

11 January 1991 – We had the AGM of the Field Club and I was re-elected secretary with Bill Ramsay Chairman, Brian Neath as Vice, Andree as Treasurer. It was a Members' Night and I recited a poem that poor Patrick Bishop had written before he died about the exploits of the Field Club. *John Love*

The Field Club – the Field Club  
What splendid talks we've heard.  
Twas there we heard from Ian Love  
about the 'Whim-Wham bird'.

He told us how this noble bird  
Is up to all those tricks.  
In fact, I more or less inferred –  
It builds its nest with bricks!

He also said the 'Whim-Wham bird'  
Does nest in Whim-Wham trees.  
In mating time, it's deeply stirred  
And trembles at the knees.

Young Ian Love assures us that –  
Although its frame is scrawny –  
It once did eat an old wild cat  
it met while passing Dornie.

It's the only bird in Scotland  
To walk upon three legs.  
And in our sun-kissed hot land  
She lays those tartan eggs.

And then, that talk on crannogs?  
I made a slight mistake,  
It seems they're ancient dwellings  
And not some Scottish cake.

'Another slice of crannog cake?'  
You'll find it quite a treat.  
It comes from some old loch or lake,  
Matured for years in peat.

Who can forget that famous scene,  
That night we had, from France,  
A fellow known as Claude Lavigne.  
I led him quite a dance.

For some unknown reason  
He underwent a change.  
Although he came as Claude Lavigne  
He left as – Paul Lagrange.

He cried 'I must get back to France  
Before I die of shame.

Some loon without a backward glance,  
Saw fit to change my name.'

'Their president translated  
My each and every word,  
From English into English too!  
I thought it quite absurd.'

From Greenland's icy mountains  
To India's coral strand,  
The Field Club is the place to learn  
Of many a far-off land.

I've always pictured Greenland  
As being, well, sort of green.  
In fact this seldom-seen land  
Is much like Achnasheen.

There still are certain speakers  
We've yet to get to hear.  
I hope one fun-filled evening  
We'll get the Brahan Seer.

No doubt the chap will tell us  
That pigs will one day fly.  
And if we've had a dram or two  
We'll see a bridge to Skye.

Perhaps the Loch Ness monster,  
One night might be persuaded?  
Although he's knocking on a bit,  
His charms remain unfaded.

No doubt his nibs will tell us  
Of his life in old Loch Ness,  
And how he labours day and night  
The tourists to impress.

He'll tell us 'I'm always there,  
I'm not too hard to find.  
You only need to stand and stare  
And keep an open mind'.

Who knows, perhaps the Bonnie Prince  
One night will come along?  
And give us all a fighting talk  
Entitled 'What went wrong?'

Perhaps the great McGonagall  
Will come and talk on rhyme?  
And tell us how a sense of meter,  
And cadence, coupled with a feeling

For true, great immortal verse - the  
Kind that never fails to scan – will endure  
At the very least, for a very, very  
Long time.

Young Andree is our treasurer –  
Its really rather funny –  
To see her standing by the door  
Relieving folks of money.

If anyone forgets to pay,  
She's on them in a trice.  
You often hear a member say  
'Already I've paid twice!'

And Andree says 'Why not indeed?  
Its cheap at half the price –  
And member, if you feel the need,  
Feel free to pay me thrice.'

Those boat trips to the islands?  
We all get soaking wet  
And come back with pneumonia.  
Such things one can't forget.

Today we're bound for Canna,  
It's high upon our list.  
A shame you canna see it,  
As its lost in Hieland mist.

Its either Muck, or Eigg or Rum-  
You simply take your pick.  
Why is our skipper looking glum?  
He too feels 'Uncle Dick.'

And what about that lady  
Who'd journeyed to Alaska?  
Another jolly, fun-filled place  
Like Bradford or Nebraska.

Remember we hears about  
Those Incas of Peru?  
Some members said 'There is no doubt  
It's much like Inverewe'.

But others, more discerning said  
'Its more like Timbuktoo,  
or maybe parts of Peterhead  
or Platform 9 at Crewe!'

The Field Club is the only thing,  
For any true-born Scot.  
Its praises now I gladly sing.  
You see, I've learnt a lot.

