

Great SCOT!

Look what's
going on...

Scottish Cultural Organization of the Triangle

October 2013

Beer Tasting

Once again SCOT is happy to sponsor a Beer Tasting for members and guests. This year the tasting will be held at Raleigh Brewing Co. located at 3709 Neil St., Raleigh, on Saturday, **October 26** at 5 pm. This is centrally located across from Meredith College.

Raleigh Brewing Co. is one of the newer brewers in the area but already have a reputation for making quality beers. They are proud to claim a Scottish Ale as one of their products. They are looking forward to discussing their beers and brewing process and will provide the following:

- A flight of beer
- A pint of beer
- History of their beers and processes
- BBQ meal provide by The Pit



The cost is \$25 for SCOT members and \$30 for non-members. The deadline for registering is October 12. To reserve a spot, please contact Donald Ross at welake87@gmail.com or 919-934-1915. Directions and more info can be found on the Raleigh Brewing Co. website at www.raleighbrewingcompany.com.

Volunteer of the Year

Our SCOT Volunteer of the Year for 2013 is someone we all rely on to help out and to organize our SCOT activities. She was born in Texas, but was raised all over the world, from California to Africa to Maryland to North Carolina and places in between. She attended North Carolina State University where she received her BS in Environmental Science. She met her husband at NC State and was married here in Raleigh in 1976. She and her husband have two adult children: Jamie, who lives with her husband in Atlanta and is expecting their first child soon, and Kristen, who is married and living in Scotland. Our Volunteer of the Year has had quite a few and varied jobs. She and her mom owned a needlepoint store in Wallace, NC. She also worked in her father's veterinary office. At one point, she was co-owner of the Colonial Moving Van, which was a cultural program about early colonial life. Presently, she is employed by Wake County as the Director of Educational Programming at Blue Jay Point County Park. She has always been very involved in the environmental community.

Our Volunteer of the Year has Scottish ancestry. While at NC State, she took pipe lessons from John Sprague until she broke her arm and couldn't pipe. John commented that "D'Nise was one of the best students I have ever had

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SCOT Scholarship Winners

Congratulations to our SCOT Scholarship winners! This year, SCOT awarded the following nine scholarships:

To Dancers: **Analiess Poulin** of Cary, **Fiona Wright** and **Gillian Wright**, both of Raleigh, to attend the School of Scottish Arts in Minneapolis, NC .

To Pipers and Drummers: **Connor Civatte** of Trenton, **Gabriel Nierman**, **Mady Justice**, **Garrett Justice**, and **Mark Justice**, all of Raleigh, to attend the North American Academy of Piping & Drumming in Valle Crucis, NC.

To Fiddler: **Melissa Fox Jones** of Graham, to attend the Jink and Diddle School of Scottish Fiddling in Valle Crucis, NC. Read her story on page 3.

All of our winners showed outstanding dedication to their field and presented very convincing papers. It gets harder each year to choose from the excellent field of applicants. Evaluation criteria included dedication to the applicant's Scottish art, a desire to learn, accomplishments and a willingness to share their Scottish art with other students and the public. The teacher's recommendation was an important part of each choice. Each applicant was evaluated by every member of the SCOT Board who submitted their top four choices. Several Board members commented on the excellent quality of the applications.

Congratulations to all of our winners and to all of the other applicants. The Scottish Arts are well supported in North Carolina.

Welcome to New SCOT Board Members



My name is **Thom Bowie**. I am originally from Long Island and have lived in North Carolina for 7 years. I love it here. My Scottish connection is that my father is from Newmilns, Ayr, Scotland. My Clan, MacDonald. I was Clan Donald Convener for Long Island for 3 years before I move to NC. I love my Scottish heritage and wish to encourage others Scot's to find out and love there Scottish roots. I am a property investor and also have an engraving business.



Doug Cruickshanks was born in Glasgow and emigrated with his family to the US at the age of 2½ years. Raised in Islip, New York, his childhood was filled with fellow Scot emigrants who befriended the family and kept the spirit of the "auld" country alive. Doug has many relatives back in Scotland and has visited there many times over the years. Doug and his wife Susan have lived in the Raleigh area for the past 21 years. They have two grown daughters, Sarah and Heather.



Lynn McElroy — My indoctrination to Scottish culture began through marriage and at a Cary Lazy days Festival where my five year old daughter watched with eagerness the highland dance exhibition. That was 16 years ago. Since then, my participation in the promotion of Scottish culture has ranged from serving as Highland Dance Parent (Ghillie Gang) president for five years, sewing costumes, teaching youth about Scottish culture by MCing highland dance exhibitions and even singing with Alasdair Fraser at a Ceilidh while the dancers performed. I look forward to serving on the SCOT board this year and continuing to promote Scottish Culture.



Catherine McKinley — I'm the mother of two long-time Highland Dancers who competed for over 10 years. I have a little Scottish blood on my mother's side (Clan DunWoodie), married to a man of strong Scottish heritage. Moved with husband to Raleigh in 1995 when he was transferred by IBM for whom he worked as a patent attorney. Currently, I am a co-lead teacher at a Montessori preschool.



Volunteer (Continued from page 1)

while teaching piping.” Later she took lessons with a friend at Sertoma Park with the McLeod Pipes and Drums and played with that band for a period of time. She attended the Sandy Jones piping camp for two years.

She has participated in many Scottish activities in the area including Scottish Country Dance, Scottish Highland Dance, Cape Breton Step Dancing, piping with pipe bands and, of course, SCOT.

Our Volunteer of the Year was one of the earliest members of the SCOT Board and is a Life Member of SCOT. She has been involved in working either in the foreground or the background in almost every SCOT event. She was involved in the Rhythms of Scotland as a dancer. She always helps build, assemble, set up, and take down the booths at the International Festivals. She was instrumental in heading up the restructuring of the SCOT website. She planned and carried out the children's activities at the Tartan Day Celebration. She coordinated and hosted the Fall Gathering in 2011. She coordinated the Silent Auction at the SCOT Family BBQ. She developed and manned the original “Bean Scene” coffee shop/eatery at the Cary Indoor Highland Dance Competition. She was the original planner and coordinator of the SCOT Ceilidhs and the SCOT AGM. She worked hard cooking and serving at the SCOT Mother's Day Teas. She is the ultimate “Behind the Scenes” volunteer!



Our Volunteer is an all-around wonderful person who cares deeply about SCOT and Scottish cultural activities. So, for her extraordinary dedication to the Scottish community and for giving of her time and talents to promote Scottish Heritage, the SCOT Volunteer of the Year for 2013 goes to D'Nise Hefner.

History of St. Andrew

Andrew was a Galilean fisherman who, along with his brother, Simon Peter, who plied his trade in The Black Sea. Andrew is often referred to as the “first called,” as he was the very first apostle. He had been a disciple of John The Baptist who informed him that Jesus Christ of Nazareth was the Chosen One. Andrew, then, sought out and relayed to his brother, Simon Peter (later the 1st Pope) that he had “found the Messiah.” Jesus Christ approached both Andrew and Peter in their fishing vessel near the shore and implored them to abandon their nets because He would make them “fishers of men.” After Jesus’ crucifixion, Andrew became a missionary, preaching in the Black Sea area, in what is now the Ukraine, Southern Russia and Greece. Both Greece (where he was martyred in 70 AD) and Russia share St. Andrew’s patronage.



The white cross on Scotland’s flag is also called St. Andrew’s cross, as it was the shape of the one on which he was crucified. Scottish legend has it that, in 832 A.D., on the eve of battle, a Pictish (early

settlers of Scotland) king had a vision of clouds shaped like a “saltire,” an X-shaped cross, in the sky above the battlefield (20 miles west of Edinburgh). When the Picts were victorious the next day, they adopted the white cross against a blue background as their banner and it was subsequently adopted as the national emblem and Scottish flag.

St. Andrew was designated as Scotland’s patron Saint in 1320 at the signing of the Declaration of Arbroath, which was an appeal to the Pope by Scottish noblemen asserting Scotland’s independence from England. In 1879, the Archbishop of Amalfi sent the first of St. Andrew’s relics to St. Mary’s Cathedral in Edinburgh. Pope Paul VI donated additional relics in 1969.

November 30 was designated as St. Andrew’s Day in the sixth century and is celebrated by Scots around the globe. The students of St. Andrew’s University have the day off from classes and it’s a bank holiday in Scotland. The focal point of in-home celebrations is the St. Andrew’s Day Feast. Since St. Andrew was a fisherman, fish is usually on the menu along with Bawd Bree, Haggis, Howtowdie with Chappit Tatties, Apple Frushie with Whippit Cream and Dunlop Cheese, all served, of course, with Scotch Whiskey. The haggis is often piped in with the bagpipes. St. Andrew’s Day parties often end in the singing of Robbie Burns’ Auld Lang Syne with hands being joined at the start of the 2nd verse. The meal is often followed by the dancing of Scottish reels.

A Week in the Life...

A Week in the Life of a Beginning Fiddler

By Melissa Fox Jones

My week of Scottish Fiddling School at Jink & Diddle began on Sunday, July 28, 2013. I traveled up to Valle Crucis, NC to the Valle Crucis Conference Center, a place I have been to several times for drumming school. This, however, was going to be my first trip there as a beginning fiddler and I can say that I was very excited about attending and also had some anticipation about what to expect.

Day One: Sunday afternoon began with checking in, finding your room, unpacking and settling in. I was fortunate to be moved to a room of my own since several individuals did not show up. Afterwards was supper (which is always a treat) and then the first class began at 7 pm. Believe me, those fiddlers do not waste any time in getting started. This is a good thing because I definitely received my money’s worth of lessons and classes! All of us gathered in the Apple Barn, which is a huge, finished barn, perfect for dancing, large meetings, etc. There were around 50 of us who pulled out our violins, violas, cellos, music stands, and getting ready to play. It was like sitting in the center of a huge orchestra. I made friends right away with Barbara Morrow from Alexandria, VA, and we found page one in the book that Dr. Turner told us to turn to. He wanted to begin playing the first tune listed. For me, a drummer that reads percussion music, what I was looking at was a sheet with black spots on it. I could not play anything. So I sat there and watched and followed along since I could count the beats. I did that until one of the instructors up front said, "Don't just sit there with your violin in your lap! Play something because at least you are contributing to the group." Oops. Guess who had their violin in the lap and who was the only beginner in the entire group who was not playing and the only beginner this year? You guessed right! It was me. So I picked up my violin and after Barbara told me what key the music was in, I began to play that note and just stuck with that for that tune. I did that for the rest of the class for whatever tune we played. That was about all I could do. After class ended for that evening, I began to wonder what was going to happen for the remainder of the week. Certainly it was going to be better than this. This ends day one.

Day Two: Monday morning began with a good breakfast. That always gets you off to a good day. Then it was off to class right afterwards. Classes were split into

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Week (Continued from page 3)

four levels, 1-4, with 1 being beginning and 4 being advanced. So off I went to level 1 class with Melinda Crawford. Melinda is an Assistant Professor of music at Westminster College in New Wilmington, PA and is a wonderful instructor. www.melindacrawford.com. She began the class by having us turn to page one of the Anniversary Book collection and we were going to play the first tune as we did Sunday evening. So I had to explain to her my beginning status, etc. There were two other students in the room so while they played that tune, she worked with me on playing harmonies and also plucking out some of the notes while they played. That helped me understand the music and follow the flow of it. I am very grateful for my background of pipe band music because that was helpful in understanding the background and foundation of this type of music. Also playing a rhythm instrument was essential in catching on to the beatings and different variations of music. Her basic beginning with me was very good and not too overwhelming. Our class lasted for about an hour and a half and then we had a lecture to attend. This was given by another instructor on the history of Scottish Fiddling and how it began. It was great to hear the background on the music as well as the music itself. Understanding how it started gives you a better understanding of why it evolved to become what it is today. Where else can you find out about this except from individuals who teach it? After the lecture is lunch. Right after lunch, classes at levels 1 and 2 joined up to play together. Again, I played harmonies for the music we worked on earlier in class. This is a larger group and it is good exposure to hear what the intermediate class worked on and discussed earlier. This lasts around a couple of hours and then I have my first private lesson. Yes! Each student has either 3 half-hour private lessons during the week or 6 fifteen minute lessons. I opted for the half-hour lessons, as did most people. My first lesson was with Melinda. First she apologized for not realizing that I was such a beginner. I am thinking that even though I put on my sheet that I could read "percussion music," some individuals do not realize that percussion music is very different than regular music and perhaps assumed that I could read it. So no one really informed the instructors that I would need extra help. But that was okay because all of the instructors worked with me and helped me. So Melinda went to Wal-Mart and bought special tape to put on the neck of my violin to help me find the first and third finger positions much more easily. She also made some changes in my shoulder rest so that it would fit better. She helped me hold my violin better so that it is more comfortable. We worked on my wrist position so now I am playing better and more like I am supposed to. I also worked on bow

position and playing some harmony notes so that I could participate more with the group. One lesson made a huge difference and gave me some items to work on so that I felt like I could give back. After our lesson was over, it was onto the Scottish Country Dance lessons because we were having our 18th Century Dance Friday evening. We could either dance or play, and at that point, I assumed I would dance. Practice was until 30 minutes before supper, and by then I was just about exhausted. After supper, classes 1-4 met in a large group to review what happened during the day and played until 9:00, when you could jam as late as you wanted or if you were like me, you were extremely tired, you got a snack and went to bed. I did play harmonies with the group 1-4 class and felt like I was contributing (hurray!). I did not go to the jam sessions because that really was for the advanced players and by then, I knew to head for bed or I would not make it the next day. End of day two.

Day Three: Tuesday morning began like Monday. We had breakfast and then on to group 1 class. The difference from yesterday is that the instructors switched classes. Today, I had Colyn Fischer. Colyn teaches at the San Carlos School District in San Francisco. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Colyn_Fischer. Colyn's teaching style is different than Melinda's and he began the lesson by finding out what Melinda did with the group on the previous day. After that, he began working with three of us, as we had a small class again that day. Colyn worked with the other two on embellishments when playing the music and he had me pluck the music out on certain notes when we played a different set of tunes. We reviewed the tunes first to pick out easy notes that I could easily understand and read, and then worked on recognizing them. We did this for the 1½ hour session. The remainder of the day was exactly like day two except that I did not have a private lesson. I would have another one on Wednesday. I did have a chance to sit in on an accompanist class given by cellist John Mark Rozendaal. That was very helpful since this became the way I was learning to contribute to most of the music sessions. By the end of the day, I was tired again and went to bed around 10:00 pm.

Day Four: Wednesday was to be my day of epiphany. (If only it had occurred on Monday.) The day began as usual with breakfast and then heading down the hill to the Crab Orchard Hall for the group 1 class. Today, my instructor was David Gardner, who is a German teacher at Warwick High School in Newport News, VA. www.gardnerfiddle.com. We began our class by working on the tune of Scotland the Brave. David began telling me which fingers to place on specific strings for each of the notes. I have to say that by the time he got to the second measure, I had to say "stop!". It was simply too much to take in at one time.

Week (Continued from page 4)

But he did not realize that until I told him. I then explained that I was a visual person and I needed for him to draw a picture for me. He agreed. David learns by ear. Because I did not, he said he needed to adapt and to teach in a way so that I could understand. So out comes the big easel, paper, and markers. e draws two sets of music staves, and places notes on them. He then talks about the "lines being odd numbers 1 and 3 and the spaces being even numbers 0 and 2". We then talk about the notes going up the staff of D, A and E. And how each one has a 0-3 associated with it. Well, it's still not "clicking". Oh, but when John Mark, who was in the class with us, said, "count it up from the bottom." When I did that, my entire violin music world just opened up and I could see it all coming together for the first time. David actually said that he had not taught at my level in at least two years, and he had never thought to explain it the way John Mark did. So we all learned something that day. Since I was already familiar with the letters associated with the lines and spaces on the music staff, I could now state which string to play for which note on any piece of violin music. David had me go through and mark all of the notes for Scotland the Brave, and I only missed 6. That was just due to giving a line/space the incorrect number. So I finally understand what to do. Now if only I could read the notes and play faster. After this, he had John Mark and Ashley, the other individuals there play through some music and I worked on identifying more notes. I think I was more thrilled doing that than about anything else because I finally had to key to unlock the mystery behind the playing. Our lesson ended about 10:30. Another thing good that came out of this is that David was also very glad because he said that nothing made him happier than when a student of his learned something new and gained knowledge in his class. And he could tell that I had a huge door opened for me that day. He played a major role in my learning experience and I will never forget that. I also know that the simple phrase that John Mark used also completed the puzzle of what I needed to understand the music. The outlook for the remainder of the week just went up by a huge percentage. The remainder of the day was the same as before. I had my second private lesson with Melinda and told her what happened earlier. She was very excited for me. We worked again on some bowing techniques and harmonies. She also suggested that I begin memorizing the notes by picking out one at a time and not marking them on my music. That way I would learn to recognize them not in order on the staff but by where they were. This was also another great learning technique that I gained that day. The remainder of the day was the same schedule as the other days. Except now I was becoming brave and wanting to actually play with the other

musicians on Friday evening during the Scottish Country Dance and not actually dance with people. I am now thinking that since I have an opportunity, I am going to take it. I asked and was told if I wanted to play that I certainly could. So far this was the best day yet. And yes, it was a tiring day and I went straight to bed after the final playing time ended at 9:30.

Day Five: The class schedule was as usual. I had Melinda this morning for group 1 playing. We are back around to our original instructors again. During the afternoon, when it was time to practice for the Scottish Country Dance, I played with some of the other musicians who were playing so that the dancers could practice. It was so totally awesome! I did not have a private lesson that day and worked on holding my violin correctly and not making my bow squeak when I practiced. I listened in on John Mark's accompanist class as I knew that would help and worked on my ceilidh act for Saturday night. Believe it or not, Scottish fiddlers do not know anything about pipe bands, the role of the musicians or why they form in a circle and why the "mid section" stands in the middle, etc. So all week long, I received questions like, "What is a flourishing tenor?", and "Why don't you face the Pipe Major?". I was asked to play a march with another fiddler who could play a tune from one of our competition sets. Can you imagine trying to get a fiddler to play a snare drum roll off? That was something we worked on that afternoon. After dinner, it was practice time for the dance. I sat towards the back and sort of in the center. We had a book with all of the music in it for the dance. Mary Ellena sat next to me and we were ready to go. She is an experienced player and said that she too would be playing harmonies where she could not keep up with the music. So that was nice to have a harmony buddy to play with. All of the instructors, including Rachel Barton Pine, took turns conducting us. What was so nice is that when Colyn got up for his turn, he told me in front of everyone how proud he was that I was playing in the orchestra for the dance. Wow! What a complement coming from him. That made me feel even better about the choice I had made to play for the dance. Another busy

day comes to an end and I am still dragging up that hill from the Apple Barn to the Inn. You would think by now I would be used to it. End of day five.



*To be continued
in the next issue of
Great SCOT!*

Commentary (Continued from page 8)

materials were taken out of the mines, the coal and iron separated for sale and the waste dumped as nearby as possible, often on top of once fertile ground, despoiling and destroying streams, rivers and even small farms. Over many years of mining these bings of waste materials became very large; usually high, flat topped mini-hills and dwarfing nearby buildings and fields.

Most bings had sloping, loose sides of bare surfaces, occasionally catching fire from bits of un-recovered coal. Miners and their families would scavenge new parts of the bings for coal lumps for their fires at home, making the bings more inert and adding to their ponderous appearance in the green countryside. To small children these slopes looked attractive places to play but the surfaces were fragile and fickle, easily slipping into landslides taking rocks, sand and children down in the slippage. Over time, rain water on and through the bings moved dangerous materials down to the water sources for those living nearby adding another hazard to life of the miners and their families.

After the Industrial Revolution the bings stood silent and bare apart from the slow evolution of Nature plying its rain, sun and frost on the bings to break down their surfaces to a semblance of a soil on which Nature could waft its seeds by wind and feed them by rain and sun. Even now, these natural coverings are sparse and fleeting. In summer, bings appear more natural under some coverings of bracken, bramble and pockets of flowers, but their forbidding mechanical shapes are not hidden and dominate the pleasant carse lands and modern life all around. In winter's natural bareness, their original stark dominance over the landscape is more visible as a constant reminder that here massive work was wrought by men.

Daily, the men who worked in the coal and iron mines not only had to toil at hard physical work in cramped tunnels but they also faced risks of injury and death with little insurance or health care for themselves or their families. If they were injured or killed at work their families went from a sparse income to absolutely zero income. These risks to limb, life and family caused quite a number of miners to send sons to front line army infantry regiments as a preferred, safer way of life. Such living triggered emigration to other parts of the world as young people sought a better, albeit unknown life.

For a pittance in harsh and dangerous places, Scottish miners toiled shift after shift around the clock in appalling working conditions to produce the coal and iron ore to fuel production of steel which produced the steam locomotives, cotton and wool looms, ocean going ships, swords and guns which greatly helped create the British

Empire around the globe on which the sun never set. From the Industrial Revolution came this social evolution which gave millions of people of many races around the world a taste of living under a codified law and a semblance of order in place of the fickle whim of despotic, individualistic power.

Some bings still sit imperially across the Scottish industrial lowlands. Rather than this poem's image of them being tumuli of long dead jarls or thanes, they can be thought of as cenotaphs to Scottish "toilers" who lived, worked "indifferent as moles" and died around the coal and iron mines to open a better life to people in other races around the world.

- Dr. George S. Birrell

Calendar of Events

October

- 5 Scotland County Highland Games, Laurinburg, NC
- 19-20 Stone Mountain Highland Games, Stone Mountain, GA
- 19-20 Richmond Highland Games, Richmond, VA
- 26 SCOT Beer Tasting, Raleigh Brewing Co. (see pg .1)

November

- 16 SCOT Ceilidh*
- 23 NC State Pipe Band Concert, Harris Field, NCSU

January

- 18-19 Central Florida Scottish Games, Winter Springs, FL
- 25 Burns Night, The Country Squire, Kenansville, NC

February

- tbd SCOT Whisky Tasting*
- 23 Northeast Florida Scottish Festival, Green Cove Springs, FL

March

- 15 Raleigh St. Patrick's Day Parade
- 29 SCOT Cary Indoor Dancing and Piping Competitions
Resurrection Lutheran Church, Cary, NC
- 30 Cary Indoor Highland Dance Workshop

April

- 6 National Tartan Day
- 12-14 Loch Norman Highland Games, Huntersville, NC
- 30 Triad Highland Games, Greensboro, NC

May

- 2-4 Triad Highland Games, Greensboro, NC
- 10 Savannah Scottish Games, Savannah, GA
- 11 SCOT Afternoon Tea, West Raleigh Presbyterian Church*
- 16-18 Smokey Mountain Highland Games, Maryville, TN
- 24-25 Gallabrae Highland Games, Greenville, SC
- 31 SCOT Golf Tournament & Family BBQ*

*to be confirmed

Following are some proposed events for which we would like your feedback, so that we might follow-up to make some of them happen in the near future.

- ♦ Cooking Class
- ♦ Gaelic Teaching
- ♦ Educational Lecture Series
- ♦ Film Night
- ♦ Curling Event

Tastes of Scotland



Apple and Oat Cake

As the weather cools off and we turn towards Autumn, this apple oat cake is a wonderful choice for tea or family dinner. Apples were brought to Great Britain by the Romans and became a traditional fall dish. Apple "dooking," similar to American bobbing for apples, was common at this time of year. Samhain, a Gaelic term, was celebrated at the end of October by the early Celts as the end of harvest season and the beginning of winter. In Scotland, Samhain has been mostly replaced by Halloween, when one may still find apple dooking and many wonderful versions of apple cake. This version is not terribly sweet and could even be served for breakfast.

- 1 ½ pounds (4 medium) tart cooking apples
- 5 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ½ cup raisins
- ½ cup butter
- 1 tablespoon honey
- 3 cups old fashioned rolled oats
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- 2 large eggs, beaten
- Light or heavy cream, whipped cream, or ice cream

Preheat oven to 375°. Lightly butter and flour a 9" spring form pan.

Peel, core, and cut the apples into 1 inch pieces. Combine with 4 tablespoons of brown sugar and the cinnamon in a heavy saucepan. Cook, covered, over medium-low heat until apples are soft, about 15 minutes. Remove from heat, add raisins, and cool.

Meanwhile, melt the butter and honey with 1 tablespoon of brown sugar in a small saucepan or in the microwave. Turn into a bowl. Add the oats, lemon rind, and beaten eggs; mix well. Spoon one third of oat/egg mixture into prepared pan. Top with half the apple mixture. Repeat the layers ending with the oat/egg mixture.

Bake in preheated oven until the top is golden and the cake is cooked, about 30 minutes. Serve warm, cut into wedges with suggested toppings. Makes six servings. It can be prepared ahead and reheated.

The Scottish-Irish Pub and Hearth Cookbook. Kay Shaw Nelson, 1999, Hippocrene Books, Inc. New York, NY.

- Carolyn McDonald Graf



President's Corner

Dear Members,

We now have another AGM behind us as we head into our next year of SCOT events.

We welcomed four new members to the Board (see page 2 for their bios) and I feel sure that, with the fresh input and enthusiasm of our new Board members, we will have another successful year. This was evident at our planning meeting, as these new members stepped up to the plate and offered to help with our events.

Once more I will encourage you to let us know what we can do to make your experience in SCOT all that you want it to be! We are unable to read your minds, so please keep us informed of ways that we can help. Of course, I want each of you to encourage young people to get involved in SCOT, as they are our future.

I am looking forward to seeing many of you at our upcoming events. God Bless and have a great year!

Donald Ross

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SCOT

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The Scottish Cultural Organization of the Triangle (S.C.O.T.) is a non-profit organization dedicated to informing and educating the public about the history, culture, and heritage of Scotland and the Scottish people.

Board of Directors:

George Birrell	Cheryl Jones
Thom Bowie	Ginny Kent
Doug Cruikshanks	Lynn McElroy
Patricia Johnston	Catherine McKinley
Carolyn Graf	Donald Ross
Pat Johnston	John Sprague



Poem and Commentary

*The Old Bing*¹

By Stanley Roger Green

A century ago deep dripping galleries were gutted
To build this monument above the wooded carse,²
Now the bing is overwhelmed by dog-rose and bramble,
Veins of wild strawberry throb under bracken.³

In winter keen hill winds and valley rains
Strip it bare revealing a gaunt memorial;
Stark in its grandeur the bing rears from the carse
Like the tumulus⁴ of a long dead jarl⁵ or thane.⁶

At its base a slow river ambles reflecting tall
Hills and still herons heraldic in twilight;
Not even the sighs of evening winds can recall
The anguished grunts of those nameless toilers

Who hacked a sparse living from grudging seams,
Cursed at roof falls, mourned lost comrades,
Indifferent as moles to the cenotaph⁷ above them
Each day darkly rising, shouldering the sun.

¹waste hill, ²fertile land by a river, ³gorse bushes, ⁴funeral pile, ⁵Viking noble, ⁶Scottish lord, ⁷memorial to the dead

The old “bing”? A new “bing”? A bing? What is a bing? Questions easily answered by folks familiar with the industrial lowlands of Scotland in days gone by where coal, iron, water and human ingenuity were found together causing the Industrial Revolution to take root, physically as well as figuratively. Bing is the Scottish word for a heap or pile of waste materials regardless of its size, content, shape or colour, be they grey from rocks, red from iron residue or of mixed colours. Ayrshire, Lanark, Fife and the Lothians had these ingredients and became major anvils in Scottish and world development about a couple of centuries ago.

Most of the Industrial Revolution was driven by steam engines fueled by coal which had to be dug from the ground by men toiling with picks and shovels in tunnels deep underground and then hoisted to the surface to power the steam engines. Similarly, to make steel, iron ore was dug from the ground where it could be found. Shafts and tunnels to reach the coal seams and iron ore were dug from soil and rock and sometimes the coal and iron were mixed with soil and rocks. All of these

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We welcome your contributions to this quarterly newsletter! Please forward news of any achievements, births, marriages, or graduations to Amy Mooney (danceramy@aol.com) to be included. If you have an article, story, artwork, or bit of Scottish lore to share, please submit it to Jane Dunbar (thedunbars@mindspring.com).

S.C.O.T.

Scottish Cultural Organization of the Triangle
215 SE Maynard Road
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