Readers Page

Bergen butcher had to try his hand at haggis

MY sister-in-law, Frances Valeur, now lives in Bergen, Norway. She's a keen Burns enthusiast and was invited by the British Ladies' Club to do the address to the haggis on their Burns' Night.

Frances accepted, but when she arrived at the club she was told there was no haggis.

It had been ordered from a firm in Edinburgh, and been sent, but was stopped in Denmark and returned.

A second haggis was sent but it finished up in Bergen, Germany.

A frantic phone call to Edinburgh produced a third haggis but the plane it was on became fog-bound and the haggis finished up stranded in Amsterdam.

By this time the secretary of the club in Bergen was in a real panic so she got a local butcher to make up his idea of a haggis.

Frances told me it looked and tasted like a meat roll, but the ceremony went ahead and Rabbie was duly toasted and remembered on his night.

William Arbuckle, Tranent.