

The Macfie Clan Society of Australia

(Founded in Richmond NSW on 3 May 1974)

Newsbulletin



Number 54



July 1989

From Your President



Sandy McPhie

During May Helen and I had a wonderful three weeks in Scotland for the Clan Macfie Parliament, the Scottish International Gathering and World Congress of Scots, and for a little ancestor hunting on the side.

Clan Parliament was quite successful with members attending from Scotland, U.S.A., Canada, Ireland, England, New Zealand and Australia. In all there were some thirty six or so there - nine from Australia. Helen's account of our trip is in this Newsbulletin and a summary of business from Clan Parliament will appear in the next copy.

A major decision from Clan Parliament however, was for it to meet at four yearly intervals instead of two yearly as we have been doing. The next Parliament is to be held on Colonsay in late August/early September 1993. A most appropriate setting for Clan Macfie to gather. What about planning for it now? Further details will be given as time goes by - for those who know Colonsay, ample accommodation can be arranged at the holiday homes on the Island and this is being attended to.

With Clan Parliaments now on a four yearly cycle in Scotland, it was also decided to hold Gatherings of Clan Macfie at the intervening two year marks in a country other than Scotland. The call is out now for the 1991 Gathering - it is to be hosted by the MacDuffee Clan of America Inc. at the time of their Annual General Meeting at Grandfather Mountain in South Carolina on the first weekend in July that year. This will almost certainly be the first Gathering of Clan Macfie with its new Clan Commander and a strong roll-up is anticipated. Can you make this one too?

While in Scotland Helen and I called on the Lord Lyon King of Arms in Edinburgh. He had received a petition from Clan Armigers in late April seeking my appointment as Clan Commander. Our discussions were most friendly and cordial and ranged over many subjects. The Lord Lyon indicated the petition appeared in order and a decision was likely before the end of the year.

The Scottish International Gathering and World Congress of Scots was held at Inverness this year - the first time in the Highlands, the other Gatherings having been at Edinburgh or Glasgow. Originally a "Gathering of the Clans" oriented tourist promotion, the International Gathering is no longer actively supported as such by the Clans as a whole.

Unfortunately the Inverness Gathering did not receive the publicity or support it deserved, especially the seminar sessions with top speakers on Scotland and the future at Eden Court Theatre. The overall response was such that the future of the Scottish International Gathering in its present format in Scotland is in doubt. However, I understand the 1991 International Gathering of the Clans in Sydney, Nova Scotia will go ahead as planned.

Alex McPhie
President

11 July 1989

HELEN'S TRIP REPORT

We left Australia from Brisbane on Saturday, 29 April, for Scotland for an all too short visit of only three weeks, but we packed a lot into that time and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We flew by Qantas and had their usual excellent service arriving at Heathrow airport feeling reasonably good after landing en route at Singapore and Bahrain. We trekked for what seemed like miles underground to the domestic terminal at Heathrow and caught the shuttle flight to Edinburgh where we picked up a hire car.

We had arranged to stay with friends at Taynuilt for a night and so set out in the car feeling rather tired as we had not slept, except for catnaps on the plane and drove to their home which is about 30 miles from Oban, stopping on the way for lunch in a quite delightful little village called Callendar. Had an enjoyable 24 hours in Taynuilt then left our friends and called into see Keerie MacPhee who lives nearby and spent a couple of hours with her. Keerie was, until recently, Keeper of the Records for Clan Macfie and lives in a delightful spot with a beautiful view. We enjoyed a couple of hours with her, her nephew and his wife and children then drove on to Oban to spend the night. Keerie was well, and very interested in Clan affairs.

We were up very early the next day to catch the ferry to the island of Mull where Sandy's ancestors came from. It was a fairly wet, cold and miserable day weatherwise but we enjoyed the ferry crossing and on arrival drove up to Tobermory on the north of the island where we booked into the Western Isles Hotel. Tobermory is a picturesque township, very colourful but small of course as the island isn't all that big. The hotel was something else, very good in some ways, 19th century in others, but we enjoyed our stay.

We spent a lot of time going all over the island where there is really quite a bit to see. Several castles including the home of the Maclean Chief, Duart Castle, which is what castles must have really been like in the old days - cold, damp and dank but interesting. We also discovered, during our drives around, a mausoleum, erected by the New South Wales Government some years ago, where the remains of Governor Lachlan Macquarie are interred. It is on the farm where he was born and is most interesting and quite a surprise as I had no idea he had come from there. We also spent some time on Iona. This is an island off the southern tip of Mull where Sandy's ancestors were married but not in the Abbey! We also went cemetery hunting in the hope of finding some evidence of ancestors but alas, all the very old headstones have had all the lettering worn off with the passage of time.



There was strong competition amongst the Highland dancers - some used different methods from others to gain an upper hand.

After returning on the ferry from Mull we drove to Edinburgh via Loch Lomond and Glasgow and booked into a hotel on Princes Street, the main street of Edinburgh, overlooking Sir Walter Scott's memorial and Edinburgh Castle. Quite a parking problem there - I waited in the street for 40 minutes while Sandy found somewhere to park the car!

The hotel very nice and comfortable and once we got settled we had some lunch then went to keep an appointment with the Lord Lyon. We spent an interesting time with him then set out to have a look at Pringles Woollen Mills on foot. After walking for what seemed like miles we eventually gave up and caught a taxi. It is a huge shop but for once I didn't buy anything (that time at least).

From Edinburgh, the next day, we drove up the east coast, through Aberdeen and Fraserburgh and eventually into Inverness, where the Gathering of the Clans was to be held. We stayed at the Palace Hotel, along with a lot of other 'Macfies". It was a most delightful place to stay, overlooking the River Ness and Inverness Castle. Iain MacFie, from Scotland, had made excellent arrangements for us all. There were quite a few Australians there, nine in all I think, including three others from Toowoomba, so it felt like old home week, plus meeting all those Macfies we had met last time in Glasgow. We had nine days in Inverness which included the Macfie Clan Parliament as well as quite a few social functions and other entertainments and really enjoyed our time there.

Along with the Parliamentary business we had time allocated to enjoy ourselves, including a visit to the Glenfiddich distillery, and let me tell you even though I enjoy whisky that place had the most awful smell imaginable! They did save the day though by giving out a free sample (or two) at the end of the tour. We also visited Culloden Mor, went for a trip on the Caledonian Canal into Loch Ness (didn't see the monster though) and spent a day with Andrew and Vanessa Duffy from London, and Sylvia McPhee from Toronto, driving up the west coast to Ullapool and back over the Black Isle to Inverness - all most interesting.

It was still pretty cold over there even though it was spring and there was a lot of snow on the hills which added immensely to the scenery. We eventually had to say our fond farewells to Inverness and all the wonderful people we met there.

We did have one final fling though before we left and that was the Grand Highland Ball. What a great night we had there. Well represented by the Australia contingent, and you know how we Aussies can enjoy ourselves. (Keith Charles' report on the Ball is on page 6.) I must mention also before we leave Inverness how much we owe for our enjoyment of this wonderful time to Iain and Fiona Macfie and Iain's brother Bob, our piper for our time there, and to the fact that I had my birthday while we were there (though I'm fast getting to the stage where I don't admit to having birthdays any more) and it happened to be on the day of the Macfie Clan Luncheon. Well, did they ever give me a birthday to remember! I haven't had so much fun, or been made such a fuss of since I was a child. It is something I will remember with a great deal of nostalgia for many years to come. (Helen became our knickerbocker eating champion that day - Sandy.)



We regularly saw Scots fishing in the Ness River in front of the hotel. This one had more success than most, probably due to the bait he used.

After leaving Inverness we spent a night in Fort William with the Toowoomba Macfies - Ian and Aileen and their daughter, our Clan Society Treasurer, Lorraine McPhee, Ian's sister Lorna and husband Keith Charles from Mildura - and then we all went to Colonsay via Oban. What a great time we had on Colonsay!

We were made most welcome by Kevin and Christa Byrne at the hotel and spent several days cycling around the island, climbing hills and generally exploring - in fact they almost sent out a search party for Lorraine and me when we spent so much time getting back to the hotel after one of our expeditions. We had a look at the Standing Stone, went across the strand to Oransay where we found a lot of work had been done at the Priory and all is now looking very good. We generally had a great time, lots of exercise too, bike riding all over the place and on the cold days we learnt to drink Rusty Nails - but not too many at the one sitting!

We left there, not really wanting to, to return home. After 42 hours travelling time Sandy and I arrived back in Toowoomba, tired and wondering how the time had gone so quickly. A great time - can't wait until we can go again, hopefully for longer next time and certainly in 1993 for the next Clan Parliament.


* * * * *

- * "Knickerbocker" - Full name Knickerbocker Glory - the tallest ice cream sundae you would ever see, topped off by a sparkler fully alight (which you are not expected to eat). One of these is a fine finish to an excellent meal, two and you must be a champion K.G. eater....
- * "Rusty Nail" - One full measure of fine Scotch plus one of Drambuie. Guaranteed to warm you up in the most inclement weather, two will do it moreso but three seems to have inherent double vision problems...

There were other strange recipies over there too, like this one below for a Hot Cross Haggis - not to be confused with the stupid black faced sheep one finds everywhere. But then if they are being used for this recipe there's no wonder they are hot and cross.....

RECIPES FROM GRANNY MACABRE'S HIGHLAND KITCHEN

Hot Cross Haggis



The hardy blackface cross haggis was the popular hill breed in granny's day. Even now, flocks of hundreds can be found in remote areas of the Highlands and the custom of serving hot, cross haggis on burns night - the 5th of November, continues today. Ask your butcher to save you a plump one with the head still on.

Ingredients: (to serve six)
1 blackface cross haggis, 1 bottle overproof whisky (granny would have used 'Glenliverish' from the MacAbre still), shaving soap, a pinch of salt.

Method:
Thoroughly check strength of whisky, lather and shave haggis, rinse and place in large saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to boil and simmer for 4 hours, re-test whisky, remove haggis from pan, place in bowl to cool slightly. Finally - check whisky again, pour remainder over haggis, set alight and carry to table whilst blazing. Serve with bashed neeps and a good dram.

Hot cross haggis.



"THE GRAND HIGHLAND BALL"

by Keith Charles

v89-711

Inverness, Friday May 12th, 1989

I have been asked to write a poem about the Highland Ball, but decided a short story might do it more justice.

As I watched people arriving I remembered once as a boy watching a butterfly come out of its cocoon, as the raincoats and the hoods came off, and as the umbrellas were collapsed and the rubber boots stacked in the corner, the varied colours that burst forth were as dramatic as any butterfly's wings.

I was speechless at the glamour and the exquisite vibrancy of them all, and I haven't mentioned the ladies yet! I hadn't realised how many varied kilts there were, why, even on the Macfie table there was the Ancient Colours, the Modern Colours and the Dress Tartan and next ball no doubt there could even be the Hunting Tartan. Wayne looked the most resplendant in black and white. I thought that, but for the ladies, it could have been quite a gay ball. The ladies at our table were most attractive and Helen looked very aluring in her sleek long number. What made it even more aluring was the fact that she must have caught her heel in the hem getting out of the car and her frock was ripped right up to that point when all the lads stopped dancing to stare. But back to the men. I noticed that no two sporrans were alike. There were metal ones and ones made from skins, our Commander designate had a particularly hairy one, and one looked like an old man's white beard going right down to the hem of the kilt.

They were decorated with medallions and all sorts of symbols and some had leather dongers hanging down the front. I noticed that at least one kilt was 6" too long simple because the owner had to belt it below his corporation. Definately a case for braces. No Andrew I am not talking about you but keep it up and you will soon qualify for your Fireman and Policeman braces.

And the jackets - here the men really excelled. Bright buttons climbed and dipped up their backs and down their fronts and their sleeves. Some wore capes (correct me if my terminology is wrong) flared at the shoulders with diamond pins. One Highlander whom I thought must atleast be a Chief, wore a scarlet sash across his chest and a large golden rosette or star on his breast. To top this off, a dirty great dagger slapped his thigh as he walked.

Two of the young kinsmen had very long hair, one had a beard and the other his hair held with a velvet ribbon. Very manly said the girls - my comment shall remain unrecorded. Those at our table were Sandy and Helen, Iain and Fiona, Lorna and yours truly, Wayne and Le, Ian and Aileen, Sylvia, Lorraine and Vanessa and Andrew. I nearly forgot, it wasn't until half way through the evening and someone shifted the sugar bowl that I saw Bobby McFie and I noticed something else I thought strange, he seemed to be filling his glass all night with cold tea out of his "bagpipes". I never knew they held cold tea.

The dancing was something else, and as the night wore on and more cold tea was consumed, it seemed to get more lively than ever.

Supper was superb, it was so well presented and there was so much of it but even then some of the Australians went back for seconds. I should qualify that a bit and say some of the Toowoomba Australians.

After supper Bobby was asked to play which was just as well as he had been nursing his pipes all night and the cold tea had run out. As usual he played superbly. I can't tell you what number he played but it must have had lots of verses because he went on for quite a while. And some people are very rude. They actually got up and started dancing whilst Bobby was playing, but being the trouper that he is, he just kept on playing, getting redder in the face all the while, either with embarrassment or annoyance.

We had hoped to see the Haggis piped in but we were disappointed. If only we Aussies had known they didn't have one, we would have trapped one ourselves - after all, it couldn't be much harder than trapping a bunny.

Some of us oldies couldn't stay to the end, and after winning the raffle on Australia's behalf, we headed home through the drizzle - a beaut night, a bonzer mob, and a grouse supper!!

A MACFIE ON LOCK NESS

The following article about Shaun Macfie appeared in a Scottish magazine the other day - unfortunately its name was not recorded, but the author was Ena Kendall. Our Clan Parliament visitors didn't catch up with Shaun more's the pity.

FOR SHAUN MACFIE home is a one-room shack in the Highlands overlooking Loch Ness. He built it himself for £160 out of old timber and hardboard rendered on chicken wire up against a telegraph pole and, there installed, has taken all that five Scottish winters can throw at him. Not that Scottish winters are always as white as they are painted. 'There's quite a lot of thermal mass up here,' he says mildly. 'Some of my roses are still blooming in January.' Shaun Macfie is a gardener, but he is also one of those free spirits content to let the rat race scamper on by. He has worked in the oil industry, made an epic motorcycle journey overland to Afghanistan, went on to Australia where he spent a couple of years, then came back to Scotland 'because I got tired of the sun shining all the time'. What made him settle halfway up a mountain in a makeshift hut was not so much lack of money as inheriting some on the deaths of his father and grandfather.

He decided to spend it on a house and found a semi-derelict croft in half an acre of land with idyllic views and a birch wood at the back. Buying the croft swallowed up his inheritance so he had to tackle the repairs himself. Meanwhile he needed somewhere to live, so he knocked together his present abode next door, not perhaps a place smart designers would fight to get their hands on, but with a certain backwoods chic of its own - the Iranian rug, for instance, bought in Meshed on the way to Afghanistan in 1977, not to mention the white telephone.

Work on the croft has already taken five years, but he built his shack in only five weeks. He made a platform bed, fixed a wooden rail on the ceiling to help haul himself up and sleeps on an old horsehair mattress. The room is heated by a wood-burning stove whose flue supplies an instant warm-up for hands if you grab it before it gets too hot - otherwise it's instant burn-up. Beneath the concrete floor, he has installed 100 yards of piping for his water. By ingenious use of the heating system of an old washing machine, he has hot water for his open-air bath in a white cast-iron model embedded to its full depth in the earth outside his back door.

The books were bought at the local shinty club sale - shinty is a tough version of hockey - not so much to feed the intellect as to supply insulation. His literary tastes run to unknown authors - 'people who never had adulation but who had been somewhere and seen something and felt they had to write about it'.



Bagpipers' hearing hazard

BAGPIPE players risk permanent damage to their hearing and should wear foam ear plugs, doctors have warned.

The pipes' potential for causing acoustic trauma and permanent ear damage was often ignored, said the doctors.

Dr Robert Hartenstein and colleagues from Vermont in the US carried out a study in which they measured sound pressure levels during solo indoor and outdoor pipes performances.

Indoor levels ranged from 96 decibels 3m in front of the piper to 105 decibels at the left ear.

Outdoor levels were slightly lower in front of the piper but just as high at the ear,

said the doctors, and levels in the left external auditory canal hit 115 decibels.

Noise levels would be especially dangerous with steady dedicated practice.

Good quality foam ear plugs could sharply cut noise levels, they said.

Australian Dr Weekly Sept 88



CLAN PARLIAMENT PICS.

RIGHT Setting out for the Ball.

Front Vanessa and Andrew Duffy (London) Fiona McFie (Scotland) Le McAfee (South Dakota) Iain and Bobby McFie (Scotland)
Centre Wayne McAfee (Sth Dak) Sylvia McPhee (Canada) Helen McPhie (Toowoomba)
2nd Back Sandy McPhie and Aileen McPhee (Toowoomba) Lorna Charles (Mildura)
Back Lorraine McPhee (Toowoomba) Keith Charles (Mildura) Ian McPhee (Toowoomba)
 -It was impossible to get a group photo when they came home.....



BELOW Visiting the Glenfiddich Distillery.

Aileen photographing Ian, Lorraine, Keith and Lorna before the visit!

BOTTOM RIGHT President of Macfie Clan Society Scotland and Clan Macfie Piper, Bobby McFie of Glasgow warming up in Inverness on the Sunday.



LEFT Sylvia and Sandy present the Macfie black and white sett to Dr Gordon Teall of Teallach, Chairman of the Scottish Tartans Society, at Clans Centre, Inverness.

INVERNESS AND COLONSAY

BELOW TOP Ian, Sandy, Aileen, Lorraine, Lorna and Keith relax at the Hotel after a day exploring Colonsay. Lorna and Keith are from Mildura, the others from Toowoomba. Missing was Helen also from Toowoomba - she was on the other end of the camera!

BELOW BOTTOM Helen, Sandy, Lorna, Ian and (front) Lorraine and Aileen at the Mhic-a-Phi Standing Stone at Baleruminmore, Colonsay. Keith is missing - he was the photographer this time.

RIGHT Helen and Sandy at that Birthday Party - before the knickerbocker glories and the birthday cake arrived.

BOTTOM RIGHT Sandy tries out a borrowed real-life Claymore courtesy the neighbouring Clan stall holders at the Clans Centre, Inverness. Every Clan Chief (or Commander) should have one of these!



CALLING ALL DOUGLASES AND THEIR SEPTS

If your name is Douglas, or any of the following septs:—

Bell, Blacklock, Blackstock, Blackwood, Brown, Brownlee, Cavers, Drysdale, Forest, Forrester, Forster, Gilpatrick, Glendinning, Inglis, Kilgore, Kilpatrick, Kirkland, Kirkpatrick, Lockerby, MacGuffey, MacGuffock, McKittrick, Morton, Sandilands, Sandlin, Soule, Symington, Young. (Various spellings of the above).

— then you are invited to join the newly formed Douglas Society of Australia. North America formed their Society in 1975 and now have over 600 members; our aim is to be just as successful by producing interesting Newsletters 3-4 times per year, outlining in stages the history of one of Scotland's most powerful and well-known families together with items of local and personal interest.

We will be represented at Scottish functions and particularly at the Annual Scottish Australian Heritage Council's week-long function in Sydney in December each year. The World Scottish Gathering will be held in Australia to coincide with Australia's Bicentenary in 1988 and we look forward to your participation with us in the march of the Clans and other festivities.

The inaugural elected Patron is Sir Sholto Douglas Kt. of Brisbane and the President is Ronald Douglas J.P. F.S.A.(Scot.) of Toowoomba. Enquiries for membership application forms may be made to the Treasurer, Mrs. Edith Myers, 7 Paramount Terrace, Morningside, Brisbane, Qld. 4170, or Phone: (07) 399-7935.

THE CLAN HENDERSON SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

Septs: Hendry, Hendrie, Hendery, MacHendry, MacHendrie, Kendrick & MacKendrick.

The Chief of the Hendersons, Dr John Henderson of Fordell, who resides in Toowoomba, Queensland, has given his patronage to the new family Society of Hendersons in Australia.

The Clan Society of Hendersons and their Septs has been formed for Social and Genealogical purposes and are associated with the Clan Henderson Society of North America.

Hendersons and their Septs originated from widely separated districts in Scotland. The principle family from earliest days was Clan Eanruig of Glencoe. Eannuig is Gaelic for Henderson who are also sometimes called MacKendrick.

The Chiefs family of Hendersons came from Fordell in Angus, Fife. Hendersons in the north claim to be a Sept of Clan Gunn while some claim an association with the MacDonalds and MacNaughtons.

Membership is open to all Hendersons, Septs and descendents, also dual members of other Clans. Members receive a quarterly newsletter, genealogy information and may partake in Reunions, Highland Gatherings, Clan Meets, Picnics, Dinners, etc. Fees are \$10 per annum. Single or Family with children under 18 years.

Information and Membership, Ronald Palmer Convenor, 5 Coolabah Crescent, Forestville, N.S.W. 2087, Phone: (02) 45-1058.

'CAMP' COFFEE

"Camp" Coffee Showcard, c.1935.



CLAN COCHRANE

A Branch of Clan Cochrane has been formed in Australia. Retired Major Donald J. Cochran of 1 Findley Road, Bringelly, N.S.W., 2171, has been appointed Chieftain by Lord Dundonald and is also his Commissioner in Australia.

Scottish Dogs

There are eleven Scottish breeds of dog, as well as three varieties of common Collie, the flat-haired, the smooth-haired and the bearded. However, the Collie could equally be claimed to be Welsh, English or Scottish. The Scottish dogs are — Aberdeen Terrier, Scottish Terrier, Scottish Border Collie, Sheltie, Scottish Deerhound, Border Terrier, Cairn Terrier, West Highland White and Gordon Setter.

Instant coffee - a Scottish invention

AS SHE MADE HERSELF a cup of coffee, Jean Mackay, of Perth, began to wonder when instant coffee first came on the market.

She reckoned it's an American invention. A friend said no, she thought the first instant coffee was made by a Swiss company.

Exactly 100 years ago the first instant coffee was invented.

What's more, it was created in Scotland.

Unlike today's coffees, it wasn't a powder or granules, but a liquid extract to which you simply added hot water.

The man behind it was Campbell Paterson from Paisley.

It was the first four letters of his name that gave the new product its name - "Camp" coffee.

Campbell began making it after the colonel commanding a Scottish Highland regiment asked if the firm could come up with coffee in a form which he could easily carry back to India.

He added it would make his next tour of duty there more bearable if he could have a fresh cup of coffee.

That's why, to this day, the label has a picture of a kilted officer on it.

Until Campbell's invention, coffee had to be made from beans.

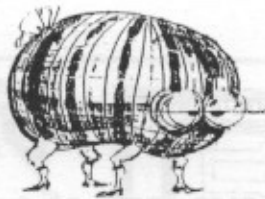
It was something only the well-heeled could afford.

But his blend of chicory and coffee soon became popular around the world.

Although it dropped out of favour a bit with the arrival of coffee powder and granules, it's still made in Paisley and sold around the world.

Connoisseurs say it's the only thing they'd use to make iced coffee for a cooling summer drink.

THE THISTLE Winter 86/87



HAGGIS COMPETITION

In the May 1977 issue of "In Britain" Derek Macdonald Cooper risked the wrath of his fellow countrymen and purveyors of cold meats all around Britain by mocking that great institution, the haggis. "In Britain" then invited readers all around the world to join in the hunt, with 12 haggis (haggaes?., haggi? we are not sure) as prizes. This is their report.

We were amazed at the response. We had no idea there were so many friends of the Haggis - at least 150 of them, according to our post, and bear in mind that we autocratically excluded our many British readers from participating on the grounds that the haggis is easier to find in Britain than abroad.

Some of them took us to task for cruelty. From the Upper Canada Haggilological Preservation Society came a veritable epic, 30 stanzas long. It was prefaced with the words "We are shocked, nay outraged, to learn of your cruel, inhumane methods of rendering live Haggii to marketable foodstuff", but eventually even they admitted that they rather like barbecued haggis. The Society's President signs himself Jacques McTosh - a leg-puller of good Scots ancestry. The judges were divided between two stanzas for the prize in the Homeric work, so we are printing both of our favourites. Here I can take unfair advantage of my fellow judges and say that I rather preferred this neat parody of a traditional children's verse:

Twinkle putty polly grotty one two three
I'll eat a haggis just you see
Eat it up polly grotty all in bed
See four and twenty men all fall dead.

(No libel suits, please, from haggis manufacturers).

The rhythm of the stanza it tied with went a bit awry at the end, but maybe that was part of its charm:

With short stubbly wings and scaled like a snake,
And moth eaten fur and feelers that shake
And feet that are webbed like those of a drake
Gosh! What an horrendously awful biological mistake.

Talking of rhythm, by the way, many of our American entries got badly bogged down. For the country that produced Ogden Nash, this was surprising. Robert Zeller of Hamilton, Ohio, however, was pithy and rather mysterious:

I found an empty Haggis den,
"Twas quaint, indeed, but messy,
A friend of his had been by too,
And left a note signed "Nessie".

What a pleasant picture of friendship, even clannishness, among the wild beasts of north Scotland. We'd like to have seen the Stag at Bay in there too, but it wasn't to be.

George W. Evans of Chattanooga, Tennessee (with that address, as far as we are concerned in prosaic London, NW1, he was guaranteed at least an honourable mention) was more sceptical than romantic:

A haggis creeping rrough the glen
Is not observed by sober men;
To see it slither to a halt
You'll need a pint of single malt.



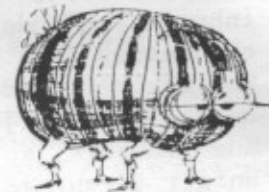
But we guess his estimate is about right. Perhaps we will arm ourselves with a bottle of whisky and see...

Mrs Florence B. Wingate of Orange, Texas had a nice image of a fast moving, perhaps rather anxious creature, on its annual migration, maybe, or in search of a mate, or fleeing from the carnivores of "In Britain"? Alas, we were not to know.

The haggis is a noble beast and travels hell for leather -
It's slowed by neither rain nor hail nor yet by windy weather
You'll see it moving rrough the gloom among the glorious thistles
Emitting many noisome bleats and sometimes pretty whistles!

H.B. Binny (we wondered seriously what the "H" stands for) of British Columbia, was, we thought, not the sort of person we ought to put in charge of a dumb animal, but we liked the way he or she found a rhyme for haggis and we suspect that one of our judges, being not as dispassionate as she should be, is having trouble with one of her relatives:

I much regret my sainted aunt
So very prone to nag is,
The only way to stop her tongue
Is to stuff her mouth with haggis.



An Australian reader, G.E. Wilkins, brought tears to our eyes with a very poignant ditty. All we can say is that, after this, the English should treat the helpless little beastie with extreme deference, especially when north of the border:

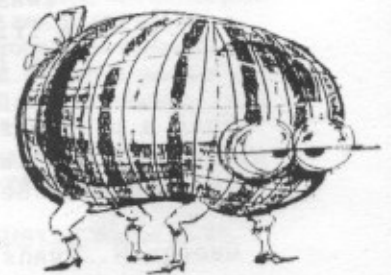
I had a little Haggis
One day I saw it fly
A Sassenach he shot it,
I stood and watched it die.

Susan Smith, from South Africa, painted a self-indulgent, and rather bloated picture of a bird that in our opinion rather deserves to get caught and eaten!

The Haggis is a sad old bird,
His shape it went awry
He loves his food too much, you see
And now he cannot fly.

Of all the poems that were sent in our favourite came from Miss Margaret Thorpe of Rockhampton, Australia. We could certainly have done with another 29 verses of this!

The Haggis is plump, he's a tartan furred lump,
he's shaped like an overstuffed marrow.
And under his chin is a sporran, ye ken,
to cover his legs long and narrow.
He's a solitary thing, doesn't fancy a fling,
and mates only once a millenium.
And so that is why, from the Shetlands to Skye,
you'll seldom if ever see any of 'em.



She, and the preceding seven entries as well as the senders of the four illustrations, were recipients of the prizes, which were kindly donated by Jacksons of Piccadilly, the prestigious London food store, and airmailed abroad from that elegant address.



what's like us?

DAMN FEW AND THEY'RE A' DEID!

The average Englishman in the home he calls his castle, slips into his national costume — a shabby raincoat — patented by Chemist Charles Macintosh from Glasgow, Scotland.

In route to his office he strides along the English lane, surfaced by John Macadam of Ayr, Scotland.

He drives an English car filled with tyres invented by John Boyd Dunlop, Veterinary Surgeon of Drenthorn, Scotland.

At the office he receives the mail bearing adhesive stamps invented by John Chalmers, Bookseller and Printer of Dundee, Scotland.

During the day he uses the telephone invented by Alexander Graham Bell, born in Edinburgh, Scotland. At home in the evening his daughter pedals her bicycle invented by Kirkpatrick Macmillan, Blacksmith of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

He watches the news on T.V. an invention of John Logie Baird of Helensburgh, Scotland and hears an item about the U.S. Navy founded by John Paul Jones of Kirkbean, Scotland.

Nowhere can an Englishman turn to escape the ingenuity of the Scots.

He has by now been reminded too much of Scotland and in desperation he picks up the Bible, only to find that the first man mentioned in the good book is a Scot — King James VI — who authorised its translation.

He could take to drink but the Scots make the best in the world.

He could take a rifle and end it all but the breech-loading rifle was invented by Captain Patrick Ferguson of Duffour, Scotland.

If he escaped death, he could find himself on an operating table injected with Penicillin, discovered by Sir Alexander Fleming of Darvel, Scotland and given Chloroform, an anaesthetic discovered by Sir James Young Simpson, Obstetrician and Gynaecologist of Bathgate, Scotland.

Out of the anaesthetic he would find no comfort in learning that he was as safe as the Bank of England founded by William Paterson of Dumfries, Scotland.

Perhaps his only remaining hope would be to get a transfusion of guid Scottish blood which would entitle him to ask —

"what's like us?"



T. Anderson Cairns & Co., Scotland



A BEGONIA NAMED FOR A MCDUFFIE

The following article appeared in the June 1989 copy of Clan Chatter the MacDuffie Clan of America's newsletter. It tells of the adventures of one E. Thomas McDuffie now of San Diego, California, and of his discovering a new species of Begonia when exploring on the Amazon in Brazil. Tom McDuffie has since propagated this plant in America and it has been named after him - *Begonia macduffieana*! The original article appeared in the the American Begonia Society's publication *The Begonia*.

On a little tributary of the Tapajos River, which is one of the feeder rivers of the great Amazon, Tom McDuffie was making his way by small boat through a forested region that fits most people's mental image of "jungle," though the growth was probably less dense than in that image. On either shore there were tall trees, vines such as philodendrons, ferny foliage, epiphytes clinging to branches, and a ground level tangle of brush and weeds. The air was hot, near 100 degrees both day and night, and it was humid as a result of the daily rainfall. Tom and his fellow travelers were constantly damp.

The forest buzzed with mosquitos hatched in the numerous puddles and ponds. Raucous birds and wonderful butterflies formed fleeting glints of bright color, but most of the color in the jungle, perhaps 60 to 70%, can be attributed to bromeliads.

From the small boat Tom could see a patch of color among the leaves—a hue different from those they had been observing. Along the bank was a somewhat open area, perhaps 200 feet across, where there was a huge stand of wild *Begonia* with flower clusters of the most marvelous and intense shade of red. There was only one *Begonia* growing on the site, and it was very plentiful. Obviously it was tasty to the insects and animals, for the plants were well chewed. The arching canes in the semishade of the jungle habitat were growing in humus of decomposed leaves, relatively low in nutrients because of constant leaching by abundant rainfall.

McDuffie described an aspect of the Amazon basin that is not generally mentioned. The layer of hardpan is seldom more than 24 inches below the soil level and the topsoil is constantly on the move as rushing water and erosion play their roles in the rainforest. Trees and other plants move about the river areas. The sand bars shift and the rivers and streams change their paths with the passage of the rains. The Amazonian basin is not particularly fertile. Clearing the jungle for agriculture is not productive for more than a few seasons at best.



Begonia macduffieana

Although he might reasonably expect to find it, Tom never saw the *Begonia* growing anywhere else although he traveled in other upstream locations from which it could have washed. The initial site could have been in the mountains of Peru, but the fact that the stand was so well populated with the plant indicates that it had been growing undisturbed for many years.

He did not travel with an entourage to handle equipment and packing and had a minimum of baggage—not even a camera. He collected only three tip cuttings of the *Begonia* which he wrapped in moss and carried throughout the rest of his journey in his shirt pocket. Thus did the *Begonia* ultimately make its way back to New England in 1973.

On one portion of his trip, Tom rode on the narrow gauge railway to see the fabled ruins of Machu Picchu. The railway, cut into the steep slopes, travels a precarious route, inch-

ing along the steep mountainsides where there were numerous begonias growing wild. These are close enough to touch from the train. Here he saw wonderful wild heliconias and *Clerodendron thompsonii* with its white bracts and tiny red heart-shaped drops.

One plant from which he collected seeds was a vine with delicate-looking, fernlike foliage. Its flowers were the most brilliant shocking-red color he has seen and formed in clusters in the fashion of a hoyo. Later, the five seeds from the precious packet sprouted in the greenhouse but all dampened off. He would still like to find this vine to enjoy in his garden.

Tom McDuffie has traveled 57,000 miles around the world's tropical regions. When he found at his disposal the time and funds to go exploring, he took off to see "the real thing," the places of origin of the plants and birds he had been growing. His special reason for going to South America was to see the habitat of the black-necked South American swans, a breed he had successfully cultivated. These nonmigratory birds are a food source to the indian peoples in South America.

His interest in birds and plants started in Michigan where he grew up. His parents encouraged these intense, precocious interests. They provided him with the means to get stock, the supplies needed to handle them, and the information to do so. They assigned some land to him where he could learn and expand his interests.

In college, his concentration was focused in an entirely different direction. Tom McDuffie became an opera singer. At first he performed in American musical comedy and in theater-in-the-round. His appearances on Broadway included a part in "Carousel." He decided this was not what he really wanted to do, so he accepted a contract to sing grand opera in Europe where he ultimately performed for twenty years. He retired from the opera stage to manage an estate in New England. Thus he returned to his early interests and incorporated his managerial skills.

Later he was appointed curator of the New England Society for the Preservation of Antiquities and handled The Vale, the Lyman Estate at Waltham, Mass. This apparent

digression enters into the present story of the Amazonian *Begonia*.

The Lyman estate at Waltham, just outside of Boston, originally consisted of more than 2,000 acres deeded by the English Crown. In the 1700s, Theodore Lyman had built a successful shipping business in the colonies by taking hardwood from New England to the southern states. On return trips the ships were laden with whatever cargo that could be arranged--often plants. Among them were camellias from South Carolina and, years later, from all over the world.

Lyman established a greenhouse to protect and raise the plants. This led to the establishment of the first true botanical garden in the United States. There was a camellia house, a grape house, places for bananas and pine-apples (those early exotic treats for New England), an orchid house, and ultimately a staff of 25 gardeners to care for the gardens as the family business prospered. Five generations of Lymans ultimately lived at The Vale. The gardens were part of the estate that McDuffie oversaw, and so were the flock of black-necked swans that he successfully kept at the waterfall area, and which were the impetus for the trip to the Amazonian Basin.

So, it was to these greenhouses at the Lyman Estate Tom brought the three Brazilian *Begonia* cuttings and successfully grew them. The plants grew strong canes and in bright light bloomed almost constantly with clusters of large orange-red blooms. Ultimately in the ensuing years, visitors to the greenhouse bought numerous pots of the unknown *Begonia* propagated from cuttings of the original. As part of the program to gain funds to save the wonderful old greenhouses from being knocked down to make way for housing tracts, various means were used to keep the grounds intact, including plant sales, weddings, and social events. Thus the red-flowered cane *Begonia* helped a bit in the effort to save the historical botanical garden.

Meanwhile, at the urging of his children, Tom consulted Dr. Bernice Schubert at the Arnold Arboretum to learn its identity. Finally she and her colleague, Dr. Lyman B. Smith of the Smithsonian Institution, determined that it was a new species and have named it for Tom McDuffie. Surely some people who had purchased the *Begonia* as an unknown cane will now recognize that they have *Begonia macduffieana*.

Only a few ABS members in southern California have plants of *Begonia macduffieana* and they are working to propagate

plants and to set seed. Dr. Lyman Smith alludes to its value as a parent species that can mean a whole new series of cultivars.

P. P. B.

TAE AN ALARM CLOCK

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RABBIE!)

Fareweel your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftan o' the tickin' race,
Tae rubbish dump and nae mair trace,
Sae sadly missed!
The micro-chip has taken your place -
How cruel fate's twist.

Your busy hauns were seldom still,
Roon', roon' they'd go wi' right guid will:
Your drawsy tick I'd hear until I'd fa' asleep.
I'd scour and claw that rubbish hill,
For thee to keep.

Oft did I wake wi' strident bell
On summer morn or winter snell.
You did your best - I shirked in Hell,
For such is man.
I'd corrie doon t'avoid your knell,
And thwart your plan.

You lost a minute in a week,
Your seconds ticked and ne'er a squeak;
O, how I miss ma morning keek
At your fond face.
A' future morns for me are bleak -
Wha'd fill your place?

A weel-bent soul has gi'ed to me
A new quartz clock - a mystery!
Nae proper face not hauns Ah see,
Ach! Yon's nae clock!
Dumb figures are poor company
For this sad Jock!

THE SCOTTISH-AUSTRALIAN FLAG



A new Flag was raised for the first time in July last year. Known as the Scottish-Australian Flag, it is of striking red, gold and blue design and commemorates two hundred years of Scottish Australian connections.

Featuring the Cross of St Andrew, the red Lion Rampant on a golden shield and stars of the Southern Cross, the flag links the traditional symbols of Scotland with those of Australia. It was designed by Vexillologist John Vaughan of Australiana Flags, P.O.Box 38, Northbridge, N.S.W., 2063. (Tel. 02 958-3246).

GENERAL NOTES

- * The poem greeting our visitors in Sydney last December, and which was reproduced on the cover of our last Newsbulletin, had a checkered career or two of our Executive did!
Letter from President Sandy to the author, ACT Vice-President Ted Smythe in Canberra, "Sorry about the Macfie poem at Bill Tyrrell's barbeque, Ted, I had intended to read it out but overlooked it due to so much happening that afternoon."
Letter from Ted to you-know-who, "How much Scotch did you consume at the Clan barbeque? Bill waved me to the pool-side, I read the poem and you grabbed the sheet from my hand forthwith - for posterity, you said."
....And so it was duly recorded no matter whether it was Scotch or XXXX or Bundy Rum aiding and abetting the situation...
- * President Sandy and Secretary Helen were in Perth recently on business and took the opportunity to meet some of the Clan Society members for dinner one night - a most enjoyable evening.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Accounts are attached for those members who have not paid their membership subscriptions of \$5.00 per person or \$10.00 per family resident at the one address. Letters are also included for any members who remain unfinancial for last year, membership priveleges will be withdrawn in these cases if subs remain unpaid.
Please give these accounts your prompt attention....

NEW MEMBERS

The following New Members of the Clan Society are warmly welcomed:

V89-695	John P. McPhee	5/14 Hanby Street,	Brighton Vic	3186
Q89-696	Robert J. McPhee	214 Thistle Street	Gordon Park Q	4031
S89-697	Jeffrey P. Cathie)	14 Blyth Street	Happy Valley SA	5159
S89-698	Mrs Cathie)	" "	" " "	" "
S89-699	Cathie son)	" "	" " "	" "
S89-700	Cathie son)	" "	" " "	" "
N89-701	Morrison McPhee)	56 Russell Street	Eastwood NSW	2122
N89-702	Mrs McPhee)	" "	" "	" "
N89-703	Mrs Ann Ingrey	Young Retirement Village,	Dremondville St., Young	NSW 2594
Q89-704	Clyde McPhee)	8 Sneyd Street	Mackay Qld	4740
Q89-705	Mrs Shirley McPhee)	" "	" "	" "
N89-706	Mrs Nanoya McCathie	445 Orange Grove Road,	Woy Woy NSW	2256
W89-707	Mrs Christina Backus	7 Bateman Street,	Mosman Park WA	6012
Q89-708	Mrs Helen M. Richmond	9 Indooroopilly Court	Robina Qld	4226
N89-709	Mrs Karen E. Macfie	P.O. Box 48	St Ives NSW	2075
N89-710	Miss Sarah A. McPhie	16 Norman Dykes Ave.,	Cooma NSW	2630
V89-711	Keith Charles)	3 Carara Court	Mildura Vic	3500
V89-712	Mrs Lorna Charles)	" "	" "	" "

As yet we have not received any response to the list of Clan members whose Invitation-to-Join were returned and whose names appeared on the back page of our last Newsbulletin. If you know where any of them now live, please let secretary Helen know.

EIGHTH BIENNIAL GENERAL MEETING

MELBOURNE 1990

Our Eight Biennial General Meeting is to be held in Melbourne next year. Present plans are to tie it in with the Scottish Highland Games at Ringwood - A mid-day dinner and meeting on the Saturday, 31st March, and Clan Outing at the Games on Sunday 1st April with a good roll-up of Macfies for the Clans' March. More details next Newsbulletin - plus a call for nominations for Executive Office and Meeting Agenda Items etc.....
What about making a note of the dates right now - Sat 31 March and Sun 1st April.