

EIKS AN ENS

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

Nummer 11

April 2017

Souchs o Simmer

The Scots Leid an Europe Collogue & AGM 2017

**Saturday, 3rd June 2017
St Matthew's Church, Tay St, Perth PH1 5TF**

Wi Tam Hubbard, Joy Hendry, Zsuzsana Varga an Maureen Sangster

£20 includin lunch, see p. 5

**SOS! SECRETAR WANTIT FOR SLS – 4/5 meetins a year, tak
meenits an dae the thankye letters. Please pit your nem forrit if ye're
interestit.**

Subscrievins: Gin ye've no peyed yet this year, sen your siller ti SLS, 4
Ancrum Drive, Dundee DD2 2JB or pey online
£20 ordinar memmership, £25 owerseas, jynt, schuil or college, corporate

Scots Radio

An online internet Radio programme, fit celebrates the Scots leid an culture an is presentit in Scots, haes been nominated for a top international award in the Celtic Media Festival, alangside some o the world's biggest Radio Stations.

Scots Radio is brocht oot bi weel-kent braidcaster Frieda Morrison an features Scots fae Shetland tae the Borders an athin in atween. The programme, fit wis launched on the internet three years ago, attracts thousands of listeners aa oer the world wi its special blend o information, interviews, humour an music. The monthly internet programme haes been nominated in the 'magazine category' an is facing international competition for the Festival's 'Torc' Award for Excellence.

Frieda Morrison, fa comes fae Deeside, Aberdeenshire, sees the nomination as an important step in the promotion o the Scots Language, "It gies us great pleasure tae announce that Scots Radio has been nominated for this prestigious award in the Celtic Media Festival. We hiv been judged bi a Scottish jury an an International jury - noo through tae the finals. On behauf o the Scots Radio team, thank-ye tae oor listeners an contributors for their support."

Scots Radio is recorded in Edinburgh at B&B studios bi Richard Werner fa is very much pairt of the programme. Frieda is jined in the studio on occasion, throughout the year, bi weel-kent folklorist an musician, Steve Byrne. Scots Radio is supported an promoted bi **The Scots Language Centre**.

The winners wull be revealed at the 38th Celtic Media Festival fit taks place oer 3-5 o May 2017 in Douglas, Isle o Man.

Visit Scots Radio at: www.scotsradio.com

Janice Hopper



Onie fowk wantin cairds o 'Down by the River', Sally Bruce Richards' bonny prent, yaised for the cover o *Lallans* 89, can coff them at the Collogue on 4th June (£2.50 each).

Gin ye're wantin a prent o the picter, ye can buy it throu SLS (wi 10% ti SLS, thanks ti Sally's muckle kindness).

Sally's prints are the highest quality fine art giclée prints using only the best pigment inks to capture the subtlety and detail of her original paintings. With good care, these rich and vibrant archival inks will not fade over time. They are printed on a substantial 310gsm acid-free mould made paper (hahnemühle german etching).

*Image size 8" x 8" mounted in an ivory mount 10" x 10" in a cellophane wrap. Rrp £45
Image size 12" x 12" ivory mount - overall size 18" x 18" in a cellophane wrap. Rrp £95*

Skail Nurse

Scary wummin aa drest in broon,
yi flegt mi sumthin affy!
Yi smelt o Dettol.

Scary wummin aa drest in broon,
yir trenchcoat, cloche hat and briefcaiss
injectit fear intae mi hert

Yi checkt mi nibblt nails,
examint mi half-wahsht neck,
presst yir chist agin mi boadie
an breathed yir secint-hand
braith on mi. Yi peert ahent
mi lugs, a plaiss yi sayed nits
liked ti git thegither an hing oot.
Y'invydit mi personal spaiss.
Whit wiz in thon broon bag yi kerried?
Eh eyewiz thocht nit-combs, pointy needles
fir vaccinations an bottle efter bottle o Suleo
shampoo ti humiliate th'infectit. Yi kid smell
it fae a mile awa. Abdy kent an the word got roond.

Scary wummin aa drest in broon
did yi realehz the herm yi did?
Humiliationz nae guid fir the soul
o a workin-class bairn at the mercy
o the wifie fae the Ladies Sanitary Reform
Association.

Fran Baillie

Ma Scuil Bag

I staired tae jee masel up tae
gawn back tae the scuil the day.
I red oot ma bag and fund sweeties
stuck tae the linin, the niff o dust,
aw soarts o gimcracky muck.

Aw thae things mind me o gemms
we speied – lowpin and skiftin
stanes oan the watter. Skirlin at the tap
o oor vices an tryin tae ding
the ither yin oot – a rare teir.

When I goat a new bag it smelt
rich, like hoat chocolate on a cauld nicht.
I'd fill it wi ma new scribevin stuff,
a new jotter, a shairp pencil
an ma piece fur lieftime.

That unco forfluther is there noo
as I heave oot aw the lest twalmonth's
trasherie and sniff the stour o chauk.
I gaiter ma giddles the gither
and pit in ma new daybuik.

Nooadays ma bag is foo o paper.
I dinnae fash wi a new yin
ilka year. I use it fir twa or three.
I still hae a queer souch. It's mair fricht
noo fur I'm the teacher.

Ann MacKinnon

Oot-Foxing The Fox

An ass – is that sae different frae a donkey, or a mule, I ask ye? – and a fox (anomalous couple) made a pact ti ging hunting thegither. As luck would hae it (or misluck, raither) a lion popped up in their road – and the fox, ay quick-thinking like, guairanteed the lion the ass for security (wi freends like that, wha needs enemies?). The lion agreed, promising Slee Fox his freedom if he traipped the ass first. This the fox did, forgetting that aince he'd fast-sneckit the ass the lion could sup on him first (the fox, that is) then gobble up the ass at his ease. And that he did, and the fox was richt-fine tasting, he said ti his freends eftirwards – *delicious, indeed*.

The moral o this is simply – Think afore ye eat.

W. S. Milne

Macavity, the Meisterie Cat

An owersettin o *Macavity: the Mystery Cat* bi T. S. Eliot

Macavity's a Meisterie Cat: he's cried the Hoddit Paw –
Kis he's the maister creiminal wha aye kin jamph the Law.
He's the fickle o yon Scotland Yaird, the Fleein Squad's dispair:
Whan they win til the scene o crime – Macavity's no thare!

Macavity, Macavity, the'r nane that's lik Macavity,
He's brucken ilka human law, he braks the law o gravity.
His pooers o levititioun wad stoun a fakir sair,
Whan ye win til the scene o crime – Macavity's no thare!

Macavity's a ginger cat an he's a skinnymalink;
His een is clappit in his heid, ye'll aye ken him, I think.
His broo is runkelt up wi thocht an mensefu is his heid;
His coat is stoury frae negleck, his whuskers gane tae seed.
He sweys his heid frae side tae side, it's lik a sairpint's jink;
Tho whiles ye think he's hauf aslepe, he nivver taks a blink.

Macavity, Macavity, the'r nane lik him I'm sayin
For he's a deil in baudron furm, an onbaist o ill-daein.
Ye'll meet him in a vennel, ye'll meet him in the squerr –
But whan a crime's discovert – fegs! Macavity's no thare!

He's weel-faured on the ootside. (They say he swicks at cairds.)
An his fuitprents isna fund in ony file o Scotland Yaird's.
An whan the lairder's spulyied, or the jowel-case haes got rouked,
Or whan the mulk's gane missin, or anither Peke's got cruiked,
Or the greenhouse gless is smattered, an the trellis brucken sair –
Aye, thare's the wunner o the thing! Macavity's no thare!

An whan the Furrin Offish fin a Treaty's gane agley,
Or the Admiralty tyne some plans an draains bi the wey,
Thare micht be a tickie paper in the haa or on the sterr –
But it's daeless speirin intilt – Macavity's no thare!
An whan the loass haes been fund oot, the Saicret Sairvice aa
Say: 'It maun be Macavity!' – but he's a mile awa.
Ye'll be shair tae fin him ristin, or sookin at his thoums,
Or daein lang diveisions on some unco quirkie soums.

Macavity, Macavity, the'r nane that's lik Macavity,
Thare nivver wis siclike a cat o sleekitness an suavity.
He ayeweys haes an alibi an ane or twa tae spare:
At whitna time the deed wis duin – MACAVITY WISNA THARE!
An they say that aa the weel kent Cats o cantrips an ill-daein
(I micht mention Mungojerrie, I micht mention Girdlebane)
Is naethin mair nor deutes o the Cat that aa the time
Guides aa thair ploys an venturs: the Napoleon o Crime!

David C. Purdie

Return

Tho we micht wi ither mells
that doots, ill-dreids, things unken
can owerlie an bauldie spurn,
we aa return
tae the ourie trowth an hent
o wir ain sells

Hamish Scott

Life

Ilka sense, ilka braith
a slaw an langsum daith

Flour XI

Tae blume again
the flour maun dee
Tae ken it - aa
we need tae dree

Hamish Scott

The Wee Fifer

There wis a wee Fifer wha came fae Cupar
on the bus tae Cardenden
There's naethin direct an so I expect
he chinged buses nou an again
It taks a wee while, so he traivelled in style
wi a thermos flask fou o coffee
a bottle o fine Buckfast wine
an a bar o McCowan's toffee
He'd lived in East Fife the hale o haes life
and he thocht whaur he bided wis best
but nou he wis sixty he thocht he should risk a
wee trip tae the wild, wild west

Kevin Connelly

Strictly Tots

Precocious, precious, ettlin ti impress,
Bella (fower) is birlin like a peerie.
'Leuk at me! Ah'm a ballet dancer.'

No ti be ootduin,
Wee Erchie (barelie thrie)
plashes on tippietaes throu the dubs.

Whaur's yer Gene Kelly nou?

Gordon Donaldson

Guidbrither

The years hae sauntert on
wi nae haun tae haud thaim bek,
thay keppit thirsels tae the term,
sleein past in braed deylicht,
thou we niver spied thaim.

It seems nae ower lang sinsyne
yon dey ye cam tae the hous
jacose an pert, we didnae jealous
then thou we ken noo,
this dey an the sorra brocht wae it,
was foun an biggit upo the ither.

George T. Watt

Whan we went tae the muin

The wife o a cosmonaut sayed
that at the racket lainchin steid

'Aa the fish lowpit oot the loch'
whan we went tae the muin

The Ceity

The ceity maks ye rael humane
a gate nae places naitral can,
an hou it hauds me thirled tae it,
for A'm a man

Hamish Scott

Fuils Dee For Want o Nous

Nou there was this monkey had the X-factor whan it came ti dancing afore fowk, and they elected him –God kens why – *king*. Oor auld freend, Fox Fur, was jealous, and showed him a fine bit o bait in a snare. 'Whit fine,' he says, 'I'm nae hungry, tak it,' (mind, we're talking about auld Greedy Guts here) and in gings the monkey ti the snaffle, trapped. 'Fuil – freend monkey!' says the reid devil, 'Ti think you're the king, and laird o us aa!'

Lesson: *A dancing monkey?* Minds me o mair than one politician!

W. S. Milne

SANGSCHAW 2018

Entry dates for submeissions: 31st Januar 2018 ti *Sangschaw*, c/o 6 Dryden Place, Edinburgh EH9 1RP. Cheques/Postal Orders peyable ti 'Scots Language Society.

£5 ilk entry or three for £12, wi nem & address separate. Nae entries by e-mail acceptit.

Aa entries in Scots/Lallans, nae English. An naething that has been submittit or furthset itherwhaur, please. Prose nae mair nor 3000 words, poems an drama nae mair nor 60 lines, owersettins as abune, but send a copy o the piece owerset in its oreiginal leid.

3 Tassies ti be awardit: Hugh MacDiarmid for poesie, Robert McLellan for prose, an John MacPhail Law Tassie for owersettin; £100 ti winners an £50 ti rinners-up.

Aa competitors wull get a written assessment o their wark.

Collogue 2017

'The Scots Leid an Europe'

Saturday 3rd June, 10 am -- 4pm
St Matthew's Kirk, Tay St, Perth PH1 5TF

10.00	Registration.
10.15	Tom Hubbard
11.00	Scotsoun wi George Watt
11.30	Coffee
11.45	Joy Hendry
12.30	AGM
1.00	Lunch
2.00	<i>Sangschaw</i> : readins frae winning entries
2.30	Zsuzsana Varga
3.15	Coffee
3.30	Maureen Sangster

£20 (wi lunch)

Buikin

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