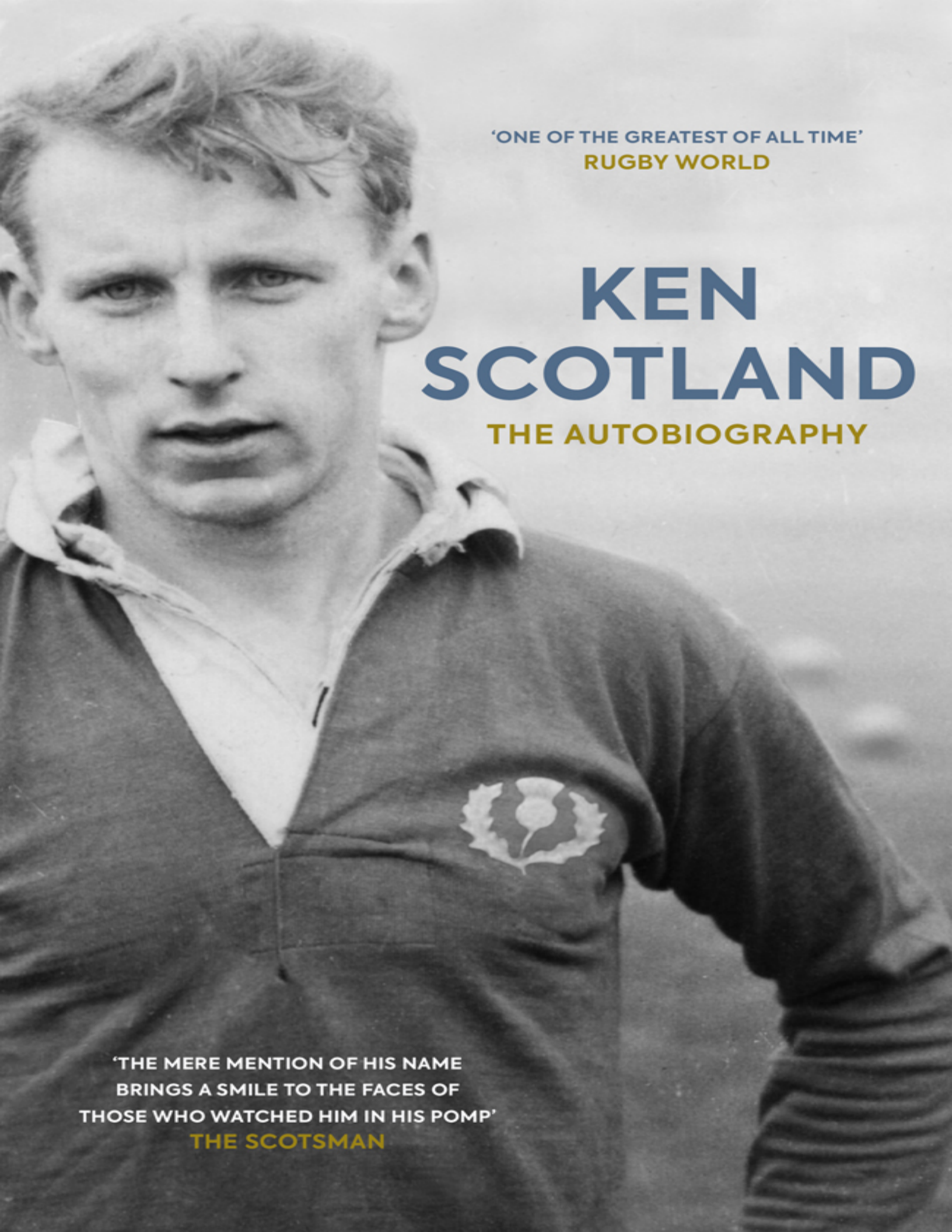


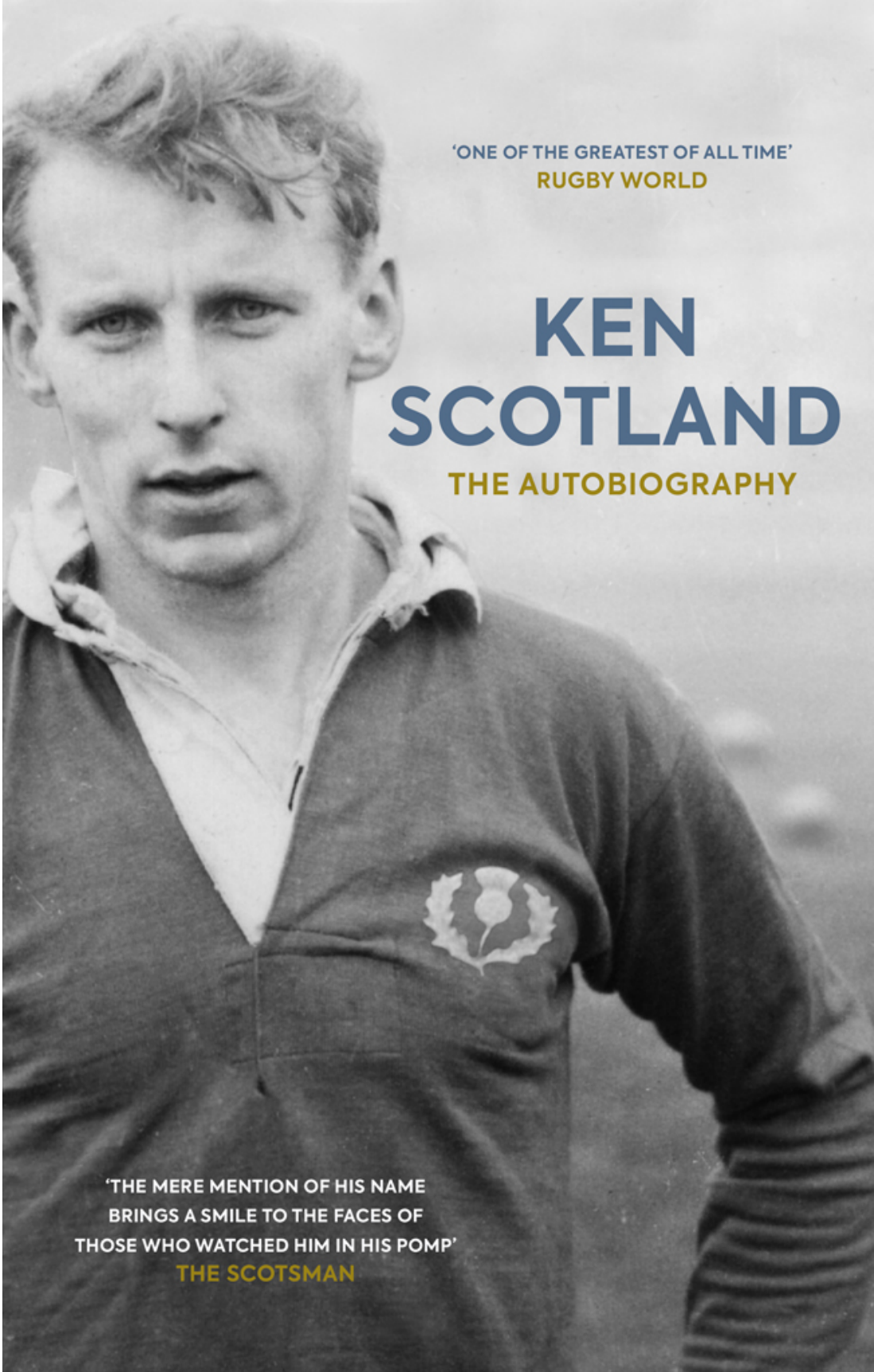
A black and white portrait of a young man, Ken Scotland, looking directly at the camera. He has short, light-colored hair and is wearing a dark V-neck sweater over a light-colored collared shirt. A small, circular emblem featuring a thistle is visible on the left side of his chest. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene.

'ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME'
RUGBY WORLD

KEN SCOTLAND

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

**'THE MERE MENTION OF HIS NAME
BRINGS A SMILE TO THE FACES OF
THOSE WHO WATCHED HIM IN HIS POMP'**
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On parade with the Duke of Edinburgh and some serious top brass.

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1TR Royal Signals with the Army Cup in 1957. There was one Regular Officer in the team with the rest being national servicemen from all over the UK, including Jim Smith from the Royal High School in Edinburgh.

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The 1959 Lions tour party. *Back row:* D Hewitt, MJ Price, PB Jackson, AA Mulligan, HJ Morgan, BGM Wood *Third row:* S Miller, TR Prosser, NH Brophy, GK Smith, A Ashcroft, GH Waddell, TJ Davies *Second row:* WA Mulcahy, J Faull, WR Evans, RWD Marques, RH Williams, AJF O'Reilly, S Coughtrie, NAA Murphy *Seated:* HF McLeod, MC Thomas, AW Wilson (Hon. Manager), AR Dawson (Captain), OB Glasgow (Hon. Secretary), J Butterfield, BV Meredith *In front:* REG Jeeps, JRC Young, KJF Scotland, ABW Risman, MAF English *Insert:* P Horrocks-Taylor, W Patterson

Captaining the Lions against Otago at Carisbrook in Dunedin.

A great picture, but this try against the Maori at Eden Park was disallowed for a so-called 'adjustment', which was then illegal. There was no doubt in my mind that it was a perfectly good try under any interpretation of the laws. A pity in a way because that was the only game on tour when we failed to score a try.

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The Cambridge team that won the 1960 Melrose 7s. *Back row:* Mike Wetson, Cameron Boyle, John Brash, Alan Godson. *In front:* Ronnie Thomson, myself and Gordon Waddell.

Winning the 1960 Middlesex 7s at Twickenham with London Scottish. Iain Laughland is holding the trophy, supported by Jim Shackleton, Robin Marshall, Don Trow, Ian Reid, David Hayburn and myself.

Arthur Smith scores against Wales in 1961 after my pass releases him down the right wing. 'Intuitive genius,' The *Scotsman's* Jack Dunn called it – 'a peach of a pass.'

You can't see me in this shot, but as Dewi Webb races away down the wing in the 1961 clash against Wales, I made one of the best tackles in my career to stop him from scoring in the corner.

Achieving the third (and greatest) of my life aims: marrying Doreen in 1961.

Leicester Tigers, 1961/62. *Back row:* RJ Barr (Hon. Secretary), D Bolesworth (Hon. Team Secretary), JA Allen, G Hopkins, C Shephard, JM Jones, R Rowell, P Riley, BTC Small, DW Bird, G Cherry, RL Bedingfield (President) *Middle row:* MR Walker, MR Wade, JP Horrocks-Taylor, CG Martin (captain), KJF Scotland, F Chawner, G Almey, D Senior *Front row:* DJ Matthews, L Tatham, IM Gibson, HV White, NJ Drake-Lee

Captaining Scotland at Twickenham in 1963. *Back row:* Mr TE Grierson (Touch Judge), DF Blaikie, DM White, BC Henderson, S Coughtrie, MJ Campbell-Lamerton, FH ten Bos, JP Fisher, KI Ross, JB Neill, DMD Rollo Mr DG Walters (Referee) *Front row:* RJC Glasgow, NS Bruce, KJF Scotland, C Elliot, RH Thomson

North Midlands v the All Blacks, January 1964. *Back row:* IC Spence (Gordonians), GP Hill (Gordonians), IC Wood (Gordonians), MGH Gibb (Aberdeen Grammar School FP) *Middle row:* D A Bryce (Dunfermline), AW Sinclair (Perthshire Accies), RJC Glasgow (Dunfermline), AGD Whyte (Gordonians), GP Pashley (Perthshire Accies), JB Steven (Madras College FP) *Front row:* IG McRae (Gordonians), KJF Scotland (Aberdeenshire), BW Brown (St Andrews University), CP Carter (St Andrews University), CC McLeod (Madras College FP). North Midlands 3 New Zealand 15

Captaining Aberdeenshire. *Back row:* M Brewer, A Tucker, G Roberts, A Morgan, J Sutherland *Middle row:* J Drummond, J McMorran, C McMillan, A McLachlan, M Calloway, A Skene, I Robertson, Mr JC Williams *Front row:* B Stephen, D Millar, J Snape, K Scotland, M Reid, A Massie, D Macpherson. I'm wearing the Canterbury jersey I was given after being stretchered off in Christchurch.

Heriot's eight Scotland full backs. *In front:* Andy Irvine and Dan Drysdale. *Standing:* Ian Thomson, Colin Blaikie, Jim Kerr, Tommy Gray, myself and Ian Smith.

The Bottomleys, Jarvis's, McKeatings and Scotlands ready to drive off.

Lions reunion during the 2007 Rugby World Cup in Paris. *Back row:* JRC Young, HT Morris, CC Meredith, RJ Robins, TJ Davies, HF McLeod, MAF English, KJF Scotland, REG Jeeps *Middle row:* F Sykes, BV Meredith, WA Mulcahy, RJ McLaughlin, RWD Marques, NH Brophy, GK Smith, NA

Murphy, AB Risman *Front row:* C Pedlow, J Matthews, BW Williams, JS
McCarthy, AR Dawson, AJF O'Reilly, CI Morgan, J Kyle, WPC Davies, D
Hewitt *Not pictured:* S Millar, B Williams, J Faull

The family gathered in Brodick for our Golden Wedding anniversary.

Golden Wedding family foursome with Iain, Alistair and Robin at Shiskine
Golf Club.

The Norwegian Connection with the ladies in national costume.

I should like to thank Allan Massie and Peter Burns most sincerely for their editorial advice and encouragement.

In memory of my parents who brought me into the world to be part of a favoured generation; to my dear wife, Doreen, who I was lucky to meet at age seventeen and who has been a constant pillar of strength for sixty-six years; to our three boys and their wives, Robin and Hilde, Iain and Deb, Alistair and Siw and to their children and grand-children and future generations of Scotlands.

FOREWORD

‘The past is a foreign country; they do things differently there.’ The opening sentence of L P Hartley’s novel, *The Go-Between*, has become hackneyed, but only because it so often strikes one as true. Certainly, the rugby world which Ken Scotland recalls in his autobiography will seem like a journey through an unknown land to those whose experience is limited to the modern professional game, whether as players or followers. Those who play and follow the amateur club game will find some things familiar, much that isn’t.

It is an unusual as well as fascinating book in other respects also. Unlike many rugby memoirs it hasn’t been ghosted; it is Ken’s words you read, his voice you hear. Then he gives as much attention to his life and career outside the game as he does to rugby itself. His account of childhood in Edinburgh and his education at George Heriot’s paints a picture of a very different Scotland, one in which modesty, good manners and reticence were characteristic virtues. Showing-off and displays of emotion were frowned upon. Any Heriot’s boy who celebrated the scoring of a try in today’s exuberant fashion would have received a sharp reprimand, and probably dropped for the next school match. His was a decorous childhood and youth: family, school, church, games (cricket, tennis and golf as well as rugby) and seaside holidays. Readers old enough to have known the Scotland of the 1940s and 50s will find much to revive nostalgic memories; younger ones much to surprise them, much that may make them envious of the ordered world he grew up in.

It is of course his rugby career that will interest most readers. Since it’s now more than half a century since his playing career ended, few under pensionable

age will remember watching him, and since he is, as I've intimated, a modest man, those who never saw him play won't learn from his own words why he was not only widely and deeply admired but also revered.

Writing an article about him a few years ago, and aware of how memory can gild a picture, I began by asking: 'Can Ken Scotland really have been as good as I remember him being?' It's a fair question to ask about the heroes of our youth. Well, in Ken's case, there is one clear and compelling answer. In 1969 the Irish full-back Tom Kiernan, captain of the 1968 British and Irish Lions in South Africa, was asked on the occasion of his fiftieth cap for Ireland who was the greatest player he had played against. He immediately replied: 'Ken Scotland. It was an honour to be on the same field.'

Ken wasn't an imposing figure. He was slim and pale, 5ft 10in in height and weighing not much over eleven stone. One first heard of him as a schoolboy in a very successful Heriot's XV. He played fly-half there and his partnership with his friend Eddie McKeating at inside centre was spoken of with awe at rival schools. His first international brought him immediate and wider fame. It was in Paris in January 1957. He was selected at full-back, a position he had scarcely played in. Scotland won 6-0; he kicked a penalty and dropped a goal. He had perfect hands, what are sometimes called cricketer's hands, and indeed he was a good club cricketer capped once by Scotland. He kicked equally well with either foot, as few of even the best professionals do now. Indeed, I have often remarked that the only way you could tell which was naturally his stronger foot was that he kicked penalties and conversions right-footed. But, like England's Jonny Wilkinson forty or fifty years later, he was adept at dropping goals with either foot. He was a beautiful passer of the ball; indeed Arthur Smith, the great right-wing three-quarter who captained both Scotland and the Lions, called him the best passer of the ball he played with, this at a time when the ability to pass well was the first thing required of a mid-field back. If Ken wasn't quite the first attacking full-back, the frequency and timing of his incursions into the three-quarter line, usually between the outside centre and wing, set an example which would transform full-back play. Henceforth, the number fifteen was not seen only as the last line of defence.

He was doing his National Service when first capped for Scotland and the chapter on National Service may surprise younger readers, some of whom may

not be aware that for fifteen years after the end of the Second World War young men at the age of eighteen were called up to serve in the Forces for two years. For some, this was a valuable experience, for some a waste of time, for sportsmen a splendid and usually enjoyable opportunity. Ken served in the Royal Corps of Signals, based in Catterick, and played rugby or cricket several times a week. The Signals won the Army Cup in his time and he also played for the Army. The National Service chapter shows just what 'a foreign country' Britain was then.

If there had then been a reward for the 'Breakthrough International Player of the Year' Ken would surely have won it in the 1956/57 season. However, he was brought down to earth with a savage bump. In the autumn of 1957 he went up to Cambridge University and in the Freshman's Trial match played what he says was the worst game of his life. Ken was what in cricket is called a touch player, and when such a player is out of touch he looks all at sea, worse than others with more modest talents. In those days, newspapers like *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph* reported the Freshmen's Trials at Cambridge and Oxford at length, not surprisingly because there were usually several present and future internationalists in the University sides. So Ken's performance was not merely disappointing; it was a very public humiliation. Not surprisingly, it took some time for confidence and form to return. He lost his place in the international team too, and there were some ready to dismiss him as a one-season wonder. So recovery was a test of character. He was back in the Scotland team for the Calcutta Cup when Robin Chisholm dropped out injured, and for the next five seasons held his place unchallenged.

The 1959 British & Irish Lions tour of Australia and New Zealand may be regarded as the peak of his career. The tour was very long. The Lions played thirty-three matches, including six Tests (two in Australia and four in New Zealand). They played exhilarating rugby and it was the only time in Ken's career when there were no distractions from study or work. He played in five of the six Tests, four at full-back, one as a centre. Happily he kept a diary on tour, and reproduces much of it here. So it would be superfluous for me to anticipate his account. I would add only a couple of things. He is modest about his own part in the tour, and you wouldn't think he was hailed as one of the stars of the Lions' brilliant back division. His rival for the number fifteen

jersey was Terry Davies. I remember Davies as a lovely player for Wales and Llanelli: Ken would have you think Davies his superior. Well, one writer about the tour employed adjectives which to my mind ring true. He called Davies 'elegant', Ken 'sublime'. Moreover, Terry McLean, the doyen of New Zealand rugby writers, raved about Ken ghosting 'like summer down through the New Zealand defence'.

He graduated from Cambridge in 1960 and from then on rugby could no longer have priority. He was soon married to his girlfriend of several years and would be a father twelve months later. He worked in a manufacturing firm in the English Midlands, and now had to juggle family responsibilities, work and rugby, as was of course normal for players in the amateur days. The demands were considerable, one reason why international careers were shorter then than they are now. He played for a couple of seasons for Leicester, though distance from home and work meant that he saw his new teammates only on match days. Training and practice were done on his own.

He captained Scotland in 1963, playing the last two matches in his schoolboy position of fly-half. That summer a change of employment took him to Aberdeen and this heralded the end of his international career. In those days, before the building of road bridges over the Tay and Forth, the journey to Edinburgh was slow and arduous. With a young family and sometimes work on Saturday morning, travel to Edinburgh to play for Heriot's FP would have been difficult, sometimes impossible, and also selfish. So he joined Aberdeenshire, an agreeable club with, however, what may politely be called a low-level fixture list. He probably lost some sharpness. At any rate the selectors were unimpressed. His place in the Scotland team went to Oxford University's Stewart Wilson, himself good enough to be a Lion in 1966, and though Ken was recalled for one match in 1965, his international career ended when he was only twenty-eight.

He continued to play club rugby for Aberdeenshire and for the North-Midlands in the Districts Championship for several years. The last time I saw him play was for the North-Midlands against the touring Australians in November 1968. It was a bitterly cold day with a stiff chilling wind coming off the North Sea, finger-nipping weather. He didn't put a foot wrong, gave an immaculate display. I have one vivid pictorial memory of the game. He fielded

a kick on the right touchline about forty metres out. He was facing touch as he caught the ball, swivelled and unleashed a left-foot drop-kick. It soared high. From my position I thought it had flown just over the near-side post or just inside it. The referee judged it wide. I suppose a TMO might have judged differently, but this of course was long before the days of video evidence. No matter; it was a moment of the highest class.

Where does Ken rank among Scottish full-backs? It's a position in which, unlike many others, we have been richly blessed: Stewart Wilson, Andy Irvine, Bruce Hay, Peter Dods, Gavin Hastings, Chris Paterson, Stuart Hogg. It's a distinguished list. Some will remark that while several of his successors have been prolific try-scorers, he didn't score even one try in his twenty-seven international matches. To this I would reply first that he played in the most restrictive era of international rugby, when the laws favoured defence to such an extent that you might have thought they had been devised to make try-scoring difficult; only eleven tries were scored in the seven Calcutta Cup matches in which he played. Second, that he was a creator rather than scorer of tries. Comparisons of players from different times are probably pointless. So much in the game has changed. So I can say only that at his best he played beautiful rugby and I have never seen a more complete full-back than Ken Scotland. He played classical rugby with a romantic touch.

I suppose most who read this book will do so because of the rugby. But it has a wider interest too, especially when he recounts his work for the National Trust for Scotland. Perhaps he is not a natural autobiographer for he is not introspective, and is less interested in himself than in the world he has lived in. He is always generous in his treatment of others and he isn't interested in telling even mildly scandalous stories. He has offered a record of his outward life, an engaging record, which also offers a picture of middle-class Scotland and the changes it has experienced over the last seventy or eighty years. I think he is embarrassed by praise even when the praise has been fully earned. So I had better stop, and give way to his memories.

Allan Massie
September 2020

INTRODUCTION

When I left George Heriot's School, Edinburgh, in the summer of 1955, just a few weeks short of my nineteenth birthday, I had three ambitions in life. Sport of all kinds had always been my main interest and ever since my first visit to Murrayfield to watch Scotland play, and beat, the previously unbeaten New Zealand Army touring team, in January 1946, I had an all-consuming passion to play rugby for Scotland.

Being at an all-boys school, and with my sister Elsie eight years younger, I had very little to do with girls. Finding a partner to take to school dances had always been a problem until I struck gold with Doreen Marshall at Easter 1954. From surprisingly early in our relationship the only question was, when could we be married?

During my last year at school, Ian Reid, who was a contemporary, and who had been both captain and dux of the school, won an open scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge. At that time, Heriot's had no connections with any Oxford or Cambridge colleges, but Ian's success opened a relationship between the senior admissions tutor at Trinity, J M K Vyvian, and our headmaster, William McLachlan Dewar.

During the rest of his time as headmaster, Dr Dewar developed this relationship and a succession of Heriot's boys went to Trinity. I was the first to benefit from Ian's scholarship and Dr Dewar's foresight and perseverance. Without my ever going to Cambridge or meeting anyone from Trinity, Dr Dewar managed to secure a place for me provided that I passed my current year's Scottish Leaving Certificate Exams. The sting in the tail was that it was

mandatory to have passed a Latin exam and my only language qualification was French.

This possible change of direction came totally out of the blue. I was working to a specific timetable geared towards my chosen career as a chartered accountant. At that time training to become a CA was done through an apprenticeship in a professional office and I had never given a thought to going to university. Never in my wildest dreams had I ever imagined myself as an undergraduate at Cambridge.

Did I want to change track? What would my parents think and could they afford it? What would Doreen think and could our relationship and long-term plans survive the inevitable separations?

With encouragement from everyone involved I decided that the opportunity of going to Cambridge was too good to miss. In the course of the next few months I passed my year's exams and my father, through his legal connections, managed to unearth a very generous grant from the 'Sir Alexander Cross Trust' which allowed me to be virtually financially independent at Cambridge.

As I had still done no Latin up to this point it was decided that I would have to defer taking up my place at Trinity for a year. One year became two as I no longer had any reasonable grounds to avoid being called up for National Service.

Thus my third ambition was to pass a Latin exam. On the face of it a fairly modest ambition but it was to prove difficult and time consuming and, in the event, went right down to the wire.

ONE

THE GENES

It is only since I retired that I have taken more than a very superficial interest in my family background. As all the previous generations are now dead, there is no one left to ask the personal questions that are not covered in the statutory documents.

In my youth there were no mobile phones, iPads, computers, television or mass air travel, all of which the present generation takes for granted. I would like to give them some insight into how and where their ancestors lived and worked.

According to Black's *History of Scottish Surnames* the Scotland surname is said to derive from the village of Scotlandwell on the north-east shore of Loch Leven. By the beginning of the 17th century our branch of the family had moved a few miles west into the Dollar area of Clackmannanshire.

In 1662, two years after the restoration of Charles II to the British throne, a Scottish Parliament meeting in Edinburgh, passed an Act giving bishops a role in the Church of Scotland. Thomas and John Scotland, a father and son from Dollarbeg, were fined, along with 700-800 other lairds or landowners, for being against this Anglicisation of their church.

Dollarbeg by the end of that century had been split into Easter, our ancestors' area, and Wester. By the beginning of the 18th century Easter Dollarbeg had been divided again and our family, headed by John Scotland born 1713, was living and farming at Wellhall, a farm which still exists.

My great-great-great-grandfather, John Scotland, was born at Wellhall in 1736, exactly 200 years before me.

During the 18th century, there were great changes in agriculture. Fields were enlarged and enclosed and methods were intensified. This process produced winners and losers and by the beginning of the next century James Scotland (born 1775), my great-great-grandfather, had lost the land at Wellhall and was working as a master carter at Dollar South Mains.

William Scotland, my great-grandfather, born in 1830, was the seventh child of James Scotland and his wife Mary, nee Brand. In *Some Reminiscences of Dollar and Dollar Folk*, written in 1895 the Rev. John C Stewart described William as the son of the widow Mrs Scotland whose husband was killed in an accident at Gloomhill Quarry. 'William was a great boy for rabbits in his school days and many a time I helped to gather great bunches of dandelions for their food. William was one of nature's gentlemen.'

William and his younger sister Ann were both, in 1841, gratis scholars at the recently founded Dollar Institution (it became the more familiar Dollar Academy in 1918). This means they attended the school free and would be supplied with books and, if necessary, boots and clothing.

In 1858, William was working as a shoemaker in Alva when he married Ann Morrison. Ann died childless in 1875. A year later the forty-six-year-old widower remarried, in Edinburgh, twenty-year-old Margaret Bews from Stenness in Orkney, then working as a domestic servant in the Broughton district of Edinburgh. It remains a mystery how they ever met.

In 1878, my grandfather, James Scotland, was born in Alva. A year later William died and Margaret was left in strange surroundings to bring up her infant son. As far as I know Margaret thereafter had no contact with her Scotland in-laws, which makes the Bews and the Orkney connection a major part of my heritage.

In 1888, Margaret's father, James Bews, appealed to the Crofters Commission for a rent reduction. 'The area of my croft is six acres arable and outrun five acres. My rent is £3.00 and my arrears £4.10 shillings. I have reclaimed three acres and expended £2.00 on improvements.' The decision was a reduction in rent from £3.00 to £2.5 shillings.