

Vol. XII No. 7 Beth's Newfangled Family Tree January 2019 Section A

Garden of Contemplation given to honor people of Lockerbie, Scotland

BOSTON, MASS.- The National Trust for Scotland's internationally-renowned Threave Garden and Estate has gained an inspiring new feature thanks to the generosity of American donors. The Garden of Contemplation was formally dedicated

on Saturday, December 22, to coincide with the 30th anniversary of the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland.

The new space has been thoughtfully and care-

Continued on page 9





The Edinburgh Publication for the Web-based Scottish Genealogy

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Beth's Newfangled Family Tree
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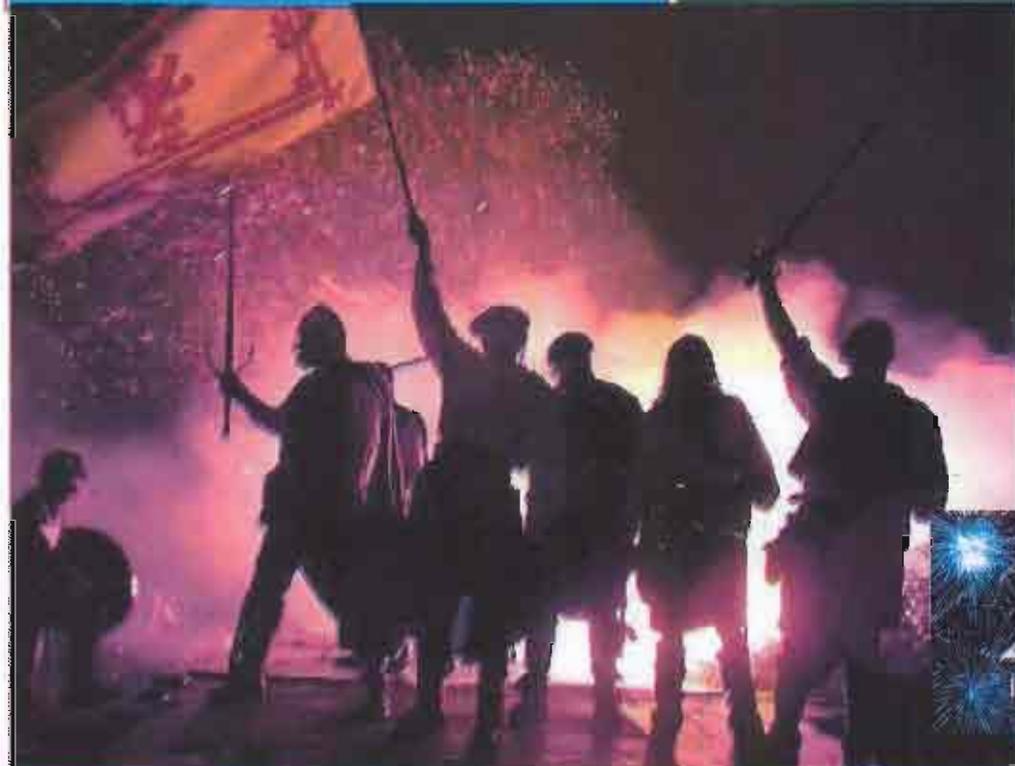
Send articles,
Flowers of the Forest, questions, etc.,
bethscribble@aol.com

Beth's Newfangled Family Tree **is FREE.**

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KOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKO
Browse amongst the archives,
read the current issue
and others as much as you wish!

Section B is "up" on the
Internet about the
15th of each month.
Section A is "up"
a day or so before the
first of the next month.



Hogmanay: New Years Eve, The Scottish Way!

*Beth, Tom
and Alastair!*



Letter from your editor...

Truly Easy-Peasy New Year's Resolutions you can for sure keep!

I think my years of trying to make lists of things I need to do, or need to stop doing, are over. Those have always been things that were unerringly HARD to do and to keep doing - or not doing.

I will always love chocolate, strawberry anything and lemon merangue pie. I will always love strawberry roan or buckskin American Quarter Horses.

So there!

I have realized that no matter what I do, I am never going to be model skinny.

No matter how hard I try, I will never be able to sing so anyone would like to listen. Our inside cats cover their ears when I give voice to a song.

No matter how many times I try - and how long I work at it, I am not going to have curly hair.

I will never be able to do more than simple math (My father taught chemistry and physics...somehow my mother had a calculator in her head. The numbers genetic thingie skipped me entirely.).

I will never, ever, be a gourmet cook.

I will never be a licensed pilot nor an Olympic Equestrian nor a Prima Ballerina, all things I dreamt of being when I was "new".

I am sad about the pilot, Olympic Equestrian and Prima Ballerina. The basic knowledge I do have of these things makes me be in utter awe of those who can fly high in the skies or compete in the Olympics on a horse who apparently flies over tall, tall and wide obstacles or someone who dances so lightly it appears they are flying so very gracefully.

So, this year, my resolutions will be kinder and gentler and will simply be things that I need and desire in my life, just because they make me happy.

I resolve to be a better friend - not letting work or sleepiness or anything overcome my need to write a note or a letter or make a phone call to tell a friend



I am there for them and that I love them.

I resolve to get back to painting and the art I love so much - whether I am any good or not.

I resolve to have time to write - not for work - but for me (sort of like this). I resolve to finish the book I started so many years ago...and maybe write another one or two or three.

I resolve to make time to work on my own genealogy - not for joining anything nor for any other reason other than I love the challenge of figuring out things. Then, when I find someone who has achieved success or fame in my family...I giggle at the thought of what they would think of being one of MY ancestors.

I resolve to exuberantly and joyously live every single day, all filled with love and laughter with the kindest, sweetest man on Planet Earth. He is the only "Huh Huh" in the world that we know of - and he is **the** love of my life.

I am amazed at the short list I have for adding happiness to my life these days.

Please wish me well.

I challenge you to make a list like this - of things that you love in your life but are missing or are scarce in your life. If it makes you happy and joyous, figure out ways to reclaim those things.

Good luck with your list and good luck with our brand new year.

Love... *Beth*



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Learning the

Ancient Art of Horseback Falconry

Kerry Wolfe

Atlas Obscura

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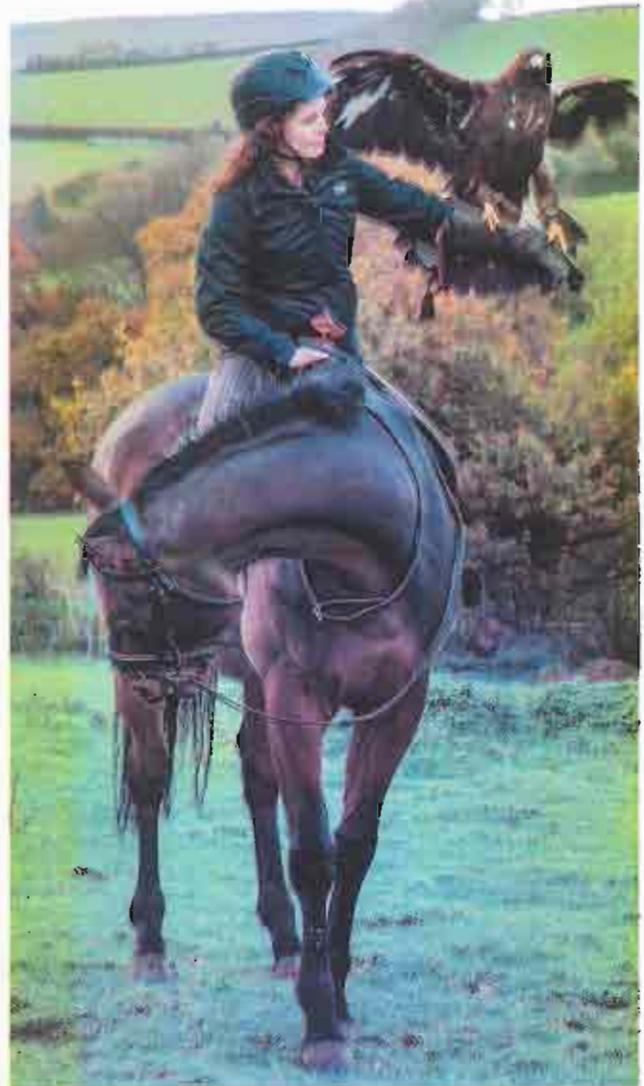
There are several ways these birds could maim me. They could slam into me, pummeling me to the ground and knocking me unconscious. They could pierce their lethal talons through the thick leather glove on my wrist, or crush my arm with one squeeze. And they could always scratch or peck my flesh, leaving me a bloody, shredded mess.

These are among the warnings Martin Whitley gives me throughout my first ever lesson in horseback falconry. “Are you feeling brave?” he asks, holding a golden eagle as I sit atop one of his horses, a retired racehorse named Caymans. Caymans, too, could do some damage. If he spooks, I’m in for the fastest ride of my life, thundering toward the moors before anyone can stop us. If I fall, I’ll have only a few seconds to contemplate my fate before smashing into the ground. But Caymans remains still. I extend my arm, allowing Martin to place the eagle on my wrist.

Flying an eagle while sitting on a horse isn’t something I get to do every day. I’ve traveled to Dartmoor National Park in Southern England for what in all likelihood will be a once-in-a-lifetime experience. Whitley’s Dartmoor Hawking is one of the few places on Earth where equestrians can still learn an ancient sport: mounted falconry, or flying birds of prey from horseback.

I’ve ridden horses since I was seven and have had my own horse for the last 12 years. I spend so much time around horses that I often feel more at home at a stable than in a human’s house. But my experience with birds doesn’t stretch far beyond rescuing the occasional sparrow from my favorite barn cat’s mouth.

As eager as I am to try something new, participating in a sport that centers around death makes



Caymans the horse, Floki the eagle, and me toward the end of my lesson at Dartmoor Hawking. ALL PHOTOS: LUCY PIPER

me uneasy. I’m the kind of vegetarian who can’t even stomach killing a mouse that wanders into my apartment, so the thought of using an animal to take down another animal makes me decidedly uncomfortable.

But this particular falconry class doesn’t involve hunting. It’s a crash-course on the basics, a chance to learn the mechanics of the sport without

Continued on page 7

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Ancient Art of Horseback Falconry, *continued from page 5*

using the birds for their true purpose. It's also a chance to get unusually close to magnificent raptors, and to learn a new equestrian skill. Until recently, taking a horseback falconry class wasn't something I'd been aware a person could do.

I've never tried any type of falconry before today, though it turns out I've been exposed to it in a variety of ways without realizing it. Words and phrases associated with falconry have shaped the English language. Common idioms—such as to be “under someone's thumb” or “wrapped around their finger”—originally referred to how a falconer secures a bird before setting it off to fly. William Shakespeare, an amateur falconer himself, peppered his plays with hawking jargon. References to “hood-winking” (to cover a bird's head with a hood) and “rousing” (when a bird shakes its feathers as a sign of contentment) appear throughout his work.

Of course, falconry existed long before Shakespeare's time. There's good evidence humans have been using birds to hunt since prehistory, upwards of 12,000 years ago. Originally, it was not a sport, but a means of acquiring food, even if was typically reserved for nobility. By the Middle Ages, the practice was so popular across Europe that even peasants had their own hunting birds (though their social class still dictated exactly which species they were permitted to keep). Wealthier medieval falconers often rode horses during their hunts, as the animals' speed and endurance meant they could cover more ground at a faster pace.

It wasn't until the 19th century that European interest in the sport waned. Hunters traded in their feathered companions for firearms, and the French

Revolution brought about a decline in traditionally aristocratic activities.

It took a century for interest in falconry to pick up again. Today, there are at least 10,000 falconers throughout the world, and most of them hunt for pleasure rather than survival. The sport is strictly regulated, and the birds are often used for more than just hunting. Some are put to work as pest control, particularly for farmers, while others are trained for military purposes.

Despite falconry's modest resurgence, flying a raptor while riding a horse remains all but obsolete. Horses are still used in falconry in parts of Central Asia—watching mounted hunters fly golden

eagles is a highlight of Mongolia's Golden Eagle Festival—but even there, the tradition is at risk of disappearing.

To have the chance to sit atop one of the most powerful prey animals while an apex predator with a wingspan the size of a grown man clenches your wrist with its talons is a rare opportunity, to say the least. And in the West-

ern Hemisphere, Dartmoor Hawking is the place to do it.

We move through the barn, where horses crane their heads over doors, birds shriek, and dogs frolic about. Whitley talks to the animals as we pass, greeting his horses and telling the birds and dogs to hush, like a parent scolding his rowdy children. He is, in a way, their parent. Each of his raptors was bred in captivity, since British falconers can only work with captive-bred birds. He usually acquires his birds when they're young, around the time their bird



These talons could crush my wrist with one powerful squeeze.

Continued on page 15

**BNFT has a new URL address on the Internet:
<https://electricScotland.com/bnft>**

After ten years work! **The Third Edition**
of *Scottish Clan and Family Encyclopaedia*
by George Way of Plean and Romilly Squire



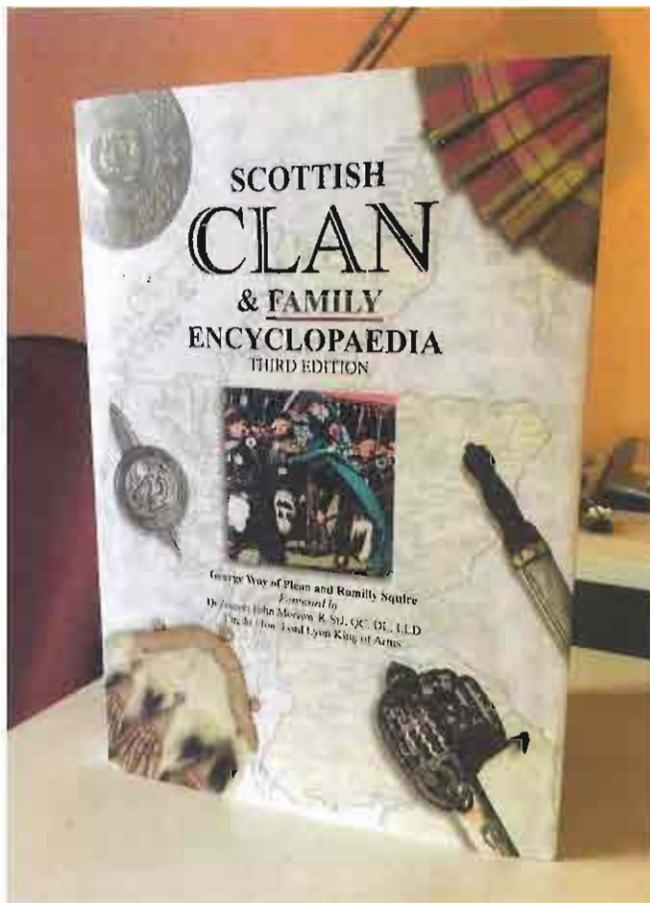
Every person interested in their own Scottish clan or interested in Scottish history needs a copy of The Third Edition of the *Scottish Clan and Family Encyclopaedia*. Authored by George Way of Plean and Romilly Squire.

In this new and expanded version of the other two editions you'll find extended or updated academic essays - including a hitherto neglected subject: the lowland dimension.

The format is now alphabetical (not two sections); all entries have been revised and updated to early 2017.

For the very first time, every single name has a heraldic illustration by Romilly.

The book is very lavishly illustrated with photographs of the Lyon Court, clan



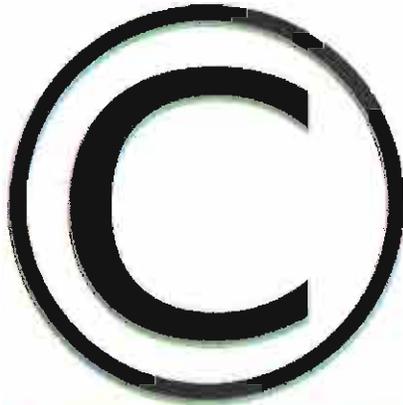
chiefs, et al.

Revised and updated to reflect changes in clan society since its original publication in 1994, the *Scottish Clan & Family Encyclopaedia* is the definitive single-volume reference work on the Scottish Clans as well as the lowland dimension and Romilly Squire's heraldic illustrations.

To order the *Scottish Clan and Family Encyclopaedia*, visit:
◀www.stkildapublications.com▶

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All copyrighted works first published in the US in 1923 will enter Public Domain on January 1st



Most U.S. genealogists have been told that all books and other documents published PRIOR to 1923 are in the public domain. In other words, those books are not under copyright. However, that rule is changing. Starting on New Year's Day, books published in 1923 are now in the public domain. The new rule will be: all books and other documents published PRIOR to 1924 are in the public domain.

That rule will add another year again every January 1st thereafter.

Details may be found in an article by Glenn Fleishman in the *Smithsonian Magazine* at <http://bit.ly/2rLF58a>.

Threave Garden & Estate Contemplation Garden, *continued from page 1*

fully designed to provide a peaceful setting that evokes contemplation and reflection. It combines clever use of hard landscaping, planting, and sculptural features and was created as a result of the generous support of donors from The National Trust for Scotland Foundation USA, based in Boston, Massachusetts, and one of its Trustees, Victoria Cummock.

Victoria was inspired to support the project out of a love of Scotland that emerged from the most tragic of circumstances. Her husband John was one of the victims of the Lockerbie plane crash. For Victoria, the project represents an expression of gratitude for the extraordinary humanitarian efforts of thousands of Scottish citizens following the terrorist bombing.

Victoria will be joined by representatives of the local area, Lockerbie families, and the National Trust for Scotland to dedicate the garden.

The National Trust for Scotland's Chairman, Sir Moir Lockhead OBE said: "Love is the strongest emotion of all, and the bond that Victoria has formed with Scotland in the aftermath of the most

difficult of times is both moving and inspirational.

"This new garden provides the space to take time out of the endlessly busy present to meditate on past events, appreciate the natural environment of the present and practise mindfulness while wishing for a peaceful future. The ties between Scotland and the USA are unbreakable and we are enormously grateful to Victoria and our other friends in America for their profound generosity."

Located not far from Lockerbie, Threave Garden & Estate features a Scottish Baronial-style house, miles of hiking trails, pristine woodlands, and a nature reserve on the River Dee. The garden itself

Continued on page 11





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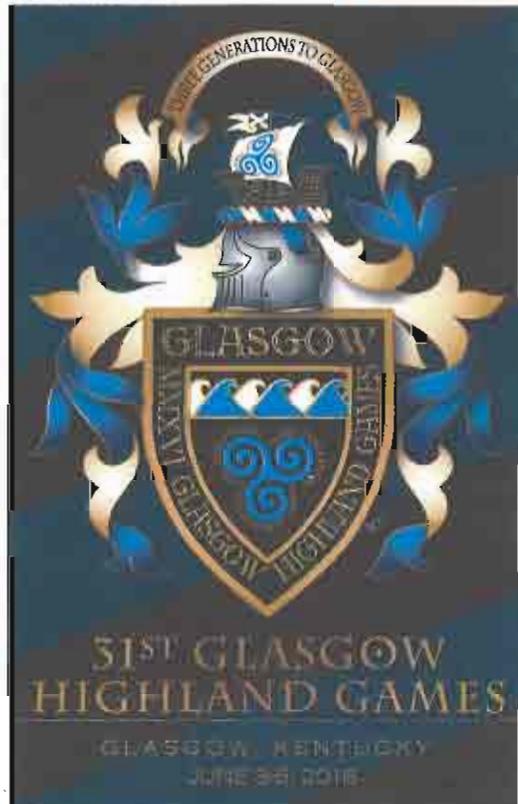
TOM FREEMAN IS A HERALDIC ARTIST & GRAPHIC DESIGNER LIVING IN NORTHEAST GEORGIA. HE HAS BEEN WORKING IN THE SCOTTISH COMMUNITY BOTH IN THE US & INTERNATIONALLY SINCE 1999.

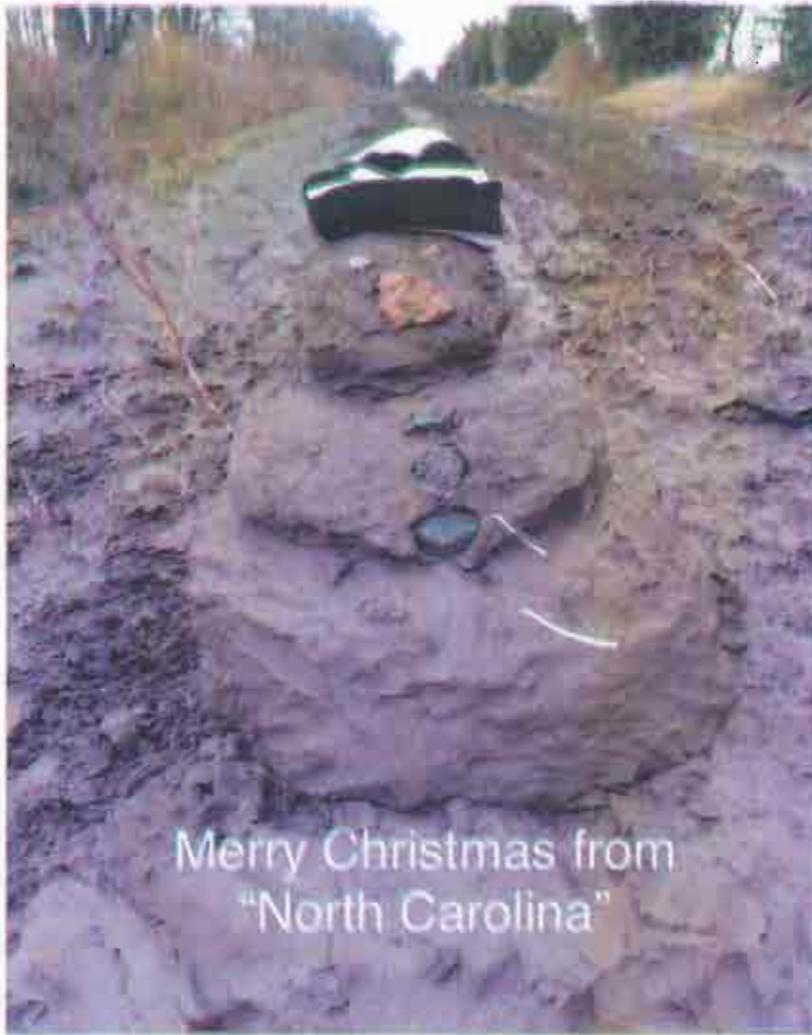


Thomas R. Freeman, FSA Scot

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706-839-3881

<trf@cockspurherald.com>





Merry Christmas from
"North Carolina"

*With many thanks to the East Coast Weather Authority and
Keets Taylor! Mudmen need love too!*

**Life is just too short
not to be a bit nuttsy
sometimes! This is an
absolute HOOT!**



Threave Garden & Estate Contemplation Garden,
continued from page 1



is a beautiful designed landscape created and maintained by students from the National Trust for Scotland's School of Heritage Gardening. It comprises several distinct sections, including a rose garden, rockery, and family-friendly Discovery Garden.

With many thanks to Non Oblitus, the publication of the Clan MacTavish. (I think it is a great compliment to them to say, "Clan MacTavish, the clan with a sense of humor!"

For membership inquiries, visit:
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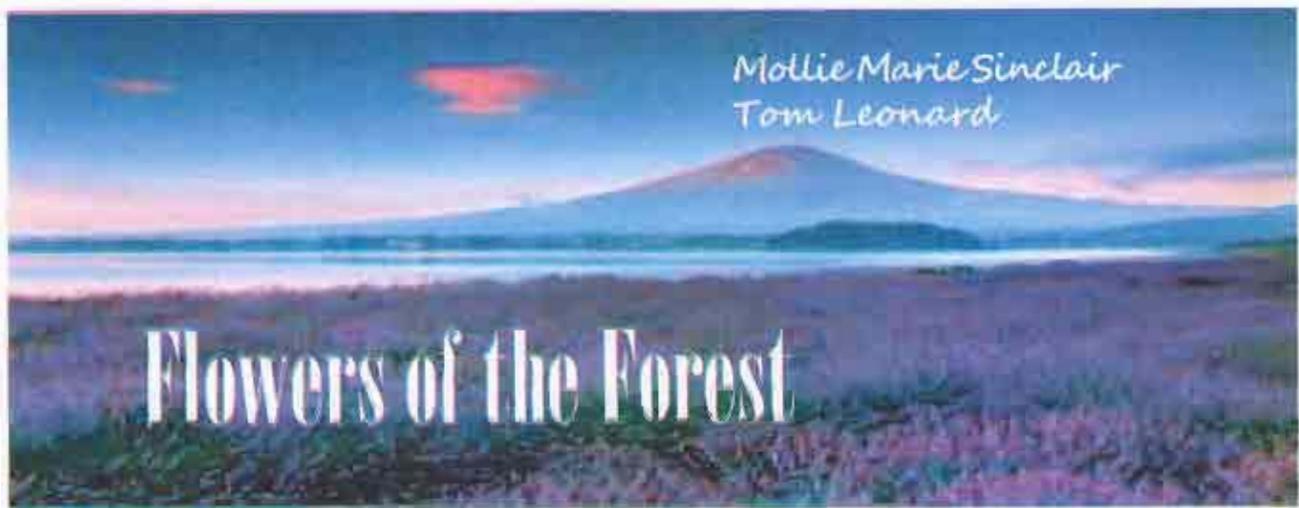
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Mollie Marie Sinclair passed from this life to the next on August 13, 2018. Mollie was born in 1925 and was 93 at time of death.

Mollie was a main stay of the Western Clan Sinclair group. She always said that the Sinclair's were a very hos-

pitable Clan and never turned a person away from their door. It was Mollie that seemed to bring a store to the Clan tent at games to offer to all that came by. The hospitality table was always full of good things to snack on and was visited by other Clan's folks at the numerous Games she attended. It was always the same, "what should we bring for the tent?" and it was always to forget about it as Mollie is coming. Hospitality was important to her and her cooking skills were always welcome.

Mollie attended at most games in the San Francisco area as her brother was Commissioner Jerry Sinclair (now deceased) for the Clan.

Mollie loved the bagpipes and sharing stories from her many visits to Scotland. She is survived by her three children, Casey, Mark, and Jane, numerous grandchildren, sister Kathryn Sinclair Owens, brothers Will and Bruce Sinclair and Jerry's wife, Barbra.

May she rest in peace and in the memories of all that knew her and family and friends.

Poet and "giant" of Scottish literature, **Tom Leonard**, has died at age 74.

Famed for writing in the Glaswegian dialect, Mr

Leonard's best-known poetry includes his 1967 collection *Six Glasgow Poems* and *The Six O'Clock News*.

Born in 1944, Mr. Leonard attended the University of Glasgow aged 23 but left after two years, returning to complete his course in the 1970s.

He was later appointed joint professor in creative writing at his alma mater with Alasdair Gray and James Kelman.

In 2009 he retired from the role.

Mr. Leonard forged his career writing plays, sound poetry, political polemic and a biography of the 19th century Scottish poet James 'BV' Thomson.

Often his writing examined class, education, language and culture.

His book *Intimate Voices* won the Scottish Book of the Year award in 1984.

The Scottish Poetry Library has pledged to hold a tribute event to Mr. Leonard in the new year.

Director Asif Khan said: "With the death of Tom Leonard, Scottish literature bids farewell to one of its genuine giants.

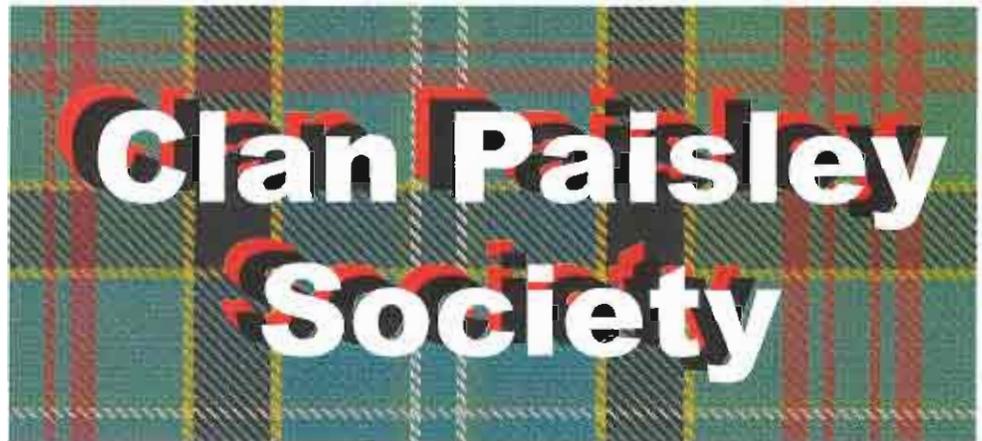
"He was a pioneer committed to representing the language and concerns of his west of Scotland working-class community at a time when such representations were scant to non-existent.

"The attitudes he exposed in his ground-breaking poem *Six O'Clock News* remain relevant decades after its publication; his analysis of the way in which accent, grammar, spelling and pronunciation are used to sustain power structures is as penetrating today as it was the day it was written.

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Chief of the Paisley Family, Duncan W. Paisley of Westerlea.



All Paisleys of the name or blood (and all spellings) are invited to join. Email: <mbrown2205@aol.com>

Paisley Family Society USA Branch, FaceBook account can be found at <https://www.facebook.com/Paisley-Family-Society-USA-branch-195070730565352/>



*The Arms of Paisley of Westerlea (above)
The guidon of the Chief (below)*



2019 NC Paisley Family Association

50 Years of Reunions -
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The Paisleys are a family of considerable antiquity, having been associated with Lochwinnoch and Paisley (parts of what later became Renfrewshire), with Cunningham and Kyle (North Ayrshire), Innerwick (East Lothian) and Roxburghshire, since the time of William I King of Scots, 1165-1214.

For the Paisley DNA Project, visit <dlangsto@yahoo.com>

Check out the **Clan Paisley Society** webpage at <www.paisleyfamilyociety.org.uk> to see what's happening with us this year. Contact **Martha Brown** at <mbrown2205@aol.com>.

Ancient Art of Horseback Falconry, *continued from page 7*

mother would begin teaching them to hunt.

His falconry horses, meanwhile, have had previous owners and trainers. They're all Thoroughbreds, and not just any Thoroughbreds, but retired racehorses. "Dartmoor's a really wild place, it's really tough going," he says. "I want a horse that's quick on its feet because if I'm watching a flight, I don't want to be placing my horse's feet on the ground."

Whitley first began flying hawks from horses in 2001 and, after taking a break from riding, picked the sport back up in 2013 before opening Dartmoor Hawking with his wife Philippa in 2015. Their main business is falconry demonstrations and lessons, which they offer from a scenic piece of land atop a hill on the Bovey Castle estate. The wet, wild moors of Dartmoor National Park are just over the ridge, which is where Whitley takes his horses, birds, and dogs when he goes hunting.

We head to the weigh station near the barn's back door. Martin places each bird on the scale before I fly them—too thin and hungry, and they won't be healthy enough to fly; too fat and full, and they won't have the motivation to hunt. I won't be hunting with them, though. I'm here to fly them, to learn to hold and release them. Rather than racing through the sky in search of prey, the birds will be passing between me and a wooden perch.

The first bird I meet is Merlin, an 18-year-old, 4.5-pound Eurasian Eagle Owl. Martin places him on my gloved arm and weaves his jesses (thin leather straps) between my fingers, instructing me to move with Merlin as though I'm carrying my favorite drink. I walk in a haphazard figure-eight, my upper arm clasped to my ribcage and my forearm extended at a 90-degree angle. Merlin rests on my arm like a feathered growth, his head bobbing and swiveling as I move. And though his eyes, two

fiery, burnt-orange saucers, remain wide in a way that makes him seem surprised, he's actually content. He rouses, briefly ruffling his feathers before settling again into stillness.

Next I fly Charlie, a five-year-old, 3.5-pound ferruginous hawk. He soars between me, Martin, and a perch, landing at each spot with ease. With Harold, a 15-week-old, nine-ounce falcon, I continue getting comfortable handling birds, placing my fingers near their talons to secure their jesses and sticking my hands near their faces to remove their hoods.

After a morning filled with what Martin refers to as the "boring" part, it's time to move on to the highlight of the day. At lunch, I learn I won't be riding Tommy, Dartmoor Hawking's calmest, most-used falconry horse. Because I've done so well with the birds, I get to ride Caymans.

Before his falconry career, Caymans, a 13-year-old, 17-hand gelding, raced in Australia, Dubai, and the United Kingdom, earning more than £200,000. He was forced to retire after losing his

right eye to an infection. Though he may no longer race, he still looks like an athlete: his clipped, bay coat hugs his muscles like a tight t-shirt.

Dawn, a four-year-old, two-pound falcon, is the first bird I fly while on Caymans. We walk around the yard, Dawn sitting on my arm as I steer Caymans with one hand. Caymans fidgets, shaking his head, but soon slows his pace. It's easy to imagine I'm some kind of medieval huntress in training, learning to handle these two beasts before taking to the moors for a high-speed, exhilarating hunt.

I take off Dawn's hood, trusting Caymans to stand still while I use my right hand—the hand I've been holding the reins with—to slip the cover off



Martin Whitley, owner of Dartmoor Hawking.

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Ancient Art of Horseback Falconry, *continued from page 15*

the bird's head and let her take flight. Caymans doesn't flinch as a blur of feathers streaks by, he's so used to this.

I've done well enough with Dawn that there's time for a big finale: a chance to fly a golden eagle. Floki, like me, is new to mounted falconry. Martin only got him 10 days before my class. Most of Whitley's students fly Artemis, an 11-pound female golden eagle, but at this point my arm is tired, so I opt for the smaller bird. Floki has never been flown from the back of a horse before, and Martin warns me there are no guarantees things will turn out well.

My right hand fumbles near Floki's head until finally, my fingers clutch his hood and slide it off his face. Making brief eye contact with an eagle, a creature that can spot rabbit-sized prey over a mile away, is, as someone who struggles to recognize my coworkers without my glasses on, humbling.

Floki shifts on my wrist as I raise my arm to the side, his cue to launch. He stretches his wings, revealing a six-foot wingspan. His feathers crash into my face in a flurry of softness and strength. As Floki prepares for takeoff, his right wing drapes across my upper back. I'm not much of a hugger, but this is an embrace I can get excited about. And then he's off, flapping his great wings in a whoosh of power, swooping mere feet above the earth.

I fly Floki a few more times, aiming him toward the perch for our final round, a milestone Martin had been working toward. Martin and Philippa cheer as his outstretched talons clasp the wood. Caymans stands beneath me, solid and

steady, each time the eagle launches from my aching arm.

It's an incredible dynamic, that of a horse, rider, and bird. It is, as Martin says, a simple relationship, but also a complicated one. The horse, human, and bird must all trust one another, a kind of familiarity that takes patience and understanding to build. I'd thought the birds might be wary of a stranger, but somehow we manage to work as a team. It feels a bit like being the filling in some kind of racing-animal sandwich: below me, a horse bred and trained to run fast, and on me, a bird evolutionarily engineered to speed through the sky, all three of us relying on one another for a sense of security. As Martin later tells me, that's the whole point of this class, to learn to understand the relationship between you and the animals. "It's something unique," he says, "because very few people are doing it."

Individual Falconry from Horses lessons at Dartmoor Hawking start at £195. For details visit www.dartmoorhawking.co.uk



Caymans doesn't flinch as Frank the hawk flies around him.

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Wanna learn more about the Glencoe Massacre?

Here is a very interesting article concerning The Massacre at Glencoe. This is with thanks to Peggy Gooddale of Largo, Florida.

<https://www.livescience.com/62056-glencoe-massacre-archaeology.html>



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Scotland's first rye whisky in 100 years produced at Arbroath distillery

A family-run distillery has launched the first rye whisky produced in Scotland for more than 100 years.

Arbikie's Highland Rye Single Grain Scotch Whisky is available in an initial batch of 998 bottles priced at £250 each.

It will be sold in Asia, Africa, Europe and North America through what the company describes as luxury retailers.

It is made from rye grain grown on the Stirling family's farm at the Arbikie Highland Estate in Lunan Bay, Arbroath.

The whisky, which was laid down in 2015, uses a combination of Arantes rye, Odyssey malted barley and Viscount wheat.

The whisky is made from rye grain grown on the family farm in Angus.

Iain Stirling, director of the estate which produces vodka and gin as well as whisky, said the new brand had already been well received by the Scotch whisky industry.

He said: "Our Highland rye has caught the imagination of our export partners across the globe due to our provenance as we both grow and distil.



"Whatever we've produced over the years, from potatoes to vodka, our values of sustainability, innovation and quality have been the foundation.

"Our Highland rye whisky embodies everything our family has been doing since we started farming 400 years ago."

Tom Leonard,
*continued
from page
13*



"He was also a champion of those who'd gone before him; his anthology, *Radical Renfrew*, uncovering a history of working class voices lost to history.

"His humour, his experimentalism, his commitment to his craft and untameable intelligence will be much missed by readers and the many writers he continues to influence."

**Think about this:
Marriage is like:**

**Twirling a baton,
turning handsprings or
eating with chopsticks.
It all looks easy
until you try it.**

Anonymous



CLAN BUCHANAN SOCIETY INTERNATIONAL, INC.

If you have the name "Buchanan" in your family or any of the allied family/sept names below, you are invited to join your cousins and Buchanan kin. Just send an email for a membership form and/or information to

<http://www.theclanbuchanan.com/html/contact.html>



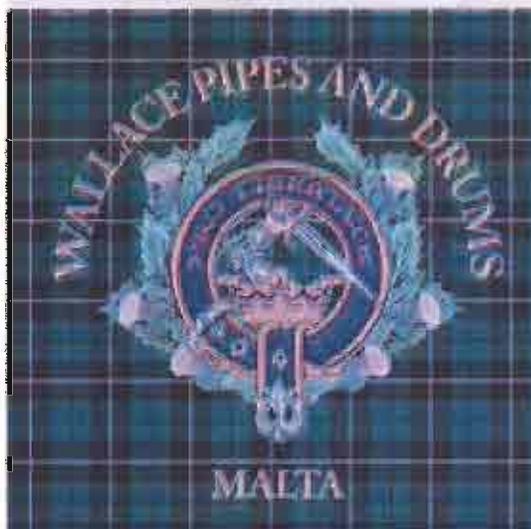
- | | | |
|------------|---------------|----------------------|
| Bohanan | Gilbert | Macgilbert |
| Buchanan | Gilbertson | Macgreusich |
| Colman | Harper | Macgubbin |
| Cormack | Harperson | Macinally |
| Cousland | Leavy | Macindeo(r) |
| Dewar | Lennie | Mackibb |
| Donleavy | Lenny | Mackibbon |
| Dove, Dow | Macaldonich | Mackinlay |
| Gibb(s)(y) | Macalman | Mackinley |
| Gibbon | Macandeor | Macmaster |
| Gibson | Macaslan | Macmaurice |
| | Macaslin | Macmorris |
| | Macauselan | Macmurchie |
| | Macauslan(in) | Macmurphy |
| | Macausland | Macncur |
| | Macauslane | Macnuir |
| | Macalman | Macquat |
| | Macalmon(t) | Macquattie |
| | Macammond | Macquattiey |
| | Macasland | Macquyer |
| | Macchruter | MacQuinten |
| | Maccolman | Macwattie |
| | Maccolwan | Macwhirter |
| | Maccormac(k) | Macwhorter |
| | Maccommon | Masters |
| | Maccoubrey | Masterson |
| | Maccubbin | Morricc |
| | Maccubbing | Morris |
| | Maccubin | Morrison |
| | Macdonleavy | (of Perthshire only) |
| | Macgeorge | Murchie |
| | Macgibbon | Murchison |
| | | Richardson |



- Risk
- Rusk(ie)
- Ruskin
- Spittal
- Spittle
- Walter
- Walters
- Wason
- Sasson
- Waters
- Watson
- Watt
- Watters
- Weir
- Wuill
- Wool
- Wule

The CBSI was formed in 1970 as the Clan Buchanan Society in America. It was founded at the Grandfather Mountain Games in North Carolina. The name was later changed to the Clan Buchanan Society International Inc., to reflect our society's expanded purpose and membership.





How we got our name

If one recalls in 1995 the film *Braveheart* was released, being a hit movie, the views it received were impressive. In the year 2000, owing to this blockbuster movie, the founders of the band, Kevin Vella and Joe Parnis saw it as a good idea to use the famous surname of the main character as the name for the pipe band.

The popularity of the name itself helped the band get the initial kick of advertisement we needed to be recognized by people around the world.

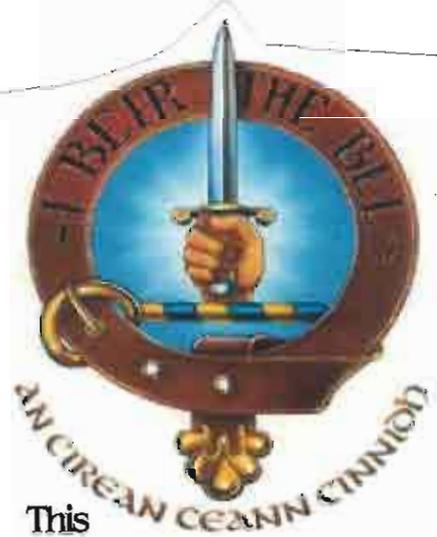
As time went by we embraced the name and started to seek approval from Clan Wallace themselves. Fortunately for us we received the blessing of Clan Wallace and apart from the name, now we also proudly wear the Wallace Hunting Tartan!

If you would like more information about the Wallace Pipes and Drums, Malta, or would like more information about the Clan Wallace Society, just visit: clanwallace.org



(Left) Julie Johnson, Norma Wallace, Jeani Johnson, Doug Johnson, Russ Harper and Marcia Harper. Celebrating the Kelso Highlander Festival and Scottish Games in Kelso, Washington, and the Clan Wallace!

Clan Bell International



This

old West Marche Clan, one of Border clans since the early 1100s, were retainers of the Great House of Douglas and also allied with the best border families through blood and friendship. Their land holdings were extensive, and to survive, they engaged in the "rieving" of the period and participated in many battles against the English.

Declared "unruly" by the Scottish Parliament, many of the Clan emigrated to the Ulster Plantation after 1610.

After William Bell, called *Redcloak* and Chief of the Clan died in 1628, the chiefship became dormant, and without leadership, the Bells ceased to exist as a viable clan.

Clan Bell International (CBI) in the United States represents Clan Bell world-wide with a coordinated network of 20 International Representatives, each representing the Clan in their own country.

CBI is a charitable organization of Scottish descendants and friends of Family/Clan Bell dedicated to the study of Bell genealogy and Scottish history and the perpetuation of family tradition.

CBI cordially invites membership inquires from persons Named Bell (all spellings), their descendants and friends. Quarterly newsletter published. Tents hosted at major Scottish festivals from coast to coast.

President

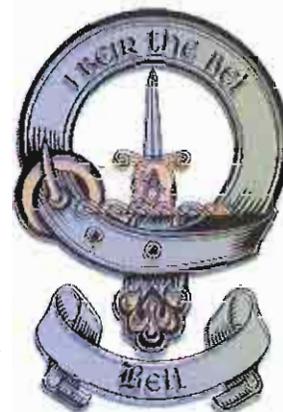
David E. Bell
1513 Anterra Drive
Wake Forest, NC 27587
debellimd@aol.com

Visit our Web site:

clanbell.org

Membership Coordinator
Matthew T. Bell
5911 Braden Run
Bradenton, FL 34202
cbell99999@tampabay.
rr.com

Bell Family Convention, June 15 - 16, 2019 in Dumfriesshire, Scotland



A family convention of the Bell Family is to take place in Gretna, Scotland, next June 15-16 to seek a person to lead Clan Bell as Commander under the guidance of the Court of the Lord Lyon in Edinburgh.

The Bell family has had no chief or leader since at least the early 17th century and it is not known if anyone can now prove that they are the most senior member of a known Bell family from that time.

In the absence of such a person, it would benefit Bells if they had a Commander who would lead the clan for the next ten to twenty years.

If a suitable person to be chief is identified, or a descendant of the principal family of the name is able to gather proof of their descent and be in a position to seek to petition the Lord Lyon King of Arms for recognition, the Bell Family will proceed with that person.

The manner in which such a person is identified is by a family convention that must show support from a wide geographical area and from those who are members of Bell Societies and those who are not. Members of the Bell Family are planning

that a gathering take place in Scotland in 2019. It is hoped that a suitable person will be identified at this gathering who will take on the role of-Commander.

The Lord Lyon King of Arms has appointed Mrs. Elizabeth Roads, Snawdown Herald of Arms, to oversee the family convention. Under Mrs. Roads' guidance, we now seek applications from those who might wish to lead the clan for the next decade.

If you would like more information about the Bell Family Convention or about how your own name might be considered for the position of Commander, please contact: Robert Bell, 3228 Oak Leaf Place, Highlands Ranch, Colorado 80129 USA. You may also use his email: <clanbellcolorado@aol.com>

From David Erwin Bell, past president of the Clan Bell, "Why is the Family Council in Scotland rather than here in North America, where there are more Bells than there are in the whole United Kingdom?"

"The Court of the Lord Lyon of Scotland is the controlling body and it sets the parameters and assigns a Court of the Lord Lyon representative to the Clan (Mrs. Elizabeth Roads) to monitor the gathering and to prepare a report of the proceedings to the Lord Lyon, Dr. Joseph Morrow to assure that all is done in the proper manner. Once the election is held, Mrs. Roads will submit her report and action will follow; the commander will be officially inducted."



Mrs. Elizabeth Roads, Snawdown Herald, Court of the Lord Lyon.



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Historian discovers earliest reference of a Scottish ship sailing to America

With thanks to: **history**
SCOTLAND
scholarship Country Heritage

The earliest documented reference to a Scottish ship sailing to North America has been discovered by a local researcher at Aberdeen City and the Aberdeenshire Archives, in what has been described as 'a hugely important historical find'.

Thomas Brochard, an Honorary Research Fellow at the University of Aberdeen, made the discovery whilst reading a late sixteenth century Council Register. He noticed an entry relating to a vessel, the *William of Aberdeen*, having made a voyage to "the new fund land" (Newfoundland) in 1596.

Until now, the earliest documented Scottish ship to sail the Atlantic was a Dundee vessel named the *Grace of God*, which had sailed from Portugal in 1600.

From an earlier reference in the same volume it is known that the *William* had arrived back in Aberdeen in May 1596 from Bordeaux with a cargo of wine, having stopped at Burntisland on route.

The entry in which the ship is mentioned as having crossed the Atlantic relates primarily to debts incurred by Patrick Donaldson younger, a burghess of the town, and burghess William Findlay, the master and skipper of the *William*.

The records reveal that both Patrick and William were involved in the fitting-out and freighting of the vessel between it leaving Aberdeen in July

1596 and its return four years later.

The other partners and owners in the Newfoundland-venture are given as Archibald Smith and burghess Alexander Kempt. A Colin Campbell is also noted as being on board the vessel as was a carpenter by the name of John.

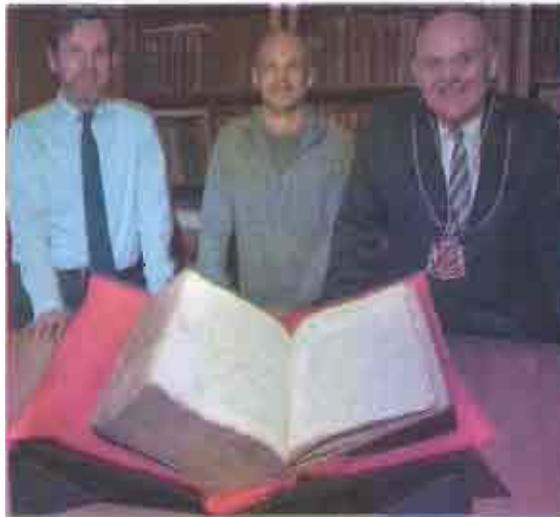
The *William's* voyage

The precise nature of the cargo on the outward voyage is not known however, from later entries in the same volume it becomes clear that the *William* returned to Aberdeen from North America via the port of Aveiro in Portugal where it picked up a cargo of salt, most probably destined to be used for preserving fish and meat.

Remarkably, several of the Portugal to Aberdeen crew are also named: John Barclay, Alexander Currie, David Morton, David Easton, William Brown, Robert Fleming, Paul Fraser, William Young, and John Dow.

It is possible that some, if not all these men, might have been crew members on the Newfoundland voyage. They had paid money to Patrick Donaldson, one of the owners and the ship's clerk, to buy their share of the ship's cargo of salt. On arrival in Aberdeen the owners refused to pay the crew their whole share as the cargo was spoiled

Continued on page 27



Thomas Brochard (shown centre, with the Lord Provost on the right and Phil Astley, city archivist, on the left), an Honorary Research Fellow at the University of Aberdeen, made the discovery whilst reading a late sixteenth century Council Register.



House of Boyd Society

Confido "I trust."



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during our*

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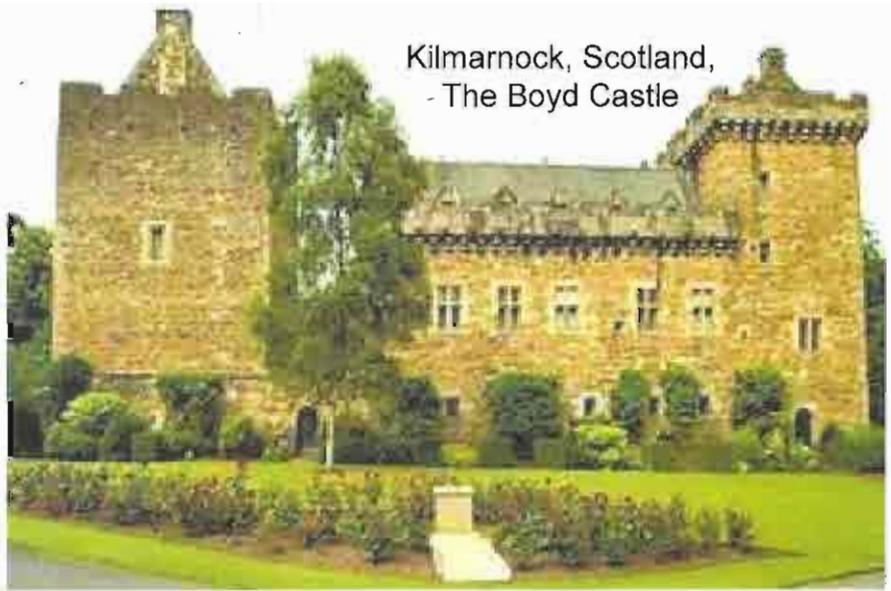
House of Boyd Society.

Just visit:

<http://www.clanboyd.org/joinus.shtml>

Visit our FaceBook site:

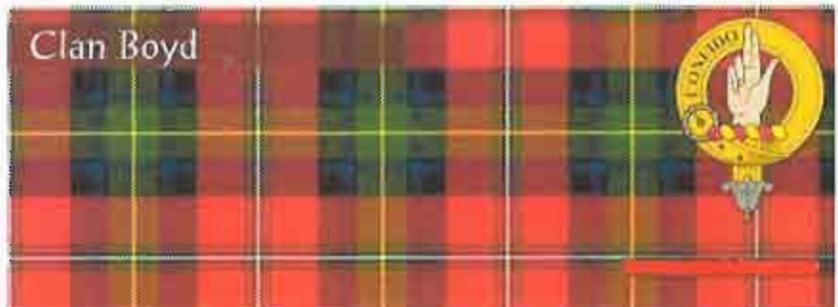
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/7644244762>



Kilmarnock, Scotland,
- The Boyd Castle



Clan Boyd
Plant Badge,
The Laurel



First ship sailing to America ,
continued from page 25



due to a leak in the ship's hold. The dispute then came before the Burgh Court and was recorded in the Council Register.

A hugely important find

Thomas Brochard said of the find: "I was trawling through the records when my eyes chanced upon the words 'new fund land'. This turned out to be an astonishing discovery. I'm sure other gems like this are waiting to be discovered in the burgh records which are an incredibly rich resource for historians and fully deserve their UNESCO designation as nationally important documentary heritage."

The Lord Provost of Aberdeen Barney Crockett said: "Aberdeen is a proud maritime city, and this is a hugely important historical find. It clearly demonstrates that Aberdeen was at the forefront of Scottish trade to the New World as far back as the 16th century.

"Our archives are recognised as being of outstanding historic importance to the UK, and we are extremely fortunate that our city's forefathers had the good sense to keep these records safe for future generations to learn from and enjoy."

For more information on Aberdeen and Aberdeenshire Archives visit the website: <historyscotland.com>

Old age is always 15 years
older than we are! It's true!



**From the Clan Turnbull
Bullseye publication!**

It's always interesting when we learn the "why" of things we say, but don't think too much about....like this:

There is an old Hotel/Pub in Marble Arch, London, which used to have gallows adjacent. Prisoners were taken to the gallows (after a fair trial of course) to be hung. The horse drawn dray, carting the prisoner was accompanied by an armed guard, who would stop the dray outside the pub and ask the prisoner if he would like "ONE LAST DRINK."

If he said "YES" it was referred to as "ONE FOR THE ROAD."

If he declined, that prisoner was "ON THE WAGON."

For more information about The Clan Turnbull Association: Contact, <communications@turnbullclan.com>.





An Círeán Ceann Cinnidh

**Hear Ye,
Hear Ye,**

**All MacEanruig's
are invited to explore the
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Society**

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Pop Culture Gargoyles Hidden in Gothic Architecture

Laetitia Barbier

Writing in *Atlas Obscura* (Get a free subscription at <atlasobscura.com>)

Fascinating ghouls of another era, gargoyles emerged around the 13th century in European architecture with a vast array of form and function. At first, they were designed as an indispensable engineering trick. Projected from roofs at parapet level, the strange leaning creatures created a siphon for rainwater to protect the walls of the edifice. They evolved to become “grotesques,” ornamental elements with a specific symbolic charge. With their demonic grins and anthropomorphic shapes, gargoyles and grotesques were used to visually exemplify the concept of evil and virtue at a time when a large part of the population was illiterate. Beyond their moral function, gargoyles also had an “apotropaic” value: their grimacing faces were believed to avert the evil eye and keep it from the sacred space.

Gothic architecture was later revived in the 18th and 19th century in England and the United States. Naturally, gargoyles became one of the stylish signatures of this new Neo Gothic architectural type. But centuries of capricious weather and a lack of care had disfigured the legions of statues that were still silently guarding the old gothic monuments. A large amount of stunning chimeras were actually falling to the ground like a plague rainfall. In order to remedy to this situation, conservation programs were started for some of them, and 20th and 21st century stone carvers were asked to replace as many destroyed gargoyles as possible. If some of them copied meticulously the medieval form of the past, others had another vision of what gargoyles could be.

Many of these examples are unfortunately high on the façades out of sight, but a pair of binoculars might help you out. In the 1980s, Washington National Cathedral became one of the first to experiment with gargoyle reinterpretation. Some of you

might have heard the story of the most famous one: the Darth Vader gargoyle, who was the winning proposal in a children’s contest organized by National Geographic. Christopher Rader, a 13-year-old kid from Nebraska, created its design, envisioning the *Star Wars* villain as a modern incarnation of supreme evil. Sculpted by Jay Hall Carpenter and carved by Patrick J. Plunkett, our dark-sided Anakin is today on the Washington Cathedral, wearing his iconic helmet on the first tiny peaked roof from the center pinnacle, on the right hand side.

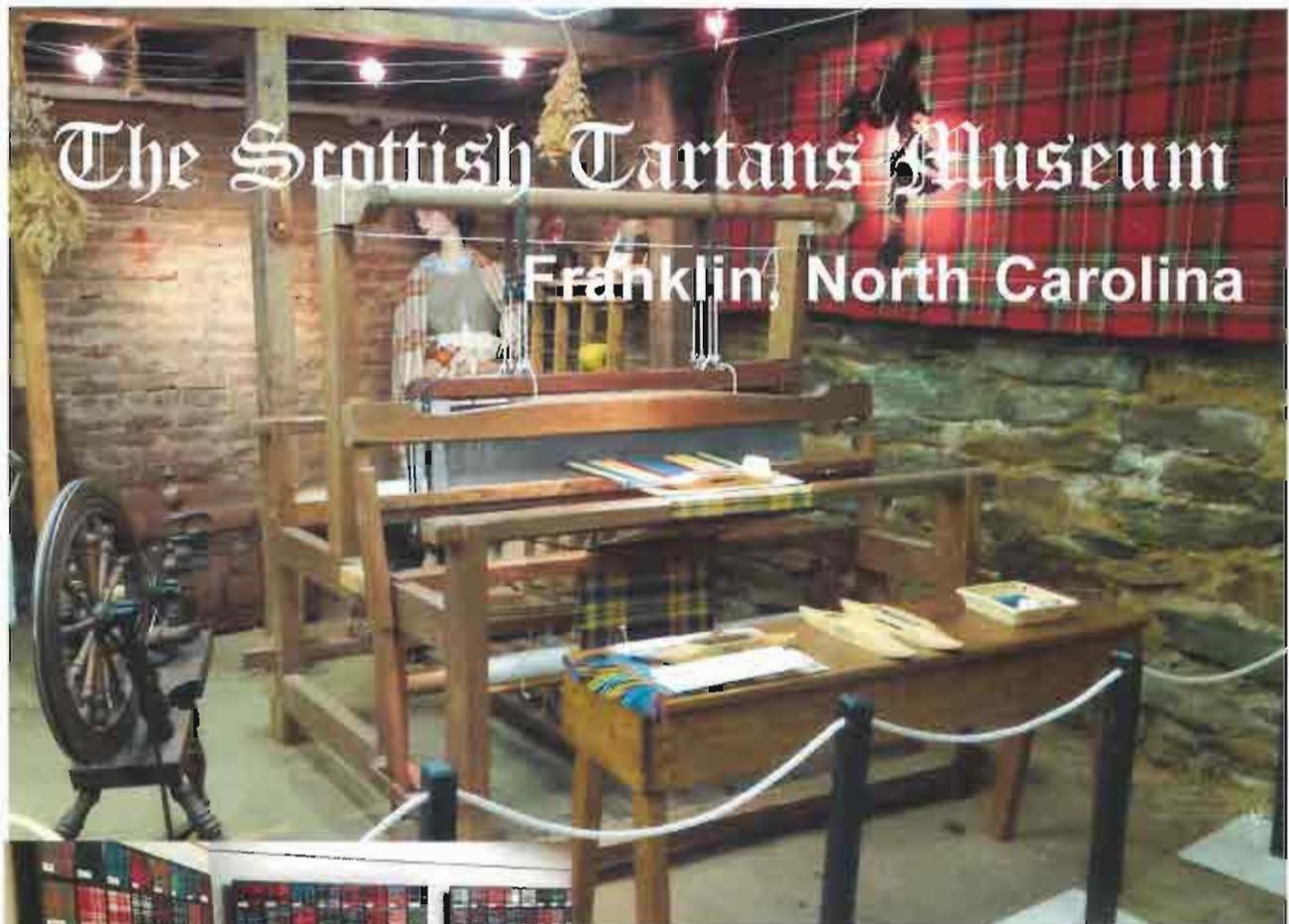


If you’re curious enough for a gargoyle safari, stay around the edifice! You will not be disappointed, as Darth Vader is just one of many pretty unusual creations conceived to adorn the National Cathedral. The 112 sculpted gargoyles include those by Walter S. Arnold, who envisioned gargoyles as portraying the specific hopes and fears of their era. Arnold’s sculptures have name like “The Crooked Politician,” “The Fly holding Raid Spray,” or the “High Tech Pair,” representing a stylized robot and surveillance camera.

As representations of our contemporary life, it’s now not uncommon practice for stone carvers to integrate, here and there, images of our present. The mysterious astronaut, tangled in floral motifs, is not a visionary medieval anticipation



Continued on page 32



The Scottish Tartans Museum & Heritage Center is located in downtown Franklin, North Carolina.

This tartans museum is a non profit organization operated by a Board of Directors and the only tartan museum in the United States.

Our museum is located downstairs which shows the evolution of the kilt and the history of tartan.

Our gift shop, which supports the operation of our museum, is located upstairs and our volunteers are trained to look up surnames and provide customers with a bit of history and what tartan their family should wear.

We offer our gift shop online and brick and mortar. Here you can order custom made kilts, ladies kilted skirts, sashes, scarves, neckties, fabric by the swatch or by the yard, kilt hose and all quality accessories to accent your highland wear.

Admission is \$2.00 per adult and \$1.00 for Children 6-12.

We are open Monday through Saturday 10-5 pm (Winter hours are 11 AM until 4 PM) It is always a good idea to call first if you are planning a trip to our quaint wee mountain town because we might have snow and ice.

Visit our website and learn some history as well

www.scottishtartans.org



Flowers of the Forest

William St. Clair Wallace

William St. Clair Wallace, born February 22, 1936 and died November 10, 2018 .

The Clan Wallace Society (CWS) is sad to inform its members that we have lost another good friend. A lifetime member, life-long devoted family man, Seventh-day Adventist, Veteran, Scotsman, and so much more, Bill was taken home on a clear fall day, in the presence of his loving family. His life was a beautiful statement to our short time here on earth.

Diagnosed with a rare form of cancer in October, he fought a brief, fierce battle against the odds. Attacking his lungs and spine, he never got the chance to fight with effective treatment.

Bill was born at Hood River, Oregon in 1936. His parents, Floyd and Eda, provided a solid upbringing with his younger sister, Dolores. He entered and served in the US Army and was stationed in Germany for two years.

During his time in the service, he adopted the first of his two children Greg, Later, back in the states, DeNeice followed as his second child. A few years later he met Ada and became a devoted father of two more children, Angelia and Wayne. Ada and William were married for almost 49 years. Extended family includes eight grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

His son, Wayne's, memories are filled with regular weekend outings to the coast, Gorge, Holidays, and many great vacations. Often they would just jump in the car, not knowing the destination.

"I will also remember his work ethic, friendly demeanor, and high standards," said Wayne. "Ours

wasn't always a perfect co-existence, but he was the anchor for our journey, in both good and times of trouble."

Beyond his immediate family, Bill touched many lives in his many years as head deacon at his place of worship, Commander of North West Scotsguard, his workplace, and his service to the community center. He will be missed by his Clan Wallace Society family. We bid farewell to a good man and a good friend.

Tim Stockdale, showjumper. Born: 12 August 1964 in Nottinghamshire. Died: 14 November 2018 in Roade, Northamptonshire, aged 54.

Tim Stockdale, the popular showjumper, trainer, commentator and television personality has died after a short fight against cancer. He was 54.

Thousands have left heartfelt tributes on social media to the man described variously as a legend with a heart of gold, equestrian royalty and a true ambassador for the sport of showjumping. Stockdale was highly respected in the equestrian community as a consummate horseman and loved for his enthusiasm, his direct manner and his ability and willingness to pass his knowledge on through his clinics, demonstrations, books and training videos.

After an unpromising start – the young Stockdale didn't like the idea of riding because it hurt and the ponies smelled – his career took him to the very top levels of the sport. He was a member of Team GB at the 2008 Beijing Olympic Games riding Fresh Direct Corlato. The team just missed out on a medal, finishing fourth.

Gargoyles *continued from page 29*

Another story of delightfully iconoclast restoration took place in France, a few miles away from Nantes, in one of the major historic cities of Brittany. In 1993, in Saint Jean-Boisseau, the late Middle Ages chapel of Bethlehem was subject to a renovation. Since almost none of its pinnacles had survived, a decision was made to replace them one by one, while keeping the traditional symbolism attached to each of them. With this in mind, stone carver Jean-Louis Boistel, proposed to restore the traditional archetypes with more modern ones, directly drawn from pop culture.

Just as Catholic sacred architecture used to be like a historical picture book describing Middle Ages ways of life, so is adding a modern motif of modern monsters like the “ear mouse” grotesque of Saint George’s Chapel (inspired by Dr. Charles Vacanti’s experiments) reactivating the traditional function of Gothic Architecture.

Talking about polemics, our last example probably spilled more ink than rainwater and occurred a couple of years ago in the French city of Lyon. The Cathedrale Saint Jean, already in the *Atlas* for its incredible Astronomical Clock, now has another wonder. During the renovation of the cathedral, stonemason Emmanuel Fourchet created a gargoyle figure after his construction manager, Ahmed Benzidine, as a token of their friendship and appreciation for his dedicated work. Ahmed is a veteran in historical renovation and has spent more than 30 years of his life restoring religious structures in France. He’s also a Muslim.

Conservative groups furiously criticized the act, calling it blasphemy. While the Archbishop saluted this gesture as a meaningful act, he also underlined the fact that the extreme reaction was due to a lack of understanding of the history and culture concerning the sculpted art of the cathedral itself. The Church Rector Chanoine Michel Cacaud reminded the public that the elements adorning the outside of the cathedral are meant to represent the profane world in its complexity. And now they can reflect those same complexities of our contemporary world.



Charles Vacanti's Earmouse, now on St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle. Courtesy Tom Brown



Above: Gizmo at Chapelle de Bethlehem. Flickr/ Begests/Used with permission. Below: Pacifist, now on the National Cathedral. Walter S. Arnold, Stonecarver

