

# EIKS AN ENS

Nummer 13

The newsletter o the Scots Leid Associe

April 2018

April Affairs

**CHYNGE O ADDRESS!!! New Address for the SLS:**

**61 Cliffburn Road  
Arbroath  
DD11 5BA**

Siller ti SLS at this address or pey online: £20 ordinar memmership  
£25 overseas, jynt, schuil or college, corporate

This year's Collogue wull hae place in Perth on **Setterday, 2nd June.**

**“HUMOUR IN THE SCOTS LEID ”**

**William Hershaw, Douglas McClure, Walter McGinty, Frances Robson, George Watt**

See page 5 for info an buikin form

**Sangschaw 2018** winners on page 4.

For the 3rd year in a row **Scots Radio** haes got a nomination in the **Celtic Media Awards**. Produced an presentit by Aberdeenshire broadcaster **Frieda Morrison**, recent programmes hae gien Scots speakers 'ae Shetland tae the Borders and athin in atween' a Doric production o *Messiah*, Bothy Ballad competeitions an culture, Burns' poleitical poesie, forby the Doric *Gruffalo* for weans. This sparkie magazine shaw is a slice o Scots life. It's been pitten up in the Radio Magazine category, again the likes o RTÉ Raidió na Gaeltachta, BBC Radio nan Gàidheal, BBC Radio Cymru and BBC Radio Ulster. Winners wull be kent at the 39<sup>th</sup> Celtic Media Festival, on the **2-4 May 2018** in **Llanelli, Wales**. Wi thanks ti Janice Hopper for lattin us ken the news.

Aftimes I'll read a poem and think, 'Jings!  
I never could hae scribed the like o thon  
Whaur is it poets learn tae scribe sic things?'  
And then I wunner whey I plouter on  
A wean that joggles letters on the fridge  
Juist biggin verse fae ma wee, poukit curn  
I'm like a dancin bear, a bairdin midge  
A cheery, jokey karaoke turn

**Kevin Connelly**

**The sun i winter**

The keeper o the yett tween nicht an day,  
the sun lats throu whit licht, an whan, it may

Ilk winter's day it rises late an slaw,  
an pits the yett ajee tae lat the daw

Than apens that bit mair the yett for licht,  
but leas hauf-steikit tween the day an nicht

An time eneuch thare-efter steiks the yett;  
retirin aerlie bringin furth day-set

**Hamish Scott**

## Hey Jimmy!

Hey Jimmy! hae ye got the time?  
Weel fancy that – ten efter nine.  
Hey Jimmy! could ye gie's a fag?  
I'm chokin on a nice bit drag.  
Hey Jimmy! dae ye hae a licht?  
Lat's get this wee smoke brennin richt.  
Hey Jimmy! could ye spare some change?  
I ken it micht seem awfy strange,  
But I've no ett for three hale days,  
I sleep ilk nicht in aa ma claes,  
Aw Jimmy! I'm fair done in.

Hey Jimmy!, dae ye mind o me?  
I wisna aye the tramp ye see,  
I haed a hame, I haed a wife,  
I haed a nice wee comfy life.  
Hey Jimmy!, did ye nivver think,  
Ye'd drive a man richt ower the brink?  
Whan thinkin up yer wee fly schames,  
That tirn't bricht howps tae smatter't drames?  
Hey Jimmy! dae ye see this knife?  
It's juist about tae tak yer life ...  
Aw Jimmy! that's you done in!

**David C. Purdie**

## I AM A MIDGIE !

I am a midgie!  
A teenie bluid-soukin Scottish flea.  
I bite irrespective o class, creed or colour.  
Bluid is bluid tae me!

I am a midgie!  
Yon menace o Scottish summer.  
I am pairt o a huge, itch-inducin army  
That represents strength in number!

I am a midgie!  
A nuisance o the lowest rank.  
But in solidarity we mak priority.  
Ma brithers in airms, I thank.

I am a midgie!  
I am a brave warrior.  
I lauch in the face o daith whin ye try tae ootwit me  
Wi yir chemicals 'n formula.

## Auld Acquaintance

*'Is Mrs Brodie all right, Nurse?  
She's talking to herself in the mirror?'  
'She's just fine.  
She often talks  
to her reflection.'*

'Yer face luks fair familiar  
but A cannae mind yer name,  
for we havnae seen each ither fur a while.  
Wur we at the skule thegither?  
Did ye help at the big mill?  
It's comin' back ... gee me a meenit ...  
Naw, it's gone.

'A mind ye, but A dinnae.  
Do ye ever go like thon?  
Aye, Aye, ye're jist the same,  
A can see it in yer een.

'Ma name's Tina, Tina Brodie  
Whit did ye say wiz yours?  
Beggin yer pardon, Mistress, whit wiz that?  
Aye, that's richt, A'm Tina Brodie,  
But we've been sae lang acquaint  
A'd lyk it fine  
if ye'd just ca' me Teen.

'There's no mony dis that nooadays.'

**Irene Howat**

I am a midgie!  
I hae history.  
Ma ancestors hae steadily irritated  
Generations o baith pauper 'n nobility.

I am a midgie!  
We fought alongside Wallace 'n Bruce.  
Canny allies.  
Drove English mental.  
A clever subterfuge.

I am a midgie!  
Yon wet, Scottish hills ma host.  
In summer months I terrorise.  
Til winter brings ma only adversary ;  
FROAST !

**Tracy Anne Harvey**

## Ali's Waddin

Ali's faither had peyed the tocher. An his uncles had aa chipped in tae. Ay, it's a gey dear business, gettin mairried.

*Braydon made a mental nott ti stoap by at the drive-in ATM on his wey oot. Guid times dinna come cheap, an Wells Fargo be thankit.*

The bride was jist 18-year auld. No a bairn, but no an auld maid aither. Ali howpt they wud mak a guid match; he'd seen Tasma jist the twice afore, and aye she'd worn a silken clout owre her face. No that looks maitter. Ali was wyce eneuch ti ken that.

*Whan his shift was owre, Braydon ettled ti drive til K-Town. He wud bide there till the wee smaa hours at the Foxy Club, whaur aa the bonnie lassies foregaiter: Trixie, Cindy an Suzy Wang.*

The twa faimilies had been connectit for generations. Aftentimes, they'd even been at feid thegither, tho naebody mentioned that nou. Na na, the days o feidin were lang bye. An was Ali's waddin no the pruif o it?

*Braydon was a sensor operator at Tupstane, Germany. His job was ti spy on the faes o Uncle Sam. Ay, and a deil waur nor jist spy on them.*

The haill clan was on board, aa squeeshed in thegither in thrie Toyota pickups. There maun hae been twintie fowk in ilka caur – aunties an uncles, bairns and auld anes – kizzens til the n-th degree. An a when hingers-oan, forby. Mibbe they shud hae hired mair caurs.

*Twa-an-a-hauf year intil a thrie-year tour o duty, Braydon hadnae a clue whaur he was gaun neist. Tho shuirly the Faur East wud suit him fine, for the'r nae want o Suzy Wangs yon gate. 'But please god,' thinks he, 'dinna lat them sen me til Diego Garcia.'*

Anerly Ali's auld grannie bydit at hame, her be-in hippit an no able ti tak the road.

*Ivry day, he watched the mukkil great transport planes laundin an takkin aff frae the base. Some fleein eastlins, ithers hamewith. Tho he had naethin ti dae wi them direckly, Braydon jaloused that they were aa pairt o the same team. The very thocht o it brocht a tear til his ee.*

Tasma an her paurents wud be waitin. They wud hae aathing ready: the waddin-feast, sweetmeats, the musicians tunin up. For naebody shud leave a waddin wi a tuim wame, an there maun be music for the jiggin.

*A vyce dinnled in his heidset. It was J-TAC, his controller, giein him the latest 'het intel' He was ti watch oot for thrie caurs fou o Talibs: a couple o heid-bummers an their gairds, aa airmed til the teeth wi AKs and RPGs. J-TAC gied him the co-ordinates.*

In the cab o the furst Toyota, Ali sklentit at his faither. Abune the gray beard, the chowks o the aulder man fair glowed wi pride. Mibbe ae day, Ali wud see his ain son mairriet? There cam a wee tear til his ee.

*J-TAC was baalin in his ear-phones. 'Drap yer ordnance, ye feartie. Or Ah'll hae yer guts for garters.' Braydon ignored her. 'Ah'm a pro,' thinks he, 'no jist a button-pusher.' He birlid a wee wheel on the joystick, muivin the sensor ti lat him see mair o the road. 'Uh-huh, yon bend'll dae fine. They'll hae ti slow down there.'*

The driver o the furst caur chynged doun a gear. Nearly at the tap. No lang nou.

*Braydon's thoum swithered owre the button marked 'Fire'.*

*'Nou.'*

**Gordon Donaldson**

## Gringos

*American sogers in Mexico in 1916  
were kent by ane Scots sang they sung*

Doun the lang whang til Sonora  
thru the clachans o Mexico;  
auldrife sogers in Yankee blue:  
*Green growe the rashes, o.*

By the banks o the cauld clear river,  
and the stoury sauchs amang;  
we rade where the Yankees stravaigit,  
and never a wheesht o their sang.

On the Tex-Mex charabanc coach trip:  
'The senor from Scotland, por favor!'  
Syne whispered the Scottish senora:  
'Sing and I'll kill ye! Juist daur.'

Air-con'd, canty, abune the stour,  
I fancy mysel the hidalgo.  
The neist sang frae the Scottish senor:  
*Green growe the rashes, o.*

**Peter Cameron**

## Sodium

Fareweel tae sodium,  
yon orange licht.  
The last flicker o a glow  
that's cast its fuzzie like,  
ower mony a boozey summer's nicht;  
frostit mornings, winter's sicht.

Fareweel tae sodium,  
yon orange licht.  
Nae mair to bleer abun the hillside,  
nae mair to grace the pavie stanes,  
as twinklin white the toon grows bricht,  
nae sodium bulbs, the nation's dicht.

Calum Robertson

## Efter Romeo

Pilot, tak this forfochten birlinn,  
I feel aul, ma timmers weak,  
The hawsers hae lost thair streich,  
Barnacles hae bairkit the sleek hull,  
I nae langer glide throu the watter,  
I drag masel alang, chyavin,  
Ma shaddae is nae sae blyth  
It faas intae ilka trough an eddy,  
I'm founert, rudderless, driftin,  
I'm blin tae the skerries an swirlin tide,  
But I ken thay'r thare, waitin.

George T. Watt

*A lament for Scotland's changing night-scape now that  
the nation's councils are replacing sodium streetlights  
with LED variants.*

## Flicht-Schuil

Anither story about a tortoise – we're on a run here (which is mair than can be said for him, ech?) – wha aisked an eagle (a big bird o prey oniewey o some kin) ti teach him ti fly. The eagle ogled him up and doun and came ti the conclusion (wha wouldnae?) that he wisnae built for it – 'Ye'll drap like a stane, man --- wi that heich dome on your back.' 'Ach, a dootin Thamas, I kent it as suin as I clapped ma een on you, I says, "That's a dooting Thamas, that is, if iver I saa ain!"' Weel, the eagle wisnae haein onie o this, he had a reputation ti maintain that said he was *adventurous* – sae up he taks auld humphy-back bi his talons and frae a great heicht – somewhaur up in the Cairngorms – draps the tike. Nou miracles sometimes haippen, and ti ma mind ain o them is flicht (it's anlie ma prayers, I'm certain, keeps an aeroplane stracht) but nae this time – smack ti the battam fell the tortoise and splintered ti pieces on a rock.

Nou this is the kin o story (disaster movies are anither, and crash-investigative documentaries tae) it's best ti avoid reading afore *you* fly.

W. S. Milne

*Frae Aesop's Fables for Modern Times*

## SANGSCHAW 2018

### Poesie

1<sup>st</sup> prize an Hugh MacDiarmid Tassie: *Futrat Day*, Douglas Kynoch

Rinner-up: *Michelangelo's Last Judgement*, Frances Robson

Highly Commendit: *By-ordinar Wumman*, Frances Robson; *The Scotch Snap*, David C. Purdie; *Wundit*, Irene Howat

### Cutty Tale

1<sup>st</sup> prize an Robert McLellan Tassie: *Ma Saicret*, Irene Howat

Rinner-up: *Wattie's Signs an Wonders*, Stephen Pacitti

Highly Commendit: *Banana Wuid*, David C. Purdie; *Elemental*, W. S. Milne; *Gin The Yowes Wad Eat Stanes*, Iain McGregor

### Owersettin

1<sup>st</sup> prize an John McPhail Law Tassie: *A Boy Biker's Luve Sang*, David C. Purdie

Rinner-up: *Ophelia*, Donald Adamson

Highly Commendit: *Whan The Sheddies O Nicht*, Donald Adamson; *Odes I-IX*, John Erskine; *Tentin the Hoose*, David C. Purdie

**Scots language Society/Scots Leid Associe**

**Collogue 2018**

## **'Humour in the Scots Leid'**

**Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> June, 10 am – 4pm**

**St Matthew's Kirk, Tay St, Perth PH1 5TF**

10.00 am Registration

10.15 am **George T. Watt:** *"Lauch but quaet-like"*

10.50 am **Frances Robson:** *"Dunbar: the Father of Scots Comedy"*

11.25 am Coffee

11.45 am **Walter McGinty:** *"The Humour of Robert Burns"*

12.20 pm **AGM**

12.50 pm Lunch

1.50 pm **Sangscheaw:** *readins frae winning entries*

2.30 pm **Douglas McClure:** *"Jings, Crivvens and Help ma Boab"*

3.05 pm Coffee

3.20 pm **William Hershaw:** *"The Satirical Uiss o the Scots Leid in Modern Scottish Poetry."*

4.00 pm End

**£20 (wi lunch)**

**Buikin:**

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