

B. C. PIPERS' NEWSLETTER



**The official monthly publication of
the British Columbia Pipers' Association**

OCTOBER, 1962

No. 31.

AN ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRESERVATION OF BAGPIPE MUSIC

AND THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF PIPE PLAYING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

B. C. P I P E R S' N E W S L E T T E R

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OCTOBER, 1962.

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WHITE HEATHER VARIETY SHOW: OCTOBER 4th, 5th & 6th.

I met Neil Kirk this year before the White Heather Concert at New Westminster, with a questioning look, as to what was in store for us with a troupe of practically all new faces. He assured me it was a good show. Thanks, Neil Kirk! It was a very good show.

New faces bring a change in songs, tunes and lines; and it is said, "A change is as good as a rest."

Seated at the piano as the curtain opened was a charming one in the person of Olive Rae. After a few bars, we knew she was most capable. Her piano solo was most enjoyable.

Then came a familiar face, and we all felt at home. It didn't seem to matter whether we knew what he was going to do or say; the fact remained that we knew Jimmy Neil.

Accordionist Bobby MacLeod, a great favourite, kept the feet tapping as he played marches, strathspeys and reels. We enjoyed his selections of Scottish songs, and gladly sang along.

The Highland dancer, not listed on the program, Eileen Ross, gave an unusual and interesting rendition of the Sword Dance.

Margaret MacDonald is a poised singer with a lovely voice. I would have liked to have heard her again. Her performance with the "Star" in "Scotland on a Sunday" was very well done.

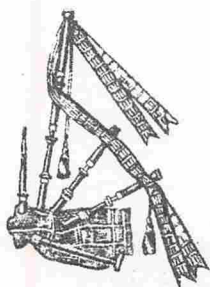
I also enjoyed Dennis Clancy very much. He perhaps has not the technique of Kenneth McKellar, but what a pleasant personality! He seemed really to enjoy singing, and the audience certainly enjoyed him.

The Star of this year's programme was Jimmy Logan. When you looked around and saw the audience wiping tears away from laughing so much, you knew that you wanted Jimmy Logan back again. A versatile comedian, Jimmy Logan is also the possessor of a fine voice, and kept the audience well entertained.

A new feature which was welcomed was the preparation of programmes, thanks to the St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society and the B.C. Pipers' Association.

Many thanks, Neil Kirk, for a wonderful show. You can bring them back again!

- Mrs. Anne Killeen -



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BI-MONTHLY COMPETITION: NOVEMBER 2nd.

The first Bi-Monthly Competition of the season will be held on Friday, November 2nd, in the Lecture Room of the Seaforth Armoury. We would ask you to note that the date is November 2nd, and not October 26th, as previously announced.

The classes will be as follows:

Novice Marches
Juvenile Old Highland Airs
Junior Strathspeys and Reels
Amateur Piobaireachd
Sr. Amateur Jigs

It has been decided this year to present a special pin to all competitors who compete at all of the Bi-Monthlies in the season. The purpose of this award is to give encouragement to those competitors who faithfully attend and compete, but do not always come in the prize list. We know that the competitors will treasure this pin, and will strive to obtain it.



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FROM PIPE MAJOR JOHN ROBERTSON'S SCRAPBOOK:

MR. D. C. MATHER, MONTANA

(undated clipping - 1933)

Where the sound of the Highland bagpipe is heard at home or overseas, the name of D. C. Mather is bound up with all that is best in our national music. His classic compositions are known all over the world and are played by every piper worthy of the name. If D. C. Mather did nothing else than leave us that delightful melody "The Lochcarron Reel" (which to my mind has never been surpassed) his name as a composer of pipe music would go down to posterity. Time and again we have listened with keen pleasure to Scotland's champion pipers, when the hand of the master player gave the true lilt to this fine melody. His next best should be "Climbing Duniquaich."

Mr. Mather started his career as a clerk in a Land and Realty Corporation Office in Cheapside, London, in which he worked for one and a half years, but on being offered the position of piper to Captain Stewart MacDougall of Lunga he accepted at once, and remained with him for several years. Captain MacDougall sent Mather for tuition in Piobaireachd to Pipe Major Robert Meldrum, of the 93rd Highlanders (Lunga's own regiment). The captain and his party went from his mother's house at Sonachen, Lochawe, to the Bonawe Games, and there, for the first time, Mather heard playing the great John MacColl of Oban. John MacColl at this time was piper to Mr. MacDonald of Dunach, and playing at his best.

On leaving Lunga, Mather went as piper to that fine old Highland gentleman, Admiral Campbell of Barbreck, Craginish. Pipe Major Ronald MacKenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, was Mather's tutor at this time. Mather next went as piper to Lady Ann and Mr. Charles Murray of Lochcarron, and here he composed some of his finest tunes.

On entering the competing field he gave a good account of himself, and won many valuable prizes. He was residing at that time in Perth, and was later in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Mather, accompanied by his partner John MacKenzie, went on a tour in Canada and the United States, under direction of Major Pond of New York. The noted Willie Frame's concert party accompanied them. Concluding the tour he did insurance work in New York and New Haven, but returned to Scotland, and figured well in the prizes.

The Klondyke lured him, but he was unlucky. His companion gave up on the way to Dawson (the starting point for the diggings), and they got no further than Butte, Montana. For three years he settled in Vancouver, and in 1909 he won three firsts for piping, two gold medals, and the championship of Canada, after which he left the winning of honours to his pupils and to others. Dan MacIvor, of Lochaber, reckoned the best player in Canada, was one of his pupils. He settled in Butte, working for Senator

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Clark, and here he is still to be found performing his daily tasks with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company of Montana. He still plays the pipes at every opportunity. He says they never went better in the old days, thanks for which is due to his friend, Mr. Adamson, of the Adamson's Scots House, Jamaica Plain, Boston, who is his connecting link with the homeland, and who to quote Mather's words is "a great pipe doctor."

As loyal Highlanders and fellow pipers we send Mr. Mather our hearties greetings across the sea, and long may he be spared to uphold the music of Auld Scotia in far-off Montana.

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PIPER FROM KEITH HONOURED:

(Aberdeen Free Press, July, 1962)

A Keith man who piped his regiment to victory in the Battle of Dargai, in India in 1897, has been honoured by the 48th Highlanders of Canada at a testimonial dinner in Toronto.

He is eighty-seven year old Pipe Major James R. Fraser, Mountnoel Avenue, Toronto, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Fraser, Foggiemoss, Grange, Keith.

Born at Rummoch, Keith, he served for twenty-one years with the Gordon Highlanders and saw service in the Boer War and on the North-West Frontier. At the Battle of Dargai, he was the only one of four pipers to make it to the top of a cliff the regiment were trying to take. After he reached the top, he was wounded in the leg, but he played on until the regiment was victorious.

Pipe Major Fraser **went** out to Toronto in 1913, in response to a request to The Gordon Highlanders for a pipe major.

When he retired from the regiment in 1952, he took the salute at a tremendous farewell parade - the first n.c.o. to have such a privilege.

Pipe Major Fraser, who is a brother of Mrs. James Pirie, Foggiemoss, Grange, and of Mrs. Smart, 109 Regent Street, Fife-Keith, served more than seventy years with the two regiments.

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REMINDER TO MEMBERS: ARE YOUR ANNUAL DUES PAID?

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CEILIDH, OCTOBER 12th, 1962.

Friday, October 12th, 1962, was the night of the worst wind storm in Vancouver's history, and was, unfortunately, the evening of our annual Ceilidh. As a result of the heavy winds Thursday night, and the even heavier ones predicted for Friday night, many of our members and friends must have stayed home, which under the circumstances was probably quite sensible. However, those hardy souls who attended the Ceilidh heard an enjoyable programme, saw the presentation of prizes to the winners of last year's Bi-Monthlies, and had a substantial tea following the Ceilidh.

Piping selections were given by Laurie McIlvena, Novice winner, Bob MacDonald and Larry Gillott, Junior winners, and Bill Elder, Amateur winner. The four boys also formed an impromptu quartette, which finished up the evening with a very fine selection.

We would like to extend our congratulations to Bill Elder, who has recently been appointed Pipe Major of the Kiwanis Boys' Pipe Band. Bill is one of our top Amateur competitors, and has been a mainstay at our Bi-Monthlies for several years. We know that Bill will succeed as Pipe Major, and we give him our best wishes.

We were very fortunate to have the assistance of Mrs. Anne Killeen, well known local performer, who sang several Scottish and Gaelic selections. Mrs. Killeen was accompanied by Mrs. Alex Finlayson. Three Highland Dances were performed by Miss Lynn Keenan, the 1962 Over 16 Champion of the Pacific International Highland Games Association. Lynn is a first rate dancer, and gave a very pleasing performance. Our thanks are given to all of the artists, who helped make the Ceilidh a success.

CONCERT A WASHOUT:

(Vancouver Sun, July 23, 1962)

Members of the Morpeth Highland Bagpipe Band, South Shields, England, today forgave an irate Irishman who doused them with water to drown their music.

Terrence McAllister, 37, the Irishman, definitely does not like pipe music. "That Scottish bagpipe wailing isn't music," he said. "It's just noise - a terrible noise."

He said that after a hard week as a railway porter he was sleeping late Saturday morning. Suddenly he was awakened by the band as it passed his house.

"I was very angry," explained McAllister. "I jumped out of bed, ran and got the biggest bucket in the house, filled it with water and went after them."

He rushed up the street, wheeled sharply and let fly with the water. He scored a bull's eye. The drum major was drenched from bonnet to sporran!

ANECDOTE: (Probably apocryphal)

A woman who had come into money, and was anxious to cut a figure in smart society, arranged a garden party for some of her snobbish friends, with the idea that a piper would add "class" to the event. She interviewed one performer who named a fee of ten dollars.

"That seems high", remarked the dame. "However, I don't haggle. You may come. Of course, you understand that you're not to mix with my guests."

The piper, a "man o' independent mind," knew the situation perfectly.

"In that case," he retorted, "my fee will be five dollars."

Lady not amused. Piper not hired.

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Why is it that when pipers are paid for performing at such engagements, they are usually "slipped" their remuneration in a secret and stealthy fashion, suggestive of the transmission of state secrets to a Kremlin agent? Is it because the piper has not yet acquired the status of an artist worthy of a fee, and the person engaging him does not want it known that the piper was paid, or is it that the payment usually given to the piper under such circumstances is so low, that all concerned try to keep the matter as clandestine as possible?

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A CYCLIST'S VIEW OF NORTH AMERICAN PIPERS: BY JOSEPH LYSTER:

(Reprinted from "Piping and Dancing", May, 1940
(Continued))

About 150 miles from Vancouver I had a curious experience, trivial in itself but perhaps interesting enough to relate to Gaels. I was pumping along the Caribou Trail one sultry evening nearing the little cowtown of Merrit, B.C. I had had a hard day of it, two punctures and a heavy dusty trail. I was very bucked when an Indian told me the town was but a few miles ahead. Dismounting to walk up a steep bluff, a sudden unearthly squealing and a dull muffled rumble nearly made me jump out of my skin. It seemed close by but I could see nothing - bears, cougars, coyotes - my two little encounters with bears and all the tales I had been told flashed through my mind; I was plain cold scared. Then a wave of thankful relief came to me, I laughed in delightful reaction as the opening bars of the "Barren Rocks of Aden" merged out in grand rousing melody. Pushing up to the summit I saw them beside a parked car in a little sandpit, three pipers and two drummers - coatless with sleeves rolled up, they were grouped in a half circle playing away in lusty vigour. I listened appreciatively until they had concluded and then followed their car into the town. After a meal that night I located them at the Knights of Pythias Hall, they were the newly formed town band, getting ready for the local Stampede which was to be held the following week. It was their custom, they said, on these hot summer nights to hold their practices up on the trail hills where it was cooler and more secluded. I had a talk with them and played a tune on a set of their pipes, but I never told them of the fright they had given me away up the trail.

Then there came a morning in August when I free-wheeled down a series of long inclines into the beflagged city of Vancouver. The Jubilee celebrations of the city's fiftieth birthday were in full swing - carnivals, processions, daily parades of bands. I enjoyed to the full those first few weeks in Vancouver, I had pedalled 4,386 miles from Halifax and looked forward to a few weeks rest. After a week however I took the boat across the Sound to Nanaimo in Vancouver Island and cycled down to the Capital, Victoria; it is a very English like city, the rendezvous of many retired British Government folk. The country around also has a distinct British tinge; long leafy lanes, pretty little villages complete with grey stone churches, well-dressed young men with beautiful Oxford accents idling about - mecca of remittance men. Returning on the boat were the complete band of the Seaforth Highlanders going over for the Highland Games to be held the next day of Vancouver, they played in the smoking room during the passage, to my delight, but to the consternation of some bewildered American and Japanese passengers. The Games were intensely interesting, only once before had I been at a Highland Gathering, in Australia, and in comparison I found them both almost identical; I don't think there is a race on earth that sticks so faithfully to the letter and spirit of their great musical and athletic traditions as the Scots.

The Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, attended, and pipers and dancers from Western Canada and California. Five bands attended - I don't recall the names - but the fine Vancouver Police Band won the competition with the Seaforths a close second. Two other bands I know of in the city are Spencers, ex-Servicemen of one of the city's major stores, dressed in light blue coats and "breeks" and berets, and the newly formed Vancouver Girl's Pipe Band, who had their first parade on St. Patrick's Day. An old pipe major who was reputed to have played before Queen Victoria, gave a selection on request - Ross I think his name was. A young lady from California won one of the solo competitions and the youngest competitor was a tiny tot of six, daughter of Pipe Nicholson, of the Police Band, who incidentally runs a night piping class in the city Technical School for boys.

I remained that winter in Vancouver; in October one of the big cinemas was starring a picture, "Mary of Scotland," and three kilted pipers advertised the film the whole week in the main streets. About Christmas I met the best piper and one of the nicest gentleman I had so far encountered in Canada, Pipe Major Donald MacIvor, a well-known adjudicator in Highland Gatherings all over the North American continent. He taught many bands in his early days and is a close friend and adviser to all the young pipers of the city. He runs a well-stocked store for the sale and repair of bagpipes and Highland accessories. An accident some years previously put a stop to his playing, so to save him the fatigue of inflating the bag, some of his young friends had fitted up an ingenious arrangement. An air compressor in the cellar is connected through the house by wires, plugs are fitted in various rooms, all he has to do is to insert a small length of tube fitted to the blow-pipe to a plug, switch on, and a plentiful supply of air fills his bag and drones. He was charmed with my miniature set of pipes and undertook to put them into repair free of charge. I went to tea with him several times, and we had long talks. He told me many interesting anecdotes of his experiences while playing and judging in contests. I am sure many pipers in Scotland must know him, Donald MacIvor, of 4040 Inverness Street, Vancouver, is a household word in Western Canadian piping circles.

In the Spring, I left for the Yukon, and remained there for two seasons, one droll character I encountered there, it might be of interest to mention, was Jimmy (or Scottie) Mitchell, born on the estate of Her Majesty the Queen, Glamis. He was a small, wiry man of tremendous strength - a piper - he had formed embryo pipe bands in several of the logging camps on the coast. But it was as a boxer and wrestler that he was chiefly known, he had a mania for organising wrestling tournaments in which he gave impromptu displays of bending iron bars, breaking nails with his teeth and so forth. I shacked with him for a period and didn't enjoy the experience; he used to practice his grips and wrestling holds on me much to my physical discomfort. When I left the Yukon to come outside - one of the last to bid me goodbye was Jimmy, the "man with the iron jaws."

Before I left Vancouver on my long trek home - one other memory recurs to me. It was on Armistice Day, after the parade one of the city pipe bands adjourned to a large beer saloon for a wet before going home. After the beer had circulated a bit the band decided to give another few tunes, then the

fun started - to the stirring strains of the "Marquis of Huntly" everyone - loggers, gold diggers, sailors and Chinese - gave a noisy but impressive rendering of their ideas of a Scotch reel. The noise was terrific in the crowded bar-room, pipes and full corps of drummers, added to the shuffling of scores of feet, soon the plice were down on us, but being mostly Scotch and Irish and having a pipe band of their own, they preferred to take no notice and it was very late that night before the band got home - if they ever did.

On the 20th April last I loaded up my faithful "Raleigh" and started out on my long journey home. I had settled to ride down the Pacific Coast to San Francisco and Los Angeles and then eastward across the States to New York. Crossing the U.S. border I was soon pushing through the State of Washington, along the Oregon Trail I encountered a queer character, a full dressed Scots Highlander, engaged in the unique task of walking around the world. His mode of operation was to call at the various Post Office along his route and obtain the signatures of postmasters to prove the authenticity of his tour.

At San Francisco I had a couple of days sight-seeing and then across in the ferry to see the California World Fair. One Fair is not much different from another but what took my fancy was the Old Country Exhibit - The Scottish Village. It was exceedingly well done, a faithful replica of a Highland village, covering about two acres, consisting of thatched cottars cabins, kirk, mill, smithy, and town hall. A perfect copy of a Celtic Cromlech or Druids Rath had been erected. I listened for some time to a Scottish Antiquarian explaining the meaning of the different Druidistic symbols, and when I spoke to him afterwards he told me he had visited Tara, our native "Stonehenge".

A duck pond in the village green, complete with geese and quacking ducks gave a realistic appearance; nearby two platforms were erected on which hourly displays of Highland dancing and piping were given. An exhibition is a fatiguing place and I did enjoy sitting smoking, to watch the reels and flings to the fine stirring music; the Scottish Village had one big advantage over all the other pavilions, "the drawing power" of the bagpipes is an advertising medium of the first water, no sooner would one piper fill his drones than crowds from far and near flocked to the turnstiles. In the "Town Hall", several times a day a Mr. James Stuart, assisted by a young lady, gave interesting talks on Highland dress and customs, showing us how the plaid was worn, the names of the different tartans, the weapons used in Highland warfare and so forth. Mr. Stuart, who comes from Oakland, California, is a reader of "Piping & Dancing," and he kindly allowed me to take his photo and listened to a brief account I have him of piping activities in Canada.

From 'Frisco across the States to New York, I cannot remember anything of interest to Celtic-minded readers; on May 22nd I pushed across the Golden Gate Bridge and set out across California. Through the old mining towns of the gold rush days, I entered the large lonely State of Nevada (Carson City, the capital) and Reno, with its crowds of gamblers and divorcees. In Utah, I pedalled along the identical track in the desert, made famous by Captain Eyston's 357 miles an hour drive; Salt Lake City was clean and efficiently run as becomes a Mormon City. I had a swim in the lake where the strong percentage of salt prevents one from sinking but makes your eyes and nose so sore that the experience is painful instead of enjoyable. Wyoming and

Colorado are cowboys. States, rolling hills and cattle ranges - pleasant if it were not for the mosquitoes. Then I had long weeks of pushing through the flat dreary States of Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois. I stayed a week in Chicago, then on into Indiana and over the hills of Ohio. West Virginia and Pennsylvania with their Gettysburg and Civil War memories, and for five days I rested in the Capital, wealthy, sumptuous Washington, with its great Federal buildings and lordly tree-lined avenues. My journey was nearing its end now, four days pedalling across Maryland and New Jersey, with the traffic growing denser until I hit the long lines of six lane traffic pouring backwards and forwards from New York.

On the morning of the 29th July I entered the city and pumped up Broadway - my 4377 mile push was over. It took me 68 riding days, I lost 17 lbs. weight, gained a little experience, but got a great kick out of it on the whole. During the ten days I remained in New York I saw a lot of things - one of them is worthy of mention - it was at the New York World Fair. As part of the British section they had erected a castellated walled town of Elizabethan design, "Merrie England" it was called. Very nice it was too, with its old-time taverns, tiny shops and village green on which the Dagenham Girls' Pipe Band played daily. I had often heard of them before and enjoyed listening to them for the first time. I thought they were very good and well drilled - a credit to their instructor.

There is little more to tell, a good passage across the Ocean to Queenstown on the "Georgie", then a gentle pedal up the winding leafy roads of Cork and Tipperary to my "lil home town, Athlone."

Up in Dublin some days later I called to see my old friend and instructor, Mr. Andrews (Blainte" in the pages of "Piping and Dancing"). We had a great old talk for hours, while we exchanged experiences and made plans for the future. I little knew then that it was to be our last chat together; a few days after I saw in the paper that my dear old friend was dead. One of the best pipers I ever heard and one of the best men I ever knew, his death is a serious loss to Irish music and to the progress of Union and Highland piping in Ireland.

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"PIPE MAJOR GEORGE ALLAN" by Pipe Major Donald MacLeod.

In response to many requests, we are pleased to announce that in the next edition of the "Newsletter" we will be reprinting the Hornpipe "Pipe Major George Allan", composed in 1955 by Pipe Major Donald MacLeod, in honour of George Allan, of Vancouver. This tune, which has gained great popularity among local pipers since its composition, is on the Powell River Pipe Band record. We are grateful to Pipe Major MacLeod for granting us permission to reprint this fine hornpipe.

Our congratulations are extended to Donald MacLeod for his recent success at the Northern Meeting, Inverness, where he won the clasp for the seventh time, with "Lament for Padruig Og MacCrimmon". We understand that Pipe Major MacLeod is now happily settled at Grainger & Campbell, Glasgow, and we wish him success in his new surroundings.

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SCOTLAND

The following article, although not connected with piping, tells of an instrument, which like the Piob Mhor, is an inherent part of Scottish history and culture. The Clarsach is probably little known in Canada, and for that reason we felt that the article, which appeared in a recent issue of "The Weekly Scotsman", would be of considerable interest to our readers.

A DYING PART OF GAELIC HERITAGE:

(The Weekly Scotsman)

He was born a Sasunnach, the son of a well-known Yorkshire artisan, yet he has spent most of his life in Scotland as a maker of clarsachs, those delightful Celtic harps which are so much a part of our Gaelic heritage.

Soon Mr. Henry B. Briggs will reach another milestone - his 84th birthday - and how soon thereafter he will retire, no one knows. But when he completes his last clarsach, there is no other artist in Scotland who can produce the complete instrument - from wood and strings to finished product - by hand.

It's a tragedy, say officials of the Clarsach Society, that apparantly no one now resident in Scotland will be able to carry on this work. The only other craftsman who produces the complete instrument, a Clarsach Society member told me, lives in London.

Still hale and hearty at 83, Mr. Briggs has made 166 clarsachs since he built his first instrument in 1932. "It took me five months to make my most recent one," Mr. Briggs told me at his home in Innellan, just south of Dunoon. "But my former partner and I used to finish one in just six weeks!"

"I practically used to give my clarsachs away for 22 pounds each," Mr. Briggs said. "But there is so much work involved, I now find I must charge in the neighbourhood of 40 pounds."

A clarsach stands approximately three feet high and its outer "frame" can be made of beech, walnut, satinwood or sycamore.

It is fitted with 31 strings and is usually tune to E-flat, the lowest string being E-flat, thus allowing four octaves and two notes.

Gen. Sir Phillip Christison is president of the Clarsach Society which has 25 instruments for hire to clarsach students. There are branches of the society in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Argyll, the West of England and London; and members live in all corners of the world.

The art of playing the clarsach is being kept alive; but now the society members are concerned that the art of making top-grade instruments is fast disappearing.

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The following article, which appears in translation, and was prepared for the Newsletter, was written in French by Mr. Emile Allain, a member of "Federation Nantaise Des Sonneurs De Binou & Bombarde." This Association is devoted to the performance of the Breton bagpipe - the "binou", and its companion instrument, the "bombarde," and is composed largely of members from the Celtic region of France, Brittany. We know that you will find the information contained in this and the succeeding article highly informative.

BRITTANY:

by EMILE ALLAIN

Before speaking of the bagpipe in Brittany, I would like to pinpoint its location, and also to say a few words about its history.

These few words will be useful, in that they will indicate why the Bretons make use of the bagpipes (sometimes of Scottish make), which is not so strange, considering the Pakistanis and the Dutch do the same.

Brittany is situated in the extreme west of France, and has an area of approximately 31,600 square kilometers. Its population is about three and one half million, although there are very many Bretons outside of this area. The people have a habit of gathering together, singing Breton, playing their traditional instruments, and practicing their native dances.

To clarify this idea, here is a comparable table of the countries known to the readers of this publication:

	Area	Population
Brittany	31,600 sq. km.	3,500,000
Ireland	84,200 " "	4,229,000
Scotland	76,746 " "	4,882,500
Wales	19,300 " "	2,205,000

The coastline of Brittany is very long because of the many configurations. It is washed on the north by the English Channel, and on the west and south by the Atlantic Ocean. The maritime nature of the country is evident (Numerous fishermen and an equal number of sailors from the French fleet).

The history of Brittany is the history of a nation and of a state, but we will make a brief sketch of it here.

Before the birth of Christ, the country was called "Amorica", and like all the rest of Gaul (the ancient name for France), was inhabited by Celts. It submitted to the Roman conquest under Julius Caesar, and if it was not actually inhabited by Romans, at least it adopted by force their institutions and language.

Towards the 5th Century, A.D., it was completely transformed. Numerous Celts from Great Britain, pushed by the Saxons and Normans, took refuge in the extremities of the British Isles, or completely left them. Most of them (Scottish, Irish, but above all Welsh) settled themselves in Amorica, and this became "Little Britain" or more simply "Brittany".

The language which one and one half million still speak in Brittany today is the most important heritage of this era, and the Breton language is along with the Welsh and the Cornish (disappeared today) one Celtic language of the Brythonic branch. (The other is the Goidelic (Gaelic) Branch).

Brittany is then a Celtic country which, contrary to France, did not submit to the invasions coming from the east, but on the other hand was revived by the arrival of the Celts from Great Britain and Ireland.

In the rest of its history, Brittany was an independant state from 1532, from when it enjoyed certain independance until the French Revolution, in 1789.

Then it formed 5 French Provinces. These are named: "Brest", "Quimper", "Saint Malo", "Nantes", and "Rennes".

O O

The purpose of these words of this article is that everybody will understand the importance of the Celtic character, so that Brittany is not considered a sort of province, but rather a country comparable to the countries of Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

In a following article, we will discuss the introduction of the Scottish bagpipe into Brittany.

- Emile Allain -
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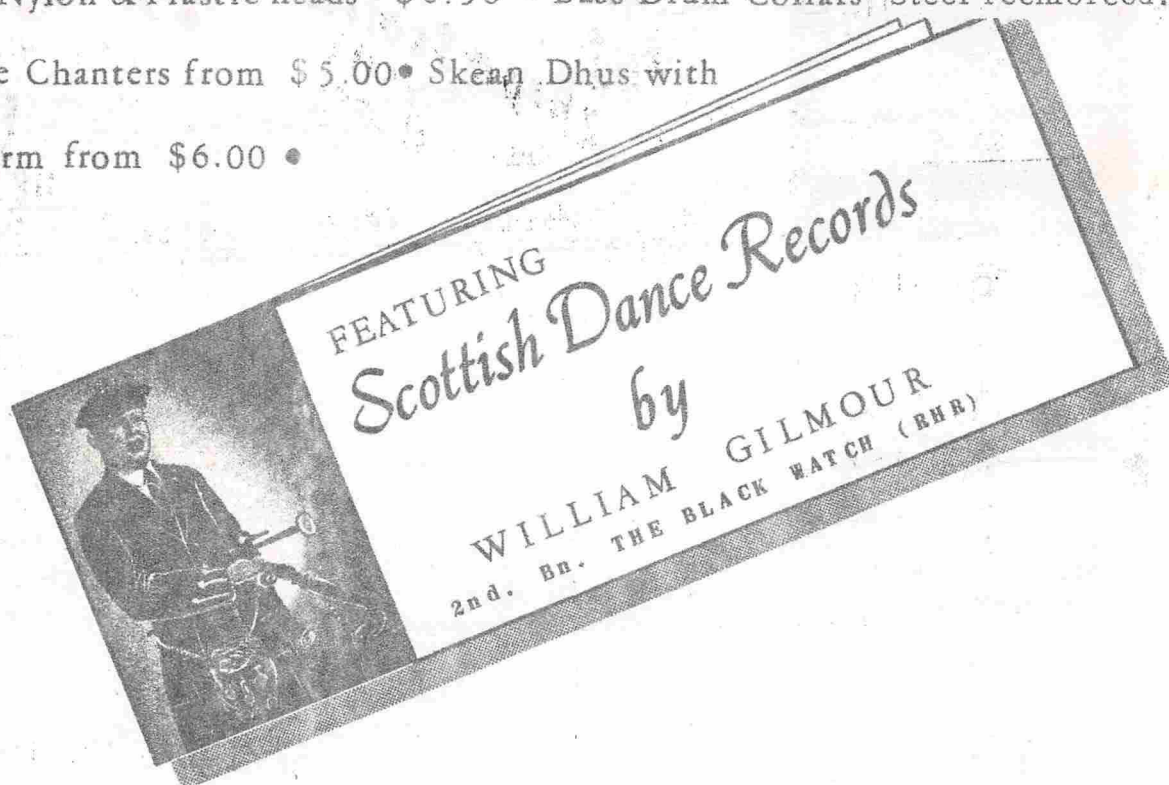
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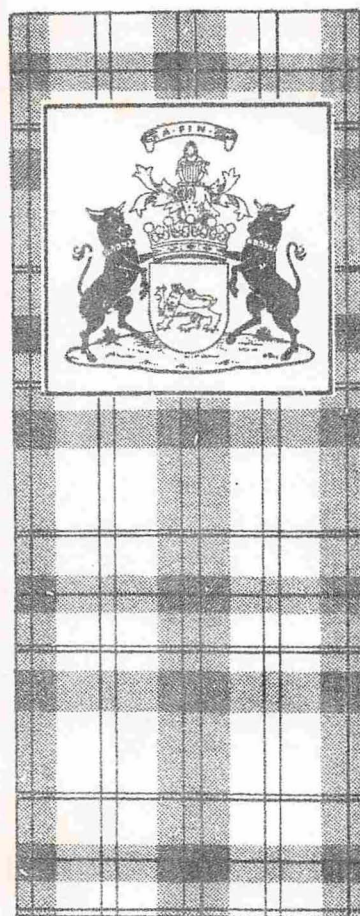
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THE ROAD TO SAVARY:

by Eric Thomson.

Mr. Eric Thomson, of Hopkins Landing, B.C., has sent us the following words, which he set to the 2/4 March "Farewell to Craigton and Strath. - Brora - 1910", composed by Donald Sutherland, of Glide, Oregon, and contained in his collection of pipe music.

At the closing of the day, my thoughts are wont to stray
To an island home that waits for me, some ninety miles away,
But tonight my work is done, and in the setting sun,
I'll take the road from Langdale on to Savary.

All is ready, all is ready; it makes a heavy pack,
But I don't have to carry it. I have a Zodiac
To take it, and to take me, wherever I may roam,
And tonight it's going to take me to that island home.

And, its ninety miles to Savary; the twilight winding road
Through forests green, past mountains gray, conveys me and my load
To where the highways ends at Lund, on Malaspina's lee,
Where waits the boat that takes us all to Savary.

I cross the last dark waters, where island home lights shine,
There'll be one more tomorrow night, and that light will be mine,
I'll greet the morn at Savary, I'll take my pipes and play
At eve upon the silver sands of Savary.

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