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Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for June 7th, 2013

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Electric Scotland News

The Scottish Diaspora Tapestry is apparently coming together very nicely. I hadn't heard anything about it after it was announced but just this week in the Scotsman newspaper they were showing a couple of the panels. You can learn more about the project at <http://www.scottishdiasporatapestry.org/>

I noted that STV are doing a 3 part documentary on Scottish Independence "The Road to the Referendum" and have just launched Part 1 but when I tried to view it was told it could not be played from my region.

However, I was told that the Spectator had done a write up on it which you can read at:

<http://blogs.spectator.co.uk/alex-massie/2013/06/prime-time-for-nationalists-stv-screens-a-60-minute-advert-for-the-snp/>

I then discovered that you can also view it on YouTube so created a page to display it which you can find at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/independence/stv01.htm>. The video is around 55 minutes.

I'll keep my eye out for the next 2 parts and add them when they come out.

I am currently working on old Fairy stories as I came across a couple of good books on the subject. I already have one book up on this subject but thought I'd add these to kind of round out the subject.

Electric Canadian

Canada and its Provinces

Now added The Pacific Province Volume 21 - Section XI.

You can get to this collection towards the foot of our Canadian History page at

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/canada/index.htm>

Priory of the Ascension of our Lord, Windsor, Ontario

I attended a Dinner at this Priory on Tuesday and had a great time. As you may know the Knights Templar are a charitable organisation and I got a list of this Priors donations for 2013 which is pretty impressive:

Friendship Club, programs for adults with disabilities. \$1,000

Second Chance Ministry, provides transportation and other emergency requirements for those in need. \$1,000

The Foundation for Relief and Reconciliation in the Middle East. to support the work of Canon A. White, the Vicar of Bagdad, \$3,000

The Salvation Army, to support their local programs, \$2,000

The Military Family Resource Program, to provide support programs for military families, \$2,000

St. Leonard's House, Windsor, a half way house for male adult offenders, to assist the funding of the chaplaincy program which recently lost federal govt. funding, \$3,000

Jordon River Project, to join other Priors and Grand Priors around the world in financing the building of a church and aid centre on the River Jordon, \$6,000. More about this project can be read at:

<http://www.osmth.org/humanitarian-projects/jordan-river-project>

Total donated \$18,000

Also one of the Windsor Knights is heavily involved in a project to put up a giant flagpole to fly a huge Canadian Flag on the Windsor waterfront which is opposite to Detroit in the USA. Apparently due to its size it also has to be illuminated at night so the overall cost of the project will be around \$250,000. They reckon the flag will need to be replaced every six months.

I might add that while I didn't attend the St James Priory in Toronto Benevolent Ball on June 1st. I was told it was a sell out event and looked to have raised some \$25,000 for charitable works. I hope to get pictures for the next Canadian Templar newsletter which goes out towards the end of this month.

The Flag in the Wind

This weeks edition was compiled by Claire Adamson. She has produced a lengthy article on Free Speech and there are several good articles in the Synopsis.

You can read this issue at <http://www.scotsindependent.org>

Electric Scotland

The Scottish Historical Review

We have now started on Volume 8 and added this week the October 1910 issue. I might add that Volume 7 is missing and hence the jump to Volume 8. You can get to this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/review/volume08.htm>

There is quite a major article about the history of Divorce in Scotland.

You can read the previous issues at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/review/>

Songs Of Scotland, Prior To Burns

This book is by Robert Chambers who is famous for collecting old Scottish Songs.

Added this week are...

Green Grow The Rashes

The Mucking O' Geordie's Byre

My Wife Shall Hae Her Will

You can get to this book at the foot of the page at:

http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/chambers_robert.htm

Songs of John Henderson

Got in two more songs, Dreams o' Auld Stirling Toon and Quait Peathaven.

You can read these at the foot of the page at <http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/doggerels.htm>

The Annals of Scottish Natural History

Now added Volume 12 1903.

You can read this at the foot of the page at:

http://www.electricscotland.com/nature/natural_history.htm

Caledonia Monthly Magazine

Have added additional articles from this magazine...

William Quarrier, Philanthropist

Rashiebog

Restenneth Priory

Echoes from the Sanctum.

Here is one story from the "Echoes from the Sanctum"...

Nothing gives me greater pleasure at this season of the year than to take a walk in the cool of the evening over the crest of a high hill that stands a little to the south of the small town in which I dwell. One night not long ago I was standing near the top of this hill. The still beauty of the lovely scene moved me. I recalled the words of a well-known local poet, who, when he composed them, had more than likely been standing on the same spot where I stood:—

"The sky was clear, the air was still,
Calm silence slept upon the hill;
Sweet balmy sleep, dull care to droon,
Had hushed the hum o' yonder toon."

What made the scene more weird was the fact that the moon was then at its full. As I gazed on the lady queen of the heavens, Milton's lines came from my lips:—

"The moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the
Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Baldarao, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe."

The words of the poet were hardly out of my mouth when I saw a man standing just beside me, whom I knew at once to be Julius Caesar. I had so often seen his head in books and prints that I knew I could not be mistaken. At first I felt my limbs trembling under me, but he had so kind a look on his face that I soon became quite at my ease. Still, as I gazed on the great warrior, historian, and statesman, I could not help a feeling of awe creeping over me. He began to speak in English, and as he noticed that I looked surprised, he laughingly informed me that he could speak all the languages under the sun.

"I have been permitted," he said, "to rise from the grave, and to again revisit the earth and see with my own eyes what condition society was in towards the close of the nineteenth century."

I looked bewildered, and was about to speak, but as he continued to address me, I held my tongue and listened attentively.

"I do not wish to astound you" he said, "but rather to give you some instruction. Human nature has been the same in all ages, and I fear will always be so. I find you in Britain almost in the same state that Rome was in when I took all the power into my own hands. Rome was corrupt to the heart at that time, and long before that time I saw all that clearly, and so I knew I could lay her prostrate at my feet. I fixed the attention of the people on outward show and glitter, so that they could not closely watch my actions. I undermined all the power of the people, increased the military forces of the state, bribed the magistrates to sell their country, and then I held all the power of Rome in my own hands."

After saying this he stood silent for some time, and seemed in deep thought, and then he spoke again.

"You are going downhill to despotism in exactly the same way that Rome did of old. The central Government is slowly but surely sapping the foundation of all your municipal institutions, and at the same time greatly increasing the military forces year by year. Your rulers seem to be as ignorant and unprincipled as they were in Rome, and a country in such a state is sooner or later doomed to despotism."

"Will the education of the people have no effect," I ventured to say, "in preventing such a consummation "

"No; it will only," he replied, "make the job more easy; for, you see, the Government will yet take all educational matters into its own hands, and by that means it could form the public mind to its will, and thereby corrupt the very heart of the nation at the close. After a time I found the bribery of the educated Roman easy. Education has never made a nation free, and never will. Look at Germany and Belgium. They are the most enslaved nations in Europe at the present time, and yet it is said they are the best educated. Your central government can prove at any time that your school boards are a body of men who know nothing at all of education, and this will be the excuse made when the time comes for the government to take all that power into their own hands."

"It was the educated class that corrupted Rome and brought her to the dust, and it is the very best educated that have corrupted all nations, and government and powers."

"I see you have mills, factories, and public works in your midst, and you have to pay a very heavy price indeed for them.

"In the first place they are dwarfing the frames of your people, and that, bear in mind, is the greatest loss a nation can endure. Your people are not so stout and hardy-looking as they were when I invaded the country, and no increase of riches can make up for this want. This system of labour in mills and factories will throw all the wealth of the nation into the hands of one class, and all the poverty into another class. You have, I see, in their extremest form, the Patricians and Plebeians, the two classes that hastened on the ruin of Rome. You are a vain people, like what we were; you have all our faults and not many of our virtues. You call yourselves Christians, but if Christianity means leading a noble life, I see very little of such among you. Are you honest in your dealings with each other? Do you lead chaste lives? And why does so deep poverty dwell beside so great riches? Do you respect the good man? Do you lie and backbite, or speak scandal of your "brother man And gentle sister woman?"

Do your magistrates deal out justice to the rich and poor alike? Do you keep the marriage vows pure? These are a few questions I would put to you and to your society, and I doubt much if the replies would be at all satisfactory."

The great Roman stood silent again for a few minutes, and then he began in a more animated tone than before.

"What is civilization?" he said. "It is only comparative, and none of it in the world as yet has been of a high order, and, I fear, never will. Greece produced a few great orators, and statesmen, but her people were never civilized at all. She kept slaves, and her petty states were often fighting and quarrelling with each other. Your own poet, Byron, truly painted their down-fall.

"Yes; self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway."

Home was never well civilized, no more than Greece. I lived in the palmy days of her greatness, and often came in contact with her learned men, and I can assure you that their morality was low."

"What would you call true civilization," I asked. He shook his head and replied:

"Honesty may broadly be said to be the corner-stone of all true civilization, and not learning at all. Men may be great poets, statesmen, and orators, and yet be the very worst of men. How often has the tongue and the pen, like the sword, led nations to destruction? Try and count up the good and evil they have done, and you will find the evil far surpasses the good. There was slavery in Greece, slavery in Rome, and you have also much slavery now. The slavery in the olden time was chiefly in the open air, but now it is in the mill, the factory, and the mine, and in many respects yours is the worst of the two. In your case the taskmaster has the poor slave more in his power than we had. Slavery in the country has never been so hard as slavery in the cities and towns. In the cities and towns men and women are more closely huddled together, living from hand to mouth under the eye always of the oppressor, surrounded by soldiers and police ready to shoot them down if they refuse to obey their masters. All your land is in a few hands, as well as all the property and capital of the nation, and what can your Free Libraries and your so-called Free Press do against all this? When the factory whistles are blown in the morning you have often to run through frost and snow to your work. We had not to do this in Rome. The whip of starvation flogs you in, and you cannot stay its scourge; when you are old you have only charity to fall back upon; and this is all your boasted civilisation can do for you."

"Could not the government," I said to him, "do much to make this state of things better?"

"Very little," he replied, "a government may do much evil to a country, but alas, it can do very little good. Are you weak enough to suppose that the subsidies a government gives come from the pockets of the government? Not one penny of it. The money is all your

own, and that so-called free education grants, and the police grant, and the like, are just the flood-gates of corruption opened upon you to drown you all the sooner.”

The old Roman now looked towards the west where the moon was just beginning to set.

“All nations,” he said, “have had their rise and fall; the life of some of them has been far longer than the life of others, but fate has pronounced the sentence of death upon them all. Look on yon setting moon how she goes down and down until she sinks altogether out of sight, but she will rise again in all her glory; but a nation that goes down rises no more for ever. Some of the nations have been better than others, but none altogether good. I intended to speak to you about your literature, your pulpit, and your press, and some other things, but the night is getting late, and time presses. I will perhaps see you again soon.”

He gave a gentle wave of his hand, and the next minute I was left standing alone on the crest of the hill. I took my way to the old town in the valley, pondering deeply on all I had seen and heard.

You can get to these at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/newspapers/caledonia>

British Artisan Expedition to America

Equipped and sent out by and at the expense of the Dundee Courier and Dundee Weekly News Newspapers.

We're now onto Part II of this publication...

Added this week the Final Report.

You can read this chapter and the rest of the book at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/america/expedition.htm>

Christina's Column

Got in her column for 5th June 2013 which you can read at:

<http://www.electricscotland.com/history/mckelvie/130605.htm>

Her other columns can be read at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/mckelvie/index.htm>

Tasmina's column

Got in her column for 3rd June 2013, Playing by the Rules

You can read this weeks issue at <http://www.electricscotland.com/lifestyle/tasmina/130603.htm>

The rest of her columns can be read at <http://www.electricscotland.com/lifestyle/tasmina>

Scottish Stories for Young Readers

Having discovered from our stats that we have a lot of young readers coming to the site to read our many children's stories I decided to publish some old children's stories which are also very readable for adults as well.

Now made a start on the book Scottish Stories from the Treasure Chest in which the third story is about Janet Smith and Nannie Nivison which can be read at:

http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/stories/smith_navison.htm

You can get to the other stories in this section at <http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/stories/>

The Life of Robert Napier of West Shandon

Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; Knight Commander of the Order of Dannebrog; President of the Mechanical Engineers by James Napier, M.A., F.R.S.E.

Have now completed this book and in the final chapter "An Inspiring Memory" it starts...

“Show me the man who made all this, for he must be worth knowing.”

Robert Napier had a wonderful career, and was certainly the architect of his own fortune. Born in Dumbarton of humble honest parents, he started life as a blacksmith, with no advantages, and by his diligence, integrity, and enterprise he became the most prominent business man in the West of Scotland.

When steam navigation was in its infancy, he grasped the situation and saw its possibilities. The narrow and shallow Clyde was by no

means the natural home of marine engineering, and the difficulties to obtain its recognition as such were enormous. By superlatively good work he overcame the prejudices against Scottish contractors, and through his efforts Glasgow became the centre of the shipbuilding of the world.

With the successful inception of the Cunard Company he attained to a pinnacle of greatness, and this position he succeeded in maintaining till his death.

You can read this final chapter at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/napier/chapter15.htm>

The other chapters can be read at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/napier/index.htm>

A History of the Parish of Neilston
By David Pride (1910)

I'm now up to chapter 17 of this book and here is a bit from chapter 14...

By the kindness of Colonel Mure, the present laird of Caldwell, the writer is privileged to grace his pages with an Essay—reproduced from the Caldwell Papers, written by Miss Elizabeth Mure, sister of Baron Mure, a lady of decided literary taste and accomplishment, who for many years took a deep interest in the people generally on the western border of Neilston parish, where she resided, and the tenantry there and in the adjoining parishes of Dunlop and Beith, when the management of the estate of Caldwell was' mostly in her hands during the minority of the then heir. This lady died at Caldwell in 1795, at the age of eighty-one, and the essay, which covers a number of years following the accession of William III. to the throne of England, may apply more particularly to the earlier years of her life.

Spelling and grammatical construction have undergone some change since the paper was written, but there can be no difficulty in this respect in understanding and enjoying the beauty of the composition.

SOME REMARKS ON THE CHANGE OF MANNERS IN MY OWN TIME, 1700-1790.

Being Article xciv., Part First, of " Caldwell Papers."

Had we a particular account of the manners of our country, and of the changes that has taken place from time to time since the reign of William IIIrd, no history could be more entertaining; but those changes has been so little marked, that what knowledge we have of them we owe it more to the essay writers in Queen Anne's time than to any of our historians. Addison, Pope, Swift, lairns us the manners of the times they wrote in. Since that period the information we have had from our parents, and our own observation, may instruct us. It were to be wished that some good author would make his observations on this subject during his own life, which, if carried down would contain both useful and entertaining knowledge.

Nobody that has lived any time in the world but must have made remarks of this kind, tho' it's only the men of genius that can make the proper use of them, by representing the good or ill consequences the changes may have on society. Those I have lived myself to see I wish to remember and mark for my own use. I'm sensible that in order to make those remarks properly, its necessary one should have been more in the world than I was during the times I write off', as the manners in the chief towns would be something different from those in the country ; but as our fashons are brought from the Metropolis, the people of fashon in the country cannot be far behind.

Mv observation cannot go much farther back than the 30, which period I reckon verged on the age of my Grandfather, who was one of those born betwixt the 60 and 70 in last centory, many of whom remained beyond the time above mentioned. Their manners was peculiar to themselves, as some part of the old feudal system still remained. Every master was revered by his family, honour'd by his tenants, and awful to his domestics. His hours of eating, sleeping and amusement, were carefully attended to by all his family, and by all his guests. Even his hours of devotion was mark'd, that nothing might interrupt him. He kept Ins own sete by the fire or at table, with his hat on his head; and often particular dishes served up for himself, that nobody else shared off. Their children approach'd them with awe, and never spokk with any degree of freedom before them. The cousequeuce of this was that except at meals they were never together; tho' the reverance they had for their parents taught them obedience, modisty, temperance. Nobody helped themselves at table, nor was it the fashion to cat up what was put on the plate. So that the mistress of the family might give you a ful or not as she pleased; from whence came in the fashion of pressing the guests to eat so far as to be disagreeable.

The rest if this chapter can be read at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/neilston/chapter14.htm>

I might add that I also added a pdf of the two volumes of the Caldwell Papers to the bottom of this chapter should you be interested in reading them.

You can get to the other chapters at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/neilston/index.htm>

Andrew Lang, writer and journalist.
We are starting a profile on him and some of his works.

Have added more stories from his book on "A Batch of Golfing Papers"...

Dr. Johnson on the Links
By Andrew Lang
Concerning the Caddies of St. Andrews
By R. Whyte Gibson

You can get to this page and the stories at <http://www.electricscotland.com/poetry/lang/>

Thomas Dykes
(1850, Dundonald, Ayrshire - 1916, London, England) Journalist and Author

This week we added to his book "All Round Sport with Fish, Fur and Feather"...

The Puddleton and Ground v The Cotton Spinners
Wild Duck Shooting on the Border

You can read these at http://www.electricscotland.com/history/other/dykes_thomas.htm

History of West Calder
Compiled from various sources of information by a Native (1885)

A new book we're starting.

INTRODUCTION

In introducing this history in a permanent form to the people of West Calder, the author trusts that they will pardon any mistakes or omissions inadvertently made, either by himself or the publisher, seeing it is our first venture in writing and publishing. At the earnest solicitation of a number of esteemed friends, we have ventured to print 200 copies, fixing the price as low as possible to ensure an immediate sale.

It having been remarked that Chapter 26 closes this history rather abruptly, it may be as well to state that this was simply owing to the exhaustion of the material at hand. Besides, the writer is more interested in the West Calder of the past than the West Calder of today, seeing it has fallen to his lot to preserve some records that would otherwise have been lost for ever; whereas, in regard to current events, the recording angels, if I may so call them, are busy at work in their various spheres, taking notes, principal amongst whom is Mr Thomas Thomson, who occupies the responsible offices of Inspector of Poor, Clerk of the Parochial Board, and Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages. Therefore, in these and many other respects, that it is needless to refer to here, the current history of West Calder is in safe keeping; and, while I have neither sought to flatter nor offend, I have endeavoured to present the history and traditions of West Calder in a popular and readable light, and while perfectly aware, as has been publicly suggested, that the history of such an important place might "go on for ever," surely one, situated as I am, might be permitted a little rest before that period arrives. But, if these Chapters, (the first seven of which appeared in the Hamilton Advertiser in the year 1883, and the whole of them in the West Calder Reporter of 1885), have only created a desire for more instead of supplying a felt want, then all I can meantime say, in medical and clerical parlance is, 'repeat the dose', by purchasing and re-reading them, as there are worse things than could kail het again.

The history is certainly larger than at first anticipated, and if any institution or interest has been omitted the blame is not mine, as a meeting, duly advertised, was held in the Masons Lodge, on the evening of Friday, 22nd May 1885, for the express purpose of receiving information, when a number of gentlemen attended, and what they reported has been duly recorded. To the Editors of the Hamilton Advertiser and the West Calder Reporter, I am indebted for their courtesy and kindness. And to those who voluntarily aided me in compiling this book, my heartiest thanks are due, assuring them that the old friendships thereby revived, and the new ones formed, will remain a permanent pleasure, while they share the honour of having brought West Calder to the front historically.

You can read this book at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/westcalder/index.htm>

The Tartan Herald
Got in the May 2013 edition of the Scottish Tartans Authority newsletter.

You can read this issue at <http://www.electricscotland.com/tartans/newsletter/index.htm>

My Man Sandy
By J. B. Salmond (sixth edition)

These sketches are taken from a series written originally for newspaper purposes. Revision of them has made their author keenly conscious of their defects; but Bawbie and Sandy are characters who might be completely spoiled by improvement. The sketches are therefore presented as they were hastily "rubbed-in" for serial publication.

The "foo," "far," "fat," and "fan" of the Angus dialect have been changed into the more classic "hoo," "whaur," and otherwise the sketches remain in the form in which they have gained quite an unexpected popularity amongst Scottish readers both at home and abroad.

This book being in its sixth edition was obviously very popular with readers but may be a bit challenging for some readers as it's in the Scots or Dorric language. We've made this available as a text file and it can be read at <http://www.electricscotland.com/history/mymansandy.txt>

The Scottish Staple in the Netherlands

An Account of the Trade Relations between Scotland and the Low Countries from 1292 till 1676 with a Calendar of Illustrative Documents by Matthijs P. Roosebroom.

I already had a review of this book on the site but have now managed to find a copy of it for you to read. You can get to this at: http://www.electricscotland.com/history/netherlands/scottish_staple.htm

And finally...

TO ALL THE KIDS WHO SURVIVED THE 1930's, 40's, 50's, 60's and 70's!!

First, we survived being born to mothers who took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a can and didn't get tested for diabetes.

Then after that trauma, we were put to sleep on our tummies in baby cribs covered with bright colored lead-base paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, locks on doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had baseball caps not helmets on our heads.

As infants & children,

We would ride in cars with no children's seats, no booster seats, no seat belts, no air bags, bald tires and sometimes no brakes.

Riding in the back of a pick-up truck on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle.

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and no one actually died from this.

We ate cupcakes, white bread, real butter and bacon.

We drank Kool-Aid made with real white sugar.

And, we weren't overweight.

WHY?

Because we were always outside playing....that's why!

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day. And, we were O.K.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride them down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

We did not have Playstations, Nintendo's and X-boxes. There were no video games, no 150 channels on cable, no video movies or

DVD's, no surround-sound or CD's, no cell phones, no personal computers, no Internet and no chat rooms.

WE HAD FRIENDS and we went outside and found them!

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits from these accidents.

We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever.

We were given BB guns for our 10th birthdays, made up games with sticks and tennis balls and, although we were told it would happen, we did not put out very many eyes.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just walked in and talked to them.

Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment.

Imagine that!!

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law!

These generations have produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever.

The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all.

If YOU are one of them?

CONGRATULATIONS!

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated so much of our lives for our own good.

While you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how brave and lucky their parents were.

And that's it for now and hope you all have a great Weekend

Alastair