



ELECTRICCANADIAN.COM
AGRICULTURE & WILDLIFE
ARTICLES
BETH'S FAMILY TREE
BOOKS
BUSINESS
CHILDREN'S STORIES
CLANS & FAMILIES

CULTURE & LANGUAGE
DONNA'S PAGE
ELECTRICSCOTLAND.NET
FAMOUS SCOTS
FAMILY TREE
FORUMS
FOOD & DRINK
GAMES

GAZETTEER
GENEALOGY
HISTORIC PLACES
HISTORY
HUMOR
JOHN'S PAGE
KIDS
LIFESTYLE
MUSIC

NEWSLETTER
PICTURES
POETRY
POSTCARDS
RELIGION
ROBERT BURNS
SCOTS IRISH
SCOTS REGIMENTS
SERVICES

SHOPPING
SONGS
SPORT
SCOTS DIASPORA
TARTANS
TRAVEL
TRIVIA
VIDEOS
WHAT'S NEW

HELP TERMS OF USE CONTACT US

Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for October 11th, 2024

Electric Scotland News

1984: Bomb blast at Brighton Conservative conference

Forty years ago this week, the Irish Republican Army (IRA) planted a bomb at a hotel in Brighton, England, in an attempt to assassinate Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and other members of the British government. Thatcher survived, but five people died in the explosion and 34 were injured.

The IRA, a paramilitary organisation fighting for Northern Ireland to be a part of the Republic of Ireland, rather than the UK, claimed responsibility for the bomb. It had been planted several weeks earlier.

As the original radio script from 12 October 1984 reads below, Thatcher was awake and "working on some papers" when the bomb exploded. "She and her husband Denis were fortunate to escape unharmed" as the blast "wrecked part of their hotel suite", the bulletin adds.

Following the explosion, the Thatchers were "taken immediately to a police station nearby, while firemen and other rescue workers began searching through the wreckage", the script continues.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

Thatcher's 'unflappable' response

In the aftermath of the explosion, Thatcher was "unflappable", said El Salvador-born Carlos Perez-Avila, who was one of the first doctors called in to respond to the incident.

Perez-Avila recalled that when the prime minister visited medical staff the following afternoon, she remarked to him that she had once met El Salvador's president. "I was speechless; you've just been bombed and you remember [that]. It's surreal," he said.

Despite being shaken by the bomb, Thatcher gave a rewritten speech at the Conservative Party Conference later that day. "This attack has failed. All attempts to destroy democracy by terrorism will fail," she said.

The bomber, Patrick Magee, was jailed but released under the Good Friday Agreement in 1999, having served 14 years of his 35 year sentence. At the time, one Downing Street spokesperson described the decision as "very hard to stomach".

See a video at:

<https://www.bbc.com/videos/cevv19d2828o>

Scottish News from this weeks newspapers

I am partly doing this to build an archive of modern news from and about Scotland and world news stories that can affect Scotland and as all the newsletters are archived and also indexed on search engines it becomes a good resource. I might also add that in a number of newspapers you will find many comments which can be just as interesting as the news story itself and of course you can also add your own comments if you wish which I do myself from time to time.

Here is what caught my eye this week...

Conrad Black: Pro-Trump argument carries the house

Chris Christie, John Manley, Martha Lou Findlay and Conrad Black debate the opportunities to be afforded by another possible Trump presidency

Read more at:

<https://archive.is/KuxtN>

Backing urged for Alzheimer's drug that could help thousands

Alzheimer's experts are calling on the Scottish Government to back a new treatment which can prevent the disease progr

Read more at:

<https://www.sundaypost.com/fp/backing-urged-for-alzheimers-treatment-that-could-help-thousands/>

Bid to reintroduce readers to Scotland's forgotten bestseller

Scotland's "forgotten" bestselling author could be introduced to a new audience thanks to a new teaching project. Novels and epic poems by Sir Walter Scott were hugely popular throughout his lifetime, and influenced generations of writers from around the world.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/clyldjm18e6o>

Scots scientists make MS treatment breakthrough which could halt progression of disability

Tests of genetically modified human cells on mice have been found to repair damaged myelin which means messages from the brain will be able to reconnect again

Read more at:

<https://news.stv.tv/east-central/ms-genetically-altered-cells-repair-multiple-sclerosis-nerves-in-mice-in-breakthrough-discovery>

Last minute surge in support puts Kemi Badenoch on Tory leadership ballot paper
Claims of dirty tricks flew around Westminster after the shock result.

Read more at:

<https://www.express.co.uk/news/politics/1959642/kemi-tory-leadership>

Seven questions on the Council of the Nations and Regions

For Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, politically and constitutionally, this is potentially important all round.

Read more at:

<https://sceptical.scot/2024/10/seven-questions-on-the-council-of-the-nations-and-regions/>

Hurricane Milton: Florida Gov. DeSantis

Addressing the state on Thursday morning, after the devastation of Hurricane Milton, Florida Governor Ron

DeSantis said while the storm was "significant," its impact was not the "worst case scenario."

Watch this at:

https://www.youtube.com/live/wjW0lx8_uas?si=uE-gc1rkjfh0R1eO

The effects of Brexit are still being misreported
A new paper has received a lot of attention - all of it undeserved

Read more at:

<https://thecritic.co.uk/the-effects-of-brexit-are-still-being-misreported/>

Electric Canadian

Royal Military College of Canada
Added the 1965 edition

You can read this at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/forces/royalmilitarycollege.htm>

The Eagle

Rupert's Land College Magazine. Added Volume 3 June 1931 (now including the Old Girl's Bulletin)

You can read this at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/alberta/eagle.htm>

Continuous Mediation Without Armistice

A Development of the Idea of a Continuous Conference of Neutral Nations, which has occurred independently to others besides the author of the Pamphlet by Julia Grace Wales (1915) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/forces/continuousmediat00wale.pdf>

Thoughts on a Sunday Morning - the 6th day of October 2024 - Hope
By the Rev. Nola Crewe

You can watch this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.org/forum/communities/rev-nola-crewe/26544-thoughts-on-a-sunday-morning-the-6th-day-of-october-2024-hope>

The Hudson's Bay and Pacific Territories
A Lecture by Alexander Morris, A. M. (1859) (pdf)

You can read this lecture at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/hudsonbay/hudsonsbaypacifi00morr.pdf>

CJfarmGrit

Gen Z siblings BLESSED, along with our parents, to be working together in agriculture! Us - four siblings - are 4th generation farmers. Our family farm is in Pacific North West in BC, Canada. The main crop: juice grapes (organic and conventional) and just enough apples to keep everyone busy. Do you know what it takes for family farms to put food on the table? Join us for behind-the-scenes updates: Added this link to our page on British Columbia.

You can watch this at:

<https://www.youtube.com/@CJfarmGrit>

The Beaver Magazine
Added Volume 2 No. 9 (pdf)

You can read this issue at:

http://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/hudsonbay/beaver2_9.pdf

Electric Scotland

The Lady's Album of Fancy Work

Consisting of novel, elegant and useful designs in knitting, fletting, crochet, and embroidery with clear and explicit directions for working the patterns (1849) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/lifestyle/ladysalbumoffanc00stev.pdf>

Korea and the Koreans

Added two books about them to our page. One of the books has become available on the public domain which we reviewed some years ago and I also found another publication which also adds to our knowledge of the country.

You can get to these books at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/articles/korea.htm>

Gems of Scotland

(Caprice de Concert) Julia Rive-King sheet music (1878) (pdf)

You can view this at:

https://electricScotland.com/music/King_Scottish_Caprice_de_Concert_text.pdf

Sir Walter Scott

Added a link to the Aberdeen University Research Center on Sir Walter Scott to the foot of our page about him at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/other/wscott.htm>

New Scottish AI strategy "agile by design" to tackle rapid Tech and social change

An article by Bill Magee which you can read at:

<https://electricScotland.com/magee/article0018.htm>

Monasticon

An account (Based on Spottiswoode's) of all the Abbeys, Priors, Collegiate Churches, and Hospitals in Scotland, at the Reformation by Rev. J. F. S. Gordon, D.D., St. Andrew's, Glasgow, Volume 1 (1847) (pdf).

Note: I couldn't find the other 2 volumes that I understand complete the set so if anyone can provide copies I'd appreciate hearing from you. I am looking for the same set as volume 1.

You can read volume 1 at:

<https://electricScotland.com/bible/monasticonaccoun01gorduoft.pdf>

Notes on the War in the South

With Biographical Sketches of the lives of Montgomery, Jackson, Sevier, The late Gov. Claiborne, and others by Nathaniel Herbert Claiborne, of Franklin County, Va., a Member of the Executive of Virginia during the late War (1819) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/america/notesonwar00clairich.pdf>

The Fifteenth (Scottish) Division

1914-1919 by Lieut.-Colonel John Stewart, D.S.O. and John Buchan (1926) (pdf)

You can read this book at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/scotreg/FifteenthScottishDivision19141919.pdf>

Highland Games

An article by Andrew Wiseman (pdf)

You can read this at:

https://electricScotland.com/gatherings/Entries_on_The_Highland_Games_and_The_Hi.pdf

News Letters of 1715-16

Edited by A. Francis Steuart, Advocate, A contemporary account, and by a Whig author, of what happened in Scotland during the years 1715 and 1716. (1910) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/jacobites/letters.pdf>

The Legends and Myths of Hawaii

The Fables and Folk-Lore of a Strange People by His Hawaiian Majesty Kalakaua, edited and with an Introduction by the Hon. R. M. Daggett, Late United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands (1888) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/women/legendsmythsofha00kala.pdf>

Life of General Sir Hope Grant

With selections from his correspondence edited by Henry Knollys, Colonel (H.P.) Royal Artillery, his former A.D.C., in two volumes (1894)

You can read these volumes at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/scotreg/generalsirhopegrant.htm>

Scottish Society of Indianapolis

Got in their Fall 2024 newsletter which you can read at:

<https://electricScotland.com/familytree/newsletters/indianapolis/index.htm>

Focus on Scottish Studies

A New Agenda for the Field. Introduction by Carla Sassi, Università di Verona (2012) (pdf)

You can read this at:

https://electricScotland.com/history/articles/guest_ed_Anglistik_23_2_2012_Special_is.pdf

Scotland, Europe and the English 'Missing Link'
By Steve Murdoch, University of St Andrews (2007) (pdf)

You can read this paper at:

https://electricScotland.com/history/Scotland_Europe_and_the_English_Missing.pdf

How to Live on 24 Hours a Day
By Arnold Bennett (1910) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/lifestyle/howtoliveon24hou00benn.pdf>

Instructions to a Son
Containing Rules of Conduct in public and private Life by Archibald, Marquis of Argyle (1660) (pdf)

You can read this at:

https://electricScotland.com/lifestyle/instructions-to-a-son-c_argyll-archibald-campbe_1762.pdf

Story

ALASDAIR MACDONALD (The Unfinished Pipe Tune.)

The autumn wind was sweeping the mists from the hills, and the nip of it made Colla's shoulders shrug as he cried to his men, "Haste, or the snow will be on us before we reach our homes." The men gathered in close behind him, and put speed in their steps. They were sated with victory, and the glory of it left them without fatigue. Young Alasdair alone walked slowly, little purpose in his gait, and his face dull while his mind was busy. He had a pale face, and the melancholy of it was the look of a man who had missed something of his life, and was ever seeking the thing among his dreams. The rough fighters made mock of him among the homefolk, and counted him less than a woman. He was all for dreaming, and wandering on the hills with but his thoughts for company. No fighting, no carousing for him; never a girl could win his fancy, though many were the glances on him from the dark MacDonald lasses.

Only the piping could make the sparkle come to his eye, and in the piping he found his manhood. Eachainn, the old bard, had given him of his knowledge until his pupil was beyond him; and on days when the lift of joy was in the air, Alasdair, alone on the brae with his pipes, came near to the thing of his droans. But a part was ever wanting. His own tune would bring him close to it, but there was lacking something that the pipes could not find for him, and until he might come upon it the fine tune must remain unfinished. And on a day the chief, Colla, came to hear that a youth could make piobaireachd better than even old Eachainn, and nothing must do but that Alasdair should be his own piper, and follow him in his forays. The lad was sick of the roughness of it, of the sight of blood, of the coarse calls for music when the feast was ended and men lay about half-drunken. His music was not for such as these. But the chief was the chief, and not a MacDonald dare disobey Colla.

And this foray had been crueller, bloodier than any; and the black MacDonalds jested and laughed, driving before them the cattle, and caring nought for the wrecked homes and stiffened corpses behind them in the Diarmid country. Alasdair thought on it all, and his thoughts dwelt longest on the face of a girl, fair-haired and bonnie, but with a feared look that he could not forget. She had been among the bushes when the raiders were setting light to the thatch of her home, and mocking at the futile efforts of her greyhaired father, with his dirk defending his doomed life. The old man was the last of the living in the glen. Alasdair had slipped away from it, and had come on her in her hiding place. He gazed, wondering; and she, with a choked cry of fear, looked back, gaining a little courage at the sight of the un-soldiery gentleness of his look. Something had held him

there; it stirred in his breast strangely; and he knew that from the beginning of time he had known this maiden, and spoken with her in his dreams. But she broke on his thoughts with a quick appeal, and at the sound of her voice the dreaming left him, and he remembered he was Alasdair MacDonald, and in the country of the Campbells. He thrust her further back among the brown leaves, scarce knowing what he did, and went back to his clan with his mind in a daze. Their bloody work was finished, and he gasped at the thought of the lassie finding that stiff body with the ugly gashes, when she might creep back to the ruins of her home. But no other thought came to him but to follow his folk, to make music for them when their steps lagged or the chief wearied. And now they were two days' march from home, and the dawning of a new thought was on him. Why did the face of the girl keep with him, even between him and his piping? She was ever in his thoughts. The sun-gleam on her hair was his first notion when he saw the yellow bracken before him. And always something was drawing him back there, even among the ruins and desolation, and men hungry for vengeance. He had it! It was the thing that was wanting from his music. Love! —and it was love that was to be the ending of his piping! A glow went through him, and he lifted up his head and laughed. An easy end to his weary days of lonely thinking! He had but to return to the girl and bring her back with him; and together they would wander the hills of home, and find the ending that would make his pipe-tune beautiful.

A man behind him sneered at his sudden laugh. "Better be piping than laughing to the eerie folk;" and Alasdair lifted his pipes, still in his new mood of happiness, and started on his unfinished pibroch. It was no march, but the strangeness of it and the weird haunting melody disturbed the rude fellows in their laughter, and they turned to look at him with a sudden wistfulness in their faces. It came on him to put the finish to his tune there and then. The notes would come easily to a man with new love in him and fingers light on the chanter. But he stayed himself when he reached the point, and his thought was that his girl should hear it first, when he would pipe with all his heart's longing and love in the music.

The company trudged on, silent.

That night the piper lay on his back in the heather, and stared, deep-thinking, at the sky. The weather had changed, and a wind from the cold isles drove black clouds over the hill-tops. About him his clan lay with heavy sleep upon them and dreamless. He rose on his elbow and looked at them; and the mood of the wild night came upon him, and he was on his feet. With light steps he left the sleeping folk, and his way was the way to the Diarmid country.

He was of the winds, careless. No danger might put fear upon him; and a lonely journey to his enemies' land, with nought but an oaten cake in his pouch, and a pretty dirk in his belt, against hunger and the Campbell blades, was no more to him than a jaunt, so long as the girl was at the end of it. His head reeled with the fine music that had come new to him, and ever the sight of the girl's face quickened his steps with the thought of happiness.

And it happened that through all his journey he met no living creature until he neared its end and Lochow lay before him. He was at the Brae of Cladich, in the dusk of an evening, and the snow hung about Cruachan in a grey cloud. At the bend of the road he stopped, and looked back at the grey loneliness. Looking, he saw a man break hotly from the wood of fir he had new come through, and heard a crying on him to stop. Alasdair saw his green tartan, and, for the first time in his life, fighting was in him to the tips of the fingers that were tight upon his dirk. Here was reality. And the danger of being barred from the yellow-haired girl put all else from his mind. He set his feet firm and waited, a strange new feeling of excitement in him.

But of a sudden his breath came heavy, and his eyes left the green-kilted figure to look on the one that came after him. It was a woman, and she hastening with quick steps. He saw her yellow hair, though the dusk kept her face from him yet. But he had no need to see it. He knew with his dream sense that this was the woman, and a glad cry left his lips as he ran to meet her.

The Campbell stopped, staring. Then he bounded forward, and his hands were on Alasdair's shoulders as he

and the girl met. She slipped past and put a hand on her man's arm. "Let us ask his business first," said she. He let go of the MacDonald, but his voice snarled as he spoke: "A Campbell's business is to slay MacDonalds. That is enough."

Alasdair, still wrapped in his own affairs, saw no further than here was a meddler come between him and his love. He turned to her with hands outstretched, and the words came fast—"Come with me, heart's-love. Come and we will have happiness and music." On he went, but a quick figure stepped between them, and the Campbell said, "No more I on guard, and defend yourself. No cold Northerner comes between the men and maids of Diarmid."

And the fight began. But Alasdair had seen the look of love in the girl's eyes as she spoke to the Campbell fellow, and her look was unfriendly and cold on himself. His strength, that love had kept in him in all his weary journey, left him. He fought listlessly, and in a sudden weariness, his mind on his piping that was never to have its end in this world. And, before the darkness was wholly on them, the red tartan was on the ground, with a redder stain that spoiled it.

The Diarmid stood aside, and looked at him with a curious, sullen pity. The lassie bent over with a sob in her throat, and her woman's fingers were gentle about him. And once more his eyes opened on her, and a queer smile came on his white face. "The tune—my fine tune— Had I but finished it ere disillusion and cold heart marred its notes!" Blood rushed from his wound with a sudden spurt and stained the girl's kirtle. Th© Campbell pulled her aside, and his voice was rough. "Come away. We have homes to build, and the MacDonalds may rot. A poor fighter needs not decent burial."

The snow-flakes came softly, but in Cladich was warmth and love, spite of the ruin the raiders had made.

Away in Glenfinnan, Chief Colla cried loudly for piping. "Find us a tune that will crow over the twist-mouths and cowards." The men laughed. They had feasted well, and the telling of their deeds was sweet to them. But no piper came, and none brought news of a cold body on the hillside of Glenaray. "He has joined the elf-folk at last" said the people; and "Yon tune was over-sweet to the mind," said the fighters, and turned anew to the ale-quaichs.

Sine Nic-Artair.

END

Weekend is almost here and hope it's a good one for you and I note Monday is Thanksgiving day so hope you enjoy your long weekend.

Alastair