



The Saltire

Newsletter of the Saint Andrew's Society of Rhode Island
 Founded 1923, Incorporated 1998



Volume 91

2010

Issue 1

CHRISTMAS CEILIDH



Saint Matthews Choir

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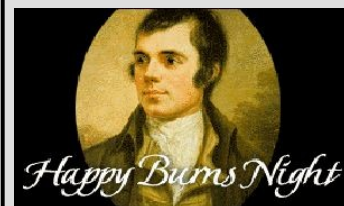
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The Christmas Ceilidh was very well attended and packed with great entertainment. We enjoyed the sounds of the St. Matthew's Choir under the direction of our own Br. Enoch John Valentine, kicked up our heels to the music of Roger Tremblay, Lou Speciale and Bob Davis and were treated to a selection of carols by The Dram Boys. Our surprise of the evening was the performance of the hula by Cindy McDonald to the tune of "White Christmas".

The raffle was a big success thanks to all the hard work that went into making and donating the baskets by Cindy McDonald and Nancy Muzzy.

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Upcoming Event

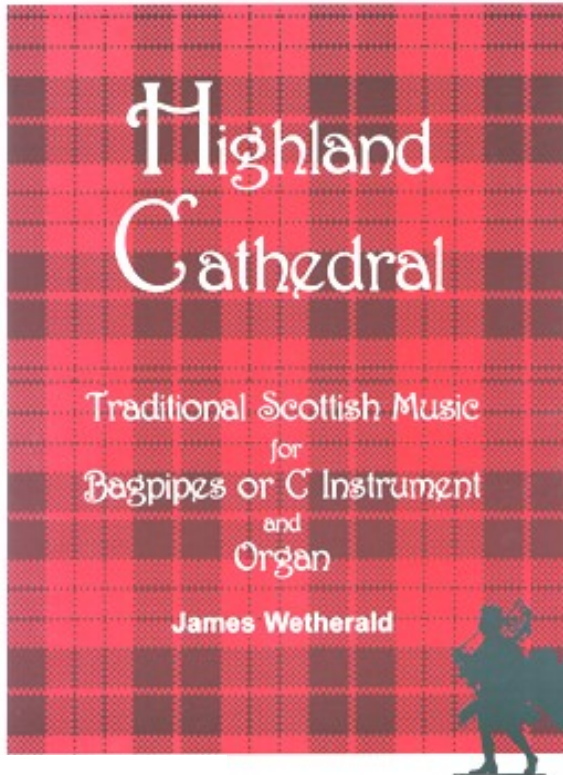
Burns Supper

February 6th, 2010
 Rhodes on the Pawtuxet
 Cranston
 Rhode Island



Piper's Dram

By: Rob Hanold



On this cold night in December the temperature is 12 degrees, and I'm glad not to be piping graveside tomorrow morning. Instead I look forward to the indoor piping of the winter season. While Burns Dinners offer pipers the customary setting, church services allow pipers to play totally different kinds of music.

On Christmas Eve I will be playing *Greensleeves* ("What Child Is This?") and *Oh Come Emmanuel* on the Scottish smallpipes with organ and harp in an Episcopal church. The characteristics of these instruments produce a lovely, sweet sound appropriate to the occasion. In fact, one of the most popular tunes is *Highland Cathedral*, written @ 40 years ago specifically for pipes and organ. Yet, many priests and ministers disallow any and all forms of pipes from the sanctuary. Just this past autumn I was refused permission to play *Highland Cathedral* in the very same church where I had played the tune thrice previously. The reason—a new rector. Per-

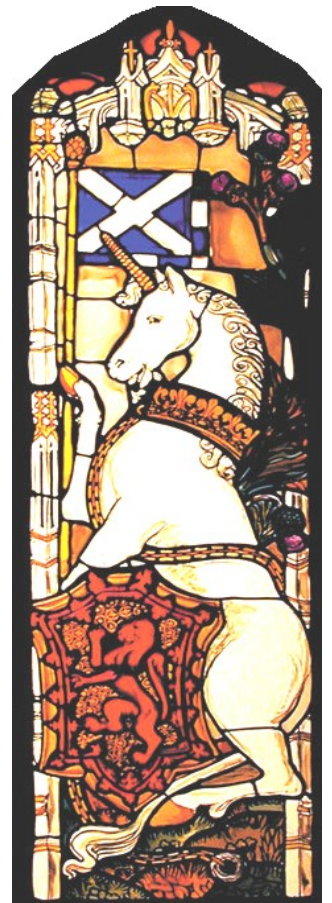
haps he was unaware that he was speaking from a prejudice fostered by the English 260 years ago.

After the final collapse of the Jacobite Rising on Drumossie Moor near the village of Culloden, the English declared the pipes an instrument of war. The facts, as you know from reading this column, are very different. For centuries the pipes played dance music, ceremonial marches, and piobaireachds. With its decree, the English effectively wiped out 2000 years of piping history and culture. The Scottish smallpipes, the English pastoral pipes, the Spanish gaita, and the French binou all descend from the small pastoral pipes played throughout the Middle East at the time of The Roman occupation of Judea. The baby Jesus quite likely heard them played in the peaceful weeks before the flight to Egypt. The very word 'pastoral' supports this tradition, as it comes from the Latin for 'shepherd'. Sadly, the Scots, to a small extent, were accomplices in this misrepresentation of bagpipes and pipe music. Because the English allowed Scots pipers to play their instruments only in the British military, the pipes continued to be seen as 'instruments of war'.

We saw this sad stereotype of pipes during the height of the Troubles in Northern Ireland in the 60's and 70's, where pipes accompanied the horrible behavior of the Black and Tans and the Ulster Defense League. As the Irish, English, and Scots rise above antiquated prejudices and play music together in peace, the stubbornness of American rectors is all the more surprising and silly.

While poorly understood languages confuse and complicate human respect and understanding, music is the universal voice of humanity. Long after the words spoken from the pulpit have been forgotten, melodies still evoke a lifetime of happy, warm memories in us all.

I wish you all warmth and contentment to you all during these cold months.



Join us for a night of revelry
as we toast the memory of

Rhodes Burns

DINNER INCLUDES:
THE TRADITIONAL
HAGGIS CEREMONY

ENTERTAINMENT:
DANCE TO THE IRISH EXPRESS
THE RHODE ISLAND
HIGHLANDERS PIPE BAND

LOCATION:
RHODES-ON-THE-PAWTUCKET,
CRANSTON

DATE:
FEBRUARY 6TH, 2010
RESERVATION DEADLINE:
JANUARY 29TH, 2010

FOR RESERVATIONS:
E-MAIL: burns2010@cox.net
PHONE: 401-434-0386

EVENT HELD BY: BURNS ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE OF RHODE ISLAND
ENDORSED BY THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL PRESERVATION AND HERITAGE COMMISSION



CHRISTMAS CEILIDH

By Joyce Dell

Continued from page one



The girls did a great job and collected \$360 which the St. Andrew's Society matched, a check for \$720 and 110.5lbs.

of food donated by the membership was delivered to the Jonnycake Center. **THANKS TO ALL FOR PARTICIPATING IN SUCH A WORTHWHILE CAUSE.**

The buffet was plentiful, varied and delicious. As the old nursery rhyme says "we licked the platters clean". We danced and danced and even managed to encourage the members of the St. Matthew's Choir to join us. The end of the evening came around far too quickly, with hands joined and smiles on our faces we swayed to Auld Lang Syne.

Note: The Jonnycake Center was founded in 1973 by a group of four women who saw a need for an agency that could help people who might not qualify for support through established agencies.

For more information www.jonnycakecenter.org.



Everyone enjoyed the potluck supper



The great selection of prizes presented a challenge for deciding where to place your tickets



2009 TARTAN BASH

A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS!

Our annual Tartan Bash was held at the Pawtucket Country Club on November 6, 2009. It was an evening of great celebration as the Rhode Island St. Andrew's Society gathered for our annual formal dinner. After toasts to the Queen, the President and grace, we enjoyed wonderful fare. This year's dinner featured a sumptuous and steaming buffet of entrees' from a fish dish, chicken, and beef to lovely vegetarian offering and of course haggis! Prior to dinner we were, as usual, charmed with John MacLean's salute to the haggis.

The crowd spent an evening on the dance floor participating in favorite ballroom dances, Scottish highland dances called by Joyce Dell and enjoying the music of the Irish Express. No Tartan Bash would be complete without our much anticipated raffle with such lovely prizes! This years winners were Shirley Loisselle of a beautiful framed print by the well known artist Ray Caram; "Salute to the Bard" went to Harold Leigh; Slainthe mhath to Ruth Gravel; and "Cold Winter's Night" to Larry Parent. The winners were just delighted at their good fortune!

Our evening ended with us all in a circle singing a chorus of Auld Lang Syne and a rousing three cheers. All agreed that they were delighted with the salute to our heritage, delicious food, fellowship and fun, and were anxiously awaiting next years event!

Br. Enoch-John Valentine, BSG



Diane Gay Caram presents a print to prizewinner Shirley Loisselle. The print was a polo scene by Diane's husband Ray Caram, a well known artist and an illustrator for Avon and Ralph Lauren. Thank you Diane and Ray for your generous donation.



Busy intersection — no traffic police



Ready for the Grand March

Flowers of the Forest

Mr. Joe Clark passed away to the sound of the pipes, the piper from the Scottish Heritage Association of Northeast Ohio sat by his bedside playing the electric chanter. Joe was past chief of SHANEO formerly Clan Grant. He was the stepfather of our board member Glenn Fairbairn.



The Best Christmas Present

Roy and Barbara McKechnie are the proud grandparents of Molly Kathryn Rocco, born December 18th, 2009



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Issue 2

CELEBRATING BURNS

Inside this issue:



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The Burns Anniversary Committee of Rhode Island held its 47th Annual Supper Dance celebrating the 251st anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns on Saturday, February 6, 2010 at Rhodes-on-the-Pawtuxet Ballroom, Cranston, Rhode Island.

Approximately 375 guests gathered to honor Scotland's National Bard. The beautifully decorated ballroom and display of kilts and tartans made for a very colorful Scottish setting. Continued on page four.

Upcoming Events

Kilted Nature Walk
May 23rd

RI Highland Festival
June 12th

Polo
Scotland vs. USA
June 19th



Piper's Dram

By: Rob Hanold



Here it is, March 23rd, and I've survived another year's madness known as St Patrick's Day. This holiday gives pipers a chance to make some money while playing in a cozy pub. This year my endurance and capacity for whisky was mightily challenged. On His Own Day, Wednesday, I played at a charity event at the Grist Mill, raising money for the Sisters of the Poor. Then I hopped over to Plymouth for a session of Irish. My drinks (four over the course of four hours) were purchased by a nice patron. This was the warm-up for Thursday.

Sally and I drove to the Westerly Yacht Club for a whisky tasting sponsored by the local chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution. Our friends, John Ouder Kirk and Sally Hanson, graciously put us up for the night so that the roads would be safe for the locals. This was a very good idea, as you will see.

The tasting started at 6:30, so many of us entered into the tasting on empty stomachs. Moreover, there was just a smidgeon of food at each table: crackers, cheese slices, a few pickles, and some olives—hardly enough to absorb and slow the whisky's effects. The speaker was an employee from the liquor store, who knew very little about whisky. He relied too heavily on a very generic PowerPoint rehash of what we all knew already. On the other hand, we tasted six single malts for the price of \$20. We began our tour of Scotland in the Lowlands and Glenkinchie. From there we progressed along the Spey into the Highlands, over to Skye's Talisker, finally collapsing on Islay with one of my favorites, Lagavulin 16 yrs.

About half way through the tasting, the volume of conversation nicely drowned the comments of the speaker. Everyone was having a fine time with neighbors who were strangers just a bit earlier. Sally and I were fortunate to have SASRI friends sitting with us. Cindy McDonald and her friend Di- anne were on our right. On the other side were Joe and Nancy Muzzy. At this time Joe and I, ever watchful for neglected malts, noticed that many shots were unconsumed. Drinking on an empty stomach caused some to quit early. Others found the two island whiskies too smoky. So Joe and I attended to the neglected servings.

There's always another malt to taste; how nice to think I was getting more than my money's worth. Sally says that this kind of logic comes from the Scots in my ancestry. It has also contributed to an occasionally muddled morning-after. Surprisingly, I felt rather good the next morning. Our society has a known expert on Scotch in John Aulerich. Combine his talents with the food served at our own tastings, and you have the best whisky tasting in southern New England.



WHISKY TASTING

BY GLENN FAIRBAIRN

SASRI held a Whisky tasting on Sunday April 11, 2010 at the Anawan Cabin where we were treated to 'A Single Malt Blind Tasting Tour of Scotland'!

No, we weren't blind, nor even wearing blindfolds, but we had the bottles covered prior to the start of the event.

Our 'Tour Guide', John Aulerich, supplied us with a score sheet and took us through the basics of 'Tasting' Single Malts. When you don't see the labels, you have to start with the basics, like color of the whisky and type of cask the whisky was stored in which effects the oils or 'legs', then you 'nose' the sample and make a note of what stands out about the single malt and then the taste itself! Taking in those several factors and your own observations, the input of your fellow tasters and you can write down your best guess and score the whisky and see how you did! It really was amazing to hear the differences the tasters had in the Single Malts that were presented!

We really did have a tour around Scotland's Whisky regions! With stops in the Lowlands, the Islands (Western and Skye). Then a Campbeltown, with Speyside and Islay also in the tour. It seemed there was something for everyone to enjoy with the variety of whisky regions presented.



The differences were apparent between the regions that produced the whisky's and even more so when you couldn't just read about the distilleries off the bottle.

The whole afternoon was very enjoyable as the weather was dry and comfortable on the lake at the cabin. Donald Blais supplied tasty finger foods like 'Haggis Puffs', Lamb on a stick and a mini 'bridie' pastry, just to name a few. We all enjoyed the Blind Tasting!

Our hats are off to the support people that once again helped make the tasting run smoothly and make another enjoyable afternoon for all of the participants.

What's next John? How about a personal tour of a few distilleries in Scotland?





251ST ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION THE BIRTH OF ROBERT BURNS

Continued from page one.

Chairman John MacLean extended a warm welcome to all the guests and thanked them for their attendance, especially with the uncertain weather conditions. Loyal toasts to President Obama, Queen Elizabeth, Robert Burns were delivered. The Immortal Memory was given by Peter Nicholson Roos, and The Address to the Haggis by James Chalmers, from Stepps, Glasgow, Scotland. Donald Blais entertained with a selection of Burns songs.

The Rhode Island Highlanders Pipe Band under the direction of Pipe Major Debbie Kane gave a wonderful performance. The Irish Express, a multi-talented band, provided ballroom and Scottish Country dance music. The Celebration ended in the traditional Scottish manner, the guests forming a circle, joining hands and singing Robert Burns' best known poem, "Auld Lang Syne."

Submitted by

Tom Boyle







Hawaiian Scottish Festival and Highland Games

By Cindy McDonald-Houlihan

The Hawaiian Scottish event of the year took place on Oahu the weekend of April 9, 10, and 11. As I was planning to visit my daughter Amy on Maui in April, we arranged our trip so we could meet in Honolulu for the games.

On Friday April 9th, the Hawaiian Scottish Association presented their 4th annual "Taste of Scotland" Ceilidh at The Willows Restaurant in Honolulu. It was a good time for residents, members of the Scottish community and visitors to the games to socialize. The tranquil haven in the middle of urban Honolulu was rocking that night with great Celtic music from Maui's own Finn McCoul and special guests. There were local pipers from Oahu and Maui, the Kenmore and District Pipe Band and Highland dancers from Oahu, Nova Scotia and Scotland. As well as dancing onstage in costume, there was an impromptu session outside in the courtyard with young dancers in street clothes.

The highlight of the Ceilidh for us was, Innis MacDonald Asher, an 8 year old piper from Maui. Innis is a Maui Waldorf student who started playing pipes with his dad when he was 5 years old. Peter Della Croce plays with Finn McCoul and his wife teaches at Maui Waldorf. Peter met Innis through Waldorf and invited him to join their performance. Young Innis played with Finn McCoul, who were launching their new CD, titled "On The Shoulders Of Giants," that evening.

On Saturday and Sunday, the 29th Annual Hawaiian Scottish Festival and Highland Games took place at Kapiolani Park, Waikiki—a beautiful location under the shadow of Diamond Head. The park was originally landscaped by Scotsman Archibald Scott Cleghorn, the father of Hawaii's Crown Princess Victoria Ka'iulani Cleghorn. The festival included sports activities, pipe bands, including the young, Innis, Highland and Scottish Country dancing's, clan tents, storytelling and Scottish food and products. It



was amazing to see the strong Scottish connection in Hawaii and funny to see kilts and bagpipers under the swaying palms of Waikiki.

The Caledonian Society of Hawaii is to be congratulated for founding the Hawaiian Scottish Association in 1982, to produce the annual festival. It is such an important event for the Scottish community, and Scottish culture to make itself highly visible to the local population and tourists alike. I was proud to make the SASRI part of this wonderful occasion.

Aloha,
Cindy

The Block Island Ferry Meets Broadway

First appeared in the Block Island Times owned by S.A.S.R.I. members Fraser and Betty Lang

I met Chris Walken and his wife Georgianne several years ago while directing cars onto the ferry Carol Jean. I rode my bike up to his car to collect his tickets and explain the drill for loading. I also told him I taught theater arts and literature at Narragansett High School; so we shot the breeze about comedic acting until First Mate Donny Rooney called for his car to back onto the ferry.

So that's how it's always been since I first met Chris at the ferry dock. I say, "Hey, how're ya doing? Any new gigs?" We talk about this and that, and he drives onto the ferry. One day I remember telling him I was retiring from teaching school, and he cautioned me about that. "Retirement's not such a good thing, Joe," he said.

"But I'm still going to be working at the ferry," I replied. "Remember, I have two jobs." "Oh yeah, that's right, you'll stay busy," he said.

Once, after he'd finished the movie "Catch Me If You Can," Chris was heading out to the island for some slack time. "Any new gigs?" I asked. He told me about a film he was going to be working on out in New Mexico, titled "Around the Bend." "It looks like a good script," he said. I ended up using the film in my Acting and Literature classes for three years. It was a great story of a conflicted father trying to reconnect with his very conflicted son. My students loved this wrenching, yet comedic and heartfelt story. It was also a great film to teach my students about character development and story arcs (structure).

I told Chris that I was using it at school, and he said, "That's good Joe, I'm glad you liked it."

Chris is a man of few words sometimes. I of course understood that he perhaps didn't want to talk shop at the docks, but I always enjoyed our little theater/film talks before he drove onto the ferry. Because, quite frankly, working the docks in the winter can be as exciting as watching grass grow.

This December, Chris pulled into the parking lot, and I said, "Hey Chris, how're ya doing, any new gigs?" "Yeah, I'm doing a play on Broadway." "What's it about," I asked. "It's about a guy who's looking for his lost hand," he said raising his eyes along with a slight grin. "Oh really," I answered. Chris explained the play was written by the playwright Martin McDonagh, who wrote the Tony nominated "The Pillow Man," and "The Lieutenant of Inishmore." It would be directed by fellow Irishman Paul Crowley.

"It's called, 'A Behanding in Spokane,'" Chris said. I said, "Break a Leg," and he drove onto the ferry. After the ferry left, I recalled a former acting student had insisted I see a film titled, "In Bruges," which coincidentally was written and directed by Martin McDonagh. I loved the movie because of the writing. I was now intrigued. Also coincidentally, an actor I knew from my college days, Peter Gerety, had recently acted in

McDonagh's "The Lieutenant of Inishmore." "That was a classical gas Joe," Peter told me. "We used 12 gallons of blood for each performance." I was now really intrigued. (I saw Gerety in "Billy Budd" at Trinity Square when I was a kid, and it led me to study theater in college.)

I need to interject a note of irony here. Although I have a degree in theater and taught the subject for 30 years, I've never been to a Broadway play. I've seen local college and repertory theatre productions, and of course my student's productions and scene work at school, but never a Broadway play.

I went home from work and told my wife Cindy — who has been to more than 200 plays in various parts of the world — about this wacky sounding black comedy about a guy looking for his hand. Cindy said, "Let's go, Joey, book it now!" I didn't need to twist her arm.

I saw Chris at the docks after Christmas and told him we were going to the show. "I'm turning 60 on March 25," I told him, "so I'm treating myself to a Broadway play, and this one sounds like fun." (He was actually making notes on the script while waiting to board the ferry.)

"That's good Joe," he said. "Break a leg!" I said as he backed onto the ferry. I finally figured out a way to get tickets for March 2.

Never having been to Broadway play, I asked my wife if I should wear jeans and my leather jacket. Cindy said that I needed to clean up a bit for a play. So we got all rigged up like proper theater goers and headed for the "Big Apple."

The play was at a great place on West 45th called the Gerald Schoenfeld Theatre. We had great seats about 20 rows from the stage in the center of the theater. The house was packed, the lights dimmed and silence ensued.

The lights came up, and there was Chris sitting center stage, owning every molecule of the space. The audience went wild, and like a consummate professional, he allowed the audience to release its anticipatory energy before he moved through the expository information of the play. Now I can't give away too much here, so I won't ruin the show for those of you who want to go. I'll provide a few subjective impressions. First of all, actors Sam Rockwell, Anthony Mackie and Zoe Kazan, worked like pack mules during this 90-minute, fast moving, dialogue-driven performance. The pacing of the script alone was exhausting for the audience! The cast was completely in the moment and committed to their roles. It was a remarkable performance for such a zany script, and a complex central character, yet they sold it. Halfway through the play I said to my wife, "My god honey, this is crazy!" She smiled and kissed my cheek. The play ended, the cast took their initial bows, left the stage, and returned. Chris came out first, and received an immediate standing ovation. A much deserved one I'd say. Continued on page 8

Flowers of the Forest

Forrest Edwards
Penny Stafford

Continued from page 7

After the play, we ended up backstage with Chris and Sam Rockwell. Phillip Seymour Hoffman popped in also. I introduced Cindy to Chris, and he had her take a seat at his dressing table. I gave Chris an “attaboy,” and told him and Sam this was my first Broadway show, which Chris was surprised to hear. Cindy and Chris chatted, and I told Sam how great his one monologue was. We took some pictures, and then Chris said, “Well Joe and Cindy, I’m glad it worked out for you to come, will you now go get something to eat?” I said we probably would. After handshakes and hugs we headed out for dinner on 9th Avenue.

So there it is folks. I finally got to a Broadway play, and I can thank Chris Walken for it. And as usual, the next time I see him at the ferry dock I’ll say, “Hi Chris, how’re ya, any new gigs?”

Thanks for reading!

J.V. Houlihan, Jr.

Get Well Soon

Sally Hanold



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