



Vol. V Issue No. 2 *Beth's Newfangled Family Tree* Section B July 2011



National Trust for Scotland undergoing major changes

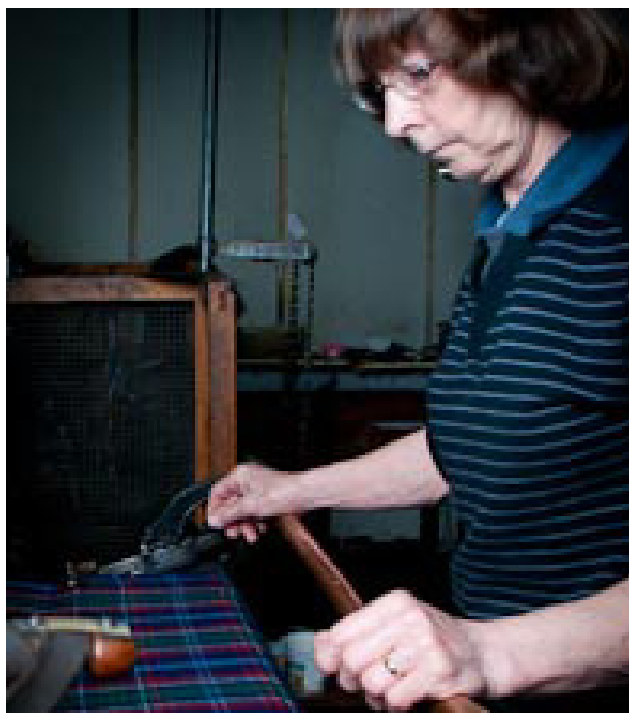
The National Trust for Scotland, with over 1300 properties under its wing, is undergoing big changes - the likes of which have never been seen before.

Recently, the Scottish newspaper, *The Scotsman*, printed a very interesting article concerning what is happening with The National Trust. You may access it at: <http://heritage.scotsman.com/heritage/National-Trust-for-Scotland-trusting.6785644.jp>

Dalglish under new management

Iconic Border weavers D. C. Dalglish have been bought over by Nick & Adele Fiddes of Edinburgh and we wish them every success in continuing Kenneth Dalglish's niche service to the worldwide Scottish community.

Coincidentally, two other long established Border weavers have moved back into that same short-length market and we wish Lochcarron of Scotland and Andrew Elliot Ltd (both of Selkirk) the same good fortune.





Editor, photographer, etc.
Beth Gay-Freeman, LOK, FSA Scot
 <bethscribble@aol.com>
 102 Lakeside Drive
 Walhalla, SC 29691

Webmaster
Alastair McIntyre, KTJ, FSA Scot
 <<http://www.electricscotland.com>>

Masthead Designer
Tom Freeman, KR, FSA Scot
 <tom@caberdancer.com>

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Miss Narra is home!

Miss Narra, Queen of the Cat World has finally arrived back in Walhalla, SC from her trip to "The Wedding" in London and then her Cat Re-Treat (That means she had treats and then more treats.) holiday.

She brought home this formal photograph of her in her wedding outfit. She preceded the bride and her father down the aisle as is the tradition as the Queen of the Cat World.

We were mightily disappointed that due to her 8 inch height, she was missed by all of the TV cameras.

She was chauffeured in the United States in a brand new Catillac. Her holiday was on Catalina Island where she modeled for the latest issue of *Fancy Felines Catalog*.

We are all delighted to have her home!

A letter from your editor...

Of Broadband and much kindness

The fireworks you see at the right of this page are in celebration. I now have BROADBAND Internet connection!!! BOOM! BOOM! CRASH! RATTATATT! BOOM!

I used to work with a good book propped up on my desk, so I could read while the simplest things downloaded...or, uploaded, or while the dial-up connection tried to find a photo I needed...or just anything. It was so very FRUSTRATING for everything to be so S-S-L-L-L-O-O-O-O-W-W-W-W-W. I did that for years.

How did I get Broadband? Tom has moved his office upstairs to what used to be his mother's den. With all of the art work that he sends all over the world, he must have a fast Internet connection. I am mooching (legally) from his Internet connection!

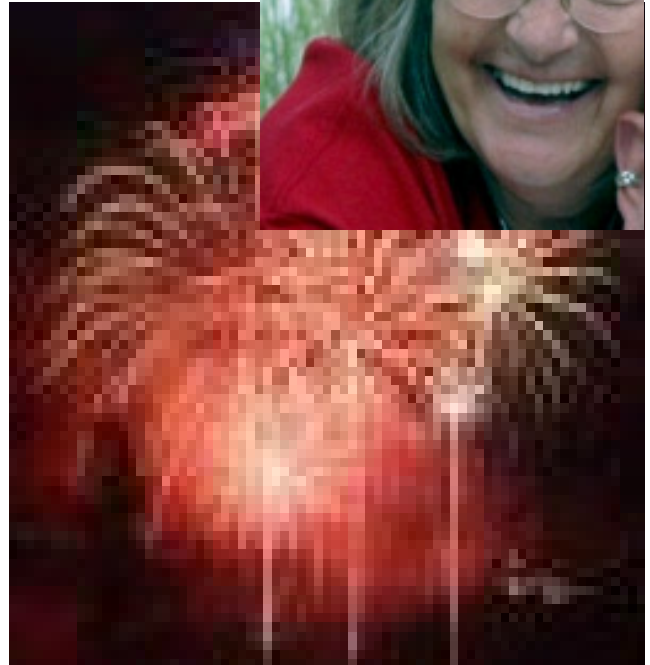
It used to take upwards of from 11 to 15 minutes to send one of the sections of this publication to Alastair. It now takes LESS THAN A MINUTE!!! That's 60-seconds and less!

I just hollered with joy when I saw the fast connection send something fast for the first time! The Northland Cable guy looked at my book propped in front of the computer and laughed and said, "Your reading days at the computer are over now!"

It is wonderful. Thanks, Tom!

The rest of the Broadband story is that we had to leave to feed my outside cats who are still over at my old house - maybe 15 minutes after the Broadband was installed. I had maybe 5 minutes to play with it!

On the way to feed the wild kitties, it started raining. The wind blew. HARD! A tree fell down on the road ahead of us. I looked to the left and saw something very strange...what looked like a fire - and a strange humming. This turned out to be a blown electric transformer and broken electric wires shooting out giant fireballs and electricity going into the ground. We called 911 and re-



ported what was happening and then boogied away from there as fast as we could!

All of that so you'll know that the person most tickled about Broadband could not play with it again for over 24 hours - as all of that electrical excitement meant that our power was out until late the next evening.

I came into my office and LOOKED at the Broadband connection! Even that made me happy!

My dear friend, Alastair McIntyre, is now on YouTube. You may hear and see Alastair at:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8ekHm50QjK0>

(One of the neat things I can now do with my Broadband is visit You Tube!)

Without Alastair's kindness, this publication would not exist. Alastair allows me to post this publication on his grand site! Thank you, Alastair.

He very kindly mentioned this publication on the YouTube talk that I saw and heard. I really do appreciate that, Alastair!

Thank you for all of your kindnesses!



Clan Elliot Society, USA

Any person of Scottish ancestry bearing the name Elliot in any of its various spellings, including the spouse or descendant of such person, or any person who would like to be a friend of the Elliot Clan is welcome to join the group.

Please contact the treasurer for a membership form or visit <http://www.elliotclanusa.com/> for a form.

The Clan Elliot Society, USA
Treasurer is: **Patricia Tennyson Bell**,
2288 Casa Grande Street, Pasadena,
CA 91104.

Clan Gregor Society

**Sir Malcolm
MacGregor of MacGregor**
7th Baronet of Lanrick
and Balquidder,
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*Great Lakes, New England,
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and Southeast Chapters*

www.clangregor.org



For membership contact:
PO Box 393,
Stone Mountain, GA 30083

Ms. Ishbel McGregor,
Secretary,
Mo Dhachaidh,
2 Breachadh Alloa,
Clackmannanshire,
FW102EW, Scotland

The Official Clan Macfie Facebook page is up!

Glen Cathey has recently put up
The Official Clan Macfie Facebook page
and it is ready for you to join and participate.

You can see some Youtube of the Clan Parliament at
Nethybridge. This is the link: [http://www.facebook.com/
pages/The-Official-Clan-Macfie-Page/177565770680](http://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Official-Clan-Macfie-Page/177565770680)

Clan Crawford Association

Incorporated to serve our members worldwide to preserve our legacy. Our
Associates can assist you with surname related activities including events, DNA
genealogy, heraldry, surname history and more.

Ralf Smart, Director, SE

**803-425-5316 or general_ly@yahoo.com or
www.clancrawford.org**



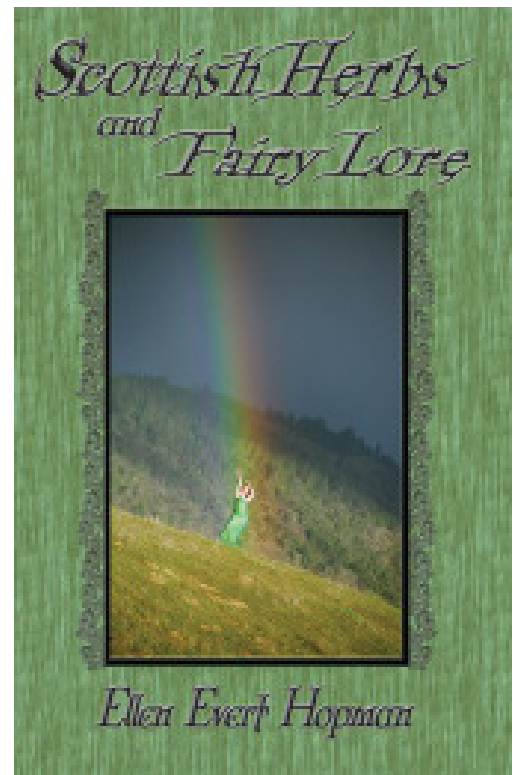
Scottish Herbs and Fairy Lore delights all of the senses

Many of the herbal and magical practices of the Scots are echoed in traditional Norwegian folk medicine and magic. This is a valuable resource book not only for the serious folklorist, but also for a wider audience interested in a deeper look at rural Scottish practices. Ms. Hopman has done an amazing amount of research, and her Scottish herbalism section is far more detailed than I've seen elsewhere. A "must have" for the northern European folklorist's library. *Jane T. Sibley, Ph.D., author of "The Hammer of the Smith" and "The Divine Thunderbolt: Missile of the Gods".*

Through her books, Ellen Evert Hopman lifts the veil between worlds of the present and the past. She guides the reader on a fascinating journey to our ancient Celtic history, simultaneously restoring lost knowledge and entertaining the reader. Be prepared to be educated and delighted. *Wendy Farley, Clan McLeod.*

"The first thing is WOW! Ellen Hopman has given us a volume that belongs in Harry Potter's library. This wonderful collection of enchantments, faery lore and herbal potions, is presented by a practicing herbalist and (I suspect) magician. It is a useful manual of magic, an unusual tourist guide to Scotland, certainly a delightful read, and at the very least, a comprehensive and thoroughly foot-noted collection of folk lore for humorless librarians and scholars." *Matthew Wood MS (Scottish School of Herbal Medicine) Registered Herbalist (American Herbalists Guild).*

Every now and again, a book emerges from the waves of occult and magical authorship that delves into the deep and ancestral waters of old magic! This book is one of those rare occasions. From the lore of herbs to the blessing of stones; from avioding the elf-blast to healing through Faerie blessing -Ellen guides the reader through ancient groves of oral lore to discover a power and



spirit that connects the reader to the oldest of magics, the earth and her elements. I am confident that the Scottish Ancestral Wise Ones, are renewed through this book and the old ways live once again! *Orion Foxwood.*

Ellen Evert Hopman takes us deep into a world where folk magic and herbal medicine are part and parcel of a daily life guided by the cycles of the sun and the moon and the land. She strikes a perfect balance, combining rigorous scholarship, deep understanding of the Scottish worldview, and clear and accessible writing with just the right measure of the mystical and poetic. At once a rich and detailed study of traditional Scottish ways and a practical manual for bringing healing and magic into your own life. A truly masterful work. *Sean Donahue, Traditional Herbalist: <http://www.brighidswellherbs.com>*

Like a wee bairn sitting on grandma's lap absorbing legend, lore and instruction from the talk around the hearth, you will learn from and delight in this richly accomplished book. Take a sip or a long draught, you will be nourished deeply. *Susn S. Weed author of the Wise Woman Herbal series.*

Woven into this well-researched and beautifully presented book is a magical thread. This

Continued on page 8

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Flowers of the Forest

Gregory L. Schwartz, 69, of Minersville, Pennsylvania passed away Saturday afternoon, June 25, at Geisinger Medical Center, Danville. Mr. Schwartz was a longtime member of the Clan Henderson Society and served that group as National Membership Secretary.

His service will be held on July 2nd at 11 AM at the First United Methodist Church, 144 Carvon St., Minersville.

Cards of condolence maybe sent to Greg's daughter, Gretchen Deffley, 115 W. Mahanoy St., Mahanoy City, PA 17948.

Praise for Mr. Schwartz' hard work and loyal friendship have been forthcoming from Clan Henderson. He will be greatly missed and never forgotten.



An Cìrean Cèann Cinnidh

Highland Games & Scottish Festivals

July 7-10, 2011

55th Grandfather Mtn. Highland Games
Linville, NC (near Boone)
www.gmhg.org

September 10-11, 2011

Sycamore Shoals Celtic Festival
Elizabethton, TN 37602
www.shoalsceltfest.com

September 17-19, 2011

Charleston Highland Games
Boone Hall Plantation, Mt. Pleasant, SC
www.charlestonscots.org

September 24, 2011

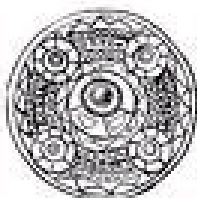
Dandridge Scotch-Irish Festival
Danridge, TN 34697-0507
www.mainstreetdandridge.com/festival.htm

October 1, 2011

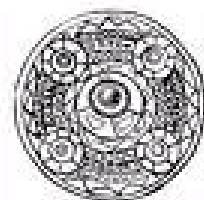
Scotland County Highland Games
Laurinburg, NC
www.schgnc.org

October 14-16, 2011

Stone Mountain Highland Games
Stone Mountain (Atlanta), GA
www.smhg.org

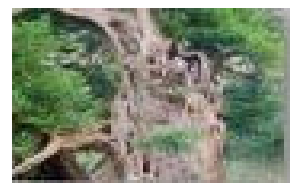


Please let us know about any
Scottish Highland Games & Festivals in
your area...and that is anywhere.
Just email bethscribble@aol.com
No charge for listing.



Thanks to Keets
Taylor for this listing of games.

Does anyone know about the Robert the Bruce Yew Tree?



About eight years ago, maybe 2003, I read an article somewhere concerning the Robert the Bruce Yew Tree.

It was right after two defeats, when Robert the Bruce and his forces came upon an ancient Yew tree - standing tall and strong and everlasting. Bruce used the tree to rally his men. He told them the tree symbolized their struggle for freedom.

It was maybe eight or nine years later when Bruce's army - all with an image of the yew on their clothing - won independence for Scotland at Bannockburn.

That same yew tree was still standing on the banks of Loch Lomond at the time of that article. Experts had examined the tree and one of Scotland's leading tree experts arranged for the very modern equipment that would create a picture of the inside of the tree.

I remember that the test showed about 60% decay...but even at that, the tree was supposed to be able to be brought back to health by a little more light and some TLC.

Does anyone know how the ancient - maybe about 2,000 years old - yew is doing?

If you do, please write bethscribble@aol.com

Scottish Herbs and Fairy Lore, continued from page 5

thread forms a path and this path winds its way into the very marrow of the old and forgotten ways of Scotland. Throughout these pages Ellen lavishes the reader with a body of knowledge that she means to be used in direct participation with Nature. The message is clear: The old Wisdom endures and is more vital to us than ever before. *Michael Dunning - Scottish shaman, writer, artist*

and teacher:

The ISBN is 978-1-936922-01-7. There are 152 images of herbs included in the book. The book has 310 pages total. The price is \$17.95 from Pendraig Publishing at <http://www.pendraigpublishing.com/products.asp?genre=Folk> My site: www.elleneverthopman.com

Clan Davidson Society, USA, Inc.

www.clandavidsonusa.com



COME JOIN US! The Clan Davidson Society, USA, Inc. will be sponsoring an *International Gathering of Clan Davidson* on the 2nd weekend of June (**June 10, 11 & 12**), 2011. The event will be held in conjunction with the Kansas City Scottish Highland Games.

Richard Halliley, President
5650 Harmony Bend
Braselton, GA 30517
gahalliley@gmail.com

Dave Chagnon, Membership
7004 Barberry St.
North Little Rock, AR 72118
sennachie@earthlink.net

Clan Davidson Society, USA invites all Davidson's and Septs of the clan to membership:
Davey, Davie, Davis, Davison, Davisson, Daw, Dawson, Day, Dea(s), Dean, Deane, Deason, Dee, Desson, Devette, Dewis, Dey, Dow, Dye, Kay, Keay, Key, Keys, MacAdie, MacDaid, MacDavid, MacDavitt, MacKay, Slora, Slorach.

Clan Blair Society

Membership cordially invited from
Blair descendants
and other interested parties.

www.clanblair.org

Shawn R. Blair, President
40 Pearl Street
South Portland, ME 04106-2734

Robert I. Blair, Membership Chairman
7516 E. Hermosa Vista Dr.
Mesa, AZ 85207-1110



The Shield of
Robert Boyd

A lifelong friend and close lieutenant to Robert the Bruce, Sir Robert Boyd heroically defended Castle Kildrummy and was an exemplar to all in the Scots' cause. He survived the years and faced harsh dangers in taking his country back from the English kings, and fought alongside his family's Stewart kinsmen at the Battle of Bannock Burn.

The epic story unfolds before you in the historical *Rebel King* novels. See them here:

REBELKING.COM



Sir Sean Connery is *Sir Billi*

Sir Sean Connery, the former milkman who rose to fame starring in *Dr. No* and six other James Bond movies, has come out of retirement to play his first animation role as the voice of Sir Billi, a retired Highland veterinarian who wears a kilt, rides a skateboard and is attempting to save a fugitive beaver from powerful lairds.

The movie, *Sir Billi*, is Scotland's first animated feature film.

Eighty-year-old Sir Sean took the role after his grandchildren fell in love with the story.

Why not? Connery has made a career out of fighting the forces of evil, so it was only natural that he would fight the good fight once again.

For a preview, see www.billiproductions.com

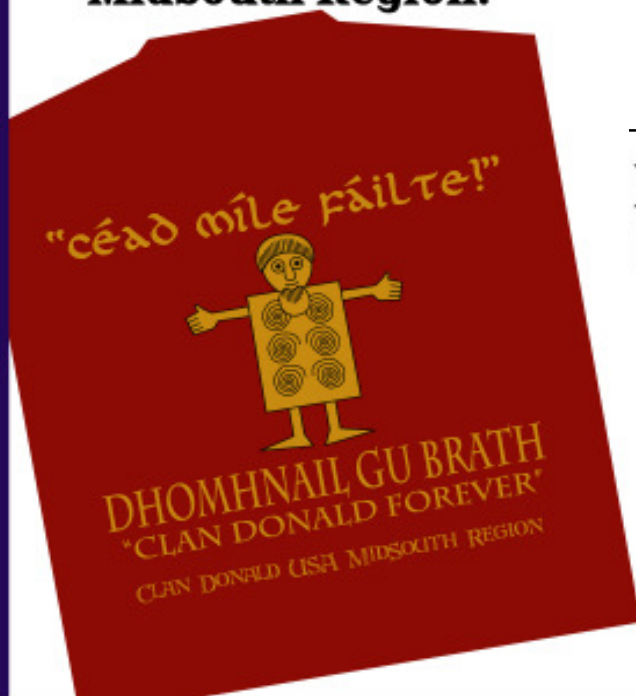
With thanks to *The St. Andrews Cross* from the St. Andrews Society of Tallahassee, Florida.

Ye kin wear yer heart on yer sleeve, aye,
but keep yer name out in front!

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www.cafepress.com/bonesandpipes

Clan Sinclair Association, Inc., (USA)



7 ft. x 9 ft. tent panel created by Heraldic Artist, Tom Freeman, for the 2009 Gathering in Edinburgh.

Clan Sinclair Association, Inc. (U.S.A.)



Do you know who came to North America
almost 100 years before Columbus' famous voyage?

Prince Henry Sinclair in 1398!

Come join (and enjoy) your Sinclair family

President
Melvin Sinclair
224 Bransfield Road
Greenville, SC 296715
864-268-3550
Mel@ClanSinclairSC.org



Membership Contact
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For a list of spelling variations and septs visit the Website: www.clansinclairusa.org

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Remembering their Scottish roots

James Thompson, President of the Caledonian Society of Restigouche, is passionate about promoting Scottish culture in Northern New Brunswick.

His most recent undertaking is to launch a fund-raising campaign to erect a monument in memory of the original Scottish settlers to the region.



In researching his ancestors Mr. Thompson has discovered that a large number of settlers arrived in the region as a result of the Arran Clearances of 1829-1840. This was an expulsion of Scottish farmers from the Isle of Arran in Scotland.

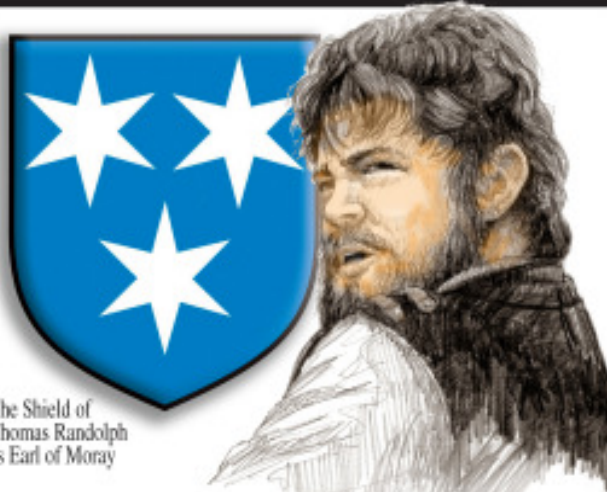
The Duke of Hamilton merged their smaller farms to create larger units and displaced many families. They came to Canada in boatloads, the largest group of more than 400 landing in Dalhousie, NB to be pioneer settlers of the Restigouche- Bay Chaleur District.

Monuments marking the experiences of such displaced peoples have been erected elsewhere, such as in Megantic County, Quebec, and Lamash on the Isle of Arran, Scotland (raised in 1977 with the help of the Caledonian Society of Restigouche).

In 2007 a sculpture called The Emigrants was forged in Helmsdale, Sutherland, Scotland and duplicated in Winnipeg, Manitoba in honour of similar Highland Clearances.

Mr. Thompson has contacted the Scottish foundry who cast the two Emigrant monuments, Black Isle Bronze, with the hopes of having a reproduction made to be erected in Campbellton.

Anyone interested in supporting this venture is invited to contact James at (506) 789-1586 or email restigouchecaledoniansoc@live.ca



The Shield of Thomas Randolph as Earl of Moray

Captured at Methven in the debacle that all but ended the reign of Robert the Bruce, the king's nephew Thomas Randolph was forced by his captors to track his king and the Army of Bruce. His heart still yearned for Scotland to be free, and at Loudoun Plain, he calmly turned his back to the English and rode across the battlefield to rejoin the Scots and stand against Edward's army.

Find out more about the epic story at....

REBELKING.COM



MacDuffee Clan Society of America, Inc. Of Clan MacFie

Organized July 1962

Registrar:
Marty Rosser
336-275-8619
martyrosser50@aol.com

Annual General Meeting each year in July
at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games

Genealogy Chairman: Richard Ledyard
865-671-2555 rledyard@tds.net

Treasurer: David Nathan McDuffie
678-557-9215 dnmcduffie@hotmail.com





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It is by the goodness of God that in our country
we have those three unspeakably precious things:
freedom of speech, freedom of conscience and the
prudence never to practice either of them.

Mark Twain, "Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar," *Following the
Equator*, 1897.

Welcome to the Ellis Island Tartan

As part of the celebrations for Tartan Day 2011 the Clan Currie Society - led by our great friend Bob Currie (right) - commissioned STA Governor and Franklin North Carolina Tartan Museum Director Matt Newsome, to design an Ellis Island Tartan which was woven in Scotland and featured on the runway (catwalk) at the now famous, annual Dressed to Kilt event.

NBC-TV personality and host of "LX-TV" and "First Look: NY," Sara Gore wore a stunning new creation by Michael Kaye Couture.

Clan Currie produced and hosted their tenth annual "Tartan Day on Ellis Island" programme featuring a new exhibition entitled, "A Celebration of Tartan." Visitor numbers exceeded 30 thousand making this the largest attended Tartan Day event in the world.

All those people whose ancestors passed through this golden gateway as they arrived on American shores – an estimated 12 million immigrants between 1892 and 1954, of which half a million were Scots – and their relatives now have the right to wear the new tartan. That is an estimated 40% of Americans.

Congratulations to Bob, Matt, Clan Currie and the staff at the Ellis Island Immigration Museum.

With thanks to the *Tartan Herald*, publication of The Scottish Tartans Society.



Queen' Mary's Personal Favorite Cranachan

For 4 servings you will need:

- ◆ 2 ½ cups of fresh raspberries (keep ¼ cup to decorate)
- ◆ 5 Tablespoons Drambuie or single malt scotch (divided)
- ◆ 1 ¼ cup heavy whipping cream (or double cream or crème fraîche)
- ◆ 2 Tablespoons of heather honey divided
- ◆ ½ cup of pinhead oatmeal
- ◆ ¼ cup soft light brown sugar

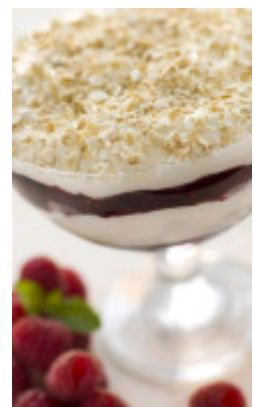
Toss the raspberries in 2 table-spoons of the Drambuie or scotch and set them aside to get really yummy.

Whip the cream with 2 tablespoons of Drambuie or scotch and 1 table-spoon of the heather honey.

Mix 1 tablespoon of Drambuie or scotch with 1 tablespoon of heather honey and set aside as a final topping.

In a sauté pan on the stove over medium high heat mix the oats and the brown sugar, stirring constantly, until they are combined and the oats are toasted and caramelized. This takes about 3-4 minutes once the pan is hot.

Using tall glasses or compotes, layer the in-



Continued on page 21

The Families of Clan MacTavish Welcome You to Discover Your Scottish Heritage!



Chief Steven MacTavish

Family names associated with Clan MacTavish:
*Cash, Kash, MacCamish, MacCash, MacCavish,
MacComb, MacCombie, MacComich,
MacComish, MaComie, Macomie, MacCosh,
MacLaws, MacElhose, MacLehose, MacTavish,
McTavish, Mactavish, Mactavis, M'Tavish,
MacThomas, Stephens, Stephenson, Stevens,
Stevenson, Tavish, Tawesson, Thom, Thomas,
Thomason, Thomasson, Thompson, Thomson,
Tod, and Todd, and all variant spellings.*

We Are Clan MacTavish!



For information about joining us email: clanmactavishUSA@gmail.com

Email: clanmactavishUSA@gmail.com

Flowers of the Forest

Clan Sutherland Society of North America Life Member, **John Henderson (Jack) Sutherland**, passed away last May 17 in Marin County, California after an extended illness.

Jack grew up in Vancouver, Canada and moved to San Francisco in the late 1940s to attend the California School of Fine Arts. There he met and married Marilyn Bradley; last year they celebrated 60 years of marriage.

Jack is survived by his wife Marilyn; three children, Duncan, Bonnie and Ken and their spouses; six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Jack was very proud of his Scottish heritage and over the years did considerable research into the family lineage, tracing his Sutherland roots back to Golspie, Scotland in the early 1800s.

His cultural interests were not limited to history, however: he played tenor drum and bass drum with the City of San Francisco Caledonian Pipe Band in the 1950s and 1960s, and was one of the co-founders in 1968 of the Prince Charles Pipe Band, an organization dedicated to teaching the art of Scottish piping and drumming to youth.

He was a tenor and bass drummer and instructor, drill sergeant and band manager over a thirty-year active tenure with the band.

Son Ken and grandson John Sutherland both grew up in the Band and became accomplished pipers.

Two of Jack's granddaughters, Meagan and Erin Sutherland, were highland dancers who also achieved competitive success.

In addition to his achievements with the Band, Jack was a Scoutmaster for thirteen years, served on the town Park and Recreation Commission, was named Corte Madera Citizen of the Year in 1976, and was an Elder at Redwoods Presbyterian Church.



Clan Skene Flowers of the Forest this past year: Member-**Mary Katherine Madison**. Member-**Reed Longgear**-Grandson of Chuck Stanley; Member-**Edward H Lewin**-Father of Dorna Comp; **Eva "Eve" Stella Powell Skeen**-Mother of Susan House and **Florence Simpson Bitter Freeman** - Mother of Tom Freeman (Beth Gay-Freeman)

Do you know
that at military
funerals, the 21-
gun salute stands
for the sum of
the numbers in
the year 1776?

You're invited to
Kinloch Lodge
Sleat, Isle of Skye
Scotland



We are thrilled to announce that Kinloch Lodge has retained it's Michelin star for 2011. Being awarded a star is the greatest of privileges and we have all worked hard to maintain and exceed the quality that saw us win our first star in 2010.

Come and celebrate with us during these beautiful summer days!

We really hope to welcome you back here soon.

Isabella Macdonald

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www.kinloch-lodge.co.uk or www.claire-macdonald.com

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3 AA Red Stars

Romantic Hotel of The Year, 2009 and Island Hotel of The Year, 2010

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Peasant Life in Argyllshire in the end of the Eighteenth century

Taken from *The Scottish Historical Review* and available now at the address listed below.

The following paper by Mrs. K. W. Grant of Oban gives an account of life in her native village as related to Mrs. Grant many years ago by her grandmother

I was born in the year 1774 at Barichreil; a small village of Nether Lorn.

My father was a descendant of that McCallum of Colagin, the sight of whom, as he entered Kilbride Church one Sunday, followed by his twelve sons in order of their age, provoked the Lady of Dunollie to exclaim: 'A third of Albyn were

none too much for McCallum of Colagin!'

My mother's family, the Macnabs, belonged to Glenorchy. Her forefathers had been armourers and silversmiths for seven hundred years, the son stepping into the father's place throughout the whole of that long period.

My mother had a training such as fell to the lot of few Highland girls of the period in which she lived. In

early girlhood she went to live in the family of a relative, whose wife had been educated in one of the best schools in Edinburgh. This lady delighted to teach my mother not only all that a good housewife ought to know but also the spinning of wool and flax, and the working up of both from the raw material to the finished web.

My childhood was cast in that transition period when the domestic life of the Highland people was gradually adapting itself to modern civilisation. Today one can hardly realise a time when there were no railways, no steamboats, no penny post, no telegraph, no looms driven by machinery, no wheaten bread nor tea in country districts, no newspapers giving us the news of the wide world.

Clive had just laid the foundation of our Indian Empire. Canada had become one of our possessions. The first ominous mutterings were heard of the storm about to break over our American colo-

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Cranachan,
*continued from
page 15*

gredients, starting with the caramelized oats, then cream, then raspberries. End with a layer of cream topped with the reserved raspberries and drizzled with the chosen li-

quor mixed with honey.

Serve immediately as the oatmeal goes soggy!

Happily contributed by Linda Frazier and published in *The St. Andrews Cross*, the publication of the St. Andrews Society of Tallahassee, Florida.

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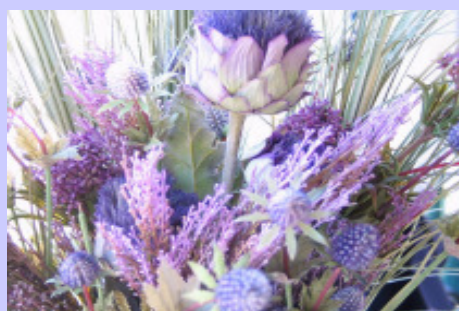
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nies. Australia and New Zealand began to loom on the horizon. That was abroad. At home the forces which were to overturn social life were already set in motion. Watt was busy improving his steam-engine. Arkwright's spinning-jenny had penetrated into the Scottish Lowlands.

In the Highlands the spinning-wheel was beginning to supersede the spindle and distaff; schools were being established in every parish; the New Testament was translated into Gaelic, and the books of the Old Testament were in capable hands for translation.

At the same time the daily life of the people continued to be what it had been for ages. They had not outlived the simple life which had been theirs from time immemorial; the shielings were still theirs; nor were they restricted from fishing the risers, or from taking a hare from the hill.

Our village was an important place in its own estimation. It consisted of a group of sixteen thriving families, whose boast it was that every known trade required in the district was represented among the men. That was something to be proud of in those days, when to be a first-rate tradesman meant that a man possessed as thorough a knowledge of every branch of his craft as a master-workman is expected to have in these days.

The town of Oban did not exist except in the brain of the then Duke of Argyll and his Chamberlain. The first time I walked into Oban there were but three houses on the bay : the Custom House, the Inn, and a farmhouse.

The edict that made the wearing of our national costume punishable made a tailor of my father. The finest linen underwear as well as upper garments were made at that time by the tailor. When some thrifty dame brought a web of linen and another of woollen material to be made up, my father turned the web of linen over to my mother,

who could manipulate it as well as any tailor. When, on the other hand, my father was out boarding with a family till all the household sewing was finished, he received 7½d. per day, which sum was considered to be very good pay.

When I was old enough to attend school my brothers pled with mother to allow me to accompany them. It was an unheard of thing for girls except the daughters of 'gentlemen' to be sent to school. But my mother came of a family that loved learning, and she knew how to value education, so

it did not take much coaxing to get her to consent to my taking a winter at school.

So I trudged there and back in company with my kind brothers, who, if the weather proved severe, took turns in carrying me, so that I might sit dry and cosy at school.

It was always during the six winter months that we attended school. Each boy carried a peat under his arm to keep the fire blazing. One of

the older lads provided a good broom of long, wiry-stemmed moss from the marsh, wherewith to sweep the earthen floor. All had helped to gather the thatch and cover the roof before the winter session began.

That season in school would, I was confident, enable me to go on by myself afterwards, so I made the most of my time. For I doubted whether there would come another opportunity. When could a woman find time for schooling with the clothing of the whole family dependent upon her knowledge and skill in working wool and flax; even the sewing thread had to be manufactured by her deft fingers. The women had also the care of the cattle to a great extent, and oftentimes they were obliged to grind the meal before baking it. How could time be spared to read and write?

When my eldest brother was old enough he was allowed to go to the harvest work in the Low-

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Heraldic Banner Parade

Glasgow, Kentucky 2011





Heraldic Banner Parade Glasgow, Kentucky 2011



Life in Old Perthshire, *continued from page 23*

lands. On his return he brought with him an English Bible ; he read t aloud to us in the evening, not in English but as if written in Gaelic.

My brothers learned trades. John became a farmer; another brother built many of the houses in Oban and the Congregational Chapel, which was the first place of worship in Oban. He erected also the high wall around Iain Ciar's grave.

One morning our quiet village was greatly startled by a rumour that we might have a visit from the press-gang. A friendly warning was sent us to the effect that the press-gang were in the vicinity and would be certain to pay us a call in the passing as we were quite near the highway.

The good wives of Barichreil were not in the habit of overstepping the bounds of modest conventional womanhood, but on this occasion they took the law nto their own hands. The husbands, with all the sons and brothers old enough to be impressed, were ordered off to make peats, and forbidden to return until sent for. Boy scouts were stationed here and ther to keep us women informed of the appearance of the enemy, and report his movements. Meanwhile, a supply of ammunition was prepared in the shape of clods and turf.

At length the press-gang arrived, and looked greatly astonished on finding. a village composed of women and children only. Before they had time to ask, 'Where are the men?' the wives attacked them with such a volley of clods and turf that they wheeled right about and marched off, the officer saying he 'wasn't going to fight with women,' and there was no time to go about the mils searching for the men.

Our village lay in a green glade, flanked by two low, brown hills. The houses were clustered on both sides of a burn that divided the glade in two and fell into the river Euachir just below the highway. The Euachir is a fine salmon stream run-

ning through a deep channel between steep banks covered with birch and hazel.

My brothers were keen fishers. There was a beautiful salmon that haunted a deep pool in the Euachir; all the fishermen about had tried in vain to catch it. My brothers were determined not to be baffled; they would blaze the river. They got up during the night and sallied forth with torches and fish-spears. I was suddenly awakened at daybreak by the call, 'Get up and see our fishing!' In a twinkling I was up, dressed, and in their midst. There among smaller fish was the great big beauty !

Salmon was so plentiful that when a farmer engaged a ploughman he was bound to promise not to give him salmon oftener than four days in the week.

Each family in Barichreil owned a few sheep and cows. The sheep provided us with wool for clothing, the cows with milk, butter and cheese.

The sheep were the native sheep of the Highlands; small, intelligent creatures covered with fine wool, each answering to its name, and milked as well as the cows. We were obliged to fold them at night, because of the numerous foxes and wild cats that prowled about freely. Our fowls, too, had to be carefully closed in

for protection.

Our household utensils were made of wood and a few of pewter. Bowls of all sizes were made of hard wood, preferably birch, because of its sweetness, also because it was easily kept clear. Tubs, too, were of all sizes; shallow tubs for holding milk and for working butter in, as well as wash-tubs such as are still in use. There were cogues for milking, luggies for feeding calves, pails and stoups for bringing water from the well. Our spoons were of horn, some thin and finely ornamented, and used only on special occasions.

Each croft had a plot set apart for the cultiva-

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Life in Old Perthshire, *continued from page 26*

tion of flax. On it we depended for linen for household use as well as for underwear.

The cloth of which the men's suits were made was very much the same as that called tweed or homespun nowadays. The women wore drugget. Their best dresses, as well as the cloaks of the men, consisted of a firm shiny material called temin, which lasted a lifetime, being manufactured of the longest and finest wool, and treated in the working exactly as flax was. The temin for dresses was often watered to look like silk. A softer cloth was called caimleid, which was as fine as temin. It was, however, dyed in the web, and dressed so as to have a nap on the cloth.

The dye-stuffs for all kinds of cloth were gathered, each in its season, all the year round. Berries, flowers, leaves, bark, roots, heather, and lichens formed our principal stores of dyes. There was hardly a plant on hill or meadow that was not laid under contribution for dye, or medicine, or food. Even the autumn crowfoot had its use as a substitute for rennet, when no rennet could be had; nettles were prized when the 'curly kale' was exhausted in spring.

The fulling of a web of woollen material was the least agreeable as also the most toilsome labour connected with the manufacture of cloth. When the web came home from the weaver, word was sent out to the most experienced women and girls to the number of from sixteen to eighteen. A fulling-frame of fine wicker—the common property of the village—was set on trestles of the proper height. It was from two-and-a-half to three feet wide, and eight or nine feet long. The most experienced and careful woman was installed mistress of ceremonies at the head of the frame, to deal out the web and watch over the working.

Seven women stood on each side of the frame, care being taken that each couple were of the same length of arm. There was one at the foot of the

frame to fold the cloth as I was passed along, and to attend to it being kept soaked with liquid as it was being thickened.

About a yard of the cloth was unrolled to begin with, by her who stood at the head. It was soaked at once with ammoniated liquid, then drawn slantwise across the frame; that is No. one on the hither side worked with No. two on the opposite side—not with the woman directly in front of her, for that would bring no nap on the cloth, and it would be streaky, because the treatment would not be equal. Then the cloth was rubbed and pounded to thicken up and drawn backwards and forwards till it was ready to be passed on for the next two couples to thump, and rub and see-saw it and pass down farther to undergo the same process.

The whole of this toil was set to music. Every movement of the hand was regulated by a waulking-song, sung in perfect tune by all. If a part (or the whole) of the cloth needed more working, the women never said, 'It will take another half-hour, or hour's work,' but 'It will take another song,' or 'It will take so many more songs.'

The tweed being thickened and smoothed to the satisfaction of the experts, a thin straight board three inches wide was brought, on which to wind the web. This process was called 'winding the cloth into a candle.' The board was necessarily a little longer than the width of the cloth. The winding of the web was done with the minutest care, lest there should be a crease or a wrinkle or an unequal overlapping of the selvages anywhere. In this winding the cloth, the women kept slapping every inch of each fold with all their might, with the open palms of their hands. The song sung during this performance required a different measure from the other. It was called Port-nam-bas, the palm-chant, or rather palming-chant. Those who sang it were well acquainted with the gossip

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of the country-side. They knew who was the favoured laddie of each lassie, present or absent. In the song the names of the maidens and their real or supposed sweethearts were coupled, thus adding to the merriment and the interest. Such songs are termed 'pairing' songs. The candle of the cloth was left lying as it was till next day, when it was soused in water and left to dry.

Here is a specimen of one of the 'pairing songs' sung on such an occasion. The title is, 'An Long Eirionnach,' The Irish Ship. It begins with the lines :—

Hó ! cò 'bheir mi leam, air an luing Eirionnaich,
Leis an fhidhil, leis an truimb, air an luing Eirionnaich ?

The rhythm of the words requires that it be translated :

Ho ! *who* sails with me, on the ship 'Irishman,'
With a fiddle, with a harp, on the ship 'Irishman' ?

Ho ! *who* goes with me, on the ship 'Irishman' ?
Mòrag I'll take with me, on the ship 'Irishman' !

Ho ! *who* sails with me, on the ship 'Irishman' ?
Donald I'll take with me, on the ship 'Irishman' !
O'er the billows riding free, on the ship 'Irishman'.

And so on to any number of couplets, as long as there were names in the district to be linked together. When those gave out the next district yielded a fresh supply, till the web was rolled into a 'candle.'

Very gradually during these years, potatoes were becoming more and more an article of diet, but so little were they used that we set aside only one creelful as seed potatoes against the following spring. Turnips, too, were slowly coming into general use. Tea was still a rare treat; baker's bread—soft, spongy stuff!—was not to be thought of. Until then it was honey that was used for sweetening. Salt was very expensive, being taxed to more

than forty times its value.

There was one kind of food used occasionally which is probably unknown nowadays. Some of the stronger cattle were bled in spring by an expert; the blood was carefully prepared, salted in a tub and set aside for use. We called it black pudding.

We had no winnowed rye-grass or turnips in those days to feed the cattle; we were entirely dependent on the natural grass. When the lower pastures became bare it was necessary to take the cattle to be fed once, or in some districts twice, a year to those higher pastures where sweet hill grass was plentiful. This relieved the lower pastures, allowing the grass on them to grow afresh.

A green, grassy hill was called an Airigh (pronounced ah-ry). When spring work was over, the men of the village went to the airigh to get the sheilings, that is the huts, into order. Being built of turf they required to be put into thorough repair, so as

to make them habitable after the storms of winter and the rains of spring, which were sure to dismantle the roofs.

One end of every hut was banked up some eighteen inches from the rest of the floor, and part of it covered with heather-tops for a bed. The heather made a fragrant springy couch, and, as it was to be used in June weather, a thin blanket to covet it, and another to cover the sleeper, were all that were needed for comfort. The remainder of the banked up space served for a seat. We did with as little furniture as possible for our six weeks' picnic.

The little village of turf huts was a woman's township. Only

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Life in Old Perthshire, continued from page 28

one man, the aireach (herdsman) was there to help about the cattle in all matters that needed such experienced aid as his special knowledge could afford.

The sheilings were generally ready for occupation by the first week of June; then a day was fixed upon for the setting out. Of course the whole village set out together. The children were welcome, boys as well as girls, at that first outset. There were so many articles to be carried that all alike could be of help. There were the utensils and implements needed for making butter and cheese—cogues, churns, lyggies, milk-tubs, cheese-vats, a



large iron pot for heating the milk in, and a block of iron which, when heated red-hot, was used to sterilise the milk. The women took their distaffs and wool, for they were in the habit of going among their flocks twirling their distaffs as they minded them. Household provisions were taken, clothing too, and a few dishes and cooking utensils, and each company carried a milking-stool.

The cows and the little sheep knew the way and gave little or no trouble. To prevent any bother about the calves, a churn called an imideal (butterer) was carried on the back. This special make of churn was flat on one side, so as to fit on to the back, and was covered with a skin. The lid also was secured with a skin round it; but on such an occasion as this setting out it was not so tightly

fastened but that a few drops of milk we-e jolted out of it while climbing the hill, and trickled down over the skin covering. The calves, lured by the dropping milk, followed the imideals of their respective owners, licking the skin as often as they were able to overtake the climber, and thus they arrived at the airigh.

There were frequent journeys to and from home during those six weeks. As often as a certain quantity of butter and cheese was ready it was carried home to be stored for future use. When the home was not too distant some of the stronger young women were accustomed to put the proper amount of cream into the imideal, then, strapping it on to their backs, they thus carried it to its destination, the churning being done by the jolting in going down the braes. The butter in this case was washed and salted after arrival. The churn did not slip off when it was humped up and down so much, because it was held securely by two stout straps, and rested on the bunched gathers of the drugget, skirt as on a cushion. When several of those heavy drugget and plaiding skirts were worn, as was the habit then, there was quite a shelf for the churn to rest on.

Every meal taken in the open air was a feast. We rarely took our food indoors. We had whey porridge very often, which I liked better than the rich milk porridge, which was our Sunday treat. What a wealth there was of wild strawberries and blaeberreries, as many as we could eat! We had children's rhymes to repeat too for almost everything we met.

When we children came upon a bed of cuckoo-stockings and primroses, we sang out:

*Primrose, cow-sorrel,
wood-sorrel, white clover;*

*Food for all the little
children ail the blight summer over!*

Did we come upon a bird's nest, we covered our mouths, believing that if our

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breath came near the eggs it would taint them and so scare the bird away. In leaving the nest we sang:

*Tweet-tweet-tweet-Q,
Who spoiled my nest so sweet, O?
Should he be a tall man,
Fling him headlong from the keep!
Should he be a small man
Toss him from the rocky steep!
But a clown - who doesn't care!
Turn him over to his mother
and leave him there!*

If a corra-chosag—a wood-louse—crossed our path, we instantly stopped and asked it gravely:

*O, corra-chorra-chosag, pray,
Will tomorrow be a lovely day?
If you tell me quick and true,
A pair of brogues I'll make for you!*

When the cuckoo was due to return in April we were careful to eat a bit of bread before turning out in the early morning, as it was deemed unlucky to hear it for the first time in each season with our fast unbroken. But in June, it was bound to forsake its summer haunts, so we addressed it thus :

*'Cuckoo!' cried the gowk on a spray,
'I've missed thee yestre'en and today's.
'Cuckoo!' cried the cuckoo, 'farewell!
'By the hunter, I'm chased from the dell!'*

The little blue scabious was treated rudely, I don't know why. Holding it by the neck firmly between the root of the thumb and the palm of the hand, we twisted the stem with the other hand, then, loosening the pressure of the thumb, the flower began to turn slowly round. As the flower began to turn round we repeated :



*Gillie, gillie blue-boy,
if thou turn not round, down
Comes my fist upon thee.*

Suiting the action to the word, at the emphatically pronounced word I 'down' we crushed the head of the flower by the violence of the blow.



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