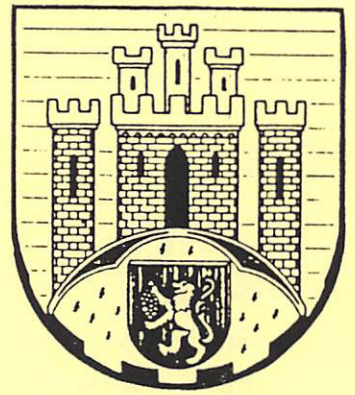


Banbury



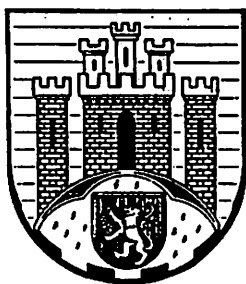
Hennef

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## Vereinschronik 1991-1994

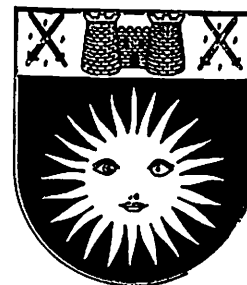
Verein für Europäische Städte-Partnerschaft Hennef e. V.





*Städtepartnerschaft*

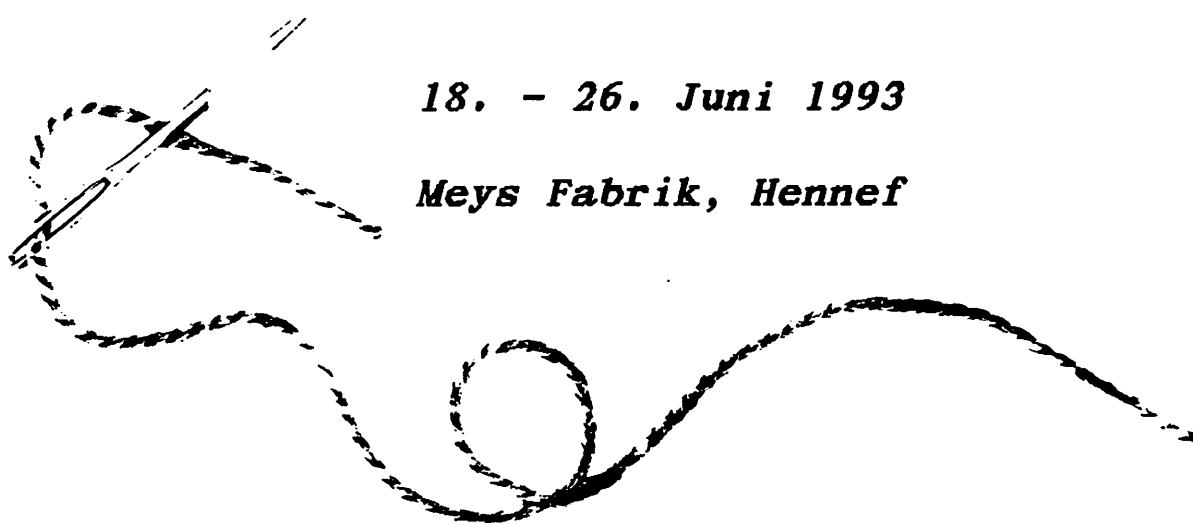
*Hennef - Banbury*



## **Stickerei - Ausstellung**

*18. - 26. Juni 1993*

*Meys Fabrik, Hennef*



*Embroiderers Group of Banbury*

*Arbeiten mit Nadel und Faden aus Hennef*

*Eröffnung: Fr 18. Juni 16.<sup>00</sup> Uhr*

*Öffnungszeiten: Mo - Sa 10.<sup>00</sup> bis 18.<sup>00</sup> Uhr*

*Demonstration von Sticken und Klöppeln  
am Eröffnungstag, Samstags und Mittwochs*



**Städtepartnerschaft**  
**Hennef - Banbury**



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**Wir laden Sie ganz herzlich ein,  
unsere Ausstellung zu besuchen.**

**Wie schon mehrfach zuvor, zeigen  
wir auch in diesem Jahr wieder  
Stickarbeiten aus unserer  
Partnerstadt Banbury und aus  
Hennef.**

**Erstmals können Sie in diesem  
Rahmen auch Arbeiten von  
Hennefer Schülern verschiedener  
Altersstufen begutachten.**

**In gewohnter Weise bemühen wir  
uns, Ihnen einen Querschnitt von  
Nadellarbeiten aus den  
verschiedensten Bereichen  
vorzustellen.**

**Wir freuen uns auf Ihren Besuch**

**Verein für Europäische  
Städtepartnerschaft Hennef e.V.**



Verein für Europäische Städte-Partnerschaft Hennef e.V.

# Verein für Europäische Städte-Partnerschaft Hennef e.V.

Hennef, 23. 2. 93

An die Hennefer Stick - Fans.

Nach der so erfolgreichen Stickereiausstellung der beiden Partnerstädte Hennef und Banbury im Jahre 1991, möchten wir auch im Juni 1993 wieder eine solche Ausstellung durchführen.

Die Kontakte zwischen Interessenten in beiden Städten erfuhren 1992 durch einen gemeinsamen Workshop in Banbury einen nicht unerheblichen Aufschwung, der weiter gefestigt werden soll.

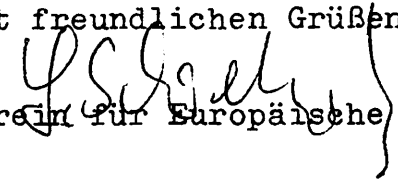
Unsere Freunde von der Embroiderers Group Banbury haben uns aufgefordert, eine kleine Auswahl an Arbeiten aus Hennef für ihre Ausstellung im Mai 93 zur Verfügung zu stellen. Hier in Hennef wollen wir dann im Juni 93, auch wieder mit Beiträgen aus Banbury, einen möglichst breit gefächerten Überblick über die Tätigkeit in diesem textilen Bereich vermitteln.

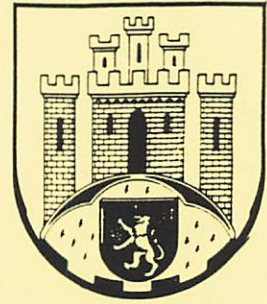
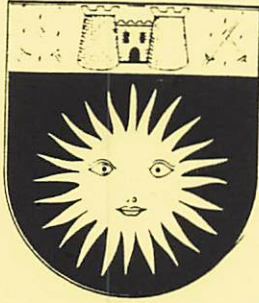
Wir bitten Sie deshalb, sich mit von Ihnen gefertigten Arbeiten an der Ausstellung zu beteiligen.

Aus technischen Gründen bitten wir Sie, Ihre Anmeldung möglichst frühzeitig an uns zu senden.

Für weitere Informationen wenden Sie sich bitte an Gudrun Schwellenbach, Tel Hennef 6262.

Anbei finden Sie ein Formblatt mit Einzelheiten zur Anmeldung. Wir freuen uns schon jetzt auf Ihren Kontakt und verbleiben mit freundlichen Grüßen

  
Verein für Europäische Städte - Partnerschaften Hennef e.V.



HENNEF TWINNING  
ASSOCIATION



*BURNS NIGHT*

Bürgerhaus Hennef - Allner

SATURDAY 29 JANUARY 1994

Chairman: Mr. Matthias Schwellenbach

Honorary Piper: Mr. Norbert Müller





TO A HAGGIS

Rtn Jim Field

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,  
 Great chieftain o' the pudin'-race!  
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
 Painch, tripe, or thairm:  
 Weel are ye wordy of a grace  
 As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,  
 Your pin wad help to mend a mill  
 in time o' need,  
 While thro' your pores the dews distil  
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,  
 An' cut you up wi' ready slight,  
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright  
 Like ony ditch;  
 And then, O what a glorious sight,  
 Warm-reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,  
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,  
 'Till all their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve  
 Are bent like drums;  
 Then auld guidman maist like to rive,  
 'Bethankit!' hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout  
 Or olio that wad staw a sow,  
 Or fricassee wad mak her spew  
 Wi' perfect sconner  
 Looks down wi' sneering scornfu' view  
 On sic a dinner?

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed  
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,  
 He'll mak it whistle;  
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned  
 Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,  
 And dish them out their bill a' fare,  
 Auld Scotland wants nae shinking ware

That jaups in luggies;  
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,  
 Gie her a Haggis!

Sinngemäße Übersetzung:

Sie haben ein schönes Gesicht  
 - Sie König der "Pudding"-Rasse  
 Sie sind besser als alle anderen  
 - auch Bauchfleisch, Kutteln, Eingeweide  
 Sie haben ein Tischgebet verdient  
 das so lang wie mein Arm ist.

Beschreibung (genüßlich) wie der Haggis  
 da in dem Teller liegt.

Beschreibung wie der Haggis geschnitten wird  
 und wie er appetitlich auseinanderfällt.

Beschreibung wie der Haggis aufgegessen wird - bis  
 die Bäuche wie Trommeln vergrößert werden -  
 und der Ehemann zufrieden summt.

Der Haggis ist viel besser als das französische  
 oder italienische Essen.

Aber solche Leute, die z.B. Frikassée  
 Ragout gern essen  
 würden über den Haggis spötteln.

Diese Leute sind zu bedauern - das Essen,  
 das sie zu sich nehmen, reicht nicht,  
 um die Kraft zu geben für richtige Arbeit.

Aber der Bauer/Landarbeiter, der Haggis isst!!!  
 - davon bekommt er seine Kraft.

Die Mächtigen, die den Leuten etwas zu Essen geben,  
 sollten wissen, daß Schottland etwas Deftiges zum  
 Essen haben will. Wenn diese Mächtigen ein dank-  
 bares Gebet haben wollen, sollen sie Schottland  
 den Haggis geben!

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

Rtn Jim Field

There's haggis in Nairobi this weekend, haggis in Monte Carlo  
 and haggis in New York. In Odessa (or other places) where they  
 cannot afford such luxury, they will be eating Bashed Neeps and  
 Champit Tatties instead.

No matter. On this weekend it's the celebration that matters and  
 on every continent there are meetings large and small to toast  
 the "Immortal Memories".

If you multiply the number of clubs by the number of years past,  
 there have been many hundreds of thousands of "Immortal Memories".

Shakespeare, Dante, Homer, Keats, Wordsworth - even Goethe - they  
 have never achieved this fame. Burns fame is celebrated annually  
 all over the world this evening more than any other poet or writer.

I come from a unique country blessed for its beauty and its people; a country that's proud of its history and deeds and is not afraid to record in poetry and song its victories and disasters in such a way, that to many a true Scot, the tears come to the eye and a feeling in the heart cries "TRUE" and "WHA'S LIKE US".

BUT why should such a man as Robert Burns be honoured in this unique way?

HE didn't make a fortune and give it to the nation.

HE didn't build large structures that men could look at in awe and wonder.

HE didn't hold high office in any part of Scotland's social or political life.

WHAT is it in this man that can bring together men (and women) from all parts of society and in that gathering, shape a unique bond of brotherhood.

I BELIEVE that in the life and writing of Robert Burns we can all find a poem or song to take to our heart, something that makes us think, whether it is humorous, patriotic or about our loved ones.

HERE was a man who loved the company of his fellow men, a man who could get very "Fu", chat-up the lassies, discuss "current affairs" very seriously at the "Bachelors Club", do hard physical work, and YET this same man could become very distressed about ploughing up the home of a field mouse.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, this man felt passionately as we do, about RESPECT OF FREEDOM, LOVE OF HIS FELLOW MAN, A LOVE OF THE LASSES, LOVE OF THE COUNTRY AND OF NATURE IN ALL HER SEASONS.

Then            Let us pray that come it May -  
                  As come it will for a' that  
                  That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
                  May bear the gree an' a' that,  
                  For a' that an' a' that,  
                  It's coming yet for a' that,  
                  That man to man the world o'er  
                  Shall brothers be for a' that.

Like all Scotsmen, I am a sentimentalist at heart and when I lived in Scotland I visited places that Burns wrote about and my mother taught me a love of his songs and poems.

Let us not be too sentimental about country life in Scotland in the mid 18th Century. Today in Ayrshire, we see good farms



bonny villages and towns that manufacture everything including Whisky. There are good roads and an attractive landscape and all is efficient.

Not so at the time of BURNS. After the 1745 rebellion the nation was impoverished. The farms were not drained, and flooding spoiled the crops. Good agriculture was impossible.

Housing was primitive, sanitation was crude. Disease and poor health killed young and old folk. Light and warmth were essential but limited by wealth.

Beggars roamed the countryside and the speed of life was the speed of a plough horse. The whole of ones life occupied a square of ten miles.

Such a dismal and dreary scene, but on 25th January 1759 Scotland was blessed with the birth of Robert Burns in a cottage built by his father in the village of Alloway, Ayrshire.

His father had come from the north to improve his life, like my grandfather did. He came to the same country to be a farmer, also like my grandfather.

Robert Burns was the oldest of seven children but although he was a ploughboy his father encouraged his education. He was a good scholar and at 11 he was proficient in English, Arithmetic, History of the Bible, Geography, Astronomy and Natural History.

By 14 he could read French

By 15 he fell in love for the first time

At 16 he was studying all the songs he could

At 17 he was taught surveying and attended a country dancing school - to improve his manners!

He lived life to the full and at 21 joined the Tarbolton "Bachelors Club". For the next two years it was VIVE L'AMOUR ET VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

With a little luck he could have become a prosperous farmer with a wife and family. But, life is not like that. It was Robert Burns destiny to work hard, for long hours from an early age. His health suffered from back breaking physical work and he saw the sad decline of his father and his brother John's death at 16.

And yet, within this man was a spirit which absorbed all these fears and he rose above them all with a quill pen, a penny candle

and pure genius. His poems and songs (he wrote over 300) much loved by the common folk of Scotland, have been translated into many languages.

My Memory is bad, so I cannot recite the 32 verse poem he once wrote to his member of Parliament at the House of Commons about the tax on Whisky.

My singing voice could empty this hall quicker than the fire bell, so I will not sing you one of his songs. His best known songs are "My luv is like a red, red rose" and "Auld lang syne".

It is normal for speakers to associate their profession to the "Immortal Memory". I was trained as a Marine Engineer, but there were few of those in Burns time. I work in a hospital now and that associates with a care for those less fortunate than me. I also am a hobby farmer, so I have the same association with the land, cattle and horses as Burns did.

The ladies are very lucky to be here tonight. In Scotland proper Burns Nights are not attended by women!

Robert Burns had a reputation for being bawdy and some verses he wrote he would not speak in front of the ladies. The delight in sex which Calvinism forced into the background of Scottish life for so long, Burns celebrated in the collection known as "The Merry Muses of Caledonia". It was considered so bawdy it was not published until 1965.

But he loved women and he supported the Rights of Women. I love women also and am delighted that you are all here tonight.

Verses of his poem stir the imagination and make me count my blessings and make me proud to be a fellow Scot.

I will not dwell on his death on 21st July 1796 in Dumfries, my birth town, at the age of 37. Mere words cannot convey the feelings of such a sad loss. 70 years is the present span of life - Burns had only half of this.

When writing an "Immortal Memory" it became clear that it is possible to capture only part of the spirit of the man that was Robert Burns. A spirit that lives on and the proof of that is here in this company

"The Golden Age will then revive  
Each man will be a brother

In Harmony we all shall live  
And share the Earth together".

Mr President etc..... Ladies and Gentlemen.

I ask you to stand and raise your glasses and join me in a toast to:

"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns".

TO THE LASSIES

Rtn Rolf Kaumans

Ladies and gentlemen,

I consider it a great honour to bring a toast to the ladies.

Although I am - as you might easily tell from my accent - neither Scottish nor English - I came across Robert Burns at a fairly early stage of my life. When I studied the English language at Bonn his name was just an entry in the History of English Literature, - which was one of the many misconceptions one absorbs while one is at school. For, when in 1965, I came to Scotland to work there for a year I learned very quickly that you can call Robert Burns anything, but not an English poet.

While I slowly began to understand the Scottish language - and to me, I can tell you, it was a completely new language - I remembered my little book of English verse and for the first time I could read those wonderful poems with appreciation: "Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie..." and "my luve is like a red, red rose."

And as I was of course much younger at that time I could easily sympathize with Burns's admiration for women. I could also sympathize with his notion of appreciating women mostly in the plural - theoretically at least. As far as I know Robert Burns's biography he had very little in common with the regular, decent, hen-pecked husband, although he did marry his beloved Jean Armour. But as a renowned poet he found it easier to praise women in the plural rather than simply to love and marry a woman, - and that was that. But Burns died at the fairly young age of 37. Who dares to say which was cause and which was effect?

But in his spirit I find the "Toast to the Lassies" not only an honourable, but also an extremely pleasant duty.

All men will agree that they will never be able to do without women for any longer period of time.

Most men will agree that without women they will be miserable, helpless and unemployed.

Wise men agree that our economical system breaks down if women do not supply the necessary demand which is indispensable for a functioning economy.

All sensible men do agree that women are the shapeliest creations God has made from such moderate material as the masculine rib.

So why not use Robert Burns' words who has called women simply red roses which are beautiful to look at, beautiful to touch and to smell, and who would be so stupid as to mention the thorns?

So, Laddies,

I ask you to be upstanding with me and drink a toast to the lassies:

TO THE LASSIES!

FRAE THE LASSIES

Mrs. Irene Greig-Amft

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Lassies and Laddies,

in the name of all Lassies present, I would like to thank Rolf Kaufmans and the rest of the Laddies, for all the kind words and compliments given to us this evening. It's nice to know you think so highly of us.

It has also become obvious to you that someone else was also very fond of the Lassies - our honoured Rabbie Burns. In his poems, he made it quite clear what he thought about the Lassies. Quote:

"The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, are spent among the Lassies".

Or: "The wisest man the warl' saw, he dearly loved the lasses"!

And there's absolutely no doubt that the Lassies loved Burns too!!

I've often wondered what was so particularly special about Robert Burns, which made him so popular with the Lassies. Was he the absolutely ideal picture of a Scotsman of his time? Of course, the ideal picture of an 18th century Scotsman is rather difficult to determine at the end of the 20th century. Can we find a few indications today?

A common idea of the typical Scotsman is given by the footballers, who sometimes appear in the German football league or even in the

World Cup. (By the way, a point of information here - Celtic and Rangers are not the only football clubs in Scotland - we do have a few others!). The Scottish footballer - a tough, stocky, aggressive type, fowling wherever and whoever he can!! A typical Scotsman?

Or another idea -

For those who are cinemagoers or cable TV owners - what about the immortal "Highlander"? Isn't that an absolutely wonderful Scotsman?

Or another possibility -

A Scotsman from one of the novels of Rosamunde Pilcher, our modern Scottish best-seller author. Something like this? - The Scotsman - certainly tall (6 feet at least), blonde (wavy?) hair, blue eyes, striding along the heather-clad hills, preferably in the kilt, possibly humming or whistling "Scotland the Brave", his faithful collie dog by his side! And just to complete the picture - somewhere in the distance a piper, droning on his bagpipes from some picturesque castle rampart!

Well, I'm afraid our Rabbie couldn't match up to this competition! Maybe the only similarity is the dog!

From the picture on the wall here, you'll see that Burns had rather a nice face - but is it "masculine"? He had a swarthy complexion, dark eyes, straight lanky hair. He was only 5 feet 9 inches tall would have been dressed in "hodden grey" (a coarse woollen cloth) and although he maintains in "The Cotters' Saturday Night" that "the cottage leaves the palace far behind", his cottage was a clay built, two-roomed hut, whose walls tended to fall down in a storm.

The ideal picture of a much sought-after Scotsman?

To get to the point!! There must be a moral here for the Laddies! Correct! Laddies, it doesn't matter what you look like - tall/short, dark/fair or if you're rich or poor! We Lassies love you all the same!

However, I think we cannot deny that the times are changing. The times are getting more difficult for you Laddies. Emancipation is rearing it's ugly head!! I'm quite convinced that all Laddies are looking for the type of Lassie who will stay at home, look after the children, cook their meals and even wash their socks for them.



But Laddies, Laddies, the Lassies are not so willing to do this anymore. In Germany, at the moment, 1/3 of the households are single households.

I am in fact quite pleased that my toast is not only "To the Laddies" but "Frae the Lassies". - I may thus be allowed to give a word of advice to the Laddies. May I suggest asking the advice of Rabbie Burns? How did he manage to persuade a Lassie to love and cherish him for his lifetime?

Allright, Lassies, you may quite rightly say that's a different story. It was easier for Burns to get a Lassie in those days. Then the only possible occupation for a Lassie was to find a Laddie, look after the bairns, keep the house clean (it was after all only a two-roomed cottage), cook his food (it was mostly only porridge - "Chief of Scotia's food" - Haggis was a luxury) and wash his socks - that is if he possessed any socks at all!!

Let's consider it from another point of view! It's a well-known fact that the ploughman poet, Robert Burns, was a very clever far-seeing man. He had some very revolutionary ideas for the mid 18th century, especially about the still-controversial topics religion and politics. (But that's another story which could give us material to write another dozen speeches!)

What is maybe important here is my suggestion that if he could forecast social and religious trends, he might also have been a prophet in terms of Laddie/Lassie relationships. What did he write about the Laddies attitudes to the Lassies?

The most beautiful love poem written in the Scottish language (and we Scots would say the most beautiful love poem of all times) is Burns' "Oh wert thou in the cauld blast" - literally, "If you were exposed to the cold wind", and it goes on - "I'll shelter thee, I'll shelter thee" (I would protect you). Further - "if you had misfortune, I wald help you: the desert is a paradise so long as you are there; as monarch of the globe, you, my queen wald still be the brightest jewel in my crown".

It stirs a Scottish Lassies' heart! Or maybe not only a Scottish one! Laddies, this doesn't mean to say you've all to go rushing away to learn the guitar and sing lyrics under our windows to get our de-



votion! It's the sentiment that counts - "I'll shelter thee, I'll shelter thee"!.

I'm convinced I'm talking for all Scottish/English/German Lassies when I suggest - we don't need a rich, handsome, 6foot Highlander, or a castle - or even a Haggis everyday! But we do need love, tenderness, faithfulness, honesty. Give us these, and we'll maybe even be prepared to wash your socks till the end of our days.

Here, in exile, in my second home in Germany, I'm reminded that it's the fifth season in the Rhineland calendar. I'm tempted to give the following toast: -

Laddies alaaf!

Laddies alaaf!

Laddies alaaf!

But as it doesn't really fit into a Burns' Night, here's an old Scottish toast: -

Laddies - there's tae ye! Wha's like ye? (A toast to you Laddies - There's nobody really like you).

Lassies! I ask you to be upstanding with me and drink a toast to the Laddies.

THE LADDIES!



HENNEF TWINNING  
ASSOCIATION



*BURNS NIGHT*

Bürgerhaus Hennef - Allner

SATURDAY 29 JANUARY 1994

Chairman: Mr. Matthias Schwellenbach

Honorary Piper: Mr. Norbert Müller



# BILL O' HALESOME FARIN'

*"Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some would eat that want it,  
But we hae meat and we can eat,  
Sae let the Lord be thankit"*

The Chairman

## HET KAIL

*Cock - o - Leekie*  
Schottische Suppe

## RAREBIT

*Haggis, wi Boshed Neeps an Champit Tatties*  
Haggis mit Steckrüben- und Kartoffelbrei

## HET JOINT

*Roastid Beef with potatoes and vegetables*  
Roastbeef mit Kartoffeln und Gemüse

## ITHER - ORRA EATTOCKS

*Scots Trifle*  
Nachtisch

*Coffee*

*"O Lord since we have feasted thus,  
which we so little merit,  
Let Meg noo tak awa the flesh,  
And Jock bring in the Spirit"*

Rtn Manfred Stöber

# THE NICHT'S ONGAUNS

Master of Ceremonies                      Rtn M. Schwellenbach

"TO A HAGGIS"                                      Rtn Jim Field

"THE IMMORTAL MEMORY"                      Rtn Jim Field

*"Let Kings and courtiers rise and fa',  
This world has mony turns,  
But brightly beams aboon them a',  
The star o' Rabbie Burns".*

"TO THE LASSIES"                                      Rtn Rolf Kaumans

*"There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
In every hour that passes O:  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent amang the Lassies, O."*

"FRAE THE LASSIES"                      Mrs Irene Greig-Amft

*"A bonny lass I will confess  
is pleasant to the e'e"*

"MAIR ONGAUNS"

Music      Singing      Dancing

"AULD LANG SYNE"



## Musicians:

Anne Inns	Piano
Alice Palmer	Clarinet
Hazel Rafter	Violin
Eddie James	Double Bass
Geoffrey Kent	Violin

## Singer:

Gareth Jeremy

## Dancer:

Anita Hall

## Auld Lang Syne:

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never  
brought to mind?*

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of  
auld lang syne?*

*For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,  
we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang  
syne.*