

Tully Archive: LeHand Papers

Franklin D. Roosevelt Library & Museum

Collection: Grace Tully Archive

Series: Marguerite ("Missy") LeHand Papers

Box 10; Folder = Correspondence: M-O

Correspondence: M-O

Scottish Character Stories

I REMEMBER hearing the late Sir David Paulin, at the time of the Church crisis, speaking in the U.F. Church Assembly in favour of an understanding with the body called "The Wee Frees."

"I am sure," he said, "that we could meet our brothers of the minority and arrange some amicable plan or adjustment. I came down from the North with a number of ministers and elders, and at Perth we went into the railway refreshment room and had some whiskies and sodas."

For a moment the United Free Church Assembly gasped, but his rejoinder soothed their feelings. He said, "They had the whisky, I had the soda."

I think one of the most delightful compliments that anyone could ever have paid was paid by the late Lord Rosebery to a friend of mine. My friend was on *The Scotsman* reporting staff and often reported Lord Rosebery when he was speaking on important occasions. He was also a very fine singer, and at one banquet where Lord Rosebery was the chief guest, my friend sang a few Scottish songs.

When he had finished, Lord Rosebery passed over to him his menu card, on the back of which was written, "I hope you have always had as much pleasure in listening to me as I to-night have had in listening to you."

I used often to see Earl Haig in Princes Street, and nothing is more characteristic of him, although it is probably apocryphal, than this well-known story. A man who had served in the War was walking along Princes Street when Haig was coming along, smiling charmingly as usual. The ex-soldier was encouraged to say to him, "Your face is familiar, sir, I seem to have met you before." Haig's answer was, "That is quite possible; my name is Haig."

★ ★ ★

It may be said that no place carries so well the Scottish flavour as the Parliament House in Edinburgh, where, even yet, may be heard the quaint Scottish doric when stories are being bandied about.

One of the men who carried the Scottish stamp with great success was the late Lord Sands. I remember asking him whether the following story was true. It was said that when he was speaking before Lord Kingsburgh, Mr Christopher Johnston, as he then was, was going a great deal into

The Lord Justice-Clerk said to him, "Mr Johnston, you must give the Judges on this Court the credit of knowing something about Scottish Law." The reply was, "That is just the mistake I made in the Outer House, and I am not repeating it here."

Lord Sands said that he had no recollection of that, although it seemed to have remained in the memory of the narrator, "But," he said, "I remember infuriating Lord Dunedin on one occasion. I was speaking before him and giving my definitions of the Law of Scotland on a certain point, and Lord Dunedin thanked me and said that was quite a new bit of knowledge to him."

"Later in the case I put forward the fact that my client was ignorant of a certain part of the Law, and Lord Dunedin rapped out, 'You know, Mr Johnston, that that is no excuse. All men are supposed to know the Law of Scotland.' 'Yes, my Lord,' I said, 'but can you blame my client when you didn't know it yourself?'"

Sheriff Guy was once trying an offender, and the Prosecutor said, "There are two distinct breaches of the law here, my Lord."

"A pair of breaches, in fact!" snapped Sheriff Guy.

★ ★ ★

The other branch of the legal profession gives one ample scope for stories, in many cases, of course, stories that are not meant to flatter the gentlemen of the law.

In one of Joseph Laing Waugh's books one man said, 'I'm no' a lawyer. I'm just a plain, decent, honest man.'

Mr John James Cowan told some good stories in a book he published. One of the best of these deals with this opinion of the legal profession. When Cowan was driving home one night in a tramway car a labouring man who had been imbibing came on at Haymarket. Shortly afterwards a pompous gentleman with a tile hat also entered.

This fact immediately aroused the interest of the labourer, and with a hiccup he said, "Are you a lawyer?" "No, I am not a lawyer," "It's a good job. I was goin' to ca' you a damn scoundrel."

Punch had a contributor, who is now dead, Mr Townsend, who really understood Scottish humour. I remember during the last war Mr Townsend had a cartoon show-

sheet of which he had written. An Englishman, a funny reply was we're no I once contribut "Chariva living ou he had Scotswo

Scotland playground island, an round Sec a tremen amongst t tributed b It was d day with angler wh the gillie evening, w The Eng not a dry, reply was, throat."

On one Andrews, B told this st wanted to p as there w not get him fisherman The Ame and after r the caddie, what do you think is wrong?" "Weel," said the caddie, "I dinna ken much about golf. I ken mair about flukes and haddies. But I think yer haudin' the thing with the wrang hand."

Mr Forgan, the golf club maker, told me that he once wanted an assistant professional, and one of the old worthies of caddies made application. "No, Davie," said Mr Forgan, "you suffer from the complaint of anno domini." "It's not true," said Davie, "I haven't touched it for six months."

Mr Innes of Learney is descended from an old Scottish family. At an Edinburgh Rotary Club meeting, discussing the Highland tradition, he said, "The King can mak' a duke, but God alone can mak' a Hieland chief."

POCKET CARTOON



"Believe me, my dear Carol, when you really get to know him, you'll like him a lot."

Hitler and Hitlerism have usually ably drags



PATHÉ NEWS
6, RUE FRANCOEUR
PARIS

5 Avril 1935.

WM O'BRIEN
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

Dear Missy:

I received your welcomed note today, together with the coveted signed photo of the President. It was a pleasant surprise and I thank you for going thru for me.....bravisimo....

Getting a letter direct from the White House completely overwhelms the natives here...they don't know yet whether I'm an unofficial observer or just a harmless spy...and I keep them guessing.

The photo is excellent and you can understand our feeling for the President. Perhaps our patriotism is more profound from this distance than those at home who sometimes are inclined to take things for granted. That I shall treasure the picture I need not say. Thanks again.

Was planning to hop the s.s. Normandie on its premier voyage..the "sinking trip"..if it don't go down with all those "Annie Oakleys" aboard it never will... I can not make it, however, for a round trip would be all too short in the U.S. On the other hand Paris is probably the most unique place in the world to be these days as an "observer". Here, events transpire swiftly and no one knows what might flare up from day to day.

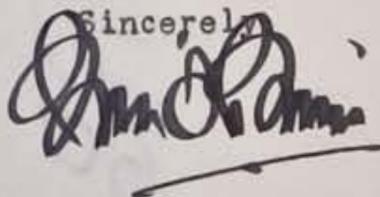
While there is plenty of tension, France, and the average Frenchman is more occupied with interior problems than any long distance threat of war. Thats characteristic of the peasant...he thinks of his "sock" even before his mother-in-law..which is logical enough... and the present economic-financial embroglio concerns him above all. The set-up here, financial-economic and military is so inter-twined ~~xxxx~~ that if one falters it naturally retards the other and thus if one cracks it inevitably drags



drags the others with it. Thus do we closely follow the trend of the exchange and other barometric indications for it is gold and money which temper and govern the thoughts and actions of Frenchmen in crises like this.

That the Stresa "fiesta" will have much weight on the future course is undeniable here; some even saying that if it fails occupation and more drastic action may ensue. In the meantime the average Gaul carries on philosophically in pursuit of liberty, women and wine, and my guess is that if they can have the latter everything will evolve itself satisfactorily and a good time will be had by all....at Stresa.

Et enfin, should there be anything we can do or undue for you over here say the word.

Sincerely,


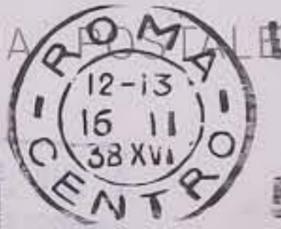
Miss Marguerite LeHand,
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

PS...and say hello to La Tulley.





CARTOLINA



*morning —
This is the way she looked
when I saw him this*

FSA. 16/38.

*Mrs Marguerite Le Hand,
The White House,
Washington D.C.
U. S. A*

Quinn