The Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club

Scott in the Primary School: Past and Future

*A talk given on Thursday 17th May 2018 at 7:30pm by **Eileen Dunlop** to members of The Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club in Edinburgh at The New Club, Edinburgh.*

Professor Garside, Ladies and Gentlemen, I think I should probably begin with a confession. I have been coming, off and on, to meetings of this Club for the past four years, and in all of that time I have been so overwhelmed by the erudition of my fellow members that I have never once dared to open my mouth on any subject under discussion. Which might lead you to wonder why I'm standing here now, and indeed I'm asking myself the same question. But of course there are two answers - one, that it's very hard to say no to a nice man like Lee, and the other that whenever one is invited to give a talk, one feels so *honoured* that one says, 'Oh yes, I'd love to', thinking it's so far ahead that it probably won't ever happen. Then of course it does happen, every single time. However, my former failure to speak at your meetings has not been entirely due to cowardice, it has to do with age. I was brought up at a time when it was taken for granted that before one expressed an opinion, one should have some knowledge to base it on, and while I have been delighted and edified here by the insights of the learned, I have also realised how little I know of the world of scholarship in which so many of you live and work. I am also well aware that if Sir Walter Scott is regarded in modern Scotland as more than the antiquated figure sitting in a monument, it is due to the enthusiasm of academics who have guarded his flame through the last half-century and have ensured that, in a general resurgence of interest in Scottish literature, the work of Scotland's greatest writer is vigorously defended.

I, on the other hand, represent the common reader with whom Dr Johnson rejoiced to concur, adding that 'by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted by any literary prejudices ... must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours'. Which is a lofty way of saying that however enhanced our reading is by scholarly criticism, an author stands or falls by the judgement of the book-buying public. This, of course, makes me feel much better about myself, but that apart, I think it is always worth remembering that Scott's intention was to write for the common reader of his own time. But that was then and this is now, and it's hard to avoid the conclusion that for the common reader of the 21st century engaging with Scott for the first time must either be a bewildering experience or a downright chore. This is the plight of people who have only ever read concise modern novels, and who in the digital world are becoming known for their shorter concentration span. Scott is not for cissies, and for an uninitiated reader picking up a copy of *Old Mortality* in Waterstone's, having to wade through pages of Cleishbotham before he even arrives at the Wappenshaw may well rob him of the will to live. This suggests to me that if we are ever to introduce a

general readership to the joys of Scott, we might be wiser to start more gently, and earlier than the top of the secondary school and the universities, where literature is well taught but not the choice of every student.

I spent most of my working life as a primary school teacher, and when asked to talk to you, I quickly realised that all I could tell you with confidence belonged to the period of my life when I taught the top class of primary, Primary 7, and found it possible to incorporate some elementary reading of Scott into the everyday work I did with my children - and this was in an ordinary state school where we had to deal with a wide range of abilities, while making sure that there were unifying elements in the work we covered. But since part of my remit is to talk about the teaching of Scott in the past, I think I had better first go further back and describe briefly how primary education in Scotland changed between my own schooldays and the period when I worked as a teacher myself.

I am becoming used nowadays to being the oldest person in the room, and to young people saying to me 'You don't actually remember the War, do you?' as if I had been at Waterloo. The answer is, of course, 'Oh yes, I do and very clearly'. I come from Alloa (I am a citizen of no mean city) and in 1943 I became a pupil at Alloa Academy, which at that time had both primary and secondary departments and was the only school I ever attended. From conversations with my parents, I suspect that primary education in the 1940s was little different from that offered in the early years of the twentieth century, except that the classes were rather smaller than the 'sixty mixed infants' that they encountered in the 1900s. In the forties the curriculum was still dominated by Arithmetic - as it had to be, due to the fiendish complexity of imperial measurements - and by reading 'round the class' from readers that were too easy for some and too difficult for others, leading to boredom in the able and humiliation in those less able to cope. We also had textbooks published by Chambers, titled *No Lumber History* and *No Lumber Geography*, and indeed they has no lumber, being simplistic and factual, as long as nobody disputed the facts. Friday was 'test day' and the test results decided where you sat for the following week - Smartypants at the back of the class and a few poor souls condemned to sit in the front row eternally. And of course the culmination of all this was the dreaded 'Qualifying Exam' at the end of the last class, which decided which secondary school you would go to, and essentially the pecking order for the rest of your life.

And where was Sir Walter Scott in all this? Well, he was there, because, we were told he was 'A Great Scottish Writer', and so in another weekly ritual, the learning of poems by heart and reciting them next day, we learned to declaim:

O Caledonia stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child

And:

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day

neither of which meant a great deal to us wee common folk of Alloa. The odd thing to me now is that I don't remember ever connecting the writer of these poems with the writer of the books that I had begun to read at home.

Because it was there that I was truly fortunate: I came from a house with a bookcase, containing the earnest collection of an autodidactic grandfather, Scott and Dickens and Hardy and much else of a sterner nature, like books of Calvinist sermons and the lives of missionaries, some stranger than fiction. Ours was a family where reading was a habit, and where going to the library on Saturday evening was a routine event. The downside of this was that I read very few books written for children - all the Enid Blytons and Chalet Schools were gone by the time I got to the library late on Saturday, and my memory is of going straight from Little Grey Rabbit and Jemima Puddleduck to *Kidnapped* and *Ivanhoe.*

At this point, however, I'm going to strike a cautionary note. I sometimes wonder whether, for all our generational boasting about the books we were capable of reading at primary school level, such reading was ever universally popular, or as good for us as we imagine. I certainly remember reading *Ivanhoe* and *Guy Mannering* and *The Fair Maid of Perth* while I was at primary school, along with *Oliver Twist* and, of all things, a translation of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, but only because we had them in the house. My taste was so bad that I would have preferred *The Castle of Adventure* and the *Famous Five*, but I could never get them out of the library. But my real point here is that there is a great difference between a child's reading age and an understanding of the reading matter, and in reading complex works intended for adults at an early age, perhaps we lose the impact these books would have had on us if we had read them when our minds were more mature. Just a thought - but one thing is for sure. Any primary teacher knows that for every child we teach to read Shakespeare, we teach a hundred and more to read the *Daily Record* - that's the difference between literature and literacy, and literature as you and I understand it is the choice, or the fate, of a happy few. And even in the secondary schools, there were many adolescents who read *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* because they needed to pass Higher English, so maybe even then enthusiasm for Scott was restricted to a handful of geeks like myself.

But to return briefly to my own schooling. In retrospect I feel the primary element was unrewarding. But by contrast I thought the secondary school was wonderful, especially the English component, which in the 1950s was still taught as a history of style and changing language, stretching from Chaucer to Hardy, via Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Addison, Steele and Wordsworth, and Coleridge and Scott. I can't remember reading anything more modern, so perhaps the syllabus followed Tolkien and C. S. Lewis of the Oxford University English Department, who allegedly thought that nothing worth reading was written after 1832. But in class, we read *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *The Lady of the Lake*, and among our various 'home readers' were *Waverley*, *Old Mortality* and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, so Scott was still well represented. However, after six years of these delights, my school career ended ingloriously, since my failure to pass Lower Mathematics put paid to my long-held aspiration to take a degree in Classics at Glasgow University. This crisis led to the only stiff interview I ever had with my father, in which he informed me that since I was not going to University, we would have to decide what I was going to do, because he couldn't afford to keep me indefinitely. I was affronted - what did he mean, he couldn't afford to keep me? - I thought that was what your father was for. My first suggestion that I might go on the stage was met with baleful silence, so I sort of panicked and said, 'Well, I suppose I'd better go to Moray House. It will be something to do while I'm waiting to get hitched'. That was the world we lived in before the word 'feminism' entered our vocabulary. If I had known then that twenty years would pass before a hitching I regarded as suitable would turn up, I might have had qualms, but it was already too late, because my father sent off for the application papers for Moray House the next day.

And so it came about that I trained to be a primary teacher, with no sense of vocation and certainly with no sympathetic memories to inspire me. But to my surprise, I found that I liked it, for I liked drama, and teaching after all is a performance art. More importantly, after the War, society was changing in many ways and in schools too change was in the wind. In my first teaching practices, I discovered that in the six years when I'd been at secondary school, a perception had been growing that rigid discipline and a curriculum that fundamentally had not altered since Victorian times was in need of reform - that children benefited from being taught in smaller groups, according to their ability rather than in large classes, and that teachers might have rather more flexibility in the methods they used to interest and engage their pupils. 'Projects' with more teacher input replaced the 'No Lumber' approach to history and geography, and art and music and drama were understood as integral aids to learning rather than separate entities. By the time I began to teach Primary 7 in 1965 at Sunnyside School in Alloa - an ordinary state school with a typically wide social and intellectual profile - these ideas were mainstream, although the teaching of

Arithmetic, reading, grammar and handwriting with a plain pen and an inkwell still occupied large tracts of the day - and did throughout my career, since I was a lifelong stickler for grammar and tidy jotters.

The big change came two years later in 1967, with the publication in England of the Plowden Report, which quite wrongly was seen by many as attacking the foundations of traditional education, and caused a terrible furore by suggested awful things like setting the child at the centre of the educational process, and putting an end to corporal punishment, as if these mild ideas were going to knock down the pillars of society. Although Plowden did not directly affect Scottish schools, its ideas were the talk of the time. Generally speaking, younger teachers embraced a greater freedom to choose how they delivered the curriculum, while older teachers were often deeply unhappy with the knocking away of the props on which they depended. There was a fair bit of argy-bargy in the staff-room, which was dignified by the term 'a frank exchange of views', but we had a good headmaster who wisely allowed teachers to go on using the traditional methods they were comfortable with, while encouraging those who wanted change to experiment within certain bounds. We always had end-of-term exams, set by him, to ensure that all was not what our older colleagues called 'airy-fairy nonsense' but which in fact was anything but. For me, the late sixties and the seventies were a magical, liberating time in primary education, when I realised that I had quite accidentally found the most satisfying job imaginable. At the time, Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools were all for progressive methods, as were the new primary advisers who ran the in-service courses. The 'project' method was expanded into the 'theme', which involved taking a topic which could involve reading, history, geography, creative writing, art, and environmental studies, and a classroom

organisation which involved the children making choices about how they completed the day's work:

As you can see, this was far removed from the rows of children facing the blackboard of the past - although I still did a fair bit of 'chalk and talk' teaching, especially in Maths. For I admit I never found a way to integrate Maths into the thematic approach, and because I knew from experience that it was important, I always taught it as a separate subject. But everything else fitted in, and because I believe that we teach best what we love most, I chose themes like The Theatre, The Greeks, The Romans, and, most years, either Glasgow or Edinburgh because these cities are so rich in history. Of course I had to work out a series of lessons and activities for each of these, and choose texts to give the children an experience of literature from different periods, but one of the great joys of the method was that you were free to diverge from the main path, following the children's interests - like the year we were doing the Greeks and made Penelope's loom with two gym stands and a lot of garden canes, and everyone went weaving-crazy for a fortnight. But for the purpose of this evening, I want to tell you in more detail about the theme of Edinburgh, and how Sir Walter Scott walked into our world for a term, and then came on with us into the next one.

In all of my teaching, my starting point was 'The landscape determines settlement', because when you have said that, you have made both a historical and a geographical statement. This worked particularly strikingly with Edinburgh, where the Crag and Tail provided the original naked landscape features which provided the need of defence, water supply, food production and work for a growing population. So the theme of Edinburgh started here, and when characters began to emerge in the story it was always possible to refer back to the initial structure to show how the city grew, mostly upwards, and the features that made it the choice of kings - starting with Malcolm III - as the capital of Scotland.

The first time I did this, I really didn't set out to teach Scott particularly, but he very quickly became a go-to author for so many of the topics we touched on. So I told the children a bit about his early life, and about his brutal experience at the High School of Edinburgh, emphasising how fortunate they were to spend their days with Lovely Me.

Then when we came to talk about James IV, and how the Marriage of the Thistle and the Rose failed to prevent Flodden, it was easy to interest them in the story of *Marmion*, and give them print-outs so that we could read the famous passage about his approach with Sir David Lindsay to Scott's 'own romantic town'. Of course the lines that pleased us most were:

> But northward far, with purer blaze
> On Ochil mountains fell the rays
> And as each heathy top they kiss'd
> It gleamed a purple amethyst.

because the Ochils are ours, and we are very territorial people in Alloa.

Then we read 'Young Lochinvar' which I had learned myself at primary school without ever realising it was part of another work, and when we got to Mary, Queen of Scots we read the account of her execution from *Tales of a Grandfather* - alongside the eye-witness account of Robert Wynkfielde, which the little girls loved, because it described Mary's gorgeous clothing in great detail. The fact that the poor woman was on her way to the scaffold dimmed their interest not at all. Needless to say, the story of Gardy Loo! always brought the house down - children have a scatalogical sense of humour - but building a model of the High

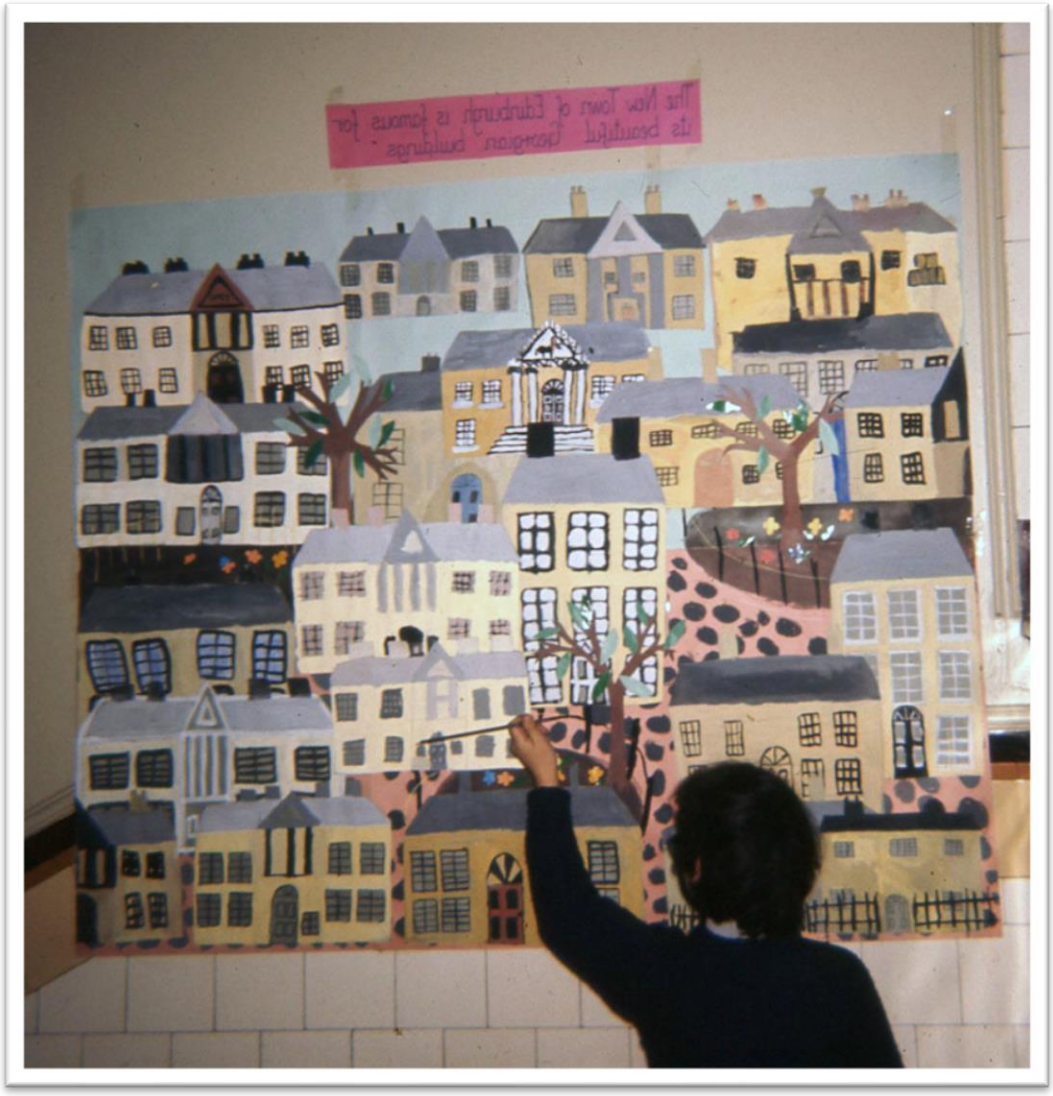
Street taught something about the development of housing in a constricted space and aroused interesting if ill-informed discussions on the spread of infectious disease.

So far, so successful, but occasionally I overreached myself. One year I had a particularly good class, and I had an idea of using the account in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* of the Porteous Riots, but this proved far too demanding, and reminded me once again that Scott was not after all writing for children, he was writing for adults, and if I was giving these twelve year-olds a taster, I had to be careful not to frighten the horses.

Of course, once we came to Georgian times and the building of the New Town it was very easy to incorporate Scott's own life into the story, for he was part of it. We read about George IV's visit to Edinburgh, amid much hilarity, especially the incident when Scott came home with the King's glass in his pocket and sat down on it. They liked the King's kilt and pink stockings, and the fact that it rained every day in August, just like now.

I think you will see from the slides that I was keen on art not for art's sake, but as a means of bringing the past to life, and giving visual expression to the words that were always my main concern. This went alongside what is called creative writing, which can be prose, or poetry, and I think one of my greatest pleasures in life was to discuss their writing individually with children, and watch how their critical faculty developed during what was really their last year of childhood. I have reproduced some of their writing in the hope that it may also interest you, and that you will agree with me that although it is immature, it shows some liveliness and even traces of the poetic spirit.

We were fortunate in Clackmannanshire in the 1970s that every year in March our Primary 7s went for a fortnight to one of the Camp Schools - usually Dounans at Aberfoyle.



This is what the camp looks like now [image not available], but this one from the 1960s [image not available], gives a better impression of what it was like for us, and how the surrounding terrain provided a dramatic new Scott Country for our explorations. I never was a glutton for punishment, and I wouldn't want to give the impression that living in wooden huts with two hundred children in the month of March was altogether Paradise, for often it rained and sometimes it snowed, and people were homesick and the ablutions were primitive and the cocoa was horrible and I got very little sleep. But I shall heed the injunction, 'Remember only the happy hours', and add that it was also a fun opportunity and once they settled the children certainly enjoyed it.

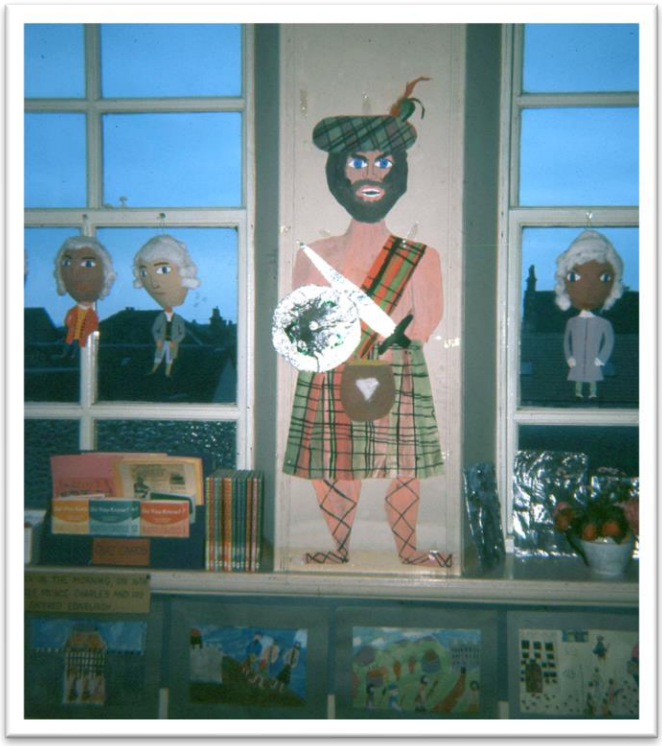
The main purpose of the camp, apart from the experience of communal living, was to teach environmental studies, and that in itself was fruitful because it could be centred on my own preoccupation with landscape and settlement.

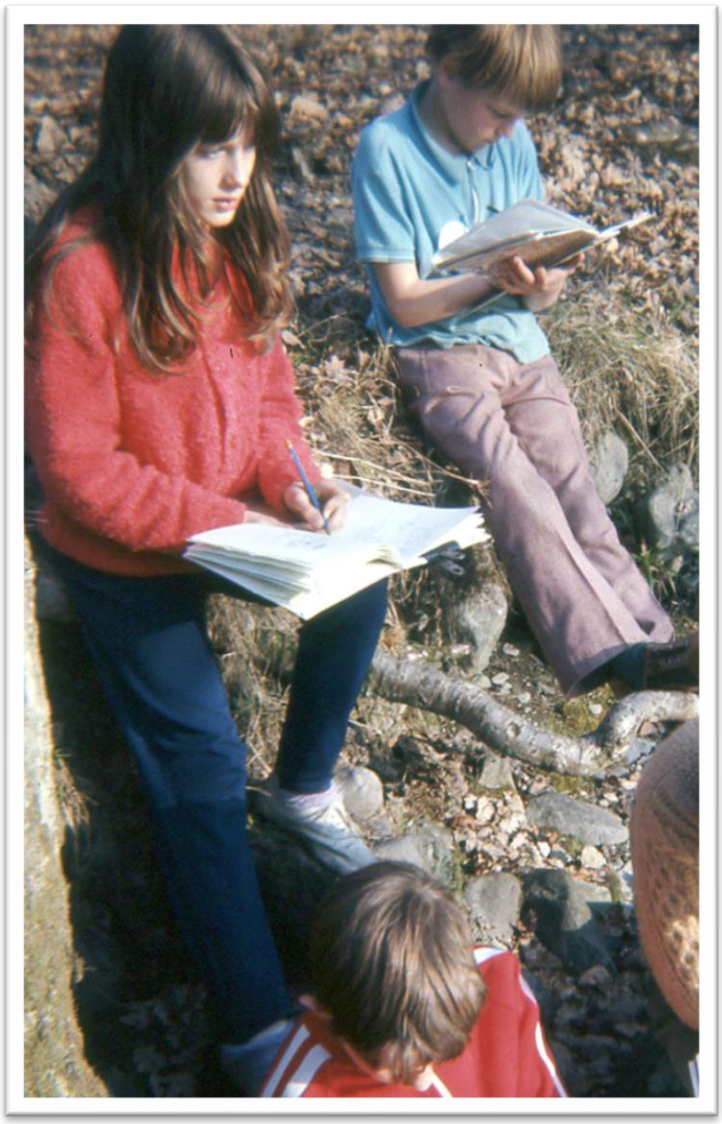
This involved teaching how glaciers formed the mountains and valleys, and making models - a most satisfying activity for little boys who love getting dirty in a good cause, and it looked quite good when it was finished too.

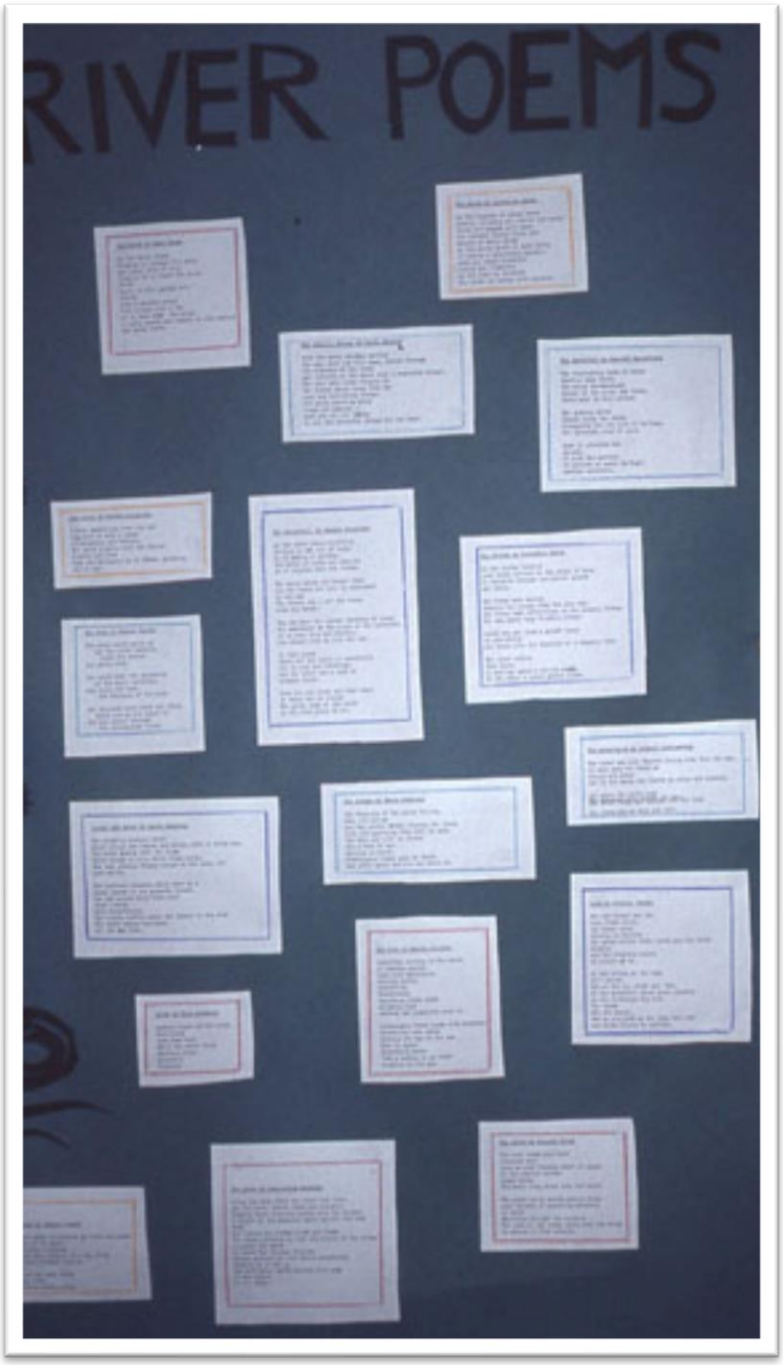
We visited the disused slate and limestone quarries and made wall displays and painted the rocks and wild life we saw. And of course in the Trossachs Scott is everywhere, as here at the Duke's Pass which we climbed on our way to the quarries and it was too good an opportunity to miss.

Obviously my first idea was to teach something of *The Lady of the Lake*, but I didn't follow it up, for practical reasons. One was that the story is long and complicated, and we were only at the camp for a fortnight. The other was that there were no funds available for outings, and fairly enough, because the Education Authority was paying for the camp and transport there and back again. But even though our feet were made for walking, we couldn't walk to Loch Katrine, so that vital experience would have been missing from the project.

Anyway, I discarded the idea and decided to concentrate on *Rob Roy*. We had already touched on the subject in our work on Edinburgh, when we were doing the section on the Jacobites, so during the camp I told the children a potted version of the story and we read four passages. The first was about the experience of Frank Osbaldistone and Bailie Nicol Jarvie at the clachan of Aberfoyle, and Bailie Nicol laying about him with the red hot poker and setting fire to a Highlander; the second the one where Bailie Nicol's foot slips and he ends up hanging by his coat-tails from a tree (they loved that one); the third was the terrifying scene when Helen MacGregor disposes of the spy Morris in the loch (which provoked an interesting discussion of whether she had justifiction for her behaviour); and the last the story of Rob Roy's thrilling escape from the Duke's soldiers at the Fords of Frew. We wrote poems by the river and mounted them on a wall display so that we could read each other's efforts. One day we all trailed along to the Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel, seen here [image not available] in a former and more romantic incarnation, and saw the tree with the famous poker which was *in situ* at that time. This artefact was regarded with some scepticism, summed up in the exchange: 'It couldna hae been his poker.' 'Why no'?' 'Because the poker's real, and Bailie Nicol wisna.' Then at the end of the fortnight, we went for a picnic to Loch Ard, which was close enough for an outing on foot and by that time the connection with Scott in that beautiful place hardly had to be stated at all. Scott is the most companionable of writers, and so he seemed to me and my children on our Saturday visits to his city of Edinburgh, and in the Trossachs countryside.







One other Scott connection completed our experience at the camp. Aberfoyle is of course the location of the famous abduction by the fairies of the minister Robert Kirk, which is told by Scott in *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*. It is a very readable account, so we read it and visited the old church and the graveyard and as our final project we got fallen branches from a wood and said goodbye to Scott by painting them and making fairies with papier-maché heads. And at the end of the camp, on the way home to Alloa, we saw the Lake of Menteith and Flanders Moss, and followed the Forth to Stirling Castle, - and then we knew we were nearly home.

Apart from these communal projects which unified the work around a theme, the only other Scott-related lesson I attempted had mixed success. Twice, when I had a really proficient group of readers, I tried to read with them 'The Two Drovers', and, while they could identify with the friendship turned to antagonism of the two young men and be moved by the tragic outcome, the complexity of the language did prove a stumbling-block, and I ended up cutting passages and reading a great deal of the rest aloud myself. As when I'd tried *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, I had to remind myself that these children were only eleven and twelve years old, and I had to leave something for the secondary school to do - although whether at that time the secondary school did, in the case of Scott, I very much doubt.

For it has to be remembered that in the 1960s the secondary schools were experiencing far greater revolutions than the primary school ever knew, with the coming of the comprehensive system and the transformation of the syllabus, nowhere more dramatically than in English. There it was perceived that pupils would best engage with texts relevant to their own experience (which was an extension of the child-centred idea of education current in the primaries) - a change of emphasis that sent Bacon and Wordsworth and Tennyson hurtling to the back of the cupboard and, unfortunately, Scott along with them. But it is not my business to speak of this, and all I'll claim for the work I did is that my children left primary school having heard of Sir Walter Scott and become familiar with the city and a part of the country which inspired him, and had found the experience of reading him good fun. I am convinced that children learn best when they are happy and engaged in what they are doing, and when I hear progressive education denigrated and misrepresented as a free and easy, anything-goes disregard for high standards, I remember not only what my children achieved but that they were happy and eager and liked coming to school. Of course we had a few children with behavioural problems, but they were usually susceptible to a balance of iron hand and velvet glove. That was the story of my teaching life - when the glove came off, there was trouble. Whether my pupils ever read Scott again after they left my class, I have no way of knowing, although since quite a number went on to take degrees in English at University, I hope that some of them did. What I proved to myself was that it was not impossible, in a top primary class, to give pupils a kind of taster course in Scott, and ensure that later in life they would at least know who he was. And I believe that when they climbed the Scott Monument or visited Abbotsford with their own children, they would remember that here was the man who wrote *Tales of a Grandfather* and *Rob Roy.*

When I think about education, I have to remind myself that there never was a golden age - it was our youth. I dare say that mistakes were made in the sixties and seventies as in every other period, although I deny absolutely that progressive methods led to widespread illiteracy and lack of numerical skills. I now think that the greatest mistake my generation made was perhaps a misjudgment of the way the future was

likely to pan out. The perception behind progressive education, long before computers became the essential tools of everyday life, was that the time was fast approaching when machines would take over the work previously done by manual workers and teachers and office clerks, and that we were dealing with children destined for a world in which they would have a great deal of leisure time, which could be filled and enriched by the creative arts - time to paint, time to make music, time to read Sir Walter Scott. This was a hopeless optimism, as it turned out, because these children were actually destined to work at least as long as long hours as their grandparents had - and only now, half a century later, is the spectre of people being put out of work by automation becoming a pressing social concern.

Nor could we foresee the hijacking of the curriculum by the Government, leading to decisions not only about what to teach but how to teach it being taken out of the hands of educators at all levels and given to politicians with little knowledge of how young people learn, or an interest in giving them anything but a set of skills which they believe, rightly or wrongly, will benefit the economy. Meanwhile, in a time of austerity, an easy way of saving money has been to squeeze out specialist teaching of art and particularly music, while inexorably making schools responsible for teaching health education, sex education, personal relationships, healthy eating, physical exercise, drugs and alcohol education, recycling plastic education - wherever a new social problem rears its head, it is the schools that must do something about it. Then there is the problem of a culture where pressure to achieve government targets and endless testing of young children means that teaching 'to the test' has alienated pupils and scuppered any idea of a truly liberal education. We are told that teachers are overburdened and disillusioned, and afraid of attack by their pupils; that indiscipline is rife and no one wants to be a teacher any more. There also seem to be unacceptably high levels of anxiety and stress among children. And even if these problems are somewhat exaggerated by media reporting, it can't be denied that they exist.

And so I arrive at Crystal Ball time - the Future and the question of how to promote Sir Walter Scott in the situation we're in. One thing for sure is that a great deal will have to change before the kind of teaching I have told you about tonight becomes possible again. But in educational matters I am an optimist, and I do believe that at the moment there are reasons for cautious optimism. Recently I have read an excellent set of teaching notes aimed at the lower secondary school, written by Ronnie Renton on behalf of the Scottish Association for Literary Studies, which gives a selection of Scott's shorter poems likely to appeal to younger pupils and, as importantly, their teachers. They certainly appeal to me, and some of the poems could certainly be taught at the top of the primary school in the way Ronnie suggests.

I have also learned about a super project initiated by Lee Simpson to introduce primary children to 'Young Lochinvar', through dressing up and acting out the story as a preliminary to reading the poem. So there is an introduction to Scott which these children will not forget, and surely it is not too much to hope that at least some of their teachers will be inspired to read with them one or two of Scott's other accessible works. Reading about Lee's initiative, it occurred to me that perhaps what Scott most needs now is missionaries to spread knowledge and enthusiasm not inside the school, but from outside, and that a way forward might lie in the creation of more such projects, based for example on music or puppetry or creative writing, developed by other Scott enthusiasts and offered ready-made to primary schools where teachers claim to be too busy teaching the curriculum to do such work for themselves.

Realistically, I don't think that the time is at hand when Scott will again be read widely - if, after the nineteenth century, there really ever was such a time. One has to dig deep to find the joy of reading Scott, and modern people do seem to be preoccupied with tweeting and googling and texting and talking on the phone - although if they google Sir Walter Scott they will find a plethora of material to amuse and inform them. And there are signs that Scott is enjoying a certain revival, as a Scottish icon, if not yet as a popular writer. Abbotsford has become an attractive place to visit, and visitor numbers are gratifyingly high. New display areas are to be created in the Scott monument, and Waverley station is of course bedecked with quotations from Scott - although it's questionable how many people have time to read aphorisms while toting heavy suitcases, hanging on to children on escalators and running for the train. So, even if there is something daft about making a cultural icon, not to mention a retail opportunity, out of a writer that people claim not to read, there is enough interest in Scott's own story to ensure that he is still part of our collective consciousness. As for the revival of interest in his work, there is always the comforting notion of Karma to keep us hopeful -What goes around, comes around. The educational system is not set in stone, it has changed, and it will change again. Already, there are straws in the wind. As far as primary schools are concerned, the new Curriculum for Excellence seems rather less prescriptive than its predecessor, and room for Scott can surely be found again in the classrooms of a nation that values its heritage. The teaching of Scottish literature in secondary schools is liberal in its choice of texts both old and new, and undergraduate courses in English are strong on Scottish literature. I know this, because when I go to my local University library at Stirling I can rarely find the books I want to take out on the shelves marked 'Popular Loan' - and interestingly, many of these are by or about Sir Walter Scott. And if Scott is a Popular Loan, surely reports of his death are premature. His banner is still flying, and the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club has played a noble part in keeping it so. It has been an honour to speak to you tonight, and I thank you.