



THE FRANCO SCOTTISH SOCIETY



BULLETIN

Decembre 2014 No. 68

THE FRANCO-SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND

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Editors' Note

Welcome to our 2014 edition of the Franco Scottish Society Bulletin. Whether you are a regular member of one of our branches, a "sympatisant" or have just chanced upon this publication we hope you will enjoy this issue.

We have tried to bring you an overview of the 2013-2014 activities of the society both through its branches and at the national level, plus a series of articles on a variety of topics reflecting French or Francophone connections.

This year's highlight was the "Exchange Visit ". It was the turn of the members of the Franco-Scottish Society of Scotland to welcome the Association Franco-Ecossaise . A tour of the Western Isles was organised from 2nd to 9th June 2014. Ginette Gervais-Macwilliam's "photo-montage" speaks for itself! Many thanks to Janine Adamson and Anne Marker for their exceptional organisational skills and for making this Visit "inoubliable".

Our grateful thanks to all our contributors without whom this bulletin would not have been possible.

Bonne lecture à tous!

BRANCH ACTIVITIES 2013-2014

Aberdeen : *annual outing 24th May*

2014 with a special tribute to Jenny Dey

All who went expressed their pleasure! What a wonderful day out. Pity no-one had a camera to capture this sunny and happy day!

Private lunch at The Mariner Restaurant (very good meal!), followed by a guided tour of Blairs Museum & Chapel.

After the tour, we had a welcomed cup of tea /coffee with cake!

The Manager of the museum gave an excellent talk on the history of Blairs with amusing stories concentrating on any French connections.

My services were required for translation of artefacts received from France in their collection on display.

Before we started our lunch, I announced apologies from our honorary guests – Lord Aberdeen and the Right Rev. Bishop Hugh Gilbert. Jenny Dey, retiring member of the society whom the branch had invited to the lunch and tour, was presented with a bouquet of flowers in appreciation of her services to the Society by myself. I also gave a brief vote of thanks to her.

Jenny first came along to the meetings in 1950, which was her last year at school.

(Georgina Lahaye, Aberdeen)

Dumfries and Galloway: *business as usual plus the AGM*

During this period membership stood at 22. Most talks were held in French and were given by members. Events included : a showing of a French film; a French cookery demonstration; talks on poetry and literature.

In June 2014 it was the turn of this branch to host the annual AGM for all the branches of the Franco- Scottish Society of Scotland. The event took place in the pleasant surroundings

of the Buccleuch and Queesberry Hotel in Thornhill. All those who attended appreciated the location, the organisation and the opportunity of meeting again and exchanging ideas for talks, events and educational projects to support.

(Editor)

Edinburgh: *a varied and busy year*

We are grateful to the Institut Français for allowing us to meet in its prestigious location. Our programme of **lectures** was varied: Odile Hughson on "The Auld Alliance" (which followed our "pot d'accueil"); Professor Millan on Pierre Louÿs entitled "La belle époque, perspective littéraire et artistique"; Ian Mcfarlane on the exhibition "Dr Elsie Inglis and her Scottish Angels" and the work of the Scottish Hospital in France during the First World War; Cyrille van Effenterre, Conseiller Scientifique à l'Ambassade, on the French-Scottish collaboration in science and technology with the "energies marines" as an example; Jennifer Scarce on "Edith Wharton in Morocco 1917"; Professor Jean Berton on the pitfalls encountered when translating Burns poetry into French; Jean-Sébastien Seriot on "Les Allemands vus par le cinéma français" with extracts from the films; Dr Margaret Williams on "*the Romanisation of Gaul*". Our last meeting in May was the AGM to which we invited a local school choir to provide entertainment. Our **Christmas concert** was a performance by OPUS8 singing French medieval songs and a selection of songs with a Christmas theme. Our **annual dinner** took place in a French restaurant in Edinburgh with 33 members attending.

From our **own funds** we provided £250 for the hire of a coach to allow P7 pupils from *Melrose Primary School* to visit the Mary

Queen of Scots Exhibition in Edinburgh. We gave £200 to the *French Film festival*. We offered 6 copies of "Asterix chez les Pictes" as prizes at the "Ateliers" organised by *le Français en Ecosse* for S4 pupils preparing for their French exams.

From the **Gray Bequest** we gave £500 to a *young musician, Adam Clifford*, who went to study music and theatre in the Jacques Lecoq school in Paris.

The other £500 was given to the *Granton Improvement Society* which is fostering a twinning with Chaumont-sur-Loire in France with a view to creating a garden on the waterfront in Granton of a similar nature to the one set up in Chaumont.

(Tom Wight, Edinburgh)

Glasgow : *a successful year*

We have had a successful year, welcoming several new members which takes our total to 56.

Our meetings/talks have taken us to Strasbourg, the Cathares country, Vietnam and Paris.

On the afternoon of the first Monday of each month we have a meeting in the Alliance Française premises where members come for relaxed conversation on "Quoi de neuf?"

Other activities have included a Fête de Noël which took the form of a buffet lunch in December, a lunch at the local college where students cooked a Franco-Scottish menu for us, and a game of pétanque, followed by lunch, on July 14th.

Our money from the Gray Trust has been allocated to three projects: support for the "Rencontres Théâtrales", which involves primary and secondary pupils, support for a trip to the parliament in Strasbourg for four secondary pupils, and support for a student of French at the summer school of Strathclyde University.

(Alice Galletly, Glasgow)

Perth: *an interesting programme but sad news.*

The Branch had 43 members for the 2013-14 session but sadly lost both a past President and its oldest member (see obituaries). The Committee is trying to encourage new members to join while meeting the needs of existing members less able to participate in meetings.

Talks included John Law, the Auld Alliance, Scone Palace and Rouen.

Through the Gray Bequest, the branch assisted a college student to attend a language school in Paris; and a catering student to attend further study in francophone Switzerland.

The Fair City of Perth will be the venue for the 2014 Lansdowne Lecture on 22nd November. The Branch Secretary and other Committee members are involved in administering aspects of this and have been advertising the event throughout the county.

(An article on this prestigious event will appear in the 2014-15 issue of this bulletin)

(Lucyna Lindsay, Perth)

Saint Andrews : *a wide range of topics catering for diverse tastes*

Membership remains stable around 30. Events in the 2013-14 programme included; a talk on cultural life in occupied France (1914-18); Robert Burns' Address to the Haggis in French; a wine tasting; a dinner; and a talk on Les Calvaires Bretons. The branch remains grateful to the University of St Andrews for its support.

From the Gray Bequest assistance will be given to a student of Elmwood College to work as a pâtissière in Ste Meneshould and to stay with a French family; to two pupils staying with French families; and a school trip to France.

(Editor)

THE LANSDOWNE PRIZE 2013 - 2014

This prize is awarded annually by the Franco-Scottish Society to the candidate who achieves the highest mark in Advanced Higher French. In 2013 there were two equal top students. At a ceremony in 2014 for each school, the prize certificate and cheque was presented on behalf of the Society by a member of our nearest branch:

Douglas Clark of Grove Academy, Broughty Ferry

Outstanding Performance

Former Grove Academy pupil Douglas Clark has an outstanding performance in advanced higher French. The 17-year old scored 97% in the exam and yesterday returned to Broughty Ferry School to be presented with the Lansdowne Prize by the Franco-Scottish Society. "I am very pleased and surprised" said Douglas.

The advanced higher consisted of oral and written French plus an English folio of papers on the language.

He admitted to receiving some help from his mother Valerie, who trained as a French teacher, and who encouraged him to converse in French at home.

His flair is not confined to French. He also scored straight "A"s in English and Modern Studies advanced higher.

Douglas, whose father is a software engineer at St Andrews University and who has a sister (his sister) Alexandria, 15, would like to use his French in his career.

Grove head teacher Graham Sutton said: "We are very proud of Douglas and this award is well deserved".

(By kind permission of the Dundee Courier)

Thomas Oldham of Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen



A prestigious prize with a reception in a prestigious setting, yet a convivial and relaxed atmosphere. Refreshments, cakes went down a treat.

Thomas was handed a certificate and a cheque to the value of £200 by Jean Ironside, the Vice-Chairman of the Aberdeen Branch of the Franco-Scottish Society in the presence of his parents, the Head of College, Mr. Hugh Ouston, and the Modern Languages Department school staff. The ceremony took place in the historic Governor's Room and the Lord Provost's representative, Councillor Jean Morrison MBE was delighted to be part of this ceremony.

Thomas, a rather shy young man, is now studying History at St Andrew's University and returned specially to be presented with his prize for gaining the highest marks in Scotland in Advanced Higher French. (Equal marks with a pupil from Broughty Ferry also presented with a cheque.)

Jean, handed over the certificate which gave a brief background on Lord Lansdowne. She also gave a little story about her career with French exams, and how the father of Mr Ouston was her professor at university: she definitely knew the hard work involved to get such a high grade pass.

Thomas and his parents were very pleased with the reception, and of course, Thomas was grateful to the Franco-Scottish Society for his prize, but he hadn't decided on how to spend the money!

(Georgina Lahaye, Aberdeen)

EXCHANGE VISIT 2013 -2014

Every two years an exchange visit is organised by the Franco-Scottish Society of Scotland or the Association Franco-Ecossaise in France for members of these sister societies.

The 2013-2014 visit took place in Scotand.

An Island Idyll - du 2 au 9 Juin 2014

2 juin enfin! Quel plaisir de retrouver les amis et nouvelles connaissances dont nous préparons l'accueil depuis de nombreuses semaines! L'appel fait, les bagages récupérés, pour nous rendre à Prestwick nous boudons l'autoroute trop monotone et adoptons la route qui longe l'estuaire de la Clyde. Le formidable rocher de Dumbarton dresse sa masse imposante sur notre droite et puis nous voilà à Port Glasgow qui fut le port de la cité jusqu'au XVIIIème siècle. Nous traversons Gourock et ses belles résidences avec vues imprenables sur la mer, et puis Greenock qui a connu un glorieux passé de construction navale et d'industrie sucrière et qui tente maintenant de développer des activités orientées vers l'électronique. Nous arrivons à Wemyss Bay d'où partent les ferries CalMac à destination de Rothesay, nous traversons Largs, un centre important de navigation à voile et finalement Prestwick où Mr Clarkson et son équipe organisent chambres et bagages. Au dîner, Sir David va souhaiter la bienvenue à nos amis.

3 juin, un soleil radieux nous accueille à Ardrossan d'où nous embarquons pour Arran sur l'incontournable CalMac, la mer est étale, et notre chauffeur Ian nous attend au port de Brodick pour nous conduire au château de Brodick que nous visitons. Aujourd'hui, le château appartient au National Trust for Scotland mais il fut longtemps le pavillon de chasse de la famille Hamilton. Le domaine s'enorgueillit à juste titre d'un grand parc arboré que malheureusement l'hiver très rigoureux 2012/2013 a dévasté. Malgré un

important programme de restauration certaines espèces rares sont perdues à jamais. Nous poursuivons notre route le long de la côte et admirons au passage les petits hameaux de Currie et Sandex et un phoque un peu cabotin qui prend la pose sur un gros rocher. Nous visitons la seule distillerie de l'île dominée par de hauts sommets que hante l'aigle royal. Après le site un peu mélancolique de Lochranza et les superbes perspectives sur la presqu'île de Kintyre, nous revenons à Brodick par la « string road » qui se faufile entre deux massifs montagneux. La mer est tout aussi calme au retour qu'à l'aller et un superbe coucher de soleil va clore cette belle journée.

4 juin, nous sommes dans le Ayrshire aujourd'hui. Nous visitons le musée de Robert Burns et aussi le très modeste cottage où il a vu le jour. De nombreux documents et objets lui ayant appartenu éveillent notre curiosité. Après déjeuner, nous visitons Dumfries House, le premier ouvrage réalisé dans le Ayrshire par les frères Adams. Grâce à la prompte réaction du Prince Charles, Duc de Rothesay, le manoir et surtout la magnifique collection de meubles Chippendale n'ont pas été vendus et dispersés, les tapisseries, les tentures, les tapis, les glaces et les chandeliers ont été restaurés. Le Prince Charles continue de s'intéresser aux différents projets du domaine; embellissement du parc, création d'ateliers et d'artisanats. 5 juin, destination Rothesay qui fut pendant longtemps le lieu de villégiature de prédilection pour les habitants de Glasgow. Nous traversons Largs, Ian relate les différentes péripéties de la fameuse

Bataille de Largs suivie du Traité de Perth qui mit fin à l'influence norvégienne sur l'Ouest de l'Ecosse. La gare de Wemyss Bay d'où nous embarquons pour Rothesay est un magnifique exemple de gare victorienne. Mount Stuart a de quoi surprendre nos amis, quel contraste avec Dumfries House ! Mount Stuart est un époustouflant mélange de styles.

6th June already and it was off to Oban stopping en route for a visit to Auchendrain Township near Inveraray. There, we were welcomed by Bob Clark, the enthusiastic Director of the Museum of Highland Life and acting as interpreter, a charming young student from Limoges on a one month placement. We learnt that the last inhabitant of the township was obliged to leave in 1963 due to health and safety concerns. Many of our French friends were familiar with the primitive conditions in the township through their grandparents who had endured a similar way of life only two generations previously. Our next stop was at Arduaine Gardens on the shore of Loch Melfort. Sadly, due to the exceptional warm weather the rhododendrons had finished blooming but we all admired the other flowers along the woodland paths. Then, before long, we were in the busy seaport of Oban where several of the party enjoyed a post-prandial stroll along the promenade before being finally drawn indoors by the dreaded midges.

Next morning, on 7th June, we set off in cheerful mood for the CalMac ferry which took us to Craignure on the Isle of Mull where we boarded our coach. The driver gave us a lively commentary along the way to Fionnphort where we were to board the ferry for the island of Iona. There, our party was suddenly split in two due to reduced crew numbers but we were reunited at the appropriate St Columba Hotel where we had lunch before setting out to visit one of the

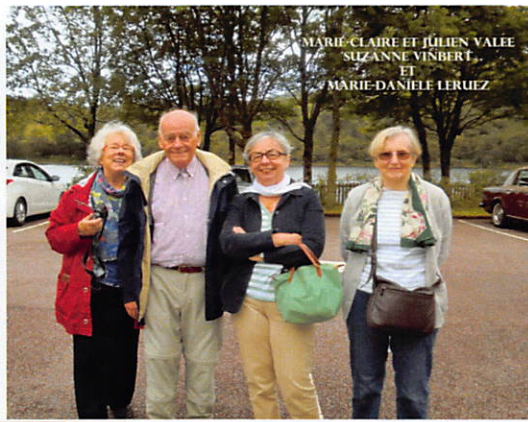
most sacred Christian sites in Scotland. It was here that St Columba landed on his journey from Ireland and brought Christianity to Iona. Even the downpour which occurred just after our arrival at the Abbey failed to dampen our interest in the site and we found places to shelter from the rain. Back in Oban we braved the rain again to sample traditional fish and chips in a nearby restaurant. On 8th June we penetrated the heart of the impressive Ben Cruachan where we toured the fascinating underground hydro-electric Power Station. We were also impressed by a collection of vintage Rolls Royce cars which were parked outside. Continuing our journey south we made an unscheduled stop at St Conan's Kirk at the request of Leslie Godin. We were surprised by the ingenuity of the landowner Walter Campbell who, in designing the church for the convenience of his mother had managed to display so many architectural styles. The next stop was in Inveraray at the George Hotel where many in the group had their first taste of haggis. It was generally held as not too bad! Our final stop was in Luss where we had a stroll through the picturesque village to the "Bonnie Banks" of Loch Lomond which was sparkling in the sunshine. Then we boarded the coach which was to take us to Prestwick where we bade farewell to our friendly driver John before going off to prepare for our Gala Dinner.

Pour notre dernier dîner, le dîner de gala, Monsieur Clarkson du Parkstone Hotel Prestwick et son personnel avaient soigné la décoration; des fleurs et des drapeaux sur chaque table, mais surtout un excellent menu avec un petit clin d'œil à la gastronomie écossaise. Monsieur Coffinier, notre Consul nous avait fait l'amitié d'être parmi nous. Encore une visite d'échange très réussie !! Rendez-vous dans deux ans quelque part en France !!

(Janine Adamson et Anne Marker, Glasgow)



THIERRY RECHINEWSKI
GENEVIEVE CONTAMINE
FRANCOISE REYVERT
ET
GINETTE DALLERE



MARIE-CLAIRE ET JULIEN VALEE
SUZANNE VINBERT
ET
MARIE-DANIELE LERUEZ



FRANCOISE PEROMBELON
ET
THIERRY RECHINEWSKI



Ecosse, Juin, 2014

NICOLE ET PIERRE ALARD
FRANCOISE REYVERT



Marie-Therese
Drouillot



Pierre Bizzy



Marguerite Thaler



IAN ET SHEILA
CAMPBELL



Anne et Willis Marker



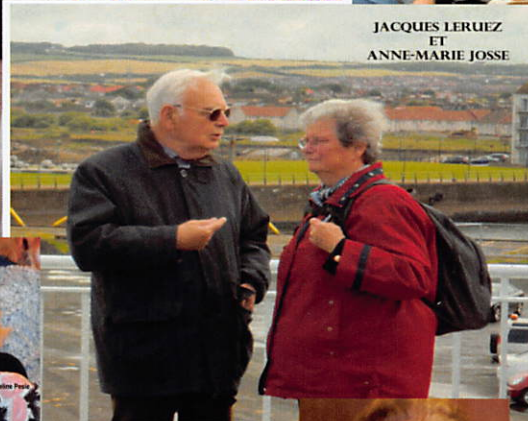
Lydie
Delalande



SUZANNE
VINBERT



Solange Hemery



JACQUES LERUEZ
ET
ANNE-MARIE JOSSE



GENEVIEVE ET PHILIPPE
CONTAMINE



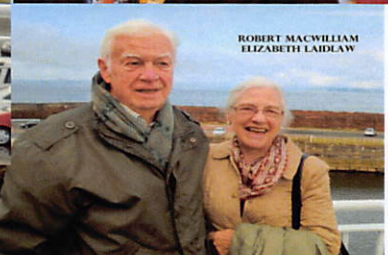
Leslie Guain



Jean Claude Pontue



Jacqueline Poir



ROBERT MACWILLIAM
ELIZABETH LAIDLAW



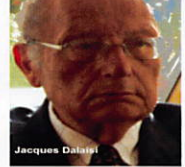
Christine Colmet Daage



Jean-Yves Dage



Jacques Dalais



MARIE-CLAIRE
DELAIS

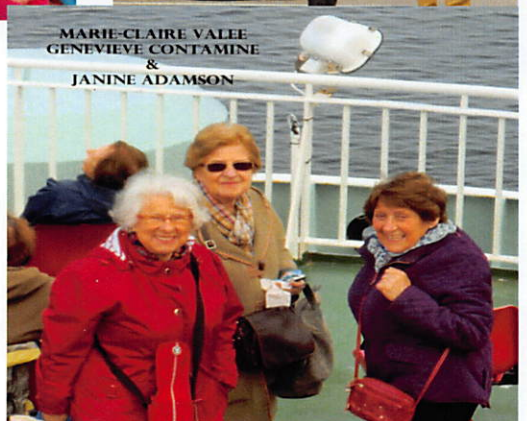


ELIZABETH ET JIM LAIDLAW
DAVID ET ELIZABETH EDWARD



MARIE-CLAIRE VALEE
GENEVIEVE CONTAMINE
&
JANINE ADAMSON

Ecosse
2-9 juin, 2014



FRENCH CONNECTIONS

Marie Stuart Society Statue

It has always seemed astonishing to members of the Marie Stuart Society (founded in 1992) that there is no 'Official' statue to the only Sovereign Queen of Scotland. We have been aware that there are various small unofficial statues around, namely, one at the back porch of Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire, a small one above a shop doorway in Fleet Street, London and a delightful one of the Queen holding a falcon in the garden of Annet House at Linlithgow. There is also a small image to be found on the Sir Walter Scott Monument in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh. No doubt private properties will have statues of the Queen around the country, but nothing that is an official tribute to the Queen of Scots and of France.



In 2007 The Marie Stuart Society thought to rectify this situation and commissioned the Aberdeenshire Sculptress, Anne Davidson, to design a maquette for us, with a view to scaling it up to life size and cast in bronze. We were delighted with the result and set in motion the procedures to make the project a reality.

Eventually, after much searching, the Society was offered, by Historic Scotland, a site on the Peel at Linlithgow, just outside the Palace where the Queen was born and facing the wing where her birth took place. We were absolutely delighted with this offer, but sadly, meantime, Anne Davidson had passed away.

We sourced another sculptor who would be willing to scale-up the design and David Annand, a well-known Scottish Sculptor, agreed to do this. We felt so relieved as David has had many important commissions, including Robert Ferguson in the Canongate, Edinburgh and the large sculpture depicting The Treaty of Arbroath, just outside the town of that name, to name but two commissions of many.

The Historic Scotland team were very helpful and they designed a publicity leaflet for us. We ordered 10,000 copies of this leaflet. 2,000 appeal letters were sent to businesses, Scottish Associations, the descendants of 'Queen Mary's people', overseas Clan Societies and private individuals. The total required to complete the project was estimated to be £80,000 and by keeping the

publicity costs to a minimum and doing a lot of footwork by ourselves we have raised 75% of the required total in under 8 months.

It is now hoped that the statue will be unveiled at Linlithgow on 25th April 2015.

The statue will be cast in bronze and will be seven and a half foot high. It will be raised on a three foot stone plinth which is being provided by Historic Scotland. We propose the following wording to be carved on the four sides of the plinth: Front – Mary Queen of Scots, 1542 – 1587. Back – Designed by Anne Davidson, DA, ARBS, Sculptor – David Annand, DA, ARBS, Gifted by The Marie Stuart Society. On each side of the plinth will be inscribed “En ma fin est mon commencement” and “My Heart is my own”.

When Historic Scotland offered us the site at Linlithgow they were very much influenced by the design of the maquette. They wanted the statue to have educational interest, and the emblems which Anne Davidson had incorporated into the maquette fortunately met with their requirements. Around the hem of the Queen’s dress are the Fleur de Lys of France, the Scottish Thistle, and the Queen’s own logo of intertwined M’s. She is holding the symbols of her faith, the bible and the

crucifix. She is wearing the widow’s peak headdress and her ruff is held together with a Luckenbooth.

The Marie Stuart Society is delighted that we have been supported by so many, and in particular by the Franco-Scottish Society. Not only have we received a generous donation from the Scottish Branch but also from the Branch in Paris, along with individual Franco-Scottish members throughout the country. We are very grateful for these donations. A Roll of Honour, probably in book form, will be created to list the names of generous donors who have helped us create this memorial.

(Margaret C Lumsdaine, President of The Marie Stuart Society)



**"The Honorary (French) Consul"
(with apologies to Graham Greene)**



*La Résidence de France by J Kergoat
By Kind Permission of the French Embassy UK*

The early summer sun slanted through the thrown back double doors, and reflected down the long reception hall, casting a golden glow on the rococo friezes above. This was, after all, number 11 Kensington Palace Gardens, the home of the French Ambassador; and the outstretched doors were awaiting the arrival of 60 or so honorary French consuls for the annual meeting. I had flown down from Dundee that morning and was rather early, but the sun glinting on the welcoming doors looked inviting, so I marched in. At the far end of the hall was a lone figure, tall, thin, aquiline features, Savile Row (or Parisian equivalent) suit. Surely M Ambassador. I strolled up the hall – it took quite a while – and said “Good morning, Ambassador, I’m Donald Gordon”.

Not a flicker of a frown or delay, but a matter of fact, “ah, from Dundee.” I was impressed and flattered that he had really done his homework. That, I decided later, is why he, and others like him, are appointed to

represent their country at the Court of St James.

These annual meetings of most of the 62 or so honorary French consuls are a feature of my appointment as the Consul Honoraire de France in Dundee that I will find difficult to forget: not the long and occasionally slightly less than fascinating discussions about passports, and what duties the consuls are entitled or not entitled to have – I can forget that easily - but the lunches in the grand dining room, served with white gloves on silver salvers. Marvellous. It’s also a great opportunity to find out about other, busier honorary consuls: Mr Brighton has a French population of 10,000; Mr Plymouth has dozens of visits by French boats every year. Both are occupied nearly full time.

The Dundee Hon. Consul is rather less busy than that. I took over from a former business partner at Carltons, Solicitors, Dennis Collins, who had been the ‘consular agent’ for twenty years and had been asked to find a replacement. That was about eighteen years ago, and I will carry on until I too have completed four five-year terms, in 2016. I am responsible to the Consul General in Edinburgh, a full time French diplomat with a staff in the Consulate of a dozen or so. In about 1999, just around the time that the Scottish Parliament was being set up, and I asked the then C-G what was her most important function. She replied: ‘To advise the Ambassador about the Scottish political scene’. That was an interesting time, and the current C-G will be just as occupied with today’s political scene in Scotland. He and I have occasional discussions about aspects of it, and I rather grandly consider that to be one of my duties.

Most aspects of my duties, however, are rather more mundane. The Consul General in Edinburgh has a few others like me dotted

around Scotland: one in Glasgow, in Aberdeen, who is kept quite busy with the many French nationals and companies who reside there, and another in each of Stornoway, Lerwick and the Isle of Man (for some reason). We represent the Consul General at some official functions, and generally wave the French flag, but otherwise ours are largely administrative duties, and often a French national will be able to come to the honorary's office rather than having to trail to Edinburgh. Handing out passports, assisting in the applying for ID cards, lost passports and ID cards, life certificates for pension payments, providing a place for voting on elections, dealing with enquiries (which often means passing them on), and with French persons who have died or found themselves in custody. Fortunately, I have not had to deal with any deceased matters, and the wax seal, for sealing up coffins, remains unwaxed, so far. The only occasional custody cases were French chefs who got into an argument, were kept in the cooler overnight, and were sufficiently cooled off to be sent home in the morning. You can understand that they didn't need a visit. For reasons I can't work out, most of these emanated from the police in Perth – perhaps a better class of cooking there.

There are some hundreds of French students attending both universities in Dundee, where there are excellent links with some French cities and colleges. For them, they have problems with accommodation. Many come here to learn English, and some stay, developing an attractive Scots accent with overtones of French. Most move into flats with groups of their chums from Orleans or Marseilles, and immediately regret it as they speak French all the time. Their biggest problem, however, arises following the key words 'Saturday night, 'bar'; and the result is a lost ID card or worse, passport. I can issue a

temporary replacement, and even driving licence, but they are theoretically not good for travelling back to France, so I think that there isn't a lot of point; except that, occasionally, some of these young customers have been able to 'blag' their way, with their ticket, onto an Air France plane waving an official looking document. They usually lose them just the once.

Every few years, a small French Naval ship makes a weekend visit to the Port of Dundee, and I enjoy being piped on board – it makes me feel terribly self-important – and arranging the guest list for cocktail party on board. I seem to be very popular in the period before these events. The late Sir James Cayzer entertained the officers from most such ships for many years. The second time I met him, I noticed that he had arrived in a different Rolls Royce from the first time, and mentioned the fact that he must have acquired another. "Dear boy, I have thirteen!" . The most recent visitor, some years ago now, was a tiny coastal patrol boat, the *Patrouilleur 'Flamant'*, with a crew of 29, captained by a young officer, still in his late twenties. Three days previously he had been serving at sea on a submarine, with radio silence, for three months. He was expecting some shore leave with his wife and new baby but on his return he was given his first command and packed off on a courtesy visit to Dundee. There he was, a young lad at a civic reception in the City Chambers, replying in English to a toast and greeting from the Lord Provost. I thought he did rather well.

I hope that this captures the flavour of what I do. At least, by 2016 I should manage a couple more white gloved lunches in Kensington Palace Gardens.

(Donald Gordon, Honorary French Consul, Dundee)

Vive Valmont!



Having recently returned from the Dunoon School French Exchange with the Collège Eugne Delacroix in Valmont, Normandy I feel I must disagree with the popular misconception that such trips are very stressful. Maybe we were just extremely lucky to have had great pupils, lovely weather and very patient host families, for both staff and pupils.

The trip left Dunoon at the crack of dawn on the 11th June as 30 bleary eyed pupils and 3 equally bleary eyed teachers set off for Glasgow airport. We had split into 3 "Buddy Groups" of 10 pupils each and this really made keeping an eye on the pupils much easier and safer. By the end of the trip they were quite used to being rounded up at various times throughout the day.

On the first day the pupils spent a few hours in school with their French partners and then we were officially greeted by the Head Master, Monsieur Merlin. Following a bowl of hot chocolate and a snack, we headed off on a walking tour of the town, accompanied by Madame Bertrand. Back to school for lunch, then off to the coastal town of Fécamp for a tour of the stunning Monastery, which still produces the liqueur Bénédictine to this very day. While staff were treated to a taste, pupils had to make do with a wee sniff. The next day began with a trip to the cliffs of Etretat, and even pupils would agree that the climb up to the view point was well worth it. Pupils spent a while having a picnic and/or an ice-cream on the beach and some of them even opted for a very quick paddle in the sea.

That afternoon we headed on to Le Havre where we let the pupils do what everyone of that age loves to do - SHOPPING!! This was a very modern and vibrant city boasting a lovely beach front with lots of cafés and sailing schools along it.

At the weekend the pupils were entertained by their host families who showed some of them the local area, took them to the beach, invited them to a family party and even took one pupil to a wedding. Despite the usual language barriers and food issues, pupils were full of stories and news when we met up very early on Monday morning to head off to Paris for the day. As the French pupils were accompanying us on this trip, we travelled in REAL style - luxury double-decker bus!! A three hour drive later saw us arriving at Notre Dame Cathedral, where our whirlwind tour of the capital began. A brisk walk to the Louvre was followed by a sunny walk the entire length of the Champs Elysées, ending up at the Arc de Triomphe. There was nothing left to do but to climb the 260+ spiral steps to the very top and admire the stunning view of the whole city - Sacré Coeur in Montmartre on the hill and, of course la Tour Eiffel in the distance. If only there had been more hours in the day to see ALL the sights in Paris...

Our final outing, again with the French pupils, was to the beautiful city of Rouen. We were treated to a lovely tour of the town by Madame Pourriau, taking in the beautiful Cathedral, the Town Hall, the church of St Joan of Arc and finishing up at the "Big Clock" in the centre of town. There was also PLENTY of shopping to do, so pupils (and staff!!) were very happy indeed.

All the host families had arranged to bring food for the school that night to give us a lovely send-off and it really was just that. It

became very clear that quite a few families would have happily kept their new Scottish friends for another week, maybe even longer. Jamie Campbell did us proud at the party by playing a superb medley which included the Hokey-Cokey and finished with Auld Lang Syne. An emotional end to a thoroughly fantastic week with an equally fantastic bunch of pupils. They were a credit to themselves, their parents and, of course, their school. Can't wait until next year, when they come to visit us in Dunoon. I only hope we can arrange some fabulous weather?!?!

(Jennifer Moffat, Dunoon Grammar School)

(Ed. Note : Dunoon Grammar School is set in a rural area and the catchment is mixed. Many of the pupils on this Exchange had never been abroad before, and many had never travelled by plane. A contribution towards this trip from the Franco-Scottish Society Alex Grey Trust made this trip affordable for a greater number of pupils than would otherwise have been the case. Those who visited France on a school trip know how much of a life changing experience it is.)

Petite Histoire D'un Francophile En Pays Francophone

ou "Les banques québécoises n'aiment pas l'argent écossais"

En 2013 j'ai passé des vacances au Québec surtout pour avoir l'occasion de parler français dans un lieu non-métropolitain. J'ai remarqué un accent différent, mais en général assez facile à comprendre, malgré ma connaissance de la langue seulement de niveau GCE O level, passé en novembre 1961. L'agence de voyage m'avait prévenu que peut être les distributeurs automatiques de billets demanderaient beaucoup d'argent pour accepter les cartes bancaires de l'étranger. J'ai donc pris des billets de la Bank of Scotland avec moi.

La première banque où je me rendis m'informa " bureau de change seulement

pour nos clients". Un peu difficile pour les touristes! A la deuxième banque la femme me dit: "Je suis parisienne, ici on peut changer de l'argent, mais je ne parle pas anglais". Enfin, un O level de 1961 est mieux que rien... Mais la femme et ses collègues n'avaient jamais vu des billets de banque d'Écosse. Elle a regardé sur internet et n'a découvert sur Travelex que les billets de la Royal Bank of Scotland. Elle me dit : "peut être que vos billets sont anciens et hors de validité?". " Non", lui dis-je, "je les ai reçus la semaine dernière et les billets ont la date de 2008." Finalement: "aucune chance d'échange, utilisez le distributeur automatique de billets". Quelle bonne idée, la machine prend \$1.75, moins que le prix pour changer les billets. L'agence de voyage en Écosse s'était trompée. Aucun mot en anglais n'a été parlé pendant cette transaction. Merci beaucoup Mlle Ruth Betts, mon professeur de français à Bilboro' Grammar School Nottingham il y a longtemps.

A mon retour en Écosse, j'ai demandé à ma banque pourquoi nos billets de banque étaient inconnus au Québec. La seule réponse fut : "Il aurait fallu emporter de l'argent de la Bank of England". Quelle horreur..... Heureusement je ne suis pas nationaliste, mais notre argent est vraiment "kosher" et je pense que toutes les banques ont l'obligation de l'accepter. Mon MSP Mme Joan Mac Alpine m'a dit "quand nous serons un pays indépendant, tout le monde acceptera notre argent. " Mais maintenant, depuis le referendum....?

Note au gouvernement écossais... Vous avez encore du travail à faire pour montrer que notre pays est important dans le monde.

(Wesley Paxton , Dumfries & Galloway)



Un Jour, Une Vie, Avec François Mauriac



Est-ce possible que plus d'un demi-siècle me sépare de ma première visite à Malagar ? Ce 12 septembre 1963, j'avais vingt-quatre ans, toujours étudiant à Oxford, où je préparais ma thèse de doctorat sur François Mauriac, romancier, poète, dramaturge, journaliste, Prix Nobel. Mauriac approchait alors de son soixante-dix-septième anniversaire ; à peine plus âgé que moi au moment où j'écris ce petit texte. La pensée d'avoir rattrapé François sur l'escalier de l'éternité m'est tout simplement incroyable.

Malagar est une ancienne maison des moines célestins, achetée en 1843 par l'arrière-grand-père de l'écrivain, et dont Mauriac a hérité en 1927. Le 'château', comme le dénomment les gens du coin, est situé à Saint-Maixant, près de Langon, au sud de

Bordeaux. Il est entouré des vignobles de Sauternes et de l'Entre-deux-mers, en plein pays de Toulouse-Lautrec.

C'était la maison préférée de Mauriac, qui y allait deux fois par an, à Pâques et à l'époque des vendanges. C'est dans la tranquillité de Malagar qu'il trouvait l'inspiration des chroniques littéraires, religieuses, et politiques du 'Bloc-Notes' et le fonds précieux de souvenirs dont il tirait la substance de ses romans (*La Chair et le sang*, *Le Nœud de vipères* entre autres). Lieu de mémoire, lieu sacré des mauriaciens, c'est à Malagar, devenu musée et centre de recherches, que nous nous réunissons chaque année pour le colloque de la Société Internationale des Etudes Mauriaciennes, dont je suis un des membres fondateurs.

Le grand homme auquel, suivant ses instructions, j'ai téléphoné de ma petite chambre à Bordeaux, m'avait invité à passer avec lui l'après-midi, en me promettant de faire de son mieux pour répondre à mes questions. Il m'attendait à la descente de mon taxi, chapeau de paille sur la tête et, si j'ose me fier à ce souvenir lointain, une petite fourche à la main, comme s'il avait voulu gratter à ses vignes, avant l'arrivée de ses métayers. L'informalité de son accueil m'a étonné, ainsi que l'ouverture au monde – et à n'importe qui – de Malagar même. Mauriac, champion de presse du général de Gaulle, était, au lendemain de la longue guerre algérienne, une cible potentielle de l'O.A.S. Je m'étais donc attendu à y trouver un portail blindé et des gardes du corps partout. Il est vrai que je n'avais pas une tête de terroriste, mais qu'en pouvait-on, qu'en peut-on savoir ? Mis à part deux membres de leur personnel domestique, Mauriac et sa femme étaient tout seuls dans cette propriété isolée et vulnérable.

Je lui ai communiqué, par devoir et à la demande de ma directrice de thèse, la légendaire Enid Starkie, le bon souvenir que celle-ci disait avoir gardé de leur rencontre à Oxford, où on avait conféré à Mauriac, en 1947, un doctorat *honoris causa*. Mais Mauriac se souvenait à peine de cette rencontre ni de cette université. Pour ma part, je lui ai caché le fait d'avoir trouvé et acheté à un prix dérisoire, dans une librairie d'Oxford, un exemplaire du *Bâillon dénoué* qu'il avait présenté à un très grand officier de l'université qui a dû s'en débarrasser sans même en couper les pages. On racontait des choses peu sympathiques sur Mauriac dans l'Oxford de mon temps. La légende qui circulait – que Mauriac avait scandalisé ses hôtes en coupant d'eau son très vieux porto – a été vigoureusement contestée par mon ami Jean Mauriac (fils cadet de François, grand journaliste, compagnon de Charles de Gaulle) qui m'a assuré que son père était un connaisseur sans pareil des plaisirs de la bouche et que, tout en préférant l'armagnac, il aurait vu comme un sacrilège de traiter de la sorte ce digestif chéri des 'Anglais' (même si les Français le boivent en apéritif). Mauriac se souvenait mal aussi d'un autre endroit, auquel il avait rendu visite pendant ce rare voyage outre-manche : Edimbourg, qu'il appelait 'cette belle ville anglaise'. Je n'ai pas osé le détromper, même lorsque Mauriac, qui aimait les jeunes et qui devait me trouver touchant par ma timidité, m'a interrogé, avant que je n'aie pu lui poser la moindre question sur son œuvre, sur ma carrière à moi, et a appris de ma bouche que je venais d'être nommé *assistant lecturer* à l'Université de St Andrews – St Andrews *en Ecosse*, ai-je ajouté, voyant son air de ne pas m'avoir suivi...

C'est moi donc qui l'ai suivi, lui, faisant d'abord le tour du domaine : le jardin et la vue qu'il offrait sur les coteaux de Verdélais, et la

fameuse terrasse, avant d'entrer par la porte de derrière de cette maison qui m'est devenue au fil des années si familière. Il fallait passer d'abord par la cuisine et ensuite par la salle à manger, où il y avait un portrait de Claire, fille aînée de Mauriac, peint par Jacques-Emile Blanche ; puis le salon où en 1940 la famille Mauriac écoutait sur Radio-Londres *Les Français parlent aux Français* ; et finalement le grand bureau où mon entretien avec l'écrivain devait avoir lieu. Il m'a proposé de choisir mon fauteuil : ou devant la cheminée, dominée, à moins que ma mémoire ne me trompe, d'un portrait de Maurice Barrès, ou bien en face, dans le fauteuil de prédilection d'André Gide ? Impressionné par ces images et ces noms, j'avais déjà perdu tous mes moyens. Qui peut s'étonner si presque toutes les questions si longtemps préparées s'étaient évaporées, me laissant à la merci de mes notes illisibles, griffonnées dans le train, et que je ne retrouvais même pas de toute façon ? J'ai même oublié de demander à mon hôte de signer l'exemplaire du tout récent *Ce que je crois* que j'avais apporté exprès dans ma serviette. Invité à nous servir du whisky, qu'il avait manifestement fait venir en pensant à moi – 'Vous êtes Anglais, vous aimez donc le whisky,' a-t-il décrété (Jean Mauriac affirme que son père n'en buvait jamais) – je ne voyais, tout éberlué, ni verre ni bouteille, et sans réfléchir j'ai rempli jusqu'au bord deux énormes verres. Le regard effaré d'un Prix Nobel a laissé des traces indélébiles dans mon souvenir de ce jour-là. Sa voix inimitable, rauque et blessée par suite d'une opération de la gorge, est descendue à l'état d'un soupir : 'Vous aimez à ce point le whisky ?' Pourquoi, pour moi qui ne buvais quasiment rien à l'époque, les boissons alcoolisées dominant-elles ces souvenirs ? Je me rappelle même le cadeau que Mauriac m'a fait à l'heure de mon départ : deux bouteilles de Château Malagar, ce bordeaux blanc liquoreux

qu'on trouve parfois dans nos supermarchés. Jean a écrit quelque part que ce vin sentait le soufre. 'Il a dû être content,' m'a-t-il dit, 'de s'en débarrasser.'

Mauriac, de caractère 'méchant' selon ses adversaires, avait plutôt un humour noir, exprimé avec un sourire irrésistible. Il m'a confié que les personnages 'monstrueux' dont il avait 'peuplé' ses romans sortaient tous de la famille de sa femme. De quelle famille pouvait-il imaginer que je sortais, moi ? Me voyait-il comme un nouveau Harry Fanning, jeune Anglais nanti, émergeant tout vivant de sa pièce de théâtre *Asmodée* ? Sacré Mauriac, qui ne comprenait vraiment pas ces jeunes hommes descendus d'une planète étrangère. 'Vous êtes Anglais,' a-t-il constaté. 'Vous êtes donc protestant.' (Pas de réponse.) 'C'est la faute à Henri VIII, tout cela.' (Moi interloqué.) Il ne pouvait pas trouver intéressantes mes questions d'adolescent, d'un 'Hippolyte mal léché' pour emprunter un de ses mots sur le bien-aimé de Phèdre. Son célèbre jansénisme ? Haussement des épaules : il ne fallait pas comprendre ce mot au sens théologique. *Le Désert de l'amour* ? Non, ce n'était pas le livre qui lui tenait le plus à cœur ; il ne s'en souvenait pas très bien. Je me trouvais en face d'un homme pour qui ses romans avaient moins de prix que le livre sur De Gaulle qu'il était alors en train d'écrire. J'avais beau citer le 'S'il existe, puisqu'il existe...' que Mauriac avait mis dans la bouche de Thérèse Desqueyroux pour suggérer la première ouverture à la croyance religieuse de ce personnage célèbre ; il m'a répondu par une analyse magistrale du 'Je vous ai compris' lancé par le Général à la foule hystérique au Forum d'Alger, en préfiguration, majestueusement ambiguë, de

l'indépendance de ce pays. Mais quel honneur il m'a fait en me lisant une page dactylographiée de son *De Gaulle* avant même de confier ce nouveau livre à la presse.

Lors de mon arrivée à Malagar, le Mauriac qui inspirait mes ambitions, c'était d'abord le romancier, ensuite le grand intellectuel catholique qui incarnait mieux que tout autre l'identité culturelle française qui me fascinait déjà. J'ai écrit, bien sûr, tout au long de ma carrière et jusque dans la retraite, sur l'œuvre littéraire de Mauriac et sur sa pensée religieuse. Mais la leçon que j'ai rapportée avec moi en quittant Malagar, celle d'un Mauriac passionné de politique, engagé dans les conflits des hommes, m'a permis de faire découvrir aux autres chercheurs l'importance, alors insoupçonnée, de son immense œuvre journalistique, et d'écrire mes ouvrages sur 'la politique d'un romancier' et sur *Mauriac et de Gaulle*. Ce sont ces écrits qui comptent le plus pour moi, arrivé presque, et si vite, à l'âge qu'avait alors celui qu'un article du *Sunday Times*, cet été-là, avait appelé 'le sage de Malagar'.

(Malcolm Scott, Professeur émérite de français,
Université de St Andrews)



Institut Français d'Écosse

A little corner of France in the Heart of Edinburgh



Founded in 1946 and located in Randolph Crescent in Edinburgh, the Institut français d'Écosse is one of 150 French Institutes worldwide.

The Institut français exists to promote French language and culture in Scotland, by providing French courses and organising events (film screenings, talks, exhibitions, concerts, etc). It is a popular venue for French performing arts during the Festival Fringe with its 'Vive le Fringe!' programme.

It is also its aim to encourage cross-cultural exchange between France and Scotland, in cooperation with Scottish Francophile institutions.

The Institute hosts in its premises the French Education Office for Scotland.

*13 Randolph Crescent Edinburgh EH3 7TT
Tel: 0131 225 536 www.ifecosse.org.uk*

**INSTITUT
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ÉCOSSE

Alliance Française de Glasgow



Established in 1982, the Alliance Française de Glasgow is one of thirteen AF currently located in the United Kingdom. Run by a Board of Directors, it is located in Glasgow's Park Circus, under the same roof as the Goethe-Institut since 2004, a world first.

A local not-for-profit organisation, it reflects the desire to share with others the love of the French language and culture, as well as other various aspects of the French way of life.

*3 Park Circus Glasgow G3 6AX
Tel. 0141 331 4080 www.afglasgow.org.uk*



Alliance Française
GLASGOW

(Ed.Note: We are grateful to these two institutions for hosting local branch events. We would also like to thank the Institut français d'Écosse for providing the venue for the National Council meetings of the Franco-Scottish Society of Scotland)

OBITUARIES

Gabrielle Ellinger (1921 – 2013)

It was with deep sadness that the members of the Aberdeen Branch learned of the death in December 2013 of Dr Gabrielle Ellinger.

Dr Ellinger was a highly respected scientist who worked for many years for the world renowned Rowett Food Research Institute in Aberdeen.

She was a most warm, kind, charming and interesting person and had numerous interests outside her professional life. These included gardening, painting and ski-ing (she was a founder member of the Aberdeen Ski Club). But it was through her love of the French language, literature and culture, that we got to know her. She was a very loyal member of the Franco-Scottish Society until hearing problems made it difficult for her to enjoy the meetings and talks she had attended so regularly. She will be remembered for her unfailing support and invaluable contribution to the Society.

She was a woman of many parts and we were therefore not surprised to discover after her death that she had close associations in Aberdeen with the Osteoporosis Society and the Friends of Crossroads for Carers, and also that the London based Council for Assisting Refugee Academics was close to her heart.

(Gabrielle Craig, Aberdeen)

John Maurice Gwynn, M.A. Oxon, M.I.L. (1937 - 2014)

John Gwynn was born into a French speaking family on 12th July, 1937 in Merton Park, South London, his mother being French and his father having been born in Carcassonne, in the Aude. John was a bright child and on

leaving primary school he gained a place at Wimbledon College where he excelled at languages: Greek, Latin, French and Spanish. In the sixth form he was awarded an Open Exhibition to Queen's College in Oxford to study modern languages and linguistics.

He deferred his place until he had completed his National Service in the R.A.F. His final posting was at the Joint Services Language School in Crail, Fife where he learnt Russian and listened in to Soviet pilots' conversations in reconnaissance planes flying over the U.K. The Cold War was still in force then. During this time he qualified for a British Council Scholarship to Moscow University and spent an academic year there studying the works of Count Lermontov: Russian soldier, author and poet. On his return John obtained a post as a French teacher at the Xavieran College in Brighton. In 1963 he married his wife, Anne, and a year later he was 'head hunted' and became Head of Modern Languages at Wimbledon College where he remained for 10 years. He was then promoted to Deputy Headmaster at St. Peter's in Guildford and five years later became Headmaster at Richard Challoner School in New Malden until his retirement in 1994. John and Anne moved to Balbeggie in Perthshire in 1997, where they spent seventeen happy years and where John enjoyed his hobbies: philately and genealogy. He also became a member of the PERTH Branch of the Franco-Scottish Society and served a term as President. In 2001 Anne and John bought a property in the Ariège region in France, where his mother had been born and brought up, enabling them to enjoy holidays in the sun, which he loved. John is survived by his wife, 3 children and 7 grandchildren.

(Anne Gwynn, Perth)

Dr Shena Munsie (1920 - 2014)

Helen Jean Graham Munsie was born, went to school, lived and died in Perth. But her long life was a varied one. After graduating as an MA in French and German from Edinburgh University, Shena went to study at the Sorbonne in Paris, where she obtained her D ès Lettres. During this time she was closely involved in the work of Dr Donald Caskie, better known as the Tartan Pimpernel. Thereafter, Shena taught in Perthshire and later travelled the world with the Diplomatic Service, spending many years in Africa. A person of strong convictions and opinions, she had a lively sense of humour and was a generous host at her many parties. To the end of her life, she enjoyed people and parties above all.

Shena was proud of her Huguenot ancestors (the surname Munsie is regarded as a Scottish corruption of "Monsieur") and was a keen member of the Huguenot Society. Those who knew her as the longest serving member of the Franco-Scottish Society in Perth will remember with affection her enthusiasm, her sense of fun and her loyalty to the Society

(Margaret Borland-Stroyan, Perth)

Mary Freeborn (1926 - 2014)

It is with great regret that the St Andrews branch of the Franco-Scottish Society has to record the death of Mary Freeborn. She died in St Andrews Community hospital on Sunday 31 August after a short illness. A memorial service was held on Wednesday 10 September at Holy Trinity church, St Andrews.

Mary was an Honorary Vice-Chairman of the Society and one of our founder members. She and her late husband, Jimmy, helped set up the branch almost 20 years ago and she has been a pillar of support ever since, both in committee and at branch meetings. It was a particular sadness that she did not live to enjoy our 20th anniversary.

She was also a founding member of the St Andrews/Loches Alliance and played a pivotal role in its development into a hugely successful vehicle for exchanges of all sorts between the two towns. Mary was a delight to be with and she will be sorely missed by all her friends both in St Andrews and in Loches.

(Alan Dunlop, St Andrews)

EPILOGUE

We hope you have enjoyed this bulletin. Contributions in English or French for the 2014-2015 issue are welcome.

Quelques brèves :

(details of the following will be included in our next bulletin)

- *The Lansdowne Prize 2014-2015*. This has been awarded to a student from an Edinburgh college of further education.

- *The Lansdowne Lecture*. Every two years an eminent speaker is invited to talk on a theme of Franco-Scottish interest before an audience made up of members, guests and the general public. It was held in November 2014 in Perth. A full length report with a retrospective on past lectures will feature in the next issue.

- *The next French Exchange visit*. In 2016 Scottish members will participate in a visit to the Poitou-Charentes area. Members who would like to go on this trip should contact as soon as possible the National Secretary, Elizabeth Baird. (secretaryfss@btinternet.com)

Last but not least:

- *The Franco-Scottish Society (Inverness Branch)*. A new branch of the Franco-Scottish Society of Scotland was launched on 20th November 2014 in Inverness (contact: manager@glen-mhor.com)
Bravo et bienvenue!

On this positive note, " au revoir et à l'année prochaine".



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