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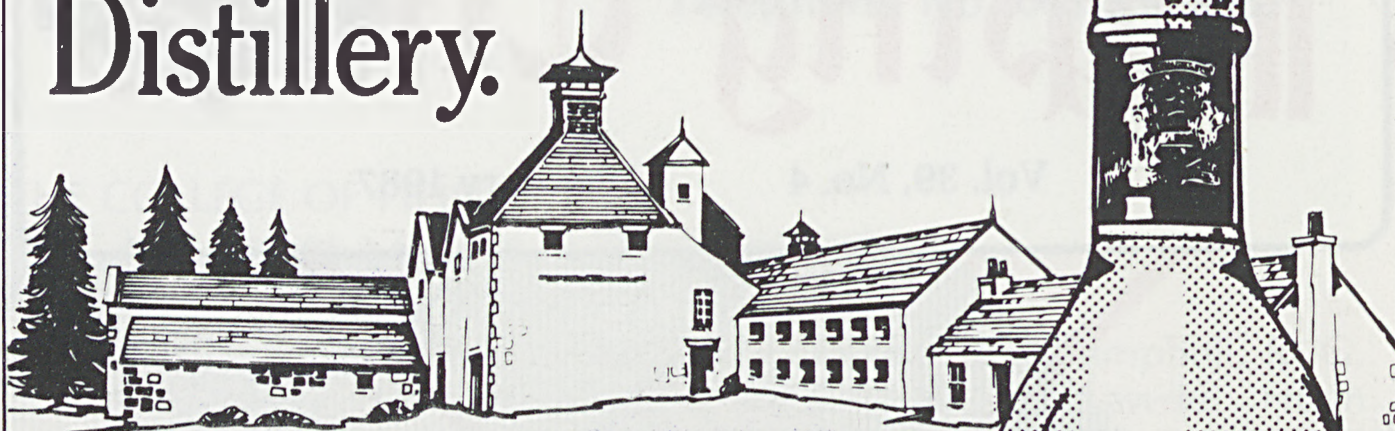
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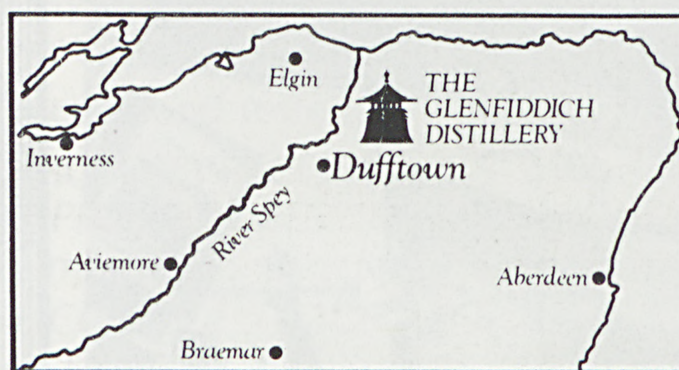


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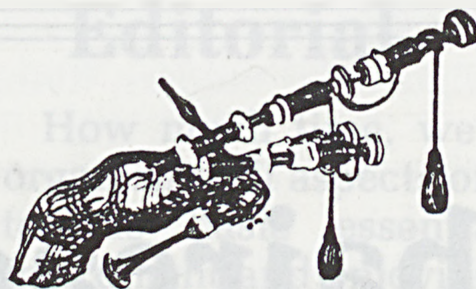
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Piping Times

Vol. 39, No. 4

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Contents

	page
Editorial	11
Bliadhna Mhath Ur	13
MacEwen Trophy	13
Lifting the Low A On A Chanter	14
Minard Castle Collection	15
The Set Tunes for 1987 — 1	18
The Glenfiddich Pipes & Drums	24
Good for Us	29
Tunes for Publication	33
Gleaning from pre-MacKay Piobaireachd: Clialudh	33
Volunteers Not Wanted	36
Bother in the Band	36
Postage Increase	39
Afterthoughts on the Glenfiddich	40
National Mod	41
Record Review	42
Round The Games	43
Piper's Quiz	46
Deaths	46
London Contest	47
Dan Bonnar	47
Skye Pipers	48
Letters to the Editor	49
Going Up	52

Front Cover: Iain Inch of Leicester

Tartan: Campbell of Cawdor

Piobaireachd Appreciation

A series of six lecture/recitals will be given in the College of Piping on Friday evenings 8p.m. to 9.45p.m. commencing 16th January 1987.

Each lecture will be illustrated by excerpts from classical compositions and at the end a complete piobaireachd will be played by a top piper.

Lectures — Seumas MacNeill
January 16th — Origins of Piobaireachd
January 23rd — Early MacCrimmons
January 30th — Pentatonic Tunes

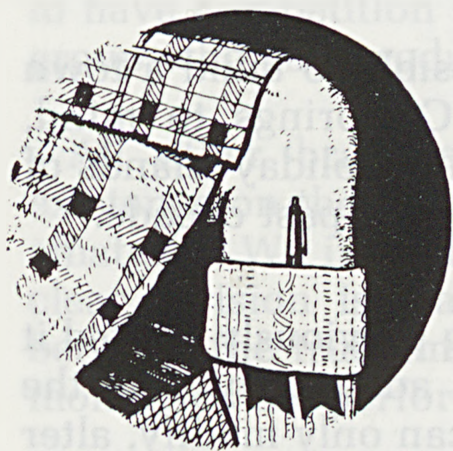
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Editorial



How much time, we wonder, is spent in organising all aspects of piping, as compared to the basic essentials of playing the instrument and enjoying the music? Even an approximate survey would probably show that the answer is simply, Far too much. In the golden age (up until the middle of the 18th century) pipers played and people listened and nothing else was necessary. There was no doubt the same old background activity of troublesome reeds and fractious chanters, but these, like the poor, will always be with us.

Even when piping came out of the Highlands things went along pretty well — so long as the numbers of performers remained reasonably small. All our problems, beginning at the start of this century and accelerating rapidly in the last forty years, are due to too many people wanting to play the Great Highland Bagpipe.

As an aside, one is tempted to think that things were better in the world when there were less pipers, and less people. Somehow we always seem to assume that bigger is better, that the more people who play, the better things are for all of us. Such a theory does not really bear close scrutiny. Certainly the more pipers there are the more money can be made out of piping. A sudden drop in numbers would put most of the bagpipe-makers and reed-makers out of business — and probably the Piping Times too — but that might not necessarily be such a bad thing. There would be less paper pipers and a much higher proportion of piping time spent on the art itself. Perhaps this is just an extension of our strong belief that there are too many people on this planet. Small may not always be beautiful, but small in numbers is certainly always more manageable.

Anyway, accepting the inevitability of growth, we have to do the best we can to work along with it. In this country our problems are much greater than in some of the places abroad, even if their numbers too are beginning to increase uncomfortably. We have the added disadvantage that the structure of piping in Scotland has grown in a very haphazard and ad hoc fashion — something the way our towns have had to develop to cope with the increasing population and, especially, the vast volume of traffic which now flows through them. Apart from about a dozen, all the towns of Britain were established by the Middle Ages, and the changes

wrought in them have to be made through streets and past buildings which were never designed for modern living.

In some parts of the world it has been possible to build a town right from the basic plain. Washington D.C. springs to mind, Brasilia is another example, and even the sunny holiday islands of Europe have been achieving the same thing in the past decade.

So with the piping structure. Where nothing previously existed it is easier to build something which can deal adequately with the modern situation. We at the home of piping can only modify, alter and amend, and every change probably needs three months' notice and a two-thirds majority. Perhaps like Nero's vision of Rome, we should burn the whole thing down and start again.

All these worries have arisen this month from another of these annoying contradictions which continue to make a nonsense out of a previously successful arrangement. The basic question which requires consideration at this time is, What constitutes an amateur piper? In other lands the answer can come back with a clean-cut definition, but in Scotland we get a different story from every piping society that we have.

Basically one would imagine that an amateur is one who never accepts money for playing the pipes, whether as a result of a competition or a performance before an audience. It should probably also mean that he does not make money from making pipes or accessories, and this is the attitude adopted by the Royal Scottish Pipers Society in Edinburgh.

Other societies believe that an amateur is a man who has never won a prize in a professional competition. Some again believe that an amateur is a man over 18 years of age who has never won a prize in a professional competition, and so the slight variations in definition go on.

Last November at the London competition one piobaireachd event which previously had been confined almost entirely to members of the Royal Scottish Pipers Society, was suddenly invaded by army pipers and others who had competed in professional events. As a result the true amateurs found it very difficult to get a place on the prize list, and undoubtedly they will now be very unlikely to compete at the London contest again.

Their view is that the event was intended for people who could

not devote almost all their spare time to practising the instrument, and with this view we have considerable sympathy. If we are going to have competition in piping then there should be events for any group who can produce reasonably enjoyable music.

All other branches of music depend very largely for their existence on the interest and enthusiasm of a large number of true amateurs. We in piping should follow their lead and ensure that a clear division is made, generally accepted by all organisations, between the true amateur and those who are not above accepting money for the performance of their art.

We hear that another anomaly has arisen in that the president of the Piobaireachd Society is now required to resign from the Royal Scottish Pipers Society since he takes money for playing and presenting piping on the radio. This is perhaps an unfortunate situation since obviously the BBC cannot employ amateurs. But we have to get some kind of sense into this aspect of piping — and anyway David Murray was always good enough to be a professional.

Long ago Dr Kenneth MacKay formed what he called the Coordinating Committee of Piping Societies. It only lasted about a year and it did little of immediate value, but something of this nature is surely required to sort out these and other problems.

Bliadhna Mhath Ur

The staff of the College, the Editor and all associated with the production of the magazine wish all readers the compliments of the season and many happy piping times in 1987.

MacEwen Trophy

The annual prize for the person who has shown most enthusiasm throughout the year in the RAF Halton Pipes and Drums has been awarded to Leading Apprentice Technician Rolte, one of the pipers. The trophy was originally presented to Sir Norman MacEwen, Officer Commanding at Halton from 1932 to 1934 and consists of a silver statue of an RAF piper. Later his widow gave this back to the Pipes and Drums and nowadays a replica is presented each year.

Lifting the Low A On A Chanter

by David V. Kennedy

In my possession is a fairly old Robertson chanter which I have never been able to use because the low A has been very flat irrespective of any reed tried in the chanter. I had undercut the top of the A hole to a maximum possible, but the pitch did not change appreciably.

I wrote to a chanter maker in Canada who told me that the flat A was the result of having the internal diameter of the bore in that area too great. He did not volunteer to do anything about the problem. I then contacted two alleged pipe repairers; one in Washington State, the other in Northern California. These people advertise that they can repair chanters and drones etc. Both declined to tackle the problem, even though I had suggested two possible remedies: (1) move the A hole about 3mm up or (2) sleeve the interior bore to lessen it.

By sheer luck I talked to a woodwind repair man and restorer who is near me in Sacramento. We elected to try possible remedy number (1). First he wanted to hear what a true pitch was like on a true chanter; and from that he could determine the cycles on his oscilloscope. I used my 1982 very good Hardie chanter; and then by transferring the chanter reed to the Robertson we got a comparison of low A cycles, or to be precise, of low B flat (or close to B flat) cycles. He and I agreed that the correct way to blow into the chanters was to use the chanter in the bag and not in the mouth.

No sooner said than done. And lo and behold, the Robertson was 15 cents too low in pitch.

The skin of most chanters in that area is very thin so the restorer's job of plugging the hole and moving it about 3mm up is somewhat complicated. Secondly the problem of matching the plug to the existing blackwood could have been a problem, but fortunately he had some well cured blackwood (over 70 years old) in his shop. The real problem for him, since he is not a piper, was to determine the relationship of siting a hole to the cycles of the notes on our scale. But with the help of his oscilloscope and by his using the reed I left with him, and by my showing him the required fingering, he experimented with sounds.

I left him at the job, but told him to try and go slightly over the 15 cents because I could always flatten a note but could not sharpen

one. I should mention here that this restorer is a clarinet player and has restored ancient reed instruments of over 300 years of age so that they could play well enough.

I picked up my Robertson chanter two days later. He had moved the hole to play a correction of 18 cents above what it had been, and then had reamed the plug to conform to the shape of the bore in that area. It took him two hours to do the entire job; and the results are magnificent. The bottom B flat is up-pitch and bright and somehow or other the entire chanter has benefited from the adjustment.

I now understand why a number of older pipers have said that there has never been a chanter to compare with a good Robertson chanter! The tone is full but silvery and the chanter rings like a sweet bell. By moving the low A 4mm up, he has not only saved a fine chanter from the museum, but has given me what is probably the finest chanter I have ever owned, and that includes a 1962 Sinclair I once had.

For those who value an old chanter and want to keep playing it and have it put into good playing condition, it's just possible that my restorer friend can do it for them. His cost to do the job for me was quite reasonable; and for those who are interested in a repair job on either drones or chanter (on a worthwhile pipe, of course) I shall be pleased to send them his card, should the interested parties write to me.

Minard Castle Collection

This attractively produced book of 54 tunes, all composed by George M. MacIntyre, piper to Colonel Gayre of Gayre and Nigg of Minard Castle, is surprisingly good, considering that all the tunes are by one man. Usually in cases like this a great deal of monotony of melody and phrasing creeps in, and although that is not entirely absent here, there are enough good melodies and well constructed tunes to make its publication well worthwhile.

George is also to be congratulated on a startling innovation in the writing of pipe music, which should surely have been thought of many years — if not centuries — ago, and that is to write gracenotes without any tails on them at all. The fact that the heads are down and the note itself is written smaller has, since the beginnings of

staff notation for pipe music, been sufficient to indicate the presence of a gracenote. Why we have slavishly followed the fashion of making the note also a demi-semi quaver (or 32nd note) is hard to imagine — now that we see the simple and really obvious solution. It is doubly puzzling that we and our more recent ancestors in piping went to all the trouble of writing gracenotes as we did, when all the time most of us knew that this was in itself a shorthand way of indicating the true value of the embellishment. A better approximation would have been to write gracenotes hemi-demi-semi quavers, or 64th notes.

However all that is behind us now and the way is clear for a great simplification in the production of pipe music in staff notation. Whether this will catch on or whether it will be considered as was Dr Roderick Ross's innovation in writing piobaireachd, as just interesting but not practical, time alone will tell.

The tunes themselves are made up of marches, reels, hornpipes and jigs. Strangely enough no strathspeys are included and this perhaps gives fuel to the suggestion that new reels are difficult to produce for the pipes, and strathspeys are impossible. It is remarkable however that George MacIntyre is able to produce good



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tunes of all the other kinds but apparently not any acceptable strathspeys.

Some of the tunes are already known and have been made reasonably popular. Lucy Cassidy for example comes upon us like an old friend. The 2/4 Glenlussa is worth playing as is the 4/4 march Loch Ruan. Of the reels Pipe Major A. Wilson is very good and Donald MacEachern is better than passable.

It has often been noted in the past how pipe tunes seem to form the basis at times for the music of other instruments, and how on occasion the bagpipe does a bit of lifting from other branches of music. The coincidence of two tunes by different composers and having the same basic melody, within the bagpipe sphere itself, is not nearly so common, although there have been examples of it in the past.

Some of the tunes in this book seem to ring a bell and some can definitely be identified as having the same basic root as tunes in other collections. For example the first part of "Colonel Gladwin-Minard" is almost identically the first part of "The Children" by John Barnes, which appears in Neil Dickie's "First Book". And the first part of "Minard Bay" is basically the same as the third part of "Lyndhurst" by Jackie Smith which appears in my first collection.

Of course all of us who try to compose find occasionally that we have simply produced a slight variant on an already known tune and have to confine the masterpiece to the wastepaper bucket. Probably we all have tunes at the back of our heads and it is difficult to distinguish between ones which we have heard elsewhere and ones which we think we are producing as entirely new pieces.

Like most collections of pipe music this one has many errors in the actual writing of the tunes. The hornpipe Round the Mull is supposed to be a 2/4 of course but has some bars in 3/4 time. Another hornpipe, Wrong Wedding, goes even better and has bars in 2/4, 3/4 and 4/4. Gracenotes are misplaced in this tune and some impossible gracenotes are indicated for a jig called Simplicity. No doubt if the book proves popular enough and runs to a second printing these obvious errors, and some others, will be eliminated.

The cost of the book is £8.00 plus £1.00 for postage.

S.M.

The Set Tunes for 1987 — 1

by Seumas MacNeill

This is the first of a series dealing with some of the piobaireachds which have been set for competitions at Oban and Inverness next year. The information and comments presented will almost certainly be of more interest to the younger pipers than to the masters, so I propose to make a start with the Silver Medal tunes and then progress upwards as time and space allow.

I intend to point out the various snags and pitfalls in the way of a young man preparing himself for these competitions — either by himself or with the assistance of a teacher. It will certainly happen to bad proof reading — but although it is necessary to do this, I would not like anyone to feel that I am criticising unnecessarily those responsible for the books, and of course the mistakes. All the standard publications of piobaireachd are the result of dedicated labour and unselfish commitment to the spread of knowledge about the great music without thought of reward other than the satisfaction of the work itself. Pipers everywhere owe a great debt of gratitude to all the men concerned.

The books which most young pipers and their teachers will use in learning and studying these tunes will almost certainly be the Piobaireachd Society Collections and the Kilberry Book of Ceol Mor. These are the standard volumes, the ones most easily obtainable and the ones referred to in the Piobaireachd Society advertisement.

In most cases the two sources agree quite well. The Piobaireachd Society books have the added advantage that the sources of the tunes are given, and other settings — for example those of Angus MacKay, Donald MacDonald — are usually indicated in some detail.

None of the books give the tunes as they are actually played. What we have is what Kilberry called “pipers’ jargon,” and so everyone is supposed to go to a traditionally-taught piobaireachd player — who himself has already been taught the tune by a traditionally-taught piobaireachd player.

For those who have no such convenient source it is possible to make a fair shot at learning the tune — if they already know a number of piobaireachds, or if their teacher knows a number.

Because a considerable “transfer of learning” (as the educationalists call it) takes place in piobaireachd — the ability to play one tune well makes it easier to learn and express the next tune.

The first thing to do is to make a thorough examination of the standard books, and if possible the earlier sources if they are available. Even the traditionally-taught piper who is doing the teaching can do a better job if he studies all the information which is available. It should not be enough for a teacher to say “this is how I think I remember it goes,” or “this is how I heard so-and-so play it.” Memory can be erratic, and individual performances are not necessarily reliable guides.

Also there are many pitfalls which can trap even reasonably expert players. Let us therefore have a look at one of the very popular tunes on the list.

MacLeods’ Salute

This tune appears in Kilberry and in the Piobaireachd Society Book 12. The Kilberry Book was first published in 1948 and reprinted in 1953 and in 1969 (and also later). The Piobaireachd Society Book 12 appeared in 1970 and MacLeods’ Salute was included partly (as is explained in the notes) to correct the mistakes in the Kilberry book. Unfortunately for any claim that the Music Committee of the Piobaireachd Society might have for being on the ball, the errors which Book 12 points out had all been corrected in the Kilberry Book by the 1969 edition. So the three errors listed on page 373 of Book 12 can be ignored, unless you happen to be working from an early Kilberry Book, which is unlikely. So one possible worry is removed.

However there is another. In the Book 12 of 1970 (which was to correct the errors in Kilberry) a very serious note error occurs. Four times a high G is written in the tune instead of an F. These are the only high Gs (or Fs) in the tune, so if you are working from a 1970 Book 12 you should simply change all the Fs to high Gs.

This 1970 Book 12 has, pasted on the inside front cover, an errata sheet with a dozen errors in the book listed, but not this particular one. If somebody plays the tune with high Gs at Oban or Inverness it will be difficult for the judges to condemn it, because not all pipers read the Piping Times (though most do) and so far as we know no correction has ever been issued by the Piobaireachd Society on this point.

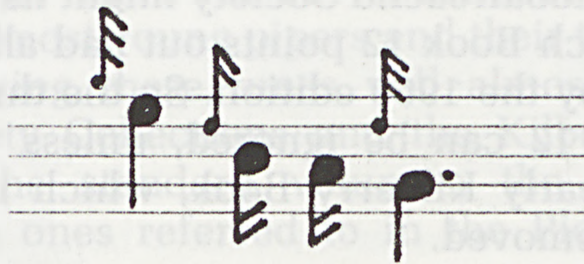
However. Book 12 was reprinted in 1978 and the high Gs had become Fs, so maybe the danger is diminished, although not averted.

However. There are other problems. The second half of the first and third bars of every line of the Ground consists of the famous Donald Mor run-down, and this must be played in what General Frank Richardson has called the “tumbling down the stair” fashion. But in neither the Kilberry Book nor the Piobaireachd Society Book is it written that way. Instead it is written as a G E D gracenote cadence on B followed by a low A (both eighth notes) followed by a D gracenote on low G (a quarter note).

So where you see



you play



and if you don't do that you won't get a prize. And note the number of tails on the gracenotes.

It is strange that the Piobaireachd Society should write the Donald Mor run-down in this way, because their setting is declared to be based on Angus MacKay, and he clearly writes it



Now another problem. Kilberry does not indicate a crunluath a

mach but Book 12 does. Neither of them suggests that a taorluath a mach should be played, but if you don't play both a taorluath a mach and a crunluath a mach you may not get a prize. It all seems a bit unfair, does it not? But then life is like that.

Is there anything else, you querulously ask? Just little bits here and there. The delightful triplets which appear in line 2 of Variation 1 are retained by Malcolm Macpherson (Binneas is Boreraig) in his Variation 1 doubling. In the other sources these become simply two Es.

Binneas is Boreraig also has low A instead of B (as Kilberry used to have) in the last bar of variation 1, but there doesn't seem to be much justification for this, although it is a rather strange coincidence.

Binneas is Boreraig is the only modern place where the piper is instructed to play both the taorluath a mach and the crunluath a mach. Angus MacKay gives no mention of either, but Donald MacDonald in his manuscript gives both.

Having decided the notes and the number of variations, how now do you present the tune? The alternative name for it is The Rowing Tune and personally that is the way I prefer to play it. This means that you have to present it with a fairly regular rhythm throughout, although you must warn the rowers as you come to the end of a Variation that there is going to be a change of tempo — otherwise they will all begin to catch crabs. You have to remember that oarsmen are capable of fast spurts but that they need a rest immediately afterwards. As a result your tune must keep going with a good steady rhythm throughout with good changes of tempo between the Variations, but not necessarily any changes within the Variations.

I played it once at Santa Cruz on a particularly hot and sticky night. At the end Ronnie Lawrie said, "I enjoyed that tune. I assume that is not sweat running down your face, Seumas. It must be the salt spray."

MacGregors' Salute

The second tune on the list for the Silver Medal appears in the Piobaireachd Society Book 10, which will be the main source for all pipers learning it nowadays since the tune is not in the Kilberry Book. The version in Book 10 is taken straight from Angus MacKay so if you decide to play the tune more or less as written then nobody

can have any objection.

There is however a snag. Variation 3 as written by Angus MacKay and copied by the Piobaireachd Society has the two text notes in each bar printed in the “wrong” order — the “wrong” order being that this Variation does not, as written, follow the theme of the tune the way all the other Variations do. The trick however is simply to change the order of the theme notes in each bar of Variation 3; this has been done by Donald MacPhee in his Collection but not by David Glen.

For once Binneas is Borerraig is no help to us in seeking for the correct timing, because the tune is not in it either. I was however taught the tune by Malcolm Macpherson (the source of B is B) so I know how he played it. He did the transposition of notes in Variation 3 and in addition he had one or two tricks of timing which do not appear on the record. For example, in the Ground he rested on E the last note of bars 3 and 5 of the first line, and similarly in line 2. In line 3 however he only rested on the last E of the tune — he tended to play third lines without rests, except near the end.

In Variation 2, where high As have taken the place of Es, he rested on the appropriate high As.

He was very fussy about the playing of the introductory birls — which he said were not birls at all. Robert Reid played them as normal birls and taught them to his pupils (or at least his pupils taught them that way to their pupils) but Malcolm Macpherson considered that these double echoes on A were supposed to represent the MacGregor war-cry “gregarach”, and had to be played as such. This seems not only reasonable, but the best way to present the tune. In all the places where it is published an obvious attempt has been made to distinguish the movement from the normal birl. Angus MacKay writes



(Again note the number of tails on the gracenotes).

This has been changed by the Music Committee into



Before that David Glen had published it as



It is also important to note that the low G gracenote preceding the first low A is a two-tail gracenote in Angus MacKay, and in Book 10.

Although the tune is called a salute it is also referred to sometimes as MacGregors' Gathering, and I think this is the way it should be played. It is a call to the Clan, and with insistent repetition of the well-loved basic theme. No MacGregor should be able to resist the summons.

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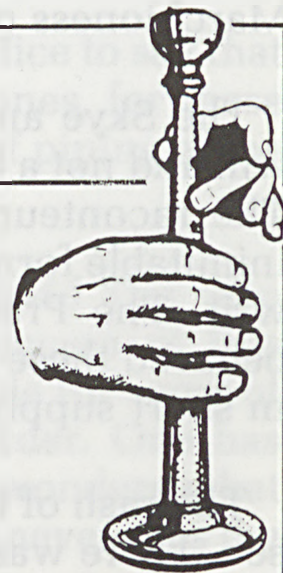
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The Glenfiddich Pipes & Drams

by MacGregor Kennedy

We have come to take the weather for granted at the Glenfiddich Piping Championship so it was with some surprise we rose to discover that the skies on the Friday were overcast and the sea gurlie. The prospect of what musical pleasures lay ahead soon dispelled any uncharitable thoughts of what we would like to do to the forecasters, and at least it was dry. Had we not fared less well in Glen Coninish and at Beinn an Dothaidh the two previous weekends?

The patter in Seumas' motor in the company of Robert Forbes of Dallas and Charles MacMillan of Paris (both Texas — not Moray or France) was up to the usual hilarious standards, especially as, if one closed one's eyes when Charles spoke, it had to be J.R. Speeding through Dunblane remembering its valid claim to be the Capital city of Scotland, and over Sheriffmuir, where Rob Roy wisely decided that another day would be better rather than that particular one in 1715, on up the ever improving A9, where one now avoids the snarl-up of Perth and on into Strath Tay with its park-like beauty, and lighting in Pitlochry at Scotlands Hotel in the confidence of good food, good wine, the best of uisge beatha and the most convivial of company. What a prospect. And the piping to come on the morrow.

Most of the auld acquaintances were present, with the addition of some few new ones. One was struck by the dramatic outfit worn by the lovely Patricia Innes Henderson, jet black speckled with gold to complement her hair. She resembled the daughter of a Time Lord. A Marchioness of Time, perhaps?

The Skye and Kyle contingent was there, as ever, exuding good will and not a little confidence, well placed as it proved in the event. The raconteur par excellence, John D. Burgess, was in his usual inimitable form. I would love to recount some of his points but fear a writ. The Press were in force, naturally, and seem to be better behaved these days. Kilties, as is usual on the preceding night, were in short supply.

The rash of tartans at breakfast time on the morrow was a sight to see. There was a mutter of complaint about the weather from some of the company but since the proceedings are held indoors, one fails to see what the odds are. It always seems to me that if the weather is less than idyllic the enjoyment of an indoor competition is enhanced

due to the fact that one is not torn between a desire for the high tops and a full measure of the cultural activities on hand.

On, then, to Blair-in-Athol to sweep up the drive and confront the breathtaking sight of the pristine whiteness of the treasure house of Blair Castle itself, rising majestically from its green policies in the bowl of the Strath of Garry rimmed by its truly dramatic skyline of ridged peaks. Surely, no other venue can surpass this for a piping contest.

As the fear an tìghe mentioned, the competition started on time to an appreciative and attentive audience whose numbers gave evidence of the increasing interest in the ceol mor among the discerning musicologists in our midst. Many were the recording instruments in evidence, both sound and film. If the performers could collect royalties on their efforts, even those not on the prize list would be bound to do very well, indeed. No doubt, many a winter night will be given over to reliving the delights of the Glenfiddich Competition, a bumper of Glenfiddich or Balvenie in hand beside a log or peat fire. A most appropriate alternative to these superlative malts would be a sip of Atholl Brose. For those of you not in the know, here is the recipe.

Take a half pound of fine oatmeal, the same of running heather honey and a cup of cold water from the burn. Stir the ingredients thoroughly together until well integrated. To this mixture add slowly and carefully two pints of Grant's Standfast. Stir briskly until the mixture froths. Bottle and cork meticulously. A week later start up your tape recorder or video, remove the cork, drink a toast to the confusion of the enemies of Scotland and enjoy yourself.

The results and tunes were reported last month. Suffice to say that it simply is not true that the devil has all the good tunes, for these piobaireachd were heavenly. A memorable morning of piping at the highest level.

After lunch and a dram or two, at the behest of David Tait who does so much behind the scenes to ensure the success of this occasion, I went out and did my Cigar Store Indian role for some of the newspaper photographers from south of the Border. One has slipped into this role on occasion before, and always wonders what ever happens to the result of their endeavours, for one never sees the results, anywhere.

On resumption to a packed hall, the March, Strathspey and Reel

got under way to the evident enjoyment of the listeners who responded to the players with generous applause. When the results were announced in the gathering gloaming they seemed to meet with general approval. And why not, indeed?

After a plethora of well deserved votes of thanks it was back to Scotlands Hotel in Pitlochry and the expert care and service of its staff. Can the marvellous buffet possibly get any better? At dinner, we had the pleasure of the company of General Frank Richardson and his good lady, Sylvia, a couple whose wit and charm are a by word. The General had been the well deserved recipient of the Gold Medal now awarded annually by Wm Grant & Sons for exceptional services to piping. On enquiring if I might examine it at close quarters, the General kindly but self effacingly produced the handsome medal in its case. Extracting it from its case, I began to examine the medal appreciatively, then turning it on its edge began to run it through my fingers clockwise.

Looking on in some horror, the General asked me what I was doing. I have ever been persuaded that my Mammy has taught me the veriest nuances of the minutiae of good taste and breeding, but we learn something new every day. On replying that I was looking for the assay mark, the General snatched the medal back, informing me that I was guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

There is no doubt that the ceilidh has also improved with time, the wee ceilidh band adding much to the jollity of the entertainment. Some of the performers had, naturally, siezed the opportunity to change into their Thomas Mitchell drunken lawyers' or bookies' kit, but the piping was enjoyable withal. My previous references to store clothes has rendered me the object of some ribald observations from some of the fraternity. Fair enough.

As ever, I was honoured to trip the light fantastic with the beautiful Stephanie MacRae whose hat at the contest had been well up to her usual high standards, a delightful confection in black resembling a kind of exotic bowler with an intriguing veil.

Could one only remember all the quickfire quips that one encounters in the bars it really would be a gas. Dr John had me and several others in stitches with tales of his adventures in foreign parts. On meeting him at brekker it was incumbent on me to enquire if he was Dr MacAskill or Mr Hyde.

Packed and ready for the off, standing by the motor in the car park I had the chance to observe my fellow guests preparing to leave for their destinations. Did you ever get the feeling you were being got at? The sartorial extravaganzas were a sight to behold. The character who pointedly stared at me as he passed wearing a ratcatcher and teadrinkers with his blazer had to be sending me a coded message, surely.

Such was the glory of the morning that it would be a crime to rush off back to any town or city without affording oneself the opportunity to tour the incomparable countryside at leisure on such a day. Naturally, we availed ourselves of the opportunity with alacrity, so it was the scenic route for the return; down to Ballinluig and along Strathtay, past the wee kirk where Bob Forbes was married, to Kenmore, stopping now and then to admire the vistas unfolding before us. We called at Taymouth Castle, the successor of the old Castle of Balloch, home of the Campbells of Glenorchy, later Earls of Braidalbane. The present pile dates only from the 19th century when the Breadalbanes were at the height of their powers. Queen Victoria came here in the year of its completion, 1842, and describes in her Journal almost with envy her reception. Breadalbane Highlanders were everywhere, pipes playing, guns firing, torches blazing, swords drawn 'like a sovereign being attended by one of her old time feudal chiefs'. Which is exactly what it was, of course.

It was Breadalbane who reintroduced the capercailzie to Scotland from Sweden. From here this powerful family ruled in feudal eminence over an estate of 450,000 acres and all the people on it.

Today all is gone, except the alluring beauty of the place, self renewing and deathless.

On over the handsome bridge at Kenmore, built with forfeit Jacobite funds — as was the Forth and Clyde Canal — down the waters of Loch Tay, past Finlarig Castle of Black Duncan of the Cowl, another Campbell stronghold now ruinous. To our right the bulk of Ben Lawers, where we went went to ski before we were crowded out. But prior to that, a short diversion to Fortingall to see the famous yew tree and sigh for what might have been for the boy of twelve of the MacDougalls, pipe makers extraordinary. Pontius Pilate was born close by, his mother a Pictish princess as every Perthshire man knows, the yew already at that time a thousand years old, and now the oldest living thing in Europe.

The Stewarts of Garth are buried here: General Stewart's "Sketches of the Highlanders" published in 1822 is the definitive work on the customs and character of the people of the time. Nearby stands Glen Lyon House, home of Campbell of Glen Lyon of massacre of Glen Coe infamy.

The track is to the West, through douce Killin, past the Falls of Dochart in full spate, to the Lix Toll, named for the number of the Roman camp, down Glen Ogle to Kinghouse and into the Braes of Balquhidder to view the grave of Raibeart Ruadh MacGriogair, the sometime Rob Roy. Beside the famous freebooter lie his son Col and his spouse Mary, called by Scott for reasons known only to himself, Helen. The grave stones covering the recumbents are much more ancient than the time of their various interments, in particular the one over Rob being of Pictish origin.

There are many MacLaurin memorials also in this hallowed spot, this after all being properly the MacLaurin homeland. If you wish to undergo the eerie and signal experience of being lectured to by a pedant from beyond the veil this is the place to undergo that trauma. Read the headstone above the marble slab in memory of those of the name who have gone before. You will not readily forget or dismiss the message here inscribed. Needless to say, I wholeheartedly concur.

The celebrated Reverend Robert Kirk was the minister here as well as at Aberfoyle and Luss, the translator of testaments and hymns into Gaelic in addition to his famous "The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns & Fairies". The edition with commentary by Andrew Lang of which only sixty were published is in my possession, numbered 8.

Kirk is alleged to have died in 1692 and been buried at the east end of the kirkyard of Aberfoyle, aged fifty-one years. In fact, he roams in Fairyland, a victim of the incompetence of his kinsman Graham of Duchray who bungled the precise instructions sent him by Kirk to enable him to retake his place among the quick.

It was hereabouts that the bright eyed young graduate, Seumas MacNeill, spent some time with the Forestry Commission awaiting his call up to the Second World War.

Returning to the main road we meandered down Loch Lubnaigside through Bonnie Strathyre past the Falls of Leny and into Na Troiseachan at Kilmahog, along Loch Vennachar, through

Brig o' Turc by Loch Achray and over the Duke's Road to Aberfoyle. From there past Don Roberto's old home — Gartmore House — over the Flanders Moss and into Drymen for a bar lunch and a refreshment. It was at the Drymen Gymkhana that my late father-in-law took first prize in the mare and foal event some years ago, after I had told him he had no chance. The fact that his was the only entrant did not deter him from relieving me of a quid.

Onward then over the Stockiemuir and into the Dear Green Place to discover that we had locked ourselves out of the car park at the College of Piping so that the hired car which our Texans had parked could not be got out. C'est la vie.

We made our way to Glasgow Airport where we bade our visitors a fond farewell as they made for the Shuttle to subsidise BA's Transatlantic operations, the airline that thinks Glasgow is in England.

Greas ort air Ais.

A sterling weekend of piping and touring. Our grateful thanks to His Grace, the Duke of Atholl, Sandy Grant Gordon, the lovely ladies of his staff — attentive and efficient as ever — Liz Maxwell and Margaret MacKay; David Tait and Fiona Rollo of Tait & MacLay Advertising, the legendary Atholl Highlanders, the staff of Blair Castle and all the unsung, behind the scenes workers without whose efforts success would be unattainable.

The Glenfiddich Competition is like the Forth Bridge paint job; as soon as you finish you start all over again. May good fortune continue to attend their efforts.

Is fhearr agh na ealdhain.

Good for Us

“If any pipers would like to do a circuit of the games, I have to say — DO IT. The atmosphere is great and the other competing pipers cannot be enough for you. It certainly is the way to get a lot of experience fast. Also, everyone over here makes Australians very welcome, and the hospitality is second to none.”

Lachlan MacCabe, in the Queensland (Australia) Newsletter.



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Tunes for publication

A great many tunes have been sent to us for publication in the magazine. It is hoped to continue with our practice of publishing one, at least, every month.

It would help greatly however if the copies which are sent can be published exactly as they are, without any rewriting being necessary. What is easily understood by the composer is often very difficult for anyone else to interpret.

In addition, in a minority of cases, some impossible doublings and grace-notes are written — and in a few cases the positions of bar lines and the timing of notes is obviously wrong. Non-piping composers particularly should seek the advice of piping friends when writing out their tunes.

Gleaning from pre-MacKay Piobaireachd: Clialudh

by Frans Buisman

Part 2

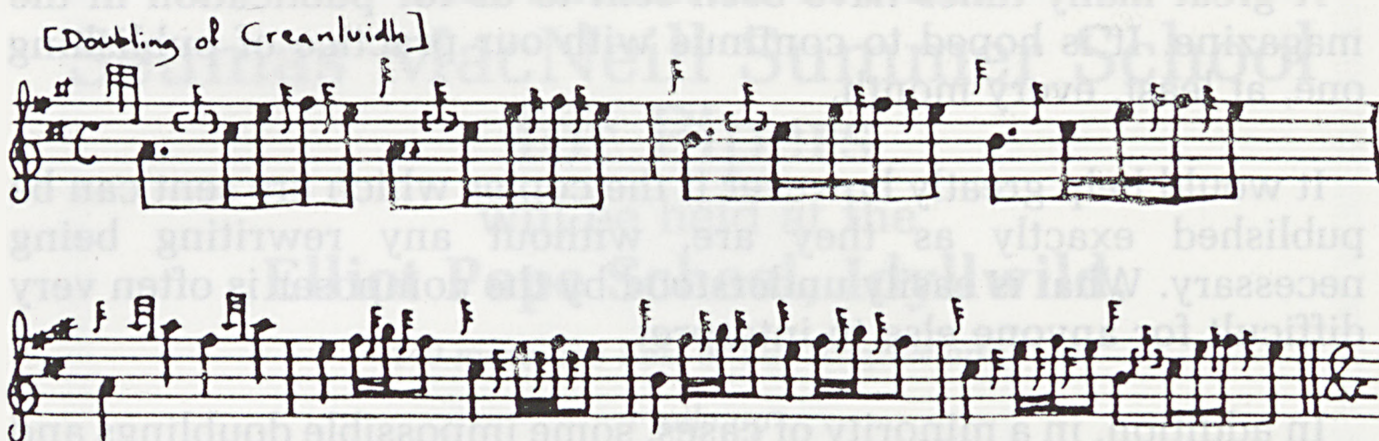
The forms of the shakes on F and high A as written in my translation of the Ground of the “Left Hand”, are not recorded in staff notation, but the shake on E is. It is found in “A’ Ghlass Mheur” according to the versions of the Hannay/MacAuslan manuscript and the published collection of Donald MacDonald Sr.:



Angus MacKay has probably the ordinary form of shakes in his version of this composition (*6), but then, even the shakes of Creanludh Fosgailte are of the closed species in his records (*7).

Another case is found in “S Fhada Mar So Tha Sinn” as it appears in the third edition of Donald MacDonald’s publication. It is found in the Creanludh variation of this composition, which is itself of a rare form. The first edition follows the Hannay/MacAuslan manuscript with the occasional addition of

some expected dividing notes D:



This represents perhaps the correct form of the movement in spite of Donald MacDonald's later emendation. The low A that prepares the shake on E after C, confirms the 'closed' nature of the shake, i.e. the position of the fingers of the lower hand is changed so as to perform low A dividing notes. The first E of the shake may be regarded as being rhythmically equivalent to the second note of the formulas of the first two bars. yet, perhaps on the analogy of the open shakes in these formulas, Donald MacDonald adapted the form of the shake on E each time when the preceding C is not preceded by another full note. The dividing low A's were replaced by C's and, consequently, the preparatory low A was dropped. The forms of the shakes on high A and F are however not adapted likewise. They could perhaps have been adapted thus:



Although I am inclined to regard MacDonald's emendation on the shakes on E as incorrect, it is proof of the fact that his knowledge of the open shake did not depend on the Hannay/MacAuslan manuscript alone. Emending shakes on other notes than E did not occur to him perhaps because of the obscurity of the open forms of shakes on these notes.

The variation in "A' Ghlass Mheur" that was referred to earlier, is also on record in Colin Campbell's canntaireachd manuscripts (*8). The exact form of the shakes can however not be established for sure, since Campbell uses the same vocables for expressing both

meant by Angus MacKay. Instead of writing out the shake in full he writes his usual mark for indicating any shake on E.

*7. In contradiction to this, Creanludh Fosgailte is shown with an open shake on E in the instructional pages of MacKay's publication. There are more contradictions of this nature to be found.

*8. CC.II.48

*9. CC.I. 67. The variation in question is not found in the three versions recorded by Angus MacKay (AMK I.43, IIa.30, IIb.31).

*10. CC.I.14; Gesto no.4; Reid no.30 (p.46); AMK, publ., no.18). The variation is not found in the three last named records.

Volunteers Not Wanted

“The man who is anxious to be a judge is seldom qualified for the post.he cannot play any of the tunes likely to be offered by the competitors.”

Archibald Campbell of Kilberry, in an early issue of the Piping Times.

Bother in the Band

Jake Kowalski from Upper Sandusky is having more of his share of problems. The following letter to Jim Lynch of Champaign, Illinois, tells all.

12698 Muckridge Rd.,
Upper Sandusky,
Ohio.

Dear Jim:

In your last letter you mentioned having a troublemaker in your band. I suppose that every organization has one — a fellow who fancies himself to be expert at everything, and who constantly finds fault with the way the organization is run. At least we had one in the Upper Sandusky Royal Highland Rangers pipe band. His name was Tulliebardine Griggs, and each band practice was punctuated with his complaints about everything from teaching to tuning. He always reminded us that old Willy Johnston, who came over from Aberdeen

and founded the band in 1952, would never have done things “that” way. We all came to hate “Old Willy”, whom we never knew, and to wish that if he had to start a band he’d done it in some other place, perhaps Patagonia.

It had gotten to the point where I was beginning to think that it might be better to stay at home on Thursday nights and endure Ethel’s bullying than go to band practice and listen to the carping of Tully Griggs. But before I could take such a drastic step, help arrived in the form of the Titusville Turkey Festival, so named because the town of Titusville considers itself to be the world’s greatest producer of this ugly but perfectly edible form of poultry.

The annual affair at Titusville resembles those held in dozens of small towns during the summer. While the crops are growing unaided, the farmers are free to bring their families into town to enjoy carnival rides, eat indigestible sandwiches, and watch the parade which brings the week’s festivities to a close. These parades are huge affairs with lots of school bands, politicians riding in limousines and throwing candy to the children, Shriners performing stunts on motorcycles, a long line of antique cars, and ourselves, the only pipe band in the three counties. There are other units of course. In fact, it sometimes seems that everything on wheels, within a fifty mile radius, has been decorated and shoved into the lineup. Some of these are a real nuisance, such as the fire engines, whose crazed drivers seem to have an ongoing contest to discover whose siren is the loudest.

On the day in question, a number of things went wrong, more so than usual, even for the Upper Sandusky Royal Highland Rangers. First, our pipe major, hurrying to get to the parade on time, something he’s never managed to do in my time with the band, disabled his car by running it into a tree that some fool had planted too close to a sharpish curve in the road. That left us without a leader, and since Tully had for some time been telling us how things should be done, we elected him to be pipe major for the day.

His first step was to tune the band in accordance with his understanding of “Old Willy’s” principles, the net result of which gave us about the same tone quality as the fire engine sirens. (Come to think of it, that may be just right for the kind of parades that we play in.)

At any rate, we lined up behind the antique cars and stepped off

playing that great parade favourite, the Marine Corps Hymn. Tully was obviously enjoying his position of authority, and all went well until we came to a place where the parade route crossed a railway line. Here the second bad break struck us, for as we approached the intersection, so did a lengthy freight train. Tully, subborn as usual, lengthened his stride, and we all managed to cross ahead of the locomotive, though it was touch and go for the drum section. Listening to the shouts emanating from the engine cab, I gathered that there are one or two employees of the G.M. and O. railroad who will never become fans of piping.

The parade was now effectively cut in half, we being the last unit of the first section, and at this point we suffered our final blow — it began to rain.

The line of vehicles ahead of us, fire engines, antique cars, and Shriners on motorcycles all abandoned their leisurely parade pace and sped off to avoid a soaking. We last saw them where the parade route turned a corner several blocks ahead of us. Under Tully's determined guidance we marched bravely on to that same corner, but by the time we reached it there was no sign of any of the parade units we had been following. Even worse, the spectators, their ardor for the occasion considerably dampened, and seeing what seemed to be the end of the parade, had all gone to find shelter, leaving no clue as to the route the parade was to have taken.

Undaunted, Tully marched us on, playing a soggy rendition of "Bluebells of Scotland". Our foolish assumption that he knew where we were going lasted until the street we were marching along ended in a cornfield and then, without command, we fell out and raced for the shelter of a near-by barn.

While trying to dry ourselves with handfuls of straw, we considered our unique situation. Surely we had earned a place in the Guinness Book of Records as being the only pipe band ever to get lost while marching in the middle of a parade. And we assured a crestfallen Tully Griggs that he would be forever enshrined as the leader of this unusual group.

Well, Thursday nights are once again a pleasure. I can leave Ethel to bully the dog while I go to band practice knowing that if Tully makes a single complaint, someone will gobble like a turkey and that will be the end of it. All of this may not help you to deal with your

own troublemaker, but perhaps it will suggest some course of action. If not, try slipping a very hard reed into his chanter.

As ever,
Jake.

Postage Increase

Unfortunately Her Majesty's Postmaster General has decided to increase the charges for mail sent out of the United Kingdom. As a result we regretfully have to make a rise in subscription rates for the Piping Times. Some of this increase has been absorbed ourselves but a modest mark-up still remains.

The new charges for one year's subscription are as follows:

Surface Mail	U.K.	£8.95
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HELP: to assist in fund raising for British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association (BLESMA) I am asking readers to donate funny stories from their service life. The stories are to be published in a book. I would appreciate it if the stories were either printed, typed or on cassette. If serving or exservice personnel support this venture as enthusiastically as they normally support service charities I should have sufficient material to produce a book by the end of 1986. The proceeds from the book will be for the benefit of BLESMA. All donations will be acknowledged. Please forward your humorous stories anecdotes pictures etc. to WO1 (CDR) K.J. Hartley RAOC, MISM HQ Land Forces Cyprus, BFPO 53.

Afterthoughts on the Glenfiddich

Often one hears good suggestions at conferences (or at less formal gatherings) which unless they are noted at the time may well be completely forgotten. One or two thoughts which occurred on this occasion may prove interesting to readers.

The first was that, just as in the very popular snooker tournaments a special prize (£5,500 last week) is given for the highest break, piping competition promoters should offer a special prize (£50 perhaps) to the piper who takes the shortest time to tune his bagpipe. A reasonable amount of tuning of course is almost always required, but it is apparent that some incentive is necessary to cut out the dreich and often unnecessary fiddling with drones that goes on.

The second thought was that judges (or some of them at least) are tending to have a more positive approach to the task nowadays. The fumble which Jim MacGillivray made in his reel would certainly 20 years ago have debarred him from a prize entirely. This time the bench was prepared to condone it, obviously in view of the excellence of the rest of his presentation.

The third thought — and three thoughts in one day must be nearly a record — was that when Alasdair Gillies left the platform for a drink of water he should not have been allowed to return. A piper is required to present himself and his instrument, both in good working order, when he appears before the judges.

DONALD DRONE



National Mod

The piping competitions were held on Saturday 11th October. Judges for the senior events were Mr Ronald Morrison and Mr MacPhee, and for the juniors, Mr Fred Morrison. The results were as follows:—

Piobaireachd — 1. Angus MacColl, Benderloch; 2. Roderick MacLeod, Cumbernauld; 3. Andrew Berthoff, Edinburgh.

March, Strathspey & Reel — 1. Alfred Morrison, Bishopton; 2. Colin Drummond, Bathgate; 3. Corporal Gordon Lang, A. and S.H.

Juniors, 15-18.

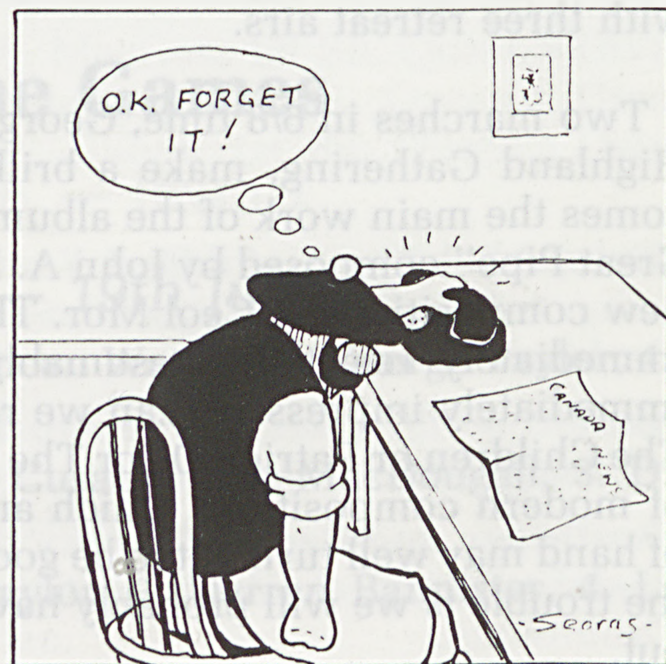
March — 1. Moira Morrison, Fort William; 2. Anne MacKechnie, Benbecula; 3. Alan J.M. MacDonald, Glasgow.

Strathspey & Reel — 1. Anne MacKechnie, 2. Moira Morrison, 3. Andrew Robertson, Grangemouth.

Under 15 March — 1. Lorne Cousin, Campbeltown; 2. Norman MarArthur, Inverness; 3. Anne Murray, Coisir og a'Bhac.

For sale: one copy each of volumes 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20, 21 of the Piping Times. Volume 10 begins in October 1957 and Volume 21 ends in September 1969. Bound in maroon rexine with gold lettering. Offers to Box no. 213 of the Piping Times.

by SEORAS



Record Review

“The Salute to the Great Pipe”, played and produced by Colin MacLellan presents an excellent selection of music very well played by one of our young expert pipers. Whether we can say he is a Canadian or not seems a matter for consultation of the calendar. Colin obviously learned most of his piping in Scotland but he has come to maturity in Ontario where he now lives.

The quality of the recording is first class, the balance of the bagpipe (an old Gavin MacDougall set of drones) will be very satisfying both to pipers and to those who buy occasional bagpipe records merely to extend their interest in music.

Side One begins with a selection of the smaller strathspeys and reels of the type favoured in pipe band medleys. It would indeed be a fortunate pipe band which could recruit a few people like Colin MacLellan into it. Following this comes a slow air The Plains of Normandy composed by his father, John A. MacLellan, and then a competition march, strathspey and reel. The march was the one tune on the record which I thought was not quite up to first class standard. The strathspey and reel are the Cameronian Rant and The Smith of Chilliechassie, both long traditional tunes and both arranged by John A. MacLellan. These arrangements have never taken off in Scotland but perhaps if this record becomes popular we may hear more of them in the future. Personally I think that nothing is added to the music by these changes.

Then come three of the simpler 2/4 marches and these are splendidly played and expressed. A Breton air (with no false fingering) and two jigs continue the good work and side one closes with three retreat airs.

Two marches in 6/8 time, George M. Beley and the Invercharron Highland Gathering, make a brilliant start to side two, and then comes the main work of the album, the piobaireachd “Salute to the Great Pipe” composed by John A. MacLellan. It is hard to tell about new compositions of Ceol Mor. The bad ones stand out and can be immediately rejected. Presumably excellent ones would also be immediately impressive (can we remember the first time we heard The Children or Patrick Og or The King’s Hand?). The small number of modern compositions which are not immediately discarded out of hand may well turn out to be good or at least acceptable tunes, but the trouble is we will probably have to wait a hundred years to find out.

The Salute to The Great Pipe has nothing wrong with it, although I doubt if that style of taorluath will ever take on. Will it however join the deathless ranks of those included in the Kilberry Book, for example? Call back next century and find out.

The record continues with two marches, Margaret Duncan and Hugh Kennecey, both extremely well played and it finished with some good competition strathspeys and reels.

As a piper Colin has a great deal going for him, but he has one or two flaws of fingering which can easily be eliminated. Playing the D gracenote in a D taorluath has been authoritatively defined now as a fault to be considered along with other faults in a competition. His double F is not quite spot on at times, but most surprisingly he provides what seems to be the answer to the complaints that some North Americans have about the full four gracenote throw on D. He does it but he does it clumsily, not the way the movement is intended to be played. I personally much prefer the four gracenote throw to the three gracenote one, but I don't like the way Colin does it.

The record is numbered WRC1 — 4602 from World Records. It is obtainable from Colin MacLellan or presumably from the usual sources.

S.M.

Round the Games

Tomintoul — 19th July

March — 1. J. MacDougall, 2. Duncan Watson, 3. George Taylor, 4. Mike Cusack.

Strathspey and Reel — 1. Mike Cusack, 2. J. MacDougall, 3. D. Watson, 4. G. Taylor.

Jig — 1. J. MacDougall, 2. G. Taylor, 3. Darren Bannister, 4. L. MacCabe.

Juniors 15 and under

March — 1. Ian Taylor, 2. Edward Smith, 3. (equal) Darren Hood, Allan Wilson.

Strathspey and Reel — 1. Ian Taylor, 2. Edward Smith, 3. Allan Wilson.

18 and under

March — 1. George Taylor, 2. Ian Taylor, 3. Darren Bannister.

Strathspey and Reel — 1. George Taylor, 2. Ian Taylor, 3. Darren Bannister.

Senior judges were Norman Matheson and Norman Meldrum.
Junior judges were W. Drysdale and W. Hamilton.

Cortachy — August 17th

Piobaireachd — 1. Darren Banister, 2. Gavin Walker, 3. David Clunie.

March — 1. David Clunie, 2. Darren Banister, 3. Mary-Ann MacKinnon.

Strathspey & Reel — 1. Mary-Ann MacKinnon, 2. Darren Banister, 3. David Clunie.

The judges were R.D. Leich and C. Buick.

Cowal — August 29th

Piobaireachd — 1. Andrew Young, 2. Bruce Woodley, 3. Gordon Lang, 4. Neil R. McNaughton, 5. James D. Bayne, 6. Scot Walker, 7. Darleen Miharija.

March — 1. James D. Bayne, 2. Gordon J. Walker, 3. Neil R. McNaughton, 4. John MacKenzie, 5. Gordon Lang, 6. Amy Garson.

Strathspey and Reel — 1. Barry Donaldson, 2. Gordon J. Walker, 3. Andrew Young, 4. Walter J. Cowan, 5. Gordon Lang, 6. Colin C. Drummond.

March, Strathspey & Reel for Boys and Girls under 18 years — 1. Allan J.M. MacDonald, 2. David Clunie, 3. Stuart Reid.

March, Boys and Girls under 16 years in the County of Argyll and the Isles — 1. Lorne Cousin, 2. Alistair MacKechnie, 3. Shona MacLeod.

The Royal Garm Trophy — 1. Henderson, 2. Andrew Wright, 3. Sgt. John Davidson, 4. Robert Wallace.

Open — 1. Donald Macpherson, 2. Murry Henderson, 3. William Witherspoon, 4. ...

Cowal — August 30th

Local, March Strathspey & Reel — 1. Neil R. McNaughton, 2. John E. MacLeod, 3. Brian W. Hutcheson, 4. Thomas A. MacArthur, 5. Ian C. Donaldson, 6. Craig Campbell.

Piobaireachd, for Boys and Girls 15 years or under — 1. Gavin J. Walker, 2. Alan D. Johnston, 3. Stuart Reid, 4. Iain N. MacFadyen, 5. Patrick Cusack, 6. Lorne Cousin.

Piobaireachd, for Boys and Girls 16 to 18 years — 1. Darren W. Bannister, 2. James Faulds, 3. Sheila MacNeil, 4. Iain C. Donaldson, 5. James Campbell, 6. Andrew Robertson.

Judges — D.R. Cameron, A. Morrison, R. Morrison, R.G. Hardie, J. Weatherston, R.M. Lawrie, J. Henderson, J.M. Henderson, J.D. Crichton, W. Drysdale, K. MacDonald.

Queen's Own Highlanders Games — August 30th

Senior Piobaireachd — 1. Piper F. MacGee, 1st Bn. Queen's Own Highlanders; 2. Sergeant B. Hitchings, 1st Bn. Queen's Own Highlanders; 3. Lance Corporal A. Gillies, 1st Bn. Queen's Own Highlanders.

Senior March — 1. Lance Corporal A. Gillies; 2. Pipe Major A. Reese, 1st Bn. Queen's Own Highlanders; 3. Piper J. Craib, 1st Bn. Queen's Own Highlanders.

Senior Strathspey and Reel — 1. Lance Corporal A. Gillies; 2. Piper M. Gray, 1st Bn. Queen's Own Highlanders; 3. Corporal D. MacKenzie, 1st Bn. Queen's Own Highlanders.

Junior Piobaireachd — 1. Susan Menzies, Alness; 2. Colin Innes, Tain; 3. Donald MacInnes, Culloden.

Junior March — 1. Colin Innes, 2. Susan Menzies, 3. Donald MacInnes.

Junior Strathspey and Reel — 1. Colin Innes, 2. Susan Menzies, 3. Donald MacInnes.

The judges were as follows: **Piobaireachd** — Mr Bert Barron, St Andrews and Dr John MacAskill, Fort William.

Light Music — Sheriff Sandy MacPherson, Glasgow and Mr Richard Cameron, Inverness.

Piper's Quiz



Where, when and who? Answer on page 51.

Deaths

We are devastated to have to report the deaths of Donald MacLean (in Inverness on 12th November) and of Alex Duthart (in New York on 26th November). Appreciations of these great men will appear next month.

London Contest

The annual competition organised by the Scottish Piping Society of London was held in the Glazier's Hall on November 1st. The results were:

Piobaireachd

The Bratach Gorm Trophy — 1. Ronald MacShannon, 2. Murray Henderson, 3. Andrew Wright, 4. Sgt. Brian Donaldson, 5. Robert Wallace.

Open — 1. Donald Macpherson, 2. Murray Henderson, 3. William Wotherspoon, 4. Malcolm MacRae.

Amateurs — 1. Jonathan W. Gillespie, 2. Keith R. Walker, 3. Wai-Chung Ho.

March Strathspey & Reel

Former Winners — 1. Sgt. Brian Donaldson, 2. Murray Henderson, 3. Roderick MacLeod, 4. Sgt. Roderick MacCourt.

Amateurs — 1. L/Sgt. Johnstone, 2. Malcolm Brown-Scott, 3. Kenneth MacLean.

Strachan Memorial — 1. Thomas Johnstone, 2. Michael Cusack, 3. Brian Lamond.

March — 1. Jonathon W. Gillespie, 2. John Todd, 3. William Muir.

Jig — 1. Sgt. Roderick MacCourt, 2. Murray Henderson, 3. Roderick MacLeod.

Gaelic Air & Jig (Under 18 years) — 1. Stuart MacKenzie, 2. Graham Mulholland, 3. Edward Smith.

The London Piping Championship — Winner — Murray Henderson

The judges were John D. Burgess, John MacLellan, Iain Angus, R.S. Brown, A. Beaton, J. Caution, H. Denyer, L. Ingram, G. Murray, J. Rogers and T. Speirs.

Dan Bonnar

Major Dan Bonnar, on his 88th birthday, was unfortunately involved in a car accident. He was admitted to Dundee Infirmary with suspected fractured ribs, but is now at home with instructions to take it easy for a few months.

Skye Pipers

The future of piping in Skye and Lochalsh is bright judging by the large number of enthusiastic youngsters (some quite small) entering for the practice chanter events at the Skye Piping Society's annual competitions held in Broadford school on Saturday 4th October. Standards achieved in piping were also high.

A new trophy presented by Mrs A.M. Campbell, Kyleakin, in memory of her late husband for the best march by a Skye competitor was appropriately won by their son, Ewan Campbell.

The results were:

Grade 'A'

Piobaireachd — 1. Seumas MacLennan, Sleat; 2. Owen Heritage, Glendale; 3. Allan MacDonald, Portree.

March — 1. Peter Beaton, Portree; 2. Donald John Lamont, Staffin; 3. (equal) John Laing, Dunvegan; Allan MacDonald.

Strathspey and Reel — 1. John Laing, 2. D.J. Lamont, 3. P. Beaton, 4. Allan MacDonald.

Jig — 1. Allan MacDonald, 2. D.J. Lamont, 3. Seumas MacLennan.

Hornpipe — 1. D.J. Lamont, 2. Allan MacDonald, 3. Peter Beaton.

Grade 'B'

Piobaireachd Ground — 1. Calum Adamson, Kyle; 2. Colin MacKenzie, Dornie; 3. Ewan Campbell, Kyleakin.

March — 1. Colin MacKenzie, 2. Ewan Campbell, 3. Calum Adamson.

Strathspey and Reel — 1. Seumas MacLennan, 2. Colin MacKenzie, 3. Ewan Campbell.

Chanter

Class 1 — 1. Hazel MacRae, Kyle; 2. Ian MacKinnon, Sleat; 3. Sheila Taylor, Plockton; 4. Ross Baillie, Dornie.

Class 2 — 1. Lorraine MacPhee, Sleat; 2. Fergus Campbell, Kyle; 3. Sandy MacKinnon, Elgol; 4. Carole Ross, Balmacara.

The judges were John Andrew MacDonald, Kilmuir and Tommie Turnbull, Kensaleyre.

Letters to the Editor

Glen Head,
N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I live near a small town on Long Island, New York called Roslyn. Being of Scottish birth, I assumed it was named after the town of Roslin in Scotland. Recently I was reading a historical book about Long Island and to my surprise there was a description of the naming of Roslyn.

During our Revolutionary War there was a Scottish Regiment encamped on the hillside around the town, and apparently the favourite bagpipe tune of the soldiers was "Roslin Castle". In 1884 the local residents voted to call their town Roslyn.

I took up the bagpipes 5 years ago and naturally want to play every tune that was ever written!!! Seriously though, it is fascinating to learn a tune that might have been written 200 or 300 years ago and

Scottish Piping Society of London Result of Annual Lottery Draw held at Glaziers Hall, London, 1/11/86.

1st Prize £50.00: Ticket No. A01212:	Alec Irvine, Highbury Court, London, N.7.
2nd Prize £40.00: Ticket No. A01694:	R. Redman, 3 Foster Close, Chislehurst, BR7 6NG
3rd Prize £30.00: Ticket No. A01846: (Kindly donates £15.00 to the prize fund)	R.G. Knox Esq, 28 St. David's Close, Wembley, HA9 9BT
4th Prize £20.00: Ticket No. A01826:	Rob Carrie Claimed 1/11/86
5th Prize £10.00: Ticket No. A01184:	Dr P.S. McClure, 4 Blagdon Road, New Maldon, Surrey.

to know the history behind the composition.

I have not been able to find any reference to the tune "Roslin Castle" in this country and I was wondering if your organization might have a copy of the tune that I could purchase. Please advise at your convenience.

Sincerely yours,
David W. Cairns.

The tune is not listed among any current collections. If any reader can help we would be obliged.

Bayport,
New York.

Dear Seumas,

How nice to again see General Frank Richardson's name in print and his letter in the October issue of the Times.

As usual he is 100% correct, but any one of the slightest intelligence, on reading the life of Prince Charles Edward Stewart, would come to the conclusion that his was a lost cause long before it began. Backed by a minority of dissidents, under financed, out-gunned etc. it could only have lead to great suffering and defeat.

But we are still not well rid of him.

Hopefully, I will raise myself out of the level of the Scottish school child Jacobites and seek that great body of elder, prominent and wiser Scottish gentlemen who have fallen out of love with the Prince. Pray advise me where to find that elusive mob.

Congratulations and thanks to the P.T. for that detailed and informative article by Major Dan Bonnar M.B.E. We should have many more like it and a lot less letters from gentlemen like myself and some others.

Sincerely,
Frank Timoney.

Rexdale,
Ontario.

Dear Seumas,

I must say how astonished I was with my tour through the College of Piping. Most people just don't realize the institution's real and genuine need for funds. And the magazine! I'm sincerely envious of your talent at putting this thing together.

Yours truly,
Michael Grey.

They'll erect a cairn in Otago Street some day.

Answer to Quiz

Cowal Games, 1985, Alfred Morrison Senior, Colin Drummond and friends.

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Going Up

We have been informed by Patersons Publications Ltd that the costs of some of their collections have been increased rather dramatically. The Gordon's Collection Book I has gone up from £11.00 to £18.50, and with surface postage abroad this will mean a charge of £20.50. The Gordon Highlanders' Book II has been raised from £12.95 to £18.50, with a similar charge for surface postage abroad.

Willie Ross's Collections have been raised from £3.95 to £4.30, and with surface postage this will mean an over all charge of £5.00.

Incidentally readers might like to be reminded that airmail postage on parcels from the United Kingdom is very expensive. For example the Gordons' Collections airmail to the United States would cost \$35.00 per copy.

Proceedings of the Piobaireachd Society

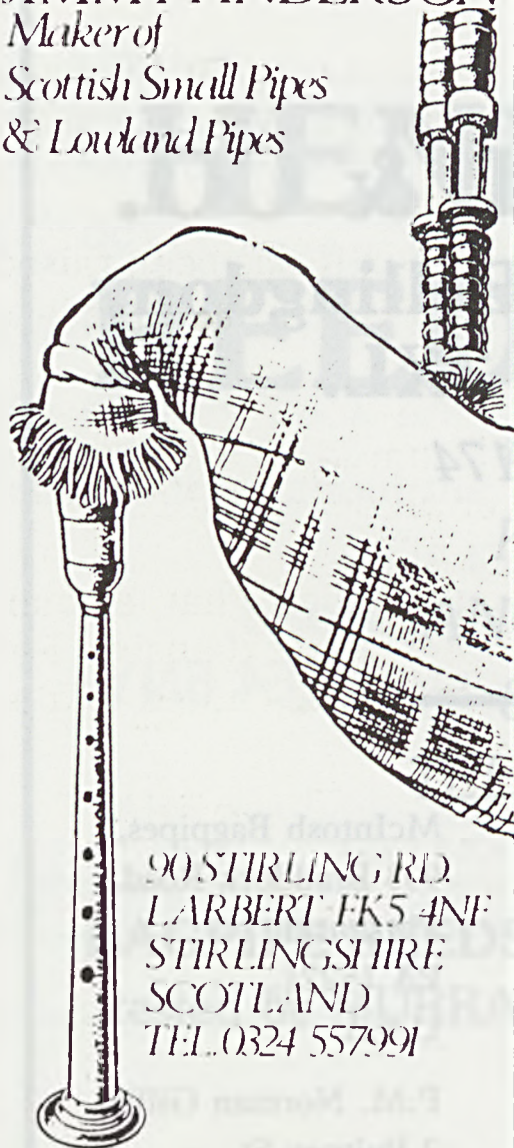
Do you have a piper's library? Do you have Thomason's Ceol Mor, Joseph MacDonald's Treatise, the Collections of Angus MacKay, Donald MacDonald and Donald MacPhee?

If not, you have a gey poor chance of getting any of these now, because all piping publications eventually sell out, even those which are reprints of original editions.

On the brighter side, do you have the Proceedings of the Piobaireachd Society for 1974, 77, 78, 80, 82, 83, 85? If not then these are still available although stocks are low. The cost is £5.00 each volume, plus postage, obtainable from

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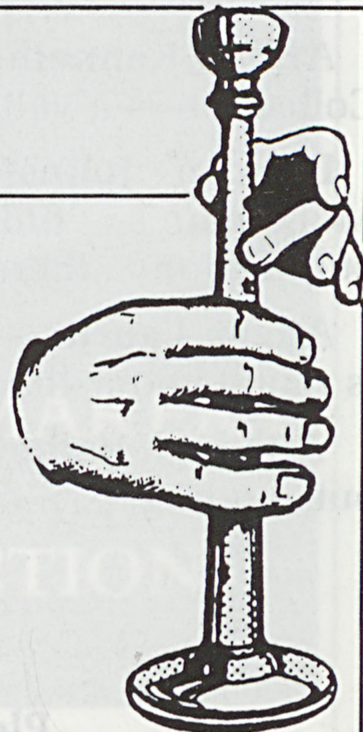
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