

THE SCOTS CANADIAN

Issue XXI

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Spring 2005

Publisher Douglas Gibson to receive 2005 Scot of the Year Award

All of us on the Board of the Scottish Studies Society are absolutely delighted that Douglas Gibson will be our next Scot of the Year.

Once again, Casa Loma will be the setting for this magnificent event and we plan to recreate the splendour of a Scottish castle with lots of tartan, the stirring sounds of the pipes and drums, excellent food, music, dancing and entertainment. During the evening some of the authors Mr. Gibson has worked with will enlighten us on the trials and tribulations of an editor / publisher. The organizers also take great pride in presenting for your entertainment the world premier performance of the Two and Three Quarter Scottish tenors (the mind boggles!)

Douglas Maitland Gibson was born in 1943 and raised in Scotland, where he gained an MA at the University of St. Andrews. After acquiring a further MA at Yale, he came to

Canada in 1967 and entered the world of publishing in March 1968, as an editor with Doubleday Canada. Through a series of accidents he found himself running an editorial department at the age of 25, and publishing books set from Newfoundland to British Columbia and editing authors ranging from Harry J. Boyle to Barry Broadfoot.

He joined Macmillan of Canada as Editorial Director in 1974 and became Publisher in 1979. In those years he had the privilege of editing authors such as Morley Callaghan, Hugh MacLennan, Bruce Hutchison, and Robertson Davies. Early in 1986 he joined McClelland & Stewart as Editor and Publisher of a new line of books under his own imprint, a first in Canada. Since then Douglas Gibson Books has published works by authors such as Alice Munro, Peter Gzowski, Jack Hodgins, James Houston, W.O. Mitchell and Mavis Gallant. In September, 1988 the Douglas Gibson Books line was reduced to three titles a year when he became Publisher of McClelland & Stewart, overseeing all of its books and attracting to the house many former associates, including Robertson Davies, Ken Dryden, Myrna Kostash, Jeffrey Simpson, Michele Landsberg, Roy MacGregor and Guy Vanderhaeghe. In June 2000 he became President and Publisher of McClelland & Stewart.

As an old friend of Hugh MacLennan, he was one of four eulogists at his funeral in Montreal in 1990. A year later the anthology *Hugh MacLennan's Best*, "selected and edited by Douglas Gibson," was published, and in 1994 he contributed to the University of Ottawa Press book *Hugh MacLennan*. He edited the anthology *The Merry Heart: Selections 1980-1995* by Robertson Davies one year after Professor Davies' death, and he has since published posthumous books by his friend W.O. Mitchell.

As a member of the publishing community he has taught courses in editing to many groups, including the Book Publishers' Professional Association and EAC, and contributed the title chapter to the booklet "Author and Editor." From its creation in 1981 he was a Faculty Advisor to the Banff Publishing Workshop, and from 1985 to 1989 was the Co-Director of the course. He was the



Douglas Gibson

Chair of the Advisory Board of the Canadian Centre for Studies in Publishing at Simon Fraser University from 1988-1993 and is now an Honorary Advisory Board Member, and an adjunct faculty member for the Master of Publishing program at S.F.U. In 1995 he delivered the annual Hugh MacLennan Lecture at McGill University. He is a member of the Quadrangle Society of Massey College, and the Scottish Studies Board at the University of Guelph.

As a writer, his work has appeared in the anthology, *The Bumper Book*, in a book on *Alistair MacLeod* and in *Saturday Night, Toronto Life, Books in Canada, the National Post* and the *Globe and Mail*, and one of his pieces was nominated for a National Magazine Award for Humour. From 1981 till early in 1984 he was the weekly movie reviewer for the CBC radio programme "Sunday Morning." In a more serious vein, he has given speeches to groups as varied as the Canadian Oral History Association, the CNIB, and the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, and he made the keynote speech at the Ottawa press conference in 1987 that launched the campaign "Don't Tax Reading." He spoke as a Canadian representative at the International Publishers' Association Convention in London in 1988. As a Council Member of *Historica* he has spoken at a number of Canadian Clubs. (Cont. on P2)

Scots Wha Hae

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From the Chair

Dear Fellow Members,

On behalf of the Board of the Scottish Studies Foundation, I would like to thank you all for your ongoing support and encouragement. As I have mentioned many times here, each and every membership fee and every donation is important to us, not only to complete our fundraising commitments towards our endowed Chair of Scottish Studies at the University of Guelph but to finance the Scottish Office there, and to assist students with travel and other means of conducting research crucial to their studies. We are very fortunate here in Canada to now have in place a Scottish Studies Program under the leadership of Professor Graeme Morton and this is all thanks to you, our members.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to attend the Society's Burns Night last January were once again treated to a wonderful evening at the Toronto Granite Club, thanks to the efforts of Gordon Hepburn and his team. The event was a sell-out (apologies to those who couldn't get in) as word had gotten out that this was an event not to be missed!

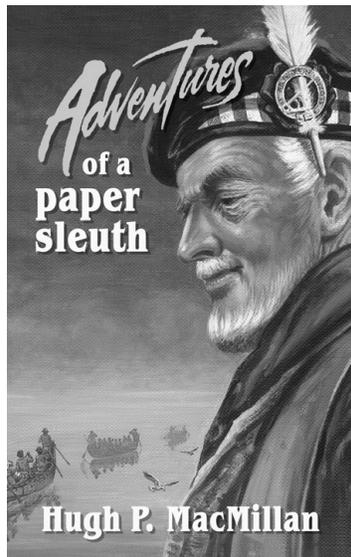
I was also delighted to learn that our good friend and founding governor, Hugh MacMillan has released his new book *The Adventures of a Paper Sleuth*.

Hugh has spent a lifetime in pursuit of historical manuscripts, documents, ephemera and relics, both in Canada and abroad and his book tells all about these exciting chases.

Another major interest of his has been historical re-enactments. During his "voyageur" period he has retraced many of the old canoe routes using reproductions of fur trade canoes.



Loch Awe. As a young student Douglas Gibson rowed boats for wealthy anglers in this magnificent setting



Adventures of a Paper Sleuth is published by Penumbra Press (ISBN 1-894131-62-2) Price: \$39.95

Congratulations to Hugh on a fascinating piece of work.

I would also like to welcome Alastair McIntyre (founder of the Electric Scotland website) to the Board of Directors of the Society. Alastair has moved from Scotland and is in the process of taking up residence here in Canada and has volunteered to help promote our cause by way of his website which attracts thousands of people all over the world.

As you will have heard by this time, Douglas Gibson will be our Scot of the Year 2005. Douglas is actually on the Board of the Society but unbeknown to him (while he was away on business) he was nominated by his fellow Board members. We are all delighted that he chose to accept the nomination, as we were concerned that his modesty might get in the way!

Douglas' career in publishing is quite well known (see front page) but he did have to work his way up. As a young student Douglas earned his keep as a Ghillie --rowing boats for wealthy anglers -- out on Loch Awe in Argyleshire, Scotland. He also carried surveying and excavating equipment around for none other than Professor Alexander Thom, the man famous for his work in decoding the mysteries of Stonehenge and other prehistoric megalithic alignments all the way from Carnac in Brittany to the far north of Scotland.

Finally, I have just received confirmation from Professor Graeme Morton that the Spring Colloquium/Family History Day will now take place in the afternoon of Saturday April 23rd at Knox College, University of Toronto (59 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario M4S 2E6).

Call or e-mail the Scottish Studies Office for further information:

scottish@uoguelph.ca
Tel: 519 824 4120 Ext: 53209

I do hope many of you will be able to attend this event. In the meantime, take care and thanks again for your support.

Sincerely,

David Hunter



The Standing Stones of Callanish, located on the Isle of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides off the north west coast of Scotland, form the second largest stone circle in Britain. They are thought to date as far back as 3000 BC and is one of the many sites studied by Professor Alexander Thom. Douglas Gibson carried his bags!

Douglas Gibson (from page 1)

In 1991 he received the rarely-presented Canadian Booksellers' Association President's Award "for the numerous important Canadian books and authors he has developed over the years." Since that time his encounters with major M&S books - from *The Ice Storm* to *No Great Mischiefs*, which he extracted from Alistair MacLeod - and with authors ranging from Andy Russell to Toller Cranston and from John Crosbie to Pierre Trudeau, have provided him with material for many speeches across the country.

The father of two daughters, he lives in Toronto with his wife, Jane Brenneman Gibson.

For more information on the Tartan Day event, please contact:

Bill Somerville at 416 223 1314, or
Duncan Campbell at 416-633-8974

Please note that tables of eight or ten can be accommodated (\$1200 and \$1500 respectively) and that single tickets are available for \$150. Sponsorship opportunities are also available.

If you would like to purchase Tartan Day Dinner tickets on-line please visit Electric Scotland. Alastair McIntyre of Electric Scotland has kindly provided this service. <http://www.electricscotland.com/dinner.htm>



Sandy MacIntyre and his band



The 48th Highlanders



Angus MacKay, Chairman Royal Haggis Protection Society (AKA Gordon Hepburn)



Folk singer Danielle Bourre



Peter Fyvie gives the "Toast to the Lassies"



David Campbell's "Address to the Haggis"



A more formal Gordon Hepburn with Danielle Bourre



Prof. Graeme Morton giving the "Immortal Memory"

←

Daisy White provides a highly entertaining "Lassies Response"

→



The U of Guelph "Scottish Studies" team

Burns Night 2005

The Puggy

A short story by D. Sealgair was inspired by the experiences of a Canadian boy living in Scotland in the 1950s

"Mind and eat these sausage rolls now!" Mshouted Jim's grandmother as he clicked shut her little wrought iron garden gate behind him. And for goodness sake, keep your cap on!"

"O.K. Gran. Bye now," he answered as he broke into a quick sprint down the street to catch up with a couple of boys also heading for school.

"How's it going, Yank?" asked the tallest one.

"Good," replied Jim. "I've brought lunch with me today, so I can come with you on the Puggy at noon if that's all right". He took his cap off and stuffed it in his pocket.

"What do you think, Leery?" the tallest said to his chum.

"It's O.K. with me, Bingo. I think the Yank should be up to it by now," replied Leery, winking.

These days, Jim was used to not hearing his proper name outside his grandmother's house. All the boys in his class used nicknames and teachers used surnames.

"A lot different from Canada," he thought.

But then there was a big difference between Glasgow and his native Montreal. Blue skies, warm central heating and bright snowy winters had been exchanged for gray dank drizzle, coal fires and fog.

"At least you get a hot water bottle at night," he thought.

At first his acquired nickname "Yank" bothered him. He was surprised that his schoolmates seemed ignorant about Canada and had lumped him in with the Americans he had been brought up to feel distinct from. However, he soon became resigned to it, knowing that at least "Yank" was not as embarrassing a nickname as some he had heard.

Jim's parents had sent him to Scotland over a year ago just after his twelfth birthday. His dad travelled a lot and was having problems with his job. "Strong old fashioned discipline and no-nonsense education would do him good," he was told.

"It will make a man of you!" his Dad had said.

His mother did not seem quite so sure. "But," she told him in her French-Canadian accent, "once my little hair salon business is well under way, we'll all be together again."

It had taken Jim a long time to settle in at school and he was trying desperately to make friends. He was useless at soccer or "football" as the local boys called it, and was hopeless at gym. He had difficulty mastering

the subtleties of the Glasgow dialect and his one strong point, swimming, gained him little status, as there was nowhere to put it to good use.

But now he felt sure that Leery and Bingo were on the verge of accepting him. Although they were two of the scruffier boys in his school, they had achieved much respect from the rest of the class, mainly as a result of the outrageous and often gross activities which they spent many hours bragging about.

Each day, during lunch, Leery and Bingo would return from their visit to the Clydeside docks with stories and evidence of their escapades.

One of their favorite outings was a trip to the slaughterhouse. Usually they would come back with a chicken or turkey claw sticking out from under their sleeve and, by means of a hidden string attached to the gut and threaded up one sleeve and down the other, were able to slowly open and close the claw like a disfigured hand - something sure to have younger children screaming out loud.

Recently, Bingo had achieved notoriety when he was sent to the headmaster to be strapped. When asked to put out his hand to receive punishment, a very large and grotesque turkey claw appeared allegedly causing the headmaster to drop the strap and turn a sickly shade of white!

Since joining the school, there was one particular aspect of Leery and Bingo's adventures that especially fascinated Jim: their daily trip on "The Puggy" -- an old and particularly decrepit dockside steam locomotive, which, according to the two boys, had an equally cantankerous driver. Thus Jim got it into his head that for him to gain any kind of respect from his peers, sooner or later he would have to "jump the Puggy". And today was the day.

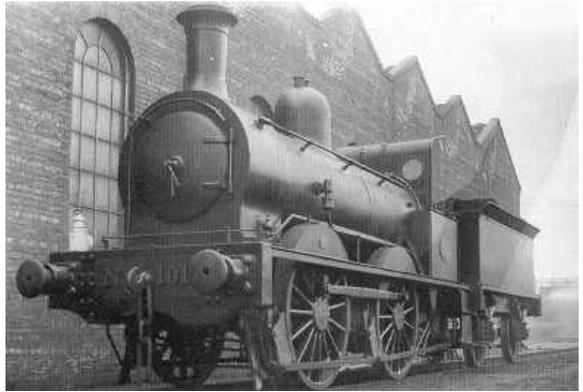
At noon, the piercing shrill of the bell shattered the tense silence of the math class and the sudden shuffle of feet and buzz of conversation in the corridors signaled the arrival of lunch.

Jim saw Bingo and Leery stuff their books into their desks and dash for the main door. At first he thought they were going to leave him behind but Bingo shouted, "Come on Yank, we don't have all day!"

Soon they were walking beside the railway tracks that lay between two rows of wooden fences behind the warehouses and shipyards of the dockside.

"We are going to jump the Puggy today aren't we?" asked Jim.

"Maybe yes, maybe no," answered Leery.



Until the late 1950s locomotives like this one (affectionately known as "Puggies") were put to work hauling parts and machinery for Glasgow's shipbuilding industry on the banks of the River Clyde.

"But I thought you always went on the Puggy," asked Jim.

"So we do, but let's see if we can scrounge some fruit from that big ship over there first."

"Hey mister! Have you any fruit you don't want?" shouted Leery to an Indian sailor on the old rusty vessel.

A sailor wearing a turban threw down a large bunch of bananas. "Catch this!" he shouted as they flew through the air.

Bingo intercepted the bananas in mid flight. "Thanks mister. You're a gent," he yelled back,

Suddenly, a heavy shower of rain had them running for the shelter of a nearby tool shed. Sitting on its hard wooden floor, they opened their bags and started to eat. Jim could not help noticing the unappetizing look of the other boys' lunches. His homemade sausage rolls seemed much more appealing than the plain white bread and Spam sandwiches which, nevertheless, were devoured intently by his mates.

"I bet they're glad we got those bananas," he thought to himself.

No sooner had they finished eating when the unmistakable sound of a steam engine broke through the hiss of the falling rain.

"It's the Puggy. Let's move!" Leery announced.

"Make sure the driver doesn't see us," whispered Bingo, as if the driver would be able to hear him speak above the noise of the engine which, as it drew closer, increased to an almost deafening level.

The old locomotive was wheezing, blowing and reeling from side to side on the uneven track. As the engine passed by, Jim could see the driver peering ahead at the track through a small circular window, a cigarette hanging from his lips. A number of boxcars followed, rattling and clicking over the rails. Next came a series of flat cars, each carrying the iron, steel and machinery of the shipbuilding trade.

"O.K. Now!" shouted Bingo running to catch up with a half-empty flat car.

The others ran behind him as he jumped on board. Leery was next to follow while Jim continued running as he tried to figure out how to board the moving car. Finally, Bingo and Leery had to pull him up over the edge.

"Sit back and enjoy the view," said Bingo, laughing.

"I wonder what the poor people are doing today?" said Leery in a snobbish voice. He was sitting cross-legged on an armchair of wooden boxes, pretending to smoke a cigar.

Jim was more concerned about maintaining his balance as the train rocked erratically from side to side. He noticed that the rain showed no sign of stopping. If anything, the sky seemed to be darkening.

Suddenly Bingo let out a yell. "Look at that! A big rat. Over there. Inside that pipe."

He pointed to a stack of metal tubes piled at the end of the car and, sure enough, in one of them was the unmistakable gleam from a pair of tiny frightened eyes.

"Let's get it!" shouted Leery, grabbing a copper rod.

He aimed the rod at the tube and the rat quickly moved further inside. Bingo blocked the other end with a piece of plywood.

"We've got it now," shouted Leery, "I could spear it if I wanted to".

"Why don't you leave it alone," said Jim. "It's not doing any harm".

"Rats spread disease," Leery replied. "Haven't you heard of the bubonic plague?"

"Let the poor thing go," pleaded Jim.

Just then, the train gave a sudden lurch to one side and Bingo momentarily lost his balance, dropping his piece of wood in the process. In an instant, the rat escaped from the end of the tube and took a flying leap off the train. It ended up on the gravel beside the track, somersaulting its way to a gradual halt by the time the last car passed it.

"I hope it doesn't go and infect anyone," said Leery. A sudden blast from the engine's whistle obliterated any reply.

"Help ma Bob!" exclaimed Bingo. "Look at where we are now!"

In their preoccupation with the rat, the boys had failed to notice that the train had joined the main line and was moving away from the city at an alarming rate. There was no doubt that it was moving much too fast for the boys to jump off safely.

"We're in for it now!" Leery said.

"Who knows where we'll end up," lamented Bingo.

Jim sat silently. He not only knew he was surely getting into deep trouble but he was getting very cold and very wet. He looked at the other boys' faces. They were becoming quite black from the sooty smoke belching from the train and he guessed that his would be in the same condition. He also dreaded what his grandmother would think of all of this.

The train continued to gain speed and the boys saw a continual parade of factories and shipyards slowly give way to fields and farms as the Puggy entered the countryside. Despite their concern, Leery and Bingo were now developing a new respect for the Puggy which, until then, they had assumed was restricted to the slow and monotonous labor of the shipyards. It had never occurred to them that it had freedom to go beyond these constraints.

But their excursion to the countryside was short-lived and eventually the train entered the next town. In the heavy drizzle it seemed even more squalid than the part of the city they had left.

With a sharp jerk to one side, the train left the main line and veered down towards the docks.

"As soon as this thing slows down, I'm getting off!" announced Bingo.

"Me too," agreed the others.

However, the train's speed did not decrease substantially until it started to cross a long narrow bridge over an inlet from the main river. The bridge was a simple arrangement of rails spiked to open ties or sleepers supported by vertical wooden piers. Looking down, the boys saw the black oily surface of water about thirty feet below.

Suddenly, the train pulled to a halt but although the engine had reached the other side, the car holding the boys was still only about half way across.

"Let's get off now," suggested Bingo.

"Do you think there's enough room?" asked Jim. "There's only about two feet between us and the edge."

"Listen," said Bingo, "If this thing starts moving again, who knows where we'll end up next!"

He cautiously climbed down on to the railroad ties. "Whoa!" He exclaimed, wobbling precariously near the edge. "This wood's slippery! It's all oily!"

Without warning, the train gave a sudden jerk forward, catching him by the sleeve and sending him flying over the edge. At the same time, Jim and Leery lost their balance, hitting the floor of the car with their rear ends.

"Help! He'll drown!" shouted Leery in a state of panic. "He can't swim!"

As the train slowly gained speed, Jim instinctively pulled off his shoes and took a flying dive from the moving car. The cold wind ruffled his hair and made him catch his breath as he plunged to the water below. A sharp cold pain pierced his head and enveloped his entire body as he made contact with the icy water. Surfacing, his eyes stung and he almost gagged from the oily mess coating the surface.

Jim caught sight of Bingo thrashing around in a state of panic alternately cursing, shouting for help and choking on the foul

liquid but at last Jim finally reached him and pulled him towards the shore.

For a while they both lay on the filthy stone bank until a crowd of spectators appeared. Jim knew that Bingo must be in bad shape and was quite relieved when a doctor arrived on the scene. They were both wrapped in blankets and eventually an ambulance appeared with Leery and the engine driver on board.

Back in Canada, Jim's dad was trying to figure out what time it was as he fumbled down the stairs to answer the telephone which had just shattered a very sound sleep.

"Who the heck is calling at four thirty in the morning?" he muttered to himself.

"It's your Mum," said the voice at the other end. "It's about Jim."

Jim's dad's drowsiness vanished in a sudden surge of panic. "Is he OK?" he blurted.

The old lady attempted to explain what had happened. In his dazed state, the only information he was able to comprehend was that Jim was in some trouble with the authorities for playing truant and had got into some other kind of bother.

Jim's dad hung up the phone and grumpily went back to bed. He understood that his mother did not appreciate the time difference between Canada and the UK. But he was upset that Jim had let him down.

That morning, already late for work, Jim's dad did not take time to look at the morning newspaper, instead he bolted down a cup of coffee and drove quickly to the office.

On his arrival, his secretary greeted him with a smile. "How does it feel to be the father of someone famous?" she asked.

"What are you talking about?" he replied, puzzled.

"Look at this!" she said, placing the morning paper in front of him.

"Young Canadian hero rescues boy in UK!" read the headline.

Sure enough, below the headline was a photograph of Jim with Bingo and Leery on either side, Jim's arms around both pals.

"Wow! I don't believe it!" Jim's dad muttered out loud.

Later that afternoon he took out the paper to have another look at the picture. "I thought there was something strange here," he thought, looking closely at the newspaper photo. At first he couldn't make out whether Jim was wearing gloves or whether there was something wrong with his hands. Suddenly, it dawned on him that they were not hands at all.

"Well, I'll be darned! Chicken claws!" He looked again at the photo of his boy. A mischievous face was smiling back at him. Quickly he clicked the intercom key to speak to his secretary outside his office... "Call the airlines and get me the next flight to Glasgow!" ■

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