kilt Nichts, in our Ceilidh, and of course in all of our upcoming events.

It is with appreciation and heartfelt respect that I report that Jim McLaren has decided to step down from the position of editor of the Thistle Times, one he has held for **over 17 years**. Speaking on behalf of all (members and otherwise), I can unhesitatingly say that his contribution to the Society has been immense, his wit and historical notes appreciated, and his advice invaluable.

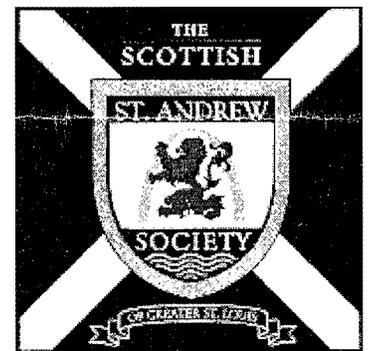
Lang may yer lum reek, Jim!!

Aw ra best,

Chris Brennan



The party left behind on Laurie Island (South Orkney Islands) after the homeward departure of the remainder of the 1902-1904 Scottish National Antarctic Expedition- proudly flying the flag of St. Andrew!

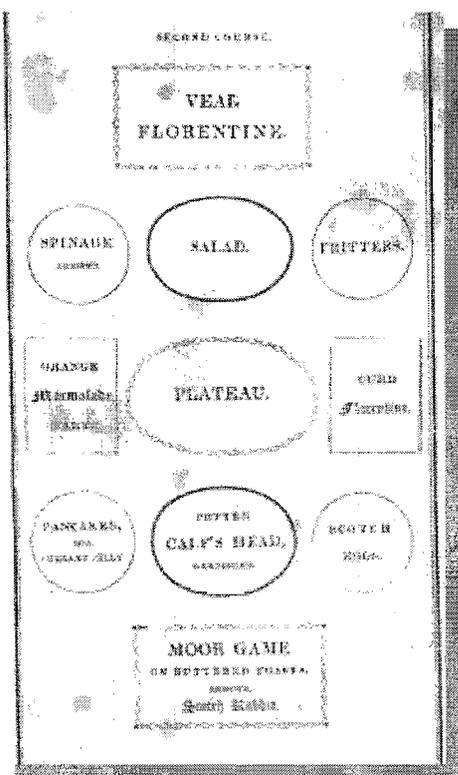


Interested in editing
the Thistle Times?

Contact the Society
at (636) 519-7979.

THE THISTLE TIMES

A Wee Bit o' History



This page from **The Cook and Housewife's Manual** by Margaret Dods* shows a table setting for the second course of a St Andrew's Day or Burns' Club dinner. The dishes include both savouries such as potted calf's head (ooh...lovely, but unfortunately not a speciality of the Racquet Club) and desserts such as Orange Marmalade Tart or Curd Florentine. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was still the custom to place all the dishes on the table together, with guests helping themselves or being served by servants. Later in the century, the dishes were placed on a sideboard and brought to the table in sequence.

*Margaret Dods was the pseudonym of Isobel Christian Johnston, the wife of an Edinburgh publisher and herself a novelist and the editor of 'Tait's Magazine'. The name was taken from a character in the novel, 'St Ronan's Well' written by Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), a friend of Isobel.

A Tale of Twa' Dugs?

At the Scottish Games in October it is likely that you saw a demonstration by working Border Collie dogs- amazing, weren't they? Every family with an errant child needs one or two for "herding" purposes!

What of the "other" Scottish dog at the Games?

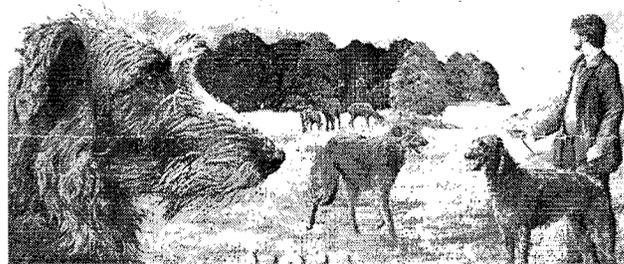
I am referring, of course, to the large **Scottish Deerhounds** brought and exhibited.

Massive- their head at sporan-height on our

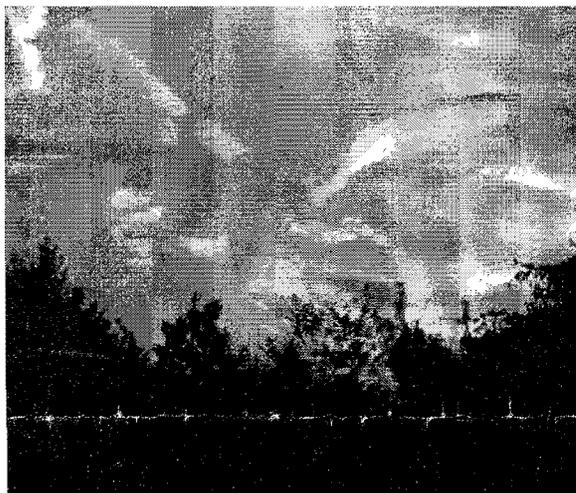
taller board members- and surprisingly docile, they were quite unlike the Border Collies.

In appearance likened to a Greyhound, the Scottish Deerhound was used with a similar purpose. The Deerhound was developed to hunt deer by "coursing" and by "deer-stalking". In coursing deer, a single Deerhound (or more likely a couple of Deerhounds), would be brought as close as possible to red deer then "slipped" to run one of them down by speed. If successful, this would happen within a few minutes – five minutes at the most. In deer-stalking, the Deerhound would be "slipped" at close range after a red deer had been singled out and wounded. If the deer did not fall, it was up to the Deerhound to pull it down as soon as possible

Common among the Picts and Scots clan members and used to provide part of the dietary requirements, the Scottish Deerhound over time was bred as a sporting animal for landowners. While prized for its speed and stealth by the nobility, Deerhounds also remained highly regarded by poachers- these large hunters made quick work of any game!



Toasts & Things



Again St. Andrew's day is come, unfurl your banners,
beat the drum,
Let a' your Highland bagpipes bum, St. Andrew's
come frae Scotland.

When Abercromby held command, And fighting, fell
on Egypt's strand,
Ye bravely bore the burnin' sand; And fought like sons
of Scotland.

The ruthless foe, on bluidy wark, Intent, dealt death to
many a Turk,
But found mair metal in the dirk, 'o highland lads frae
Scotland.

Your country's saviour wore the plaid, And often bared
his battle blade, And many a foeman lowly laid, Upon the muir o' Scotland.

Let Caledonians mark the flame, That animated ance his frame;
That soul nae tyrant e'er could tame, Could weep for poor auld Scotland.

Then blush nae, should the startin' tear, Drop for the man we a' revere,
For Wallace is a name that's dear, To ilka son o' Scotland.

Then let us a' with heart and hand, Still aid our lov'd, our native land,
Til wisdom ilka mind expand, That breathes the air of Scotland!



Upcoming Events

SSAS Christmas Party - Potluck

Mon December 11, 5:45pm (Dinner 6pm prompt)

Crestwood Euclid Masonic Temple, 9078 Sappington
(NE corner of Old Sappington and Eddie & Park.
Park in front, Dinner downstairs in cafeteria.

Please bring a casserole, salad or dessert to share.
Ham, tea/coffee and soft drinks provided.

Important! Santa needs to know the names and ages
of members children or grandchildren attending!
(10 years old and under).

Please give Vicki Dohrmann a call at 636-230-0708
before December 6th.

Rabbie Burns Nicht

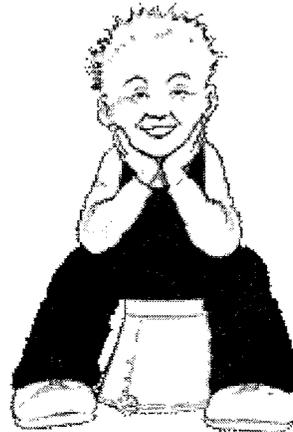
January 20 – Frontenac Hilton Hotel – see flyer



"Aye, but this is the Caimgorms laddie...
That'll be one pound and fifteen pence."

No greetin' allowed...

Wullie came home from school and told his mother he had been given a part in the school play. "Wonderful," says the mother, "What part is it?" Wullie says "I play the part of the Scottish husband!" The mother scowls and says: "Go back and tell your teacher you want a speaking part."



Oor Wullie and his bucket- perhaps the youngest Scottish comedic team?

Jock finds himself in dire trouble. His business has gone bust and he's in serious financial problems. He's so desperate that he decides to ask God for help. "God, please help me. Ah've lost ma wee store and if Ah dinna get some money, Ah'm going to lose my hoose too. Please let me win the lottery!" Lottery night! Someone else wins... Jock prays again. "God, please let me win the lottery! Ah've lost my wee store, ma hoose and Ah'm going to lose ma car as weel!" Lottery night again! Still no luck... Jock prays again.

"Ah've lost ma business, ma hoose and ma car. Ma bairns are starving. Ah dinna often ask Ye for help and Ah have always been a good servant to Ye. PLEASE just let me win the lottery this one time so Ah can get back on ma feet!" Suddenly there is a blinding flash as the heavens open and the voice of God Himself thunders: "Jock at least meet Me half way and buy a ticket!"

Did ye ken?

Tom Forrester, husband of Norma Forrester and near and dear to the hearts of all members, suffered a heart attack last Sunday, November 12th. After successful five-bypass open heart surgery, he is resting and recuperating at home with Norma and their daughter. The Society sends its wishes for a speedy recovery to Tom and reminds him that this does not automatically excuse him from throwing the caber at next year's Scottish Games...

Elisabeth Belcastro (daughter of SSAS boardmember Anja and Dick Lodge) and husband Pete are the proud parents of twins. Sofia Caterina and Alexander Briden (both 5 lbs 5 oz) were born at 6:18 p.m. on November 14th. Lang may yer lum reek!



Know Anyone interested in joining the Society or need to renew your membership? Call Alex Sutherland at (314) 771 -0119