

The Macfie Clan Society of Australia

(Founded in Richmond NSW on 3 May 1974)



Newsbulletin

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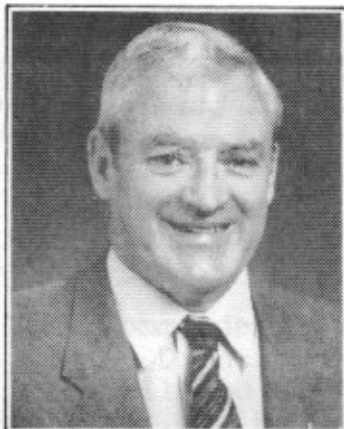
AND OTHER GOOD INFO -

Number 60

July 1991



FROM YOUR PRESIDENT AND CLAN COMMANDER



Helen and I leave in a matter of days on what will surely be the most exciting, enjoyable and memorable adventure of our lives. We fly first to America to attend the International Gathering of Clan Macfie which is being held in conjunction with the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games at Boone in North Carolina on the week-end of 13/14th July.

The Clan Macfie Gathering there is being hosted by our kindred clan society, the Clan MacDuffie of America, Inc. and will be attended by Clan members from Scotland and Canada as well as from the United States and Australia. We will be Distinguished Guests at the Grandfather Mountain Games and will also attend the MacDuffie's AGM that week-end.

After Grandfather Mountain we will be travelling by campervan in the U.S. and Canada visiting Clan Macfie Clan Societies, Clan Macfie members and friends in both countries. We will be at the Cathey Reunion Association week-end at Paw Creek, N.C., the International Gathering of the Clans in Nova Scotia and various Clan Macfie functions in Nova Scotia, Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia before attending the Stone Mountain Highland Games at Atlanta, Georgia, prior to our return home in October. At Stone Mountain we will be guests of the MacFie Clan Society of North America and will attend their AGM.

Arrangements have been completed for Vice-President Nev McPhee and Treasurer Lorraine McPhee (both in Toowoomba) to hold the fort and check the mail etc while we are away. The next Newsbulletin in November will carry a report on Grandfather Mountain and all points south, east, north and west.

Too, the next Newsbulletin will contain a call for nominations for Executive Office for the 1992-93 term - have you thought about nominating this year? It will also have up to date details of arrangements for the Ninth Biennial General Meeting week-end in Perth next April...preliminary details are in this Newsbulletin. The BGM week-end should be a good one judging by the number of new recruits W.A. V-P Trevor McPhee is signing up!

My sincere thanks to the many members who have generously responded to the call for donations to the Clan Capital Fund and the Clan Society Trust Fund or who have paid subscriptions in advance. Your support for the Clan and the Clan Society is greatly appreciated and is so important for their continued viability. Lists of donor names are included in this Newsbulletin.

Clan Commander Sandy checks in for his overseas flight -



"Your flight left two hours early owing to a malfunction in the captain's watch."

Thank you too, to those who have sent good wishes to Helen and me for our trip and greetings for those who attend the International Gathering of Clan Macfie. We'll tell you about it and our North American cousins in the next Newsbulletin.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sandy McPhie".

A.C.(Sandy) McPhie
Toowoomba
7th June 1991
Clan Society President and
Commander of Clan Macfie

Address all Correspondence to the Secretary,
Mrs Helen McPhie,
8 Panorama Crescent,
Toowoomba, Q., 4350.

(Telephone 076 32-3469)

HAPPY HAPPY BIRTHDAY JENNIE

We know it's early, but our next Newsbulletin (No. 61) will probably only be ready for mailing about the 16th November and that is a most important day we musn't overlook this year for Clan Patron Jennie Minerva MacPhee (H4-81) of Vancouver will have her 100th birthday then. Jennie is the widow of Dr. Earle MacPhee who was our first Clan Commander and the leader of the move (virtually single handed) to have Clan Macfie again recognised as an active clan. She has always been strongly supportive of the Clan and Clan affairs and was appointed Clan Patron by Clan Parliament in 1987.

Jennie is still very active and involved in Clan matters. Clan Commander Sandy and wife Helen, will be calling on her when they visit Vancouver later this year. Jennie's address is 121/4875 Valley Drive, Vancouver, B.C., V6J 4B8, Canada.

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DON'T FORGET

NINTH BIENNIAL GENERAL MEETING of The Macfie Clan Society of Australia will be held in Perth on the week-end of 25/26th April next year. Further details will be in the next Newsbulletin plus details of a Clan Get Together in Adelaide the Thursday before Easter - 16th April that is.

COLONSAY 1993 Clan Macfie returns en masse to its homelands Colonsay and Oransay in the first week of September 1993 - the first official Clan Visit since our last Chief was murdered in 1623! Clan Parliament will sit during that week and all members may attend. Contact Secretary Helen in Toowoomba for further details and information on accommodation arrangements etc., if you are a likely starter.

OTHER DATE CLAIMERS

- * Sat. 3 Aug 91 - 43rd Highland Debutante Ball in Brisbane. Enquiries to Mrs. Rhonda Hulcombe (07) 285 3137.
- * 13/15 May 92 - Clan MacNicol Gathering on Isle of Skye - their first International Gathering there since the acquisition of land near Portree in 1987. Clan Chief, Iain MacNeacail and wife Pam of Ballina N.S.W. will be attendance. Further info from Peter Nicol (07) 350 2297.
- * 9/14 June 92 - Clan Maclean Association Centenary Celebrations on the Isle of Mull. Celebrations will centre on Duart Castle and around Clan Maclean's new Chief, Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart and Morvern, 28th Chief of Clan Gillean. Contact Rev. Donald McLean on (059) 74 1736 for further details.



VALE

With sorrow we record the passing of two more of our strong supporters, Kitty Leeson and Dorothy Tyrrell, both of Sydney. Condolences have been extended on behalf of Clan Society members to both families.

KITTY LEESON (N76-216) of Ashfield, N.S.W., in February this year, aged 87. Kitty was a sister of Flora Barnes (N76-215) formerly of Five Dock, N.S.W.

DOROTHY TYRRELL (N76-187) of Sylvania, N.S.W. on 11th May. The wife of N.S.W. Vice-President Bill Tyrrell (N78-395), Dorothy will be fondly remembered by many Clan Society members who attended functions at their home in Sydney.

Additionally our deepest sympathy is extended to Angus McPhee (N74-077) of Cooma, N.S.W. and Flora Barnes (N76-215) formerly of Five Dock, N.S.W. who have each lost their marriage partner in recent months.

DONATIONS TO CLAN FUNDS

The following members have made donations to Clan and Clan Society Funds this year. Their contributions are most welcome and received with sincere thanks.

CLAN CAPITAL FUND

Neil McPhee, Lower Templestowe, V.	Dr. Ian McPhee, LaTrobe Uni. V.
Mrs. Eve Mason, Roseville, N.S.W.	Mrs. Vi. McFie, Maryborough, Q.
Brian McPhee, Stonyfell, S.A.	Angus McPhee, Elanora, Q.
Dr. Cameron McPhee, Corinda, Q.	Clyde Smythe, Turrumurra, N.S.W.
Miss Kay McPhee, Black Rock, V.	Miss Lorraine McPhee, Toowoomba, Q.
John McPhee, Hawthorn East, V.	Miss Barbara McPhee, Ryde, N.S.W.
Bill McPhee and family, Seaforth, N.S.W.	
Mrs. Florence Fitzpatrick, Springwood, N.S.W.	
Paul and Susan McPhee, Cooma, N.S.W.	
Mrs. Jessie and Miss Helen Bouch, East Bentleigh, V.	
Mrs. Gwen McPhee, Berkeley Vale, N.S.W.	
Colin McPhee and family, Novar Gardens, S.A.	
Russell Mattocks, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.	
Ian and Aileen McPhee, Toowoomba, Q.	
Norman and Heather McPhee, Kogarah Bay, N.S.W.	

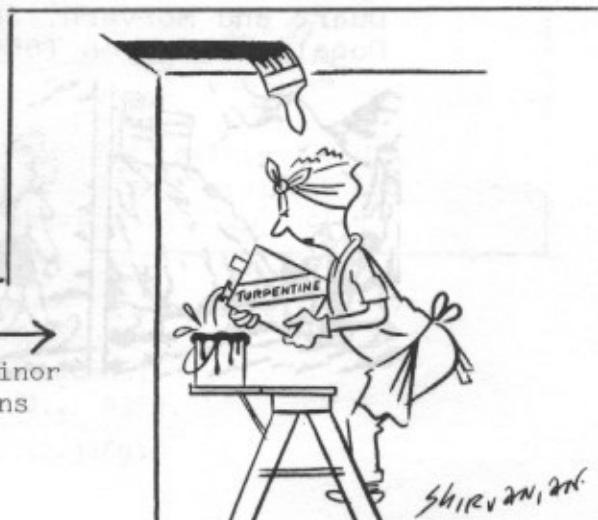
CLAN SOCIETY TRUST FUND

Neil McPhee, Lower Templestowe, V.	Dr. Ian McPhee, LaTrobe Uni. V.
Mrs. Eve Mason, Roseville, N.S.W.	Neil McPhee, Mornington, V.
Mrs. Pat Chapman, Kew, V.	
Bill McPhee and family, Seaforth N.S.W.	

CLAN SOCIETY GENERAL FUND

Dr. John McPhee, Beaumont, S.A.
Ross and Betty McPhee, Red Hill, V.
Bill McPhee and family, Seaforth, N.S.W.
Gib McPhee, Sorrento, Q.

Secretary Helen copes with a minor problem during house renovations



ANY QUERIES?

RESULTS

* In our last Newsbulletin we were looking for children of the late Penelope Black of Kenmore, Q'ld - and we found them! New Member Katherine Gallagher (Q91-752) of Paradise Point, Q'ld, is Penelope's daughter. She is in touch with the one who made the enquiry, retired solicitor, Robert Macfie Young, of Inverness Scotland - who has also become a member (Z91-751) of our Clan Society - AND he and Katherine are related through the Macfie line, and thus are distant cousins of Ulf Hagman (H2-78) in Sweden. How about that?

* Sandy McPhie (Q74-001) has found new family members too - he contacted Brian McLean in Perth seeking information on a "McFee" girl who married a Donald Maclean on Iona - at the turn of last century - Brian couldn't help but he passed on a letter he had received from Betty Garrard of Palmwoods, Q'ld, with exactly the same enquiry. Now Sandy and Betty are in contact comparing notes about their ancestors on Iona and Mull some two hundred years ago.

NEW QUERIES

* **JUDITH MATTHEWS** (Q90-740) of P>O> Box 705, Ayr, Q'ld. 4807, is looking for descendants of John Gray and Janet Stewart (Jessie) McPhie who were married at the Presbyterian Church, Rupel Street, Brisbane on 28th January 1859. They had thirteen children:- James Roderick (25 Feb 60), Janet Stewart (27 Aug 61) m. Maurice Matthews, female - unknown, John (1865), Thomas Malcolm (30 Mar 66), Alexander William (3 Aug 68) m. Annie Endress, William C. (1869), George (11 Aug 70), Alexander Thomas (7 Feb 73), Malcolm Allen (7 Feb 73) d. 1873, Walter Edward Laurence (5 Dec 75), Dugald Henry (20 May 80) d. 1880, Ann (1 Jan 76). Jessie was born at Fort William in 1841 and migrated to Australia with parents John McPhie and Ann Cameron aboard the "Caroline" arriving on 17 Nov 1853.

* **JOSEPH R. McPHIE** of 920 South 900 East, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84105, U.S.A. would like to hear from any descendants of the following:

Looking for Ancestry and descendents of CHARLES MCPHIE b. abt 1737, Islay Argyleshire, Scot., md. CATHERINE CAMPBELL; only child, ALEXANDER, b. 1769, md. CHARLOTTE GILFILLAN of Airth, Sterlingshire, dau of Alexander G ILFILLAN and Elizabeth WILLIAMSON; Alexander a son of Alexander and Janet Logan Gilfillan. CHARLES MCPHIE md. 2nd MARY CAMPBELL 8 Aug 1772, a sis. of Catherine. Mary b. Jun 1749, Islay, Argyleshire; d. 8 Aug 1824, Parkhead, Lanarkshire.
Children: MARGARET MD. Collen Campbell, (2) Susan, Md. Joseph Boggle, (3) Malcolm, md. Elizabeth Haws, (4) Hugh, md. Mary Douglas, (5) Archibald, (6) Sarah md. Hugh Bogile or Boggle.

Children of Alexander and Charlotte Gilfillan McPhie: (1) Charles md Elizabeth Rist, (2) Alexander, md. (a) Ann Woods, (b) Sarah Docherty, (3) Elizabeth, md. Samuel McMenomy, (4) Catherine, (inf), (5) Archibald, b. 14 Jun 1802, md. Mary Harper, (6) Charlotte, (inf), (7) Angus, b. 16 Jun 1807, (8) JOHN, b. 14 May 1809, md. (a) Agnes Dunn, (B) Maria Martin (my Gr.Grandparents., (9) Charlotte, (inf), (10) Jane, (Inf), (11) Campbell, b. 1817, md. _____ Gorman, (12) Charlotte, b 16 Mar 1820 d. 1871., md. William Robertson, (13) James, b. 1822, md. Christinia Robertson, (14) Charles, b. 4 Oct 1825, Md. Margaret Caine. Children all born at Barony or Parkhead, Lanarkshire. Write : Joseph R. McPhie, 920 So. 900 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84105, U.S.A

HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL NOTES.

More from our member in Ireland, Belinda Mahaffy (Z87-581) of Lifford in Donegal...."The town of Mahaffey in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., was founded by Thomas Mahaffey and his family some two hundred years ago. They controlled much of the timber industry on the Susquhanna River before the railroad came. They supplied timber to the American Navy from about the 1780s to the 1840s. The trees were logged near the town of Mahaffey, made into rafts with cabins on them for the rafters, and floated down the river to Marietta where a James Mahaffey had saw mills. The town of Mahaffey is in the north of the State in a mountainous, remote area which is full of worked out coal mines. It is 44 miles by winding road from Du Boise, the nearest airport. With the timber and coal supplies depleted, the town just survives and is really not the best place to visit - there is no hotel, there was one owned by the Mahaffeyes but it burnt down years ago...."

MORE ON THE SCOTTISH AUSTRALIAN CAIRN

The Mosman Council in Sydney have allocated \$27,000 for further landscaping at the cairn site in Rawson Park overlooking the Heads.

The cairn is made up of 1760 stones taken from each parish in Scotland, collected in the main by local school children. But one is missing from the cairn - it came from Westray in the Orkneys and was engraved on one side with a map of Australia and on the other with a map of the Orkneys. Rather than hide it or one side of it in the cairn, it has been placed on display in the Mosman Library.

Local history involved with some of the stones is interesting. The Parish of Resolis and Urquhart lies in the north-west face of the Black Isle, a peninsula north of Inverness between the Cromarty and Beaully Firths which themselves are inlets of the Moray Firth. Probably the most noted incumbent of Resolis was the Rev, Donald Sage who in the early 19th century kept a diary of life in the Highlands. It has recently been republished under the title "Memorabilia Domestica" and gives an insight to life at that time.

Resolis is in Gaelic "sunny slope" while Urquhart the more westerly is of Pictish origin meaning "in front of the wood". The church there is in a district known as Ferintosh and records relate that the land was "confirmed" by the King to Donald, Thane of Cawdor in 1430. Presbytery minutes record complaints from the minister of Ferintosh in 1642, about a congregation much given to making and trading in whisky on the Lord's Day and fishing in the Firth.....so little has changed!

Near the church, the valley of a small stream had over the years eroded to form a sheltered amphitheatre which was used for outdoor services from time immemorial. After the Disruption of 1843 it was used for Gaelic communion service in August each year until 1962. The stone for the Scottish Australian Cairn was taken from this burn of Ferintosh.

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Dont knock Hagar - his ancestors used Colonsay as a base during the Viking days - and were welcomed by the locals they say. Maybe Ulf Hagman's ancestors even felt



they were returning home when they migrated to Sweden last century.

(This short account appeared in the Jan/Feb 1988 edition of The Highlander, the American Scottish Journal - I wonder if the bank manager Big Jimmie MacPhee had any luck with those overdrafts - Ed.)

Hebridean Diary

By Mairi Maclean

Around the world the stock markets crash. Headlines in the national newspapers shout about the end of yuppieism and new austerity. The television produces newsprogrammes devoted to discussion and dissection by the 'experts' and the world waits with bated breath to hear what President Reagan is going to do about his budget deficiency.

Here in the Hebrides our thoughts tend to be on a more mundane level. No one here has the trappings of wealth like a Porsche, an account with a stockbroker or a filofax. Our transport is likely to be a battered mudstained van, a nondescript car which falls between being vintage and respectable or a tractor. The only professionals we deal with are the bank manager, unpopular because he is generally trying to call in the enormous loans which he made when land prices were booming, and the accountant who balances the books for the VAT man. As for Filofaxes, most islanders conduct their affairs on the back of old envelopes stuffed in their pockets or in the kitchen drawer. Some of the farmers are now beginning to creep into the 1980s by buying computers, but on the whole the farming enterprises run from the islands cannot justify too much time and money spent on modern technology.

What has been occupying our interest whilst the rest of the world concentrates on money is a ship wreck. It was a ship wreck on a minor scale, unlike some of the spectacular ones which have occurred off the Hebridean coasts, and it was not very dramatic except to the unfortunate owner, but as ships do not get wrecked very often nowadays it was the excitement of the week.

The drama was caused when the bank manager on our neighbouring island decided to pay a visit to his clients here, not a very popular move because most of his clients had been avoiding him for months. They had been refusing to answer the telephone least it be the bank and had resolutely torn up envelopes bearing the bank's logo. I learnt all this from my neighbour Ishbel, who confided in me that her life had been made extremely difficult because Murdo was refusing to go near the telephone and expected her to answer whatever she was doing. Indeed the telephone receiver, liberally sprinkled with flour

where she had been answering it during a baking session, bore mute evidence of this.

Arrival of a bank official off the steamer, like that of the policeman, has the odd effect of causing some in the usual curious crowds at the pierhead to remember they have business elsewhere and vanish. Most of us have a perfectly amicable relationship with the bank, but several over-ambitious farmers took out large loans some years back and with falling land values have been unable to pay the interest. It is amazing how many of these take to the hills when a man in a dark suit with a briefcase is loose on the island, and do not return until the steamer is safely away again with him.

The bank manager, Mr. MacPhee as he is officially known or Big Jimmie as he is called locally, chartered one of the fishing boats which abound around the islands, to bring him over, in the hopes he would catch the likes of Murdo before his arrival was noticed. He planned to be dropped off at one of the remoter bays on the north side of the island where he would not be seen until almost on Murdo's doorstep, a cunning ruse which has been tried out often by the policeman. Unfortunately the binoculars come out when a small boat is spotted off shore and the secret is revealed, not only to the owners of the binoculars but is spread on the very effective grapevine.

These boats are generally about thirty feet long, with a small cabin in the front and a large afterdeck where the lobster and prawn creels are handled. They are used all summer for gathering lobsters and crabs, and are generally laid up in winter. This particular one was owned by Eachen Og, the son of a very successful lobster fisherman, Eachen Mor, on our neighbouring island. Eachen Og has not had the boat long and he is not very expert in his seamanship, so he gave a call to some of us he felt might keep the secret to stand by on the shore to help.

We waited that morning by a small port. This was once a thriving community but now ruined and deserted except for one cottage restored as a holiday house. Kelp, a type of seaweed, was harvested extensively along the shores in the Nineteenth Century and several small piers were built all round the coasts to facilitate its export. Having difficulty in landing at the small rough

stone pier, he decided to land Mr. MacPhee on a rocky strand where he thought he could get close in. There was a tremendous swell, the result of storms over the previous two days, and the boat got swept right on to the strand by a huge wave and stuck there.

Mr. MacPhee, an islander foremost and bank manager secondarily, leapt ashore in his oilskins and boots and Eachen Og hurled his briefcase after him. For a perilous moment the boat tilted right over on its side on the rocks and we waited for the next wave to swamp it. But our lack of faith in Eachen Og's seamanship was unjustified. He noticed the huge wave and with a twist of his wrist and a pull at the throttle he refloated the boat on the wave and backed out. But damage had been done. The crash of the wave on the shore prevented us from hearing what he was shouting but the boat instead of heading out to sea turned round and headed for the nearest beach.

Eachen beached the boat on the sand and we waded up to him to find out what was wrong. A leak had sprung, right between the ribs of the boat. It was impossible to get to it except from the outside. The tide was going out and within half an hour the boat was helplessly stranded whilst a crowd of us stood around gloomily wondering what to do. Unfortunately as the tide retreated the boat dug itself into the sand with the leak right underneath and impossible to see.

There was plenty of advice for Eachen, good, bad and unprintable. The majority opinion seemed to be that he brought the disaster on himself, undertaking to bring Mr. MacPhee across in the first place. Some wanted to pull the boat right in as the tide came in again, others thought he should get the boat anchored out in the bay and tow it back home.

As the hours passed most of the spectators drifted away as nothing could be done until the tide came in. Ishbel took Mr. MacPhee and Eachen Og back to her farmhouse to feed them and give them a dram, whilst I left, promising to return later to help if necessary.

When I returned several hours later I was horrified to see three forelorn figures standing on the edge of the surf whilst the waves washed and lapped over the boat which was still lying where I had seen it last. The tide had come right in and had not refloated it, waves having slapped over the sides and filled it with water. Eachen Og was standing totally stunned as his boat

disappeared gradually under the waves. Mr. MacPhee was still in his oilskins and boots with his briefcase in his hand, and Murdo, the third figure, had a rope and bucket in his hand, emergency kit which could not be used.

The tide came right in and retreated. The following day rescue was attempted in earnest. The boat was baled out and refloated. Several large empty barrels and floats were tied around the sides, and Eachen Mor, Eachen Og's father, appeared in his own boat with some of the local boys to help. The two boats were tied together, Eachen Og stepped somewhat gingerly inside and the sorrowful procession chugged its way back to the neighbouring island.

It was several days later that we heard the terrible news. Eachen Og's boat was a total writeoff. The night underwater had caused the planks to break away from the ribs, and the little cabin was knocked completely askew. Surprisingly enough Eachen Og shrugged his shoulders about the loss. 'I was going to lay it up this weekend in any case', he told me. 'It was a good-wee boat but the new one could have some improvements'. The boat was the subject of a huge insurance claim which was handled, curiously enough, by Mr. MacPhee's wife, local agent for the insurance company. Mr. MacPhee had the final word. 'It's an ill wind, aye, an ill wind', he philosophically remarked as he helped his wife fill in the appropriate papers and collect her fee.

Pipes put ears out of 'kilter'

High noise levels from bagpipes could cause permanent hearing loss, a neurologist and amateur piper said yesterday.

Dr Stephen Brittain was reporting his findings with audiologist Mr Robert Hartenstein after they measured noise levels produced by the bagpipes.

Indoor and outdoor levels at the player's left ear had reached 105 decibels, they said in a letter to a specialist magazine.

United States federal noise exposure maximums were 105 decibels for one hour or 115 decibels for 15 minutes.

It would be fairly easy for pipers to meet or exceed these limits "with steady, dedicated practice", they said.

Good foam ear plugs could sharply cut noise levels.

Dr Brittain, who said he had played the pipes for about three years, said he had found it



almost a painful experience at first.

He had started wearing ear-plugs but believed few pipers were aware of the risks of permanent hearing loss and thought few wore ear protection.

His ear plugs reduced the sound level about 25 decibels and did not interfere with hearing and evaluating his own playing, he said.



IN PRAISE OF PORRIDGE by Alex Scott

(Captain, World War 1)

For breakfast in the Summer time I like an orange or a lime,
An egg perhaps, or two at most, a little marmalade on toast.
But when the Winter mornings come, when toes are cold and fingers numb,
To start the day in cheerful mood, porridge is ideal food.
But O! the crimes misguided zeal commits on innocent oatmeal;
Results that are both thin and chilly, would scarcely pass as prison skilly,
While porridge firmer than cement is only food for discontent.
Serve not with sugar sprinkled thick, a most disgusting English trick,
But serve with milk, although one may, take cream upon a holiday.
When days are very cold, the dish in grateful hands enfold
And praise the frugal Highland forage that blessed mankind with oatmeal porridge.

HIGHLAND SOLDIER

1820-1920



Diana M Henderson

Foreword by Brigadier James A Oliver CBE CBE DSO TD DCLD

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The Scottish KITCHEN

GRACE-ELLEN McCRANN looks at the possibilities for Cooking with Whisky

As Scotland's *vin du pays*, whisky is most often consumed as either a blend or single malt with or without water, soda or ice. But that leaves out a whole world of recipes in which whisky can play a favourable and flavourable role.

In most instances when you cook with whisky the alcohol burns off, leaving only an enriched, malty taste. One hint if you do want a little alcohol in a dish is to add less than the amount stated in the recipe while cooking, and the remainder towards the end. However you add it, whisky can give an extra fillip which will make a dish or a meal special.

For starters, why not serve Date and Whisky Spread on thin brown bread or crispbread? For the main course, serve Dunollie Hoggit or smoked Scottish Quail with a whisky-marmalade sauce. If you prefer your whisky taste at the end of a meal, you can choose from traditional Atholl Brose or Malt Whisky Ice Cream.

Date and Whisky Spread

This recipe is from Archie Mackenzie's Aunt Morag. It's not only delicious, it's easy.

- 4 ounces pitted/stoned dates
- 2 ounces butter
- 2 tablespoons whisky

Melt the butter and put the melted butter and the dates into a food processor or blender. Puree the mixture, add the whisky and chill before serving.

Whisky and Marmalade Sauce for Smoked Scottish Quail

Most smoked meats are enhanced by this simple sauce, but I'm particularly fond of it with quail.

- 6 ounces coarse cut marmalade
- 2 ounces whisky

Cook slowly over a very low flame until the mixture is blended. Serve warm.

Dunollie Hoggit with Aunt Morag's Oatmeal Whisky Stuffing

While researching this article I discovered a wonderful recipe for stuffed hoggit (young lamb) with a whisky and peach juice sauce that had been invented by John Ramage of Oban's Lancaster Hotel when he was a student. The recipe got John a trip to London for a Taste of Scotland cooking contest. As good as the original recipe is, I think it's even better with Aunt Morag's stuffing.

- Loin of Lamb, boned for rolling
- Bacon strips
- 16-ounce tin of peach slices (reserve the juice)
- Salt and pepper
- 4 ounces whisky
- Carrots and onions for the bottom of the pan
- 2 ounces water
- Cornflour or corn starch for thickening

Aunt Morag's Stuffing

- 1 1/2 breakfast cups of coarse oatmeal
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
- 3 ounces butter
- 1 large glass whisky
- salt and pepper

Roast the oatmeal in a heavy pan until it browns lightly, stirring constantly. Add the whisky and mix thoroughly. Put the mixture in a bowl to cool.

Melt the butter and fry the onions on a low heat until soft and clear. Add the onions, salt and pepper and nutmeg to the oatmeal and stir together.

Pound the lamb until it is of reasonably even thickness. Salt and pepper the meat. Take the whisky stuffing and spread it on the hoggit. Roll up the hoggit tightly with the stuffing inside and tie securely with string at both ends and in the middle of the roll.

Put the carrots and onions in the bottom of a self-basting roasting pan and place the hoggit, seam upwards, on top. Put several strips of bacon over the hoggit and pour the water at the base of the meat. Put the lid on the pan and roast for 30 minutes in an oven set at 450 degrees.

Take the hoggit out of the oven and reduce the temperature to 350 degrees. Turn the hoggit over so the seam is down and add 2 ounces of peach juice, and more water if necessary. Return pan to oven and roast for a further half an hour.

Remove the hoggit to a serving platter. Add 2 ounces of whisky and the rest of the peach juice to the pan drippings for gravy. Stir the gravy mixture over a low flame and add cornflour or corn starch to thicken. Put the gravy and the vegetables through a strainer and add the rest of the whisky to the thickened sauce.

Slice the hoggit into 1/2-inch to 3/4-inch rounds. Arrange on plates, decorate with peach slices and cover with the whisky/peach gravy.

Atholl Brose

This traditional pudding is a terrific way to end a meal. It's a good idea to make it a few hours in advance and let it stand in the fridge to allow the flavours to blend.

- 2 ounces oatmeal
- 16 ounces double cream
- 4 tablespoons whisky
- 2 tablespoons honey

Cook the oatmeal over a low to moderate flame, stirring constantly until lightly browned. Put aside to cool.

Whip the cream, adding the whisky a little at a time, until fairly stiff. Stir in the honey and oatmeal. Keep in the fridge until ready to serve.

Malt Whisky Ice Cream

This sinfully rich ice cream is a Taste of Scotland recipe from chef Andrew Radford of Handsel's in Edinburgh. The restaurant is closed at present while they look for larger premises: I hope they find them soon.

- 6 eggs
- 6 ounces vanilla sugar
- 16 ounces double cream
- 8 ounces malt whisky

Whisk the eggs and sugar in a double boiler over simmering water until a thick custard is formed. Put aside to cool. Whisk cream until thick. Pour thickened cream into custard sauce and blend.

Add the malt whisky and freeze until firm but not hard (usually about three hours).

Notes

Fresh and smoked quail (and quail eggs) can be obtained from Argyll Quail, South Ledaig Farm, North Connel, Argyll (tel 063 171 597).

For more information on Taste of Scotland recipes, write to Taste of Scotland, 33 Melville Street, Edinburgh EH3 7JF (tel 031 220 1900).

Our thanks to SCOTTISH WORLD, April 1989, for this useful article.

The following article on Colonsay and the Strathconas appeared in the 20th November 1989 copy of "Time" at page 19 and is duly acknowledged.

Scene

Colonsay, Scotland

A Laird's Life On a Wee Isle

*Plus fours and paternalism,
but the problem is money*

BY KENNETH W. BANTA

The tiny town hall is packed to bursting, the chattering throng pressed against trestle tables groaning under home-baked pies, fruit preserves, prize cabbages and sheaves of oats. Suddenly a familiar faded blue sailor's cap pokes into the doorway. As a ripple of anticipation rolls through the room, a towering bearded figure clad in worn plus fours, a baggy tweed jacket and a silk tie appears.

"Afternoon, m'lord," murmur the old-timers, and some hands rise to touch foreheads in an ancient gesture of respect. Baron and Lady Strathcona of the Scottish isle of Colonsay have arrived at the social event of the season, the annual Root and Grain Show of the Young Farmers' Club. Soon they are deep in the crowd. Lady Strathcona, togged in green Barbour and blue jeans, bends over newborn Hamish Alexander Grant. "This baby," she tells her husband, "we haven't seen before." Strathcona cocks an amused eye at the pleased parents. "Glad to see you are adding to our island population," he rumbles in Eton-polished accents.

Twenty-five miles off the stormy western coast of Scotland in the Inner Hebrides, Colonsay (pop. 122) at first glance appears caught in a feudal time warp. Just eight miles long and three miles wide, the craggy island and virtually everything on it, from crofters' cottages to rocky sheep pastures, belong to Strathcona. Despite living for much of the year in London, he remains in many ways the fulcrum on which the tiny society turns. But like nearly all of Britain's 1,650-odd hereditary estate owners, Strathcona, 65, now wrestles to reconcile his seigneurial duties as laird with 20th century realities. "We are trying to maintain a delicate balance between doing the necessary things to stay afloat economically and yet ensuring

that this island's way of life is preserved," he says. "It is bloody difficult."

The principal difficulty is money. Heir to the title earned by his great-grandfather Donald Smith, a 19th century business magnate in Canada, the current Lord Strathcona came into only a minute fraction of Smith's \$22.4 million fortune. So strapped for cash that in the late '70s he contemplated selling the island, Strath-



Maintaining a delicate balance: Baron and Lady Strathcona

"We are committed to keeping [the tenants]. It's part of holding on to the character of this place."

na has now managed to put the Colonsay estate in the black, largely by diving into the unbaronial business of tourism. Twelve years ago he sold off the money-losing Colonsay Hotel, which under new owners has become a mecca for well-heeled fans of Colonsay's 200 species of birds, pre-Christian ruins and golf course. With his wife Patricia, Lord Strathcona has turned most of the 30 bedrooms in Colonsay House, his Regency mansion, into vacation apartments and has renovated 17 cottages for holiday rentals.

Up at 8 a.m. to handle nonisland business, including two company director-

ships, Strathcona spends as much as eight hours of each of his days on the island as his own chief handyman. When not repairing an endless procession of broken furniture, Strathcona is often out clearing the estate's overgrown 33-acre woodland garden with a chain saw in a bid to restore one of Europe's most important rhododendron collections, which was looked after by six gardeners in his father's day. Lady Strathcona attends to everything from furnishing cottages to supervising cleaners. "We are not grand, thank goodness," she says tartly, "and I get tired of people who think we must be. I've laid more carpets and sewn more curtains than I like to think about."

Some of the profits help balance the books against one of Strathcona's biggest headaches: ownership of 21 farms and fieldstone cottages, whose rents of as little as \$24 a month barely cover expenses. "Many tenants can't pay more, and they can't buy the houses," says Strathcona, "so I feel we are committed to keeping them. It's part of holding on to the character of this place."

Not all islanders are grateful. "It's the middle ages," complains one. "People are terrified to argue with the estate—it controls their lives." Others feel abandoned by a family that once swathed Colonsay in paternalism. Says fisherman and dockworker Peter McAllister, 60: "Time was, if a pipe leaked, you called the estate to get it fixed. Some folks don't accept that that's changed." Nonetheless, Strathcona on occasion still intercedes with the local ferry company to keep up the island's thrice-weekly service to the mainland, or discreetly helps extract a fisherman from debt.

More intangibly, Colonsay's peer remains a symbol of continuity at a time when nearby islands have gone through wrenching changes of ownership, some to American businessmen. The Colonsay continuity was underscored earlier this year, when Lord Strathcona launched a generational transition, passing formal responsibility for much of the estate to his son and heir Alexander, 28, a business-school student at the University of London. "Better the devil ye know than the devil ye don't," says McAllister, only half in jest. "Besides, he's a good lad. He should make a good laird." ■

1990 AUDITOR'S REPORT.

Messrs Clark, Morton and Gleeson, Public Accountants, of Toowoomba again kindly audited the Clan Society books for the previous twelve month period and we are indebted to them for this service. Their report states:

"We advise that we have completed the audit of the books and records of the Clan (sic) as at 31st December, 1990, and we advise that in our opinion it fairly represents the activities of the Clan (sic) for the year, and that the Balance Sheet fairly represents the value of the Clan (sic) at that date."

The reference to "Clan" should of course, be to "Clan Society".

They pointed out that the amount of \$240.00 for Fully Paid Membership Fees was omitted from the Statement of Funds and Investments as at 31st December 1990 -(see page 13 of Newsbulletin No 59, March 1991). This was an oversight in the preparation of the Statement and due apologies are offered.

INCOME TAX

An application for the Clan Society (or our Trust Fund) to be exempt from income tax under the new rules applicable to organisations such as ours has been rejected by the Department. We will thus be paying tax on investment earnings and some amendment to our constitution will be needed at the next General Meeting.

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1991 MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

Accounts are attached for those members who have not paid their 1991 membership subscriptions as yet.

Don't forget you can pay as many years in advance as you wish or if you prefer, take out fully paid membership at the rate of \$100.00 per member under 50 years of age, or \$80.00 per member over 50 years of age.

Normal rates are \$6.00 per member or \$12.00 per family resident at the one address. Members under 18 years are not required to pay subscriptions and those over 75 years may on application, be excused from the payment of fees.

Regretfully some members have not paid their 1990 subscriptions as yet. Letters are enclosed for these slow coaches pointing out that they will have membership rights withdrawn if these arrears and their current subscription is not paid - please don't let this happen to you!

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Throwing the Scottish Hammer

This event differs considerably from the normal hammer events in international amateur competition. The Scots use a stiff, wooden shafted hammer, and unlike the swivelling motion permitted in international amateur events, the throwers feet must not move. Most contestants

use boots with long spikes protruding from the toe cap to maintain their stance while building up speed before releasing the hammer. The Scottish Hammer is 4 ft.2" in length and weighs either 16 lbs. or 22 lbs.

Putting the Stone

Shot putting was introduced into international athletics by the Scots just over one hundred years ago but it had for centuries been a traditional strength test in the Highlands. Chieftains would have a smooth round stone from a river bed placed at their gateways and visitors were invited to demonstrate their ability. The stones normally weighed about 14 lbs. hence the British measure 14 lbs. one stone. More recently the standard putting stones became 16 lbs. and 22 lbs.

TOSSING THE CABER

The contestants in this event attempt to 'turn' the caber, and over end in a straight line. The throwers do not aim for distance but attempt to make the caber somersault and land in an exact line from the throwers run up. Today the caber to be used is a 19'0"(5.7m).long and weighs 160lbs.(72.58Kg). This is probably the most spectacular event in Highland Games. In early days it was known as "Ye casting of the Bar".

Celts win battle to drop the Anglo

Celts have had a victory in their bid to be freed from constant association with the English. The Ethnic Affairs Commission of New South Wales said in a statement yesterday that it had passed a formal resolution banning the use of the term Anglo-Celtic from all its future publications.

The commission chairman, Mr Stepan Kerkyasharian, said the Australian Celtic communities were offended by being bracketed with the English through the word Anglo to describe peoples from the British Isles.

A submission by the Celtic Council of Australia to the commission said: "The history of the Celtic peoples in Europe is one of resistance to, and oppression by, the English. Therefore the term Anglo-Celtic is offensive."

THE LAST WORD ON THE HAGGII

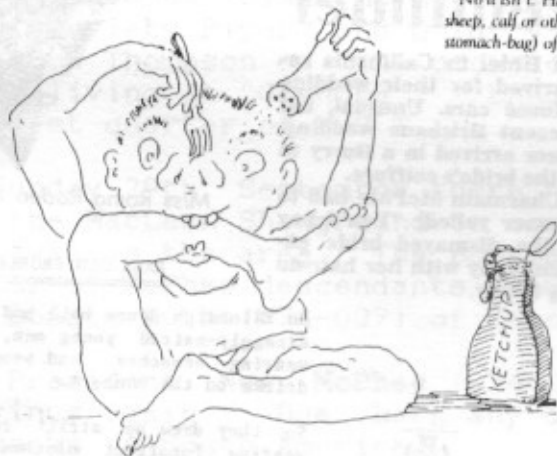
This impossible poem was sent in by Heather McPhee (N77-270) of Jannali, N.S.W. - came from her sister's school library of all places - Heather felt it was a different angle on the dreaded haggis.

HORACE

Much to his Mum and Dad's dismay
Horace ate himself one day.
He didn't stop to say his grace,
He just sat down and ate his face.
'We can't have this!' his Dad declared,
'If that lad's ate, he should be shared.'
But even as he spoke they saw
Horace eating more and more:
First his legs, and then his thighs,
His arms, his nose, his hair, his eyes . . .
'Stop him, someone!' Mother cried,
'Those eyeballs would be better fried!'
But all too late! And now the silly
Had even started on his willy!
'Oh Foolish child!' the father mourns,
'You could have deep-fried that with prawns,

'Some parsley and some tartare sauce . . .'
But H. was on his second course:
His liver and his lights and lung,
His ears, his neck, his chin, his tongue . . .
'To think I raised him from the cot,
And now he's going to scoff the lot!'
His Mother cried, 'What shall we do?
What's left won't even make a stew!'
And as she wept, her son was seen
To eat his head, his heart, his spleen.
And there he lay - a boy no more -
Just a stomach on the floor . . .
But none the less, since it was his,
They ate it - that's what haggis is.*

* No it isn't. Haggis is a kind of stuffed pudding eaten by the Scots. The minced heart, liver, lungs of a sheep, calf or other animal's inner organs are mixed with oatmeal, sealed and boiled in the maw (intestinal stomach-bag) of a sheep and . . . excuse me a minute. Ed.



LEGENDS ASSOCIATED WITH ST. ANDREW AND SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL FLAG

After the crucifixion of Jesus, Andrew, the first of Christ's disciples, travelled around Greece and Scythia (as the Ukraine together with the southern part of Russia was then called) and he is the patron saint of both Greece and Russia as well as Scotland. We know that he was finally put to death in Greece as a Christian martyr and we believe that when he was to be crucified he asked that it be on a diagonal cross (or saltire) as he felt he was not worthy to be put to death on a cross of the same shape as the cross on which his Lord had died.

There is one tradition that at his crucifixion he wore blue robes so that the white saltire cross against the blue of his robes gave us the colours and design of the St. Andrew's Cross flag as we know it; but there is another and perhaps more plausible story.

In the year 832 AD. Angus, King of the Picts was involved in a battle with an English leader, Athelstan, somewhere in the south-east of Scotland (yes there was fighting going on in the border area even in those ancient times). Athelstan had a force much larger than Angus had, which caused him to have some doubts about the outcome of the pending encounter and Angus led his troops in prayers for deliverance and was rewarded by seeing a cloud formation in the clear blue sky in the form of the saltire or cross of St. Andrew. Angus was so impressed by the unusual cloud formation at that particular juncture that he felt it was an omen and if they were victorious in the pending battle then St. Andrew would be the patron saint of Scotland. It so transpired that the Scots were able to leave the field as the victors and the white cross on the blue ground has been the National Flag of Scotland from that time to the present day.

Although the exact location of the site of the field on which the battle took place is not definitely known, it is thought to have been in the vicinity of the town of Athelstaneford in East Lothian, and the Saltire - or the flag of St. Andrew - is flown permanently on the Athelstaneford Church for twenty four hours each day - even during the hours of darkness, when it is floodlit as a reminder of the origin of Scotland's National Flag.



(This happened in Sydney in 1988 with a boxer dog and an otter head sporrans - but the boxer attacked! No damage though-)

(Thanks to Society of St Andrew (Qld))



Jean McPhee, co-ordinator of the older workers campaign group DOME (Don't Overlook Mature Expertise).

Kathy Macfie (right). Kathy, 18, of Birkdale, was tending the Chianina livestock in the beef cattle pavilion in readiness for the Brisbane show.



● **Monique McGuffie** when she was one of the lucky 13 girls named in the Brisbane Bears AFL cheer squad. The Gold Coast 18-year-old,

of Florida Gardens, is a Japanese translator who enjoys hockey, skiing and tennis.



Miss Roma Rodeo Kym McPhee,

Cutting reminder

★ AT the Disneyland Hotel in California recently, a couple arrived for their wedding wearing Mickey Mouse ears. Unusual, but not as upsetting as a recent Brisbane wedding, where the local hairdresser arrived in a flurry to argue about payment for the bride's coiffure.

● Marriage celebrant Charmain McPhie had to pause as the hairdresser yelled: "You'll pay for it next time", and the dismayed bride explained how she was so unhappy with her hair-do she left the salon refusing to pay.

CHARMAIN McPhie takes care of Queenslanders from the womb to the tomb.

She is the only woman civil celebrant in Queensland who performs funeral services, as well as naming ceremonies and weddings.



An Edinburgh dance hall had trouble with straggly-haired young men, young women wearing breeches, and people spilling drinks on the dancers.

So they drew up strict rules. Girls wearing incorrect clothes wouldn't be allowed on the floor. No one too casually dressed, or with untidy hair, would be permitted to dance.

Rules for a modern-day disco? No, for the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms in 1750.



FOCUS ON AGEING



Gillian McFee
Director
Office on Ageing

Focus On Ageing has been introduced in 1990 by the N.S.W. Government as a major State-wide community event designed to encourage amongst people of all ages a more positive outlook on ageing.



"It's not really what I had in mind when I asked for background music."

GENERAL NOTES

* Some of you may have heard of a famous Forbes who, for loyalty to the Crown had the privilege of making and selling whisky free of excise duty...some people have all the luck! The concession lasted for about a century (by which time Forbes must have been rich and no doubt, well pickled) and was eventually bought out by the government in 1786. Robbie Burns poem, "Good Scotch Drink" laments the passing of this privilege.

* "Highlander Chips" are available from the Forth Valley Foods Ltd. Co., of Bathgate in West Lothian, outside Edinburgh....which really isn't worth mentioning except that they are HAGGIS FLAVOURED!!!!

* Part of Mr. Kerry Packer's home, "Cairnton", at Bellevue Hill in Sydney was previously owned by three unmarried McPhee girls - Estelle, Gwendoline and Clio - daughters of an Alexander McPhee who was a school master at the Quambaar School for Girls in Kambala Road. A section of their estate was sold to Kerry's father, Sir Frank Packer, in 1954 and the remainder in 1969 following the death of the sisters.

* Best wishes to Fiona McPhee (Q78-427) formerly of Windsor Q. - daughter of Society Piper and Q'ld. V-P Bob McPhee (Q77-353) - and new husband Andrew Thompson on the occasion of their marriage on 6th April. They'll be living at "Glenora", Enngonia, 2840 - which is well up in the north west quarter of N.S.W.

* On Sunday 29th September there will be a reunion of the Boorman Family at the MacLean Showground to commemorate the 150th Anniversary of their arrival in the area. The Boorman name appears in the family trees of a number of McPhee descendants from the N.S.W. Northern Rivers area, including Bonnie Bush (N74-007) of Sans Souci, N.S.W.

* Vice-President Nev. McPhee (Q74-084) of Toowoomba has been off on his wanderings again. Due back any day now (if he survived that is) from six weeks in South America.

* In the Stockman's Hall of Fame at Longreach, Q'ld., Clan member Garry McPhee of TeAroha, New Zealand, is acknowledged as follows amongst the great rodeo riders in Australia:

"National Rodeo Titles:

All-Round Cowboy - 1971,72,73 and 74

Bull Riding - 1971,72 and 74

Steer Wrestling - 1971 and 74

Calf Roping - 1972,73,74 and 75

Regarded as New Zealand's greatest rodeo rider, he won 22 Australian State titles in five events. Only one of two contestants to hold the All-Round Cowboy title for four consecutive years."

* We have no confirmation of this from Historian Margaret Phee (N74-075) or husband John (N74-043) of Clareville, N.S.W., but Sheelagh Bliemuth of Surfside International Travel at Woonona, N.S.W. claims there is an island named Phee Phee up near Phuket in Thailand

* Did you know that Flora MacDonald spent some time in North Carolina after helping Prince Charles after Culloden? Actual correspondence, diaries and other documents of Flora's are held in the North Carolina Archives and form the basis of J. P. MacLean's book, "Flora MacDonald in America" (Scotpress, Morgan, West Virginia, 1984).

* Did you know that the Kirkin' o' The Tartan is of fairly recent origin? It actually began in Washington D.C. in America in 1941!

* South Australia Vice-President Brian McHaffie (S77-280) of North Haven, Adelaide, has had a spell in hospital but is up and about again doing well and that's not really surprising as Brian's better half, Cass (S77-396) retired a while back and was thus available for round the clock T.L.C.

* Clan Commander Sandy McPhie (Q74-001) will be guest speaker at a Bannockburn Dinner in Brisbane on 22nd June. The dinner is hosted by Clan Campbell and Clan MacDonald (no doubt because Bannockburn pre-dated Glencoe by a few hundred years) and is to be held at the Irish Club of all places! Many Macfie's fought at Culloden, mainly on the right flank with Clan Cameron - but Bannockburn? Well Sir Walter Scott says so in one of his epic poems:

Lochbuie's fierce and warlike lord
Their signal saw, and grasped his sword,
And verdant Islay called her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievrekan's roar,
And lonely Colonsay.

NEW MEMBERS

A warm welcome is extended to the following new members who have joined the Clan Society in the past few months:-

N91-744 Mrs. Jenny Walters, "Drummuir" Greendah Rd. Moree, N.S.W. 2400
N91-745 Mrs. Heather Price, "Newstead" Boggabilla, N.S.W. 2409
Q91-746 Mrs. Kerry Duff, 85 Main Ave., Wavell Heights, Q. 4012
Q91-747 Miss Suzie Duff, 62 Mount St., Toowoong, Q. 4066
Q91-748 Mrs. Trish Williams, c/- Dunavants Enterprises, Hospital Rd.,
Emerald, Q. 4720
N91-749 Kyrill Bruce Taylor, 16 Elizabeth Cres., Yagoona, N.S.W. 2199
V91-750 Mrs. L. M. Summerhayes, 57 Smith St., Stawell, V. 3380
Z91-751 Robert Macfie Young, 13A Culduthel Rd., Inverness, Scotland.
Q91-752 Mrs. Katherine Penelope Gallagher, 3 Drysdale Place,
Paradise Point, Q. 4216
W91-753 Mark McPhee, 4 Livingstone Way, Padbury, W.A. 6025
W91-754 Mrs. Leanne Carpenter, 2 Ella Place, Duncraig, W.A. 6023
W91-755 Brett McPhee, c/- W.M.C., Mount Magnet, W.A. 6638
W91-756 Craig McPhee, 18 Beckington Way, Karrinyup, W.A. 6018
Z91-757 George Roussos, 2143 Baywood Rd., Fayetteville, N.C. U.S.A.
W91-758 Mrs. Miriam Hull, 44 Oceanside Prom., Mullaloo, W.A. 6025
W91-759 Mrs. Rhonda McPhee, 18 Beckington Way, Karrinyup, W.A. 6018

THEY'VE MOVED

Flora Barnes (N76-215) from Five Dock, N.S.W. to Unit 8, 16/18 Punt Rd., Gladesville, N.S.W. 2111
Fiona McPhee (Q78-427) from Windsor, Q. to "Glenora" Enngonia, N.S.W. - and changed her surname to Thompson, having married.
Joyce Hook (V83-533) from Tootgarook to Unit 21, 8 Park Lane, West Albury, N.S.W. 2640
Robert Mahaffy (N89-717) from Campbelltown, N.S.W. to 2/4 Orsino Place, Rosemeadow, N.S.W. 2560