



Cheadle & Gatley 41 Club 2022 - 23
Date Monday 16 January 2023

Date:/ Venue	16 Jan 2023	Cheadle Golf Club
Activity	Dave McKhan	Burns Supper (and Hammy's 70 th)
Grace:	David Ham(ilton)	The official Selkirk Grace
Entrance of the haggis	Peter Lee Kevin Lovett	Peter Piper led the Haggis, duly escorted by the Sma' Peter Lee and Kevin (Mc Stewart) Lovett. Haggis prematurely stabbed by Mr Khan
Address the haggis	Jim Fairbrother	Lord James Mc Fairbrother provided the traditional Burns address to the wee beastie – no not Peter Lee - the Haggis, which had already been stabbed.
Meal		Excellent traditional meal of Cullen Skink, Haggis, Neaps and Tatties with a lovely Whisky sauce.
Loyal Toast:	Dave Khan	
Aims & Objects:	Peter Owen	
Welcome to Guests & Visitors:	Dave Khan	Dave welcomed Peter, the Piper who picked a peck of pickled peppers
Apologies for absence:	TBA	<p>Permanent Apologies- Country members Curran, Rose and Sloan.</p> <p>Meeting apologies: Messrs Barrow, Blyth, Coleman, Croft, Davies, Gilland, Gray, Guy, McElvenny, Pennell (R), Seth, Smith, Tipping and Walker. (too many)</p> <p>Late apology: Messrs Cotter and Mather</p> <p>Thus Attendees: Messrs Childs, Dymond, Fairbrother, Green, Ham, Heyes, Hunter, Kellett, Khan, Lee, Lovett, Owen and Toone . (Too few)</p> <p>No response from: Mr Kershaw</p>
First Speech	Mike Green	Toast to the immortal Rabbie Burns. A stirring speech. Well researched by Mike – copy attached.
Burns poems		Introduced by Lord James Fairbrother and A' That. Jim recited a number of poems, including A Man's a Man for A' That and the Big Effen Bee. Jim did win the title for the worst Scottish accent.
Response	Peter Owen	Subtle, typical Peter response, which was not at all misogynistic, but (we chaps found) highly amusing. Copy attached

Members poems and Limericks		Introduced and judged by Peter Owen. Lee Childs eventually won
Chairman's Report:	Dave Khan	Yet another good night, Dave sends good wishes to Secretary Alan Walker for his forthcoming heart op. Thanks were passed to Peter Owen and Peter Lee for the wonderful themed decorations in the room and the highly appropriate music.
Vice Chairman's Report:	Mike Green	Canvassing for officers – so we all sat tight!
Treasurer's Report: (Audit Roy Davies)	Kevin Lovett	Kevin handed out personal account statements to some ooohs, aahs and grunts.
Any other business	Mike Green	Mike Green announced the next RT beer festival on 10/11 March at Sale Moor again. Well attended last year and it was again suggested we sponsor a barrel, to a maximum fee of £200. Proposed Mike Green, Seconded David Ham, Approved. Post meeting Mike informs the cost is £150 for the barrel.
Sergeant at Arms:	Mark Tipping's delegate Peter Lee, aka Russell Dymond.	Russell announced many fines for phones, dress, Scottish accents, etc., etc. He finally agreed each person present should be fined just £1 through their account.
Next meeting details	Event Manager	To Be Announced but likely Monday 20 Feb
Final Toast:	Time 10:05	May the hinges of friendship never rust

Toast to the Immortal Memory of Rabbie Burns **By VC Mike Green**

So we start tonight with serious a tribute to the memory of the man whose name graces these proceedings.

When I was asked to give this toast I asked myself why? Why do we celebrate the birth of this man. Yes he is Scotland's greatest hero and he had many virtues, but for me he is better defined and understood by his contradictions. Rabbie Burns was a complex mixture of contrasting characteristics, often at war with each other. And it's these contrasts that make him remarkable and far more interesting.

He was a fierce spokesman for equality and justice, who penned the often quoted words, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn!", but he also accepted a position as an administrator for a slave plantation in Jamaica; a position he did not actually take because at the last minute he gained overnight fame his first published book of poetry.

Rabbie despised hypocrisy, denounced it repeatedly, and wrote scathing satirical poems attacking those who practised it, and yet he willingly, and perhaps guiltily, participated in a process which falsified who he was and what he believed in, just so that he could become famous.

He was a man of the people, an avid republican, who purchased the guns from a confiscated French smuggling ship, and sent them to the revolutionary government in Paris, and he fiercely applauded the execution of the king and queen of France, as he put it, "the deserved fate of . . . a perjured Blackhead & an unprincipled prostitute", and yet he toadied to the Scottish aristocrats to get a patronage job as a tax collector.

This is the man who wrote stirring verses about the rights of women, but his treatment of them invites us to wonder if he understood the very principles he was urging everyone else to adopt. He referred to himself on more than one occasion as a fornicator, and he left several pregnant young women in his wake.

Above all, he was a self-proclaimed poet who, rather than devoting his time assiduously to producing his own work, spent the last ten years of his life collecting and editing the work of others. In fact, his best known work, "Auld Lang Syne," is a product of this activity, and is not an original Burns' creation.

There is enough, even in this short list, to raise a few questions about the picture of Burns that is commonly presented on nights like this one.

So why is he proclaimed the Scottish hero? Why is his birthday celebrated by so many, including ourselves here tonight?

For our part maybe it is his philandering free spirit that we love.

For the Scottish people he became their voice. The Scottish identity was in tatters when Burns' first volume of verse arrived and for those people who wished to promote a stronger sense of a truly Scottish identity, their Messiah had arrived. Here they saw clear evidence of a poetic spirit uncontaminated by any foreign (especially any English) influence. Here was, as one critic put it, our "Heaven-taught ploughman," whose work confirmed the genius of the people and apparently justified the cry from a decade earlier, "Whaur's yer Wullie Shakespeare noo?".

It is strange is it not that there are no other Scottish poets of note. Burns' amazing reputation and the acknowledged quality of his best poetry did not encourage anyone in Scotland to try and follow in his footsteps. Quite the reverse. Popular opinion was that of "Here we don't need poetry. We have the great Rabbie Burns. There no need for anything more." Burns himself would have been bitterly upset by this.

At the core of his being, beneath all of those contradictions, Burns was, first and foremost, a poet, a great poet, the forerunner of the Romantic Movement. A man who believed in and constantly celebrated the beauty and importance of the work to which he devoted so much of his own life. History and the myths have diminished the importance of his poetry. So I would urge us, when we offer a toast to the immortal memory, to remember the man, not the myth. for the man he really was,

Gentlemen The Toast

To the immortal memory of
Robert Burns . . .

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Response to the Toast to the immortal Robert Burns – by Peter Owen

A TOAST IN REPLY, MY TASK ONCE AGAIN,
A SINCERELY MEANT VERSE, WHAT I WROTE WITH ME PEN
THIS IS ONE OF THE MANY, THAT I HAVE WELL WRIT,
SOME HAVE BEEN FUNNY, BUT MOST HAVE BEEN SHIT

IT OUGHT TO BE SPECIAL, AS THE RESTS BEEN A FARCE
WHAT TO SAY ABOUT BURNS, SUCH AN ICONOCLAST?
A TAXMAN TURNED POET, A LOVER OF DRINK
OF HIS IMMORTAL MEMORY, HE STILL MAKES US THINK

BUT WHAT WAS HE SAYING, YOU'VE NOW HEARD HIS WORK,
CHASING THE LASSIES, THEN UNSHEATHING HIS DIRK
MY PAST WORDS I'VE LOOKED AT, AND THE THEMES MUCH THE SAME
TO MAKE SENSE OF HIS POEMS, IS PRIMARILY MY AIM

FROM JIM YOU'LL HAVE HEARD, MORE WORDS OF BURN'S RHYMES
OF TIMOROUS BEASTIES AND PERHAPS AULD LANGS SYNE
BUT IT'S UNLIKELY THAT MANY, WILL MAKE ANY SENSE,
DON'T WORRY OR PANIC, IT'S ALL A PRETENCE

IT'S THE SCOTS WAY OF TRYING, TO CONFUSE SASSENACHS
BY MAKING UP WORDS, TO FILL IN THE CRACKS,
WITH THEIR RHYMES ABOUT SCOTCH, AND HAGGIS AND SEX,
IN KILTS MADE OF TARTAN, AND NO UNDER KECKS

OF HIGHLAND MARY, AND HIS BONNIE JEAN,
OF SPIDERS AND BEASTIES, AND FOOD MADE OF SPLEAN
HE ASSAULTS OUR DIGESTION, OUR EARS AND OUR BRAIN
YET YEAR AFTER YEAR, WE COME BACK AGAIN

HE SAYS THAT HIS LOVE, IS JUST LIKE A RED ROSE,
JUST THINK OF THE LOGIC, CONTAINED IN THAT PROSE
IT'S BASED ON A BUSH, FULL OF PRICKS AND IT'S SMELLY,
LIKE ONE OF THEM PORN FILMS, WE'VE SEEN ON THE TELLY

FOR BURNS WAS A MAN WHO SURE PUT IT ABOUT
AND BEING A TAXMAN GAVE HIM SOME CLOUT
THERE'S NOBODY HERE WHO CARES ABOUT THAT
WERE ALL SQUEAKY CLEAN WHEN IT COMES TO OUR VAT!

HE TOOK THE APPROACH THAT ALL WOMEN WERE GAME
AND TRIED IT ON OFTEN, AND HIS RESULTS ALL THE SAME
HE GOT HIS LEG OVER WITH GREAT REGULARITY
WOMEN IT SEEMEED ENJOYED HIS VULGARITY

IN ENGLAND WE MEN, ARE MORE SUBTLE BY FAR
WE PLY LADIES WITH DRINK, THEN BACK IN THE CAR
TO A SPOT IN THE COUNTRY, AT NIGHT IS THE BEST,
FOR A KISS AND A CUDDLE, THEN A GRAB AT THEIR CHEST

WE'VE NO NEED OF POEMS, AND OF WORDS WE NEED FEW,
"BUT HOW DOES THIS COME OFF, PLEASE GIVE US A CLUE",
OUR FOREPLAY IS ACTION, A STRAY HAND IN THE DARK,
A CHECK OF THE GEAR KNOB, MAKE SURE IT'S IN PARK.

WE GET ON WITH THE ACTION, BUT THE HANDBRAKES A PAIN,
AS WE GET OUR LEGS OVER, IT'S REALLY A STRAIN,
THEY WRIGGLE AND MOAN, AS OUR PASSION INCREASES,
BUT IT'S NOT FROM EXCITEMENT, THEIR CONCERN IS WITH CREASES

“THIS WAS NEW ON TONIGHT, JUST LOOK AT THE MESS”
“AND MY TIGHTS ARE NOW RUINED, DON'T CAUSE ME SUCH STRESS”
IF BURNS HAD CONSIDERED, AN ANSWER TO THIS,
I'D BE MUCH MORE INCLINED, TO NOT TAKE THE PISS

FOR YEARS HE WROTE NONESSENSE, ABOUT PUDDINS AND THAT
BUT DIDN'T SOLVE PROBLEMS, ABOUT WHY WOMEN CHAT,
WHEN WE WANT TO BED THEM, DESPITE HOW WE TRY
THEY'RE MUCH MORE CONCERNED, WITH OUR FAILED D.I.Y

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE FELLAS, YOUR SAP IT IS RISING,
WHEN SHE SUDDENLY CALLS OUT, SOMETHING SURPRISING
“MY DARLING”, SHE WHISPERS, AS SHE HOLDS YOU AS ONE
“THAT STAIN ON THE CEILING, YOU TOLD ME HAD GONE”

THIS KILLS ALL THE PASSION, THAT WAS BUILDING BEFORE
YOUR ERECTIONS SUBSIDING, AND YOUR NOT GOING TO SCORE
HOW DO THEY DO THIS IT'S REALLY A SKILL
AND MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THAN ANY SEX PILL

IT'S 300 YEARS, SINCE BURNS PUT DOWN HIS PEN
BUT THESE ARE THE PROBLEMS, STILL TROUBLING WE MEN
OUR SOLUTION IS SIMPLE, ON A NIGHT SUCH AS THIS
LEAVE THE WOMEN AT HOME AND GO ON THE PISS

WE'RE FACED WITH A WORLD THAT'S NOT TO OUR LIKES
WE'RE REALLY AGAINST ALL THESE STRANGE LOOKING DYKES
AGAINST EMANCIPATION, AND OTHER SUCH SINS
AGAINST CAMOUFLAGE TROUSERS AND NOSES WITH PINS

WOMEN SHOULD WEAR SKIRTS, AND BE PRETTY AND QUIET
SHOULD IRON AND COOK, AND LOOK AFTER THEIR DIET,
WE NEED OUR FREEDOM, TO GET TO THE PUB
WHILE THEY STAY AT HOME, PREPARING OUR GRUB

THIS LOGIC SEEMS FAULTLESS, ALL MEN WILL AGREE,
IT'S WHAT ROBBIE BURNS TOLD US, WE MUST HEAR HIS PLEA
YOU'RE ALL HERE TO HONOUR, HIS NAME AND HIS WHIT
I'D HATE ANYONE HERE, TO THINK THIS WAS BULLSHIT

SO THANKS FOR YOUR PATIENCE, I'LL BE OVER QUITE QUICK
THEN IT'S OVER TO YOU TO WRITE YOUR LIMERICK
A PRIZE IS ON OFFER SO PLEASE DO YOUR BEST
THE RUDER THE BETTER IS WHAT PASSES THE TEST.

SO PLEASE RAISE YOUR GLASSES IT'S TOAST TIME AGAIN
IT SHOULD BE TO LASSIES, BUT TONIGHT IT'S TO MEN
FOR SURE THERE IS ONE THING WE SHOULD ALL AGREE
TO HEALTH AND TO FRIENDSHIP TO YOU LOT, FROM ME