



THE DOWNUNDER

Journal of the
Macfie Clan Society of Australia

Issue 144
November 2021



Remembering Bob McPhee

Colonsay



Ancestral home
of Clan Macfie

The Macfie Clan Society of Australia
was founded at Richmond,
New South Wales in 1974.

www.clanmacfie.co.uk

PRESIDENT'S PAGE



By now we seem to be mostly over the major problems of the Covid-19 virus. The frustration, lockdowns,

lack of socialisation and restrictions have played havoc with so many of our lives. I hope there has been as little disruption to your life as possible. The cancellation of so many Celtic events around the nation was very disappointing, but important. It is good to see some future events now being arranged (refer to back cover).

Growth is essential to the longevity of the society. Now we must get on with life and grow our society. I am open to all suggestions and assistance as to how to get growth happening.

Just before the issue of the last Downunder a stalwart of the Society in Australia died – Mr Bob McPhee. He was our Piper as well as the proposer and organiser of the Clan Poetry Competition, which he arranged for many years. Our thoughts go to his family and friends. Details of his life, and involvement in the society have been included in the eulogy delivered by his daughter Fiona (See page 3).

On another sad note Judy Moore, our Vice President – South Australia, has notified the Clan that she will stand down from the position. We thank Judy for her dedicated service over the many years she has held this position. She is leaving a strong legacy for someone new to build on. Anyone from the Festival State interested? Let me know at pmpcpee@bigpond.com

I have had a discussion with new member Terrence McPhee Gutheridge about the Clan Society. He is a prominent barrister in Melbourne and has accepted the position of Vice President – Victoria. He has also offered to be the Clan Society Legal Advisor. Welcome Terrence, we look forward to your contributions.

Another newer member to the Clan, Echo Jiminez Sarta, has designed and set up our new Web site www.clanmacfie.com.au You can also use our Facebook page for your news and events www.facebook.com/clanmacfieaustralia Check them out and share on your social media.

I was pleased to accept the recommendation from the Governor General, to become a Member of the Order of Australia. My involvement with the Clan and Clan Society played a part in the award. Thank you to all who were part of the recommendation.

Peter McPhee AM

In This Issue:

President's message	2	'Tis a braw language . . .	10
Eulogy for Bob McPhee	3	Scot-free	11
Mrs Duguid's Reminiscences (Part 1)	5	Eating in the 1950s	12
General News	6	Genealogy	13
Clan Macfie and Robert the Bruce	8	Clan Office Bearers	14
Clan Macfie News	9		

Front cover: *Bob McPhee*

EULOGY FOR CLAN PIPER Bob McPhee

THE poet Banjo Patterson once wrote that the drover's life has pleasures that the townfolk never know. Our Dad loved outback Queensland, the country, and its people, and was at his happiest when he lived as part of their community.

Dad was born in Brisbane on 19 October, 1940. He was the second child to his parents Len and Mary and grew up in Camp Hill in Brisbane with his two sisters Lenore and Jenny in a house that Len had built.

Dad went to school at the Camp Hill State School and then the Commercial School in the city, studying business subjects. Once he learnt to drive, he worked as a life saver at Coolum for many years.

As a lad of 17 he joined the Queensland Police Force, becoming a cadet and studying at the old Petrie Terrace Police Barracks. During this time, he became a proud member of the Queensland Police Pipes & Drums. His bagpipes would become his constant companion throughout the years, and he carried his love for playing and teaching the pipes throughout his life.


In September of 1962, mum and dad married and subsequently had four children – Ewen, Alastair, Lachlan and Fiona. He was a proud Grandfather of 16, with 6 great-grandchildren.

His career in the police force saw him working all around QLD in Hughenden, Rockhampton, Goondiwindi, Roma, Longreach, and Cairns. He had a natural bent and passion for plain clothes work. His placements saw him working with the Criminal Investigation Branch, Stock Squad and the State Emergency Service. He was an incredibly articulate and fast typist and his talent in this regard was spoken of by many older police I bumped into during the early years of my police service.

(continued over page)



Bob when he joined the QLD
Police Band circa 1958



The Diamond Shears shearing competition. (Below): The Midlander Hotel, Longreach team, 2nd in the Queensland teams challenge, 1980.



The most joyous time for him in his police career were the years from 1975 to 1980 when he was the Detective Sergeant in charge of the Longreach Stock Squad. He then spent two years in charge of the Longreach State Emergency Service (which was a police position at the time). It was during these years in Longreach that he developed a genuine love of this outback community.

Dad retired from the Police Force in 1984 at the rank of Detective Senior Sergeant, whilst stationed in charge of the Cairns CIB. Although at that point in time he had only been with the Police Force for 24 years, he desired to try his hand at something different. Dad returned to Longreach to take over the running of the iconic Midlander Hotel, and once we all had all finished school mum and dad moved to Brisbane. Here dad continued in similar lines of work in security and as a traffic crash insurance claims investigator.

Dad was always very community-minded wherever he lived. During his time in Rockhampton, he was an active member of the Buffaloes.

He was the president of the Longreach Police Citizens Youth Club during his time in Longreach and in the late 70s he and mum worked with the Queensland Bushman's Association to organise the Longreach Rodeo Association in conjunction with the resources of the PCYC.

In 1980 he worked with other members of the Longreach Community to oversee the inception and running of the inaugural Diamond Shears shearing competition, which would continue to successfully run for another 20 years. He had a strong allegiance with the working man and loved the history of the western way of life.

Dad's Scottish heritage formed an especially important part of his character. During his life, Bob was a proud member of the MacFie Clan Society of Australia, being Clan Piper for Queensland during the 1980s and 1990s.

His passion for the Scots was mirrored by his love for prose and bush poetry. He was well known for organising poetry competitions wherever he lived. In the late 90s he even took a carload of poets to Hungerford in NSW so that they could add some real outback flavour to their recitals.

Our fondest memories of dad were when he played his pipes. It was something that truly made him happy. BBQs with family and friends would turn in to a party when the pipes came out; likewise the pipes always made an appearance at police send-offs. Early Sunday morning practice, however, was not such a fond memory . . .

When I asked family and friends what they remembered most about Bob, they said that he was often quiet, considerate, and understanding, but also a bit of a "bushie" and larrikin who loved a good joke and laughed out loud. He was one of those romantic blokes, who after a couple of beers would take a crazy idea and make things happen.

Later in life, dad continued to love his gardening and spending time with his horses. He would always take opportunities to play his pipes when he could.

Sadly, dad was afflicted with dementia for the past five years and thus, it seemed more than fitting that he took up residence in the Pioneer Nursing home in the town he most fondly spoke of – Longreach.

As we gather here today to remember him and bid him farewell, let's remember him as a lively soul who brought joy to many.

Fiona Thompson

Note: I found this article in my mother's documents on our family's history.

Miss Ada Alexandrina Duguid (1856-1948) was the fifth child of **Euphemia Duguid** (nee McPhee), the second daughter of Capt. Donald McPhee, my three times great-grandfather.

Peter

THE SCOTTISH AUSTRALASIAN

December 21, 1931 and February 22, 1932

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE MRS. DUGUID

(Contributed by: Miss A. Duguid).

Part 1

How little I thought that I would be in Australia in my old age!

What an eventful year was 1838 for us. I was fourteen, when Australia loomed on the horizon, and I have never forgotten one particular Saturday afternoon at Glencoe, where we lived.

My grandmother, Mrs Donald MacPhee, an old lady of seventy-two (the daughter of a Cameron of Lochiel) sat reading in her arm-chair. Winter still lingered, and the fire burning brightly made me feel sleepy. I was roused by the arrival of my father, who was in the 79th Cameron Highlanders, a regiment founded by his uncle, General Sir Allan Cameron, which seven of my father's brothers joined as well as he.

My grandmother greeted her second (of eight) and best-loved son as only a Scottish mother can, but when he said, "Mother! I am going to Botany Bay," her whole face changed to a look of horror, as she exclaimed, "Donald! have you taken leave of your senses? Going to a Penal Settlement?"

"Yes! I am going to take charge of a detachment of a hundred and fifty of the 25th Regiment, who will keep order on H.M.S. *Portsea*, carrying three hundred convicts to Botany Bay."

"Then if you go, I will go too, for I could not live here alone."

Her son knew better than try to dissuade his mother. Poor old lady! She had been lately widowed. Her husband had been an advocate, and had practised at the Bar until he was in the late sixties. A wealthy man, he had bought the historic home of Glencoe, where my sister and I (his only grandchildren) at that time were brought, on the death of our mother at my birth. My father

had married his cousin, Marcella MacPhee, whose father was a Cameron of Erracht.

Glencoe was a beautiful estate, and as the family consisted of eight sons and one surviving daughter, you can imagine that it was a pretty lively household, but like all large families they scattered. One son went into the Indian Civil Service, another to Jamaica, and others in their regiments here and there. So that upon the death of her daughter, my grandmother chose Australia instead of loneliness in Scotland.

We two sisters were brought up on the old Scottish lines. A lie was not called an inexactitude in those days and the Sabbath was kept.

Naturally, as I was only a school-girl, the voyage to Australia delighted me, and when the day came for our start to Tilbury Port, England, on July 3rd, 1835, I noted the tears of my grandmother, but could not feel the wretch that she did with so many generations of Scottish ancestors behind her.

She had had a Salon in her day and was a political power.

From Tilbury Port, we went to Portsmouth, where the convicts were brought from the hulks to the *Portsea*. Our end of the ship was battened off from the prisoners' and soldiers' quarters and was comfortable. Our fellow passengers were Dr. Bell and his wife. They and the Captain of the ship, dined with us. (Captain Lowe)

At Portsmouth, my sister and I leaned over the side of the ship as the prisoners marched on handcuffed to each other. Two by two, as they came up the gangway, we were attracted by the different appearance of one, a remarkably handsome man, of soldierly bearing. Upon enquiry, we found that he was a Colonel D. who had been transported for bigamy. His story I will tell you later. On returning to our quarters my father, throwing a packet of letters on the table, said: "Here, girls! read

(continued over page)

these letters and see if there is anything seditious in them" My sister, who was eighteen, and I, read the most impassioned love letters from a young wife to her husband, Colonel D., and we noted that she never once blamed him for the sorrow which had come to her by the discovery that his first wife still lived when he had married her. Her letters were full of sympathy for him.

Before we sailed, the sergeant came to my father saying: "A lady wishes to see you, Captain. May I bring her up?" He assented. A handsome and beautifully dressed young woman stood before him and implored him to allow her to see her son, who was a convict, just for one moment. My father hesitated, for there was a cruel rule that no one was to be allowed to farewell a convict. Seeing the grief of the mother, he consented, for which (disobeying orders!) he could have been court-martialled and dismissed from the Army, so strict were the regulations. A message came from the young man begging that he might be allowed to put on a second pair of trousers, so that his mother might be spared the sight of the leg irons. He was allowed, and after my father had warned the lady that not a word must be spoken, she was brought out of the saloon to the deck. They literally rushed into each other's arms, as the mother cried: "My son!" and he in a choking voice said "Mother!"

They stood there, the mother kissing her poor son's face all over, and never uttered a word.

My father stood by with tears raining down his face, as he said, "God keep me and mine from such a fate," and touching the mother, he offered her his arm, as he helped her, stumbling and sobbing aloud, down the gangway.

We were awe-struck, and young as we were, denounced loudly the barbarous laws which denied a few farewell words to a convict.

That mother was an Honourable in her own right, and before her son had arrived in Sydney, she had died. Her son had been convicted for embezzling £60 from a Bank in which he was a clerk. You may read in the records that in England. In the beginning of the century (1800) a bank clerk was hanged for stealing eighteen pounds.

Amongst those in the *Portsea*, that bank

clerk and two others only, were the only ones who, in these days, would not have been punished severely. The rest were the offscourings of the gaols, who could not be managed, even there. So said my father, and in a five months' voyage, he had ample chance of knowing them.

Anyway, when on two occasions the ship was caught in a storm, my father dared not release them; they were chained to their bunks by leg irons, and even now I can recall their cries, in the storm, shouting, "Don't let us drown like rats!" "I never did nothing!" "They convicted me for what I never did!" etc., etc.

But my father knew that if these ruffians were released, the soldiers would be thrown overboard and the ship would be under their control. The idea that all were transported for nothing was quite false. Two or three on each ship were only guilty of poaching, or stealing trifles, or for political offences, and they made fine colonists. The subsequent careers of most of the convicts proved that they were incapable of reformation.

The third man who was sent out wrongfully was a young tailor's assistant, whose grandmother, in London, had been found murdered.

The young grandson had spent the last evening with her and he was convicted on circumstantial evidence. The poor fellow got brain fever and died when we were a few weeks out. My father and the doctor believed him to be innocent. His ravings showed the intensity of his grief, at the injustice of his sentence.

And now for the story of Colonel D. He had married whilst young, a girl of impossible temperament and of a different persuasion. Upon starting home-keeping she refused to entertain, or to be entertained by Colonel D's friends.

As he was an extremely popular man and had many invitations, her continued refusal to preside at his table if guests were invited, soon brought matters to a head. A quarrel ensued in which the wife expressed a wish never to see his face again. "Do you mean that?" he asked. "I do! and I'd also like never to hear your voice again," she replied.

Colonel D., who was quick-tempered, called his valet and ordered everything belonging

to him to be packed and sent to the house of his friend, Major G. Later on, he accepted an offer to go on active service to India. Before leaving he went to his lawyer arranging for an allowance to his wife. She refused it (she was well-off!) giving orders that she did not wish Colonel D. to communicate with her, nor would she, in her life, write to him. He went to India and stayed there for eleven years, being promoted after distinguished service.

On arriving in England minus an arm and be-medalled, he was lionised by London society. Beloved by his fellow officers, he was just the sort of man to attract a young girl, whom he met at different functions. But for a year he resisted her fascinations, although it was plain to all, that she was in love.

One of his brother officers suggested to him that he should make some effort to find out if his wife were still living, for he had been unable to find any tidings of either her or her brother. Colonel D. therefore went to Kent, to a parish where the family had lived in their young days. He called on a priest who had known them.

"And is it to me that you come for news of your wife?" said the priest, sternly. "Do you not know that her mother was very ill for a long time; that your wife nursed her and was also very ill for a long time. She died, they left her here and I have never heard from them since."

Colonel D. used to relate how the shock of hearing of (as he supposed) the death of his wife, staggered him; that everything went round and round, and he hardly knew where he was, for a few minutes. He rose, and bidding the priest good evening, stumbled out of the house.

My father and all of his brother officers said that they never doubted Colonel's D's word when he said that he thought that the priest meant that the wife, and not the mother had died.

Six months later he married the young heiress. The banns were called, and it was not a secret affair, for a large number were invited to the wedding.

Whilst on their honeymoon, he was arrested on a charge of bigamy, and he never saw his bride again. His first wife's brother had instituted proceedings, the wife having

retired to a convent, and thus wreaked her vengeance on Colonel D.

When he arrived in Sydney, December 18th, 1838, my father made him sentry at Hyde Park Barracks, King Street, where the Equity Court is now. I never pass there without thinking of him – the same old clock looks down (or is it another?). Hyde Park Barracks was the receiving depot for convicts upon arrival and they were kept there until work was assigned to them. I well remember the convict gangs making the roads or building with the broad arrow on the backs and shoulders of their shirts.

For some time after Colonel D's arrival in Sydney, letters came regularly from his wife, then they stopped suddenly. His grief was inordinate! "My wife must be dead! Nothing but Death would keep her from writing," he would exclaim.

Naturally, her relatives would be resentful and would not write to him, so that although eager for news, we never heard.

Some years after he had returned to England his picture was in the Illustrated News. He had invented a new gun, so evidently the War Office had received him.

His only act of insubordination on board was his refusal to drink lime juice, which was made in the bath – the punishment was three days in the Guard Room. When he was reported by the doctor, my father said: "Poor devil! it must be hard to drink lime juice made in a bath, when he has been accustomed to champagne at the mess table. Let him alone". The doctor had a fellow feeling for the sufferer of such an indignity.

Continued next issue



(Above): HMS Portsea.

NOTE: There were 4 convicts who could have been Colonel D. Edward DART, Edward Dark Henry Napier DISNEY or John DUNBAR. Who was the correct one??



GENERAL NEWS

ORDER of AUSTRALIA AWARDS QUEENS BIRTHDAY

Peter McPHEE AM

Nunawading Vic

For service to the community in a range of organisations

John McCaffrey OAM

Wollongbar NSW

For service to people with disability

Susan McHattie OAM

For service to people living with acquired brain injury and their families

Wendy Smyth OAM

Townsville QLD

For service to nursing

DONATIONS

... are always welcome. These keep the magazine going as well as enabling our affiliation with other groups that support the work of our Clan Society.

Bank details Donations and membership payments can be made direct to our bank account.

Bank: Commonwealth Bank

Account name: The Macfie Clan Society of Australia

BSB: 062218

Account: 10093498

Always put your membership number or name in the place so we know who really likes our efforts.

Clan Macfie and Robert the Bruce

Robert the Bruce is a 2019 British historical fiction war film directed by Richard Gray concerning the renowned king of the same name. A character-driven ensemble piece, it portrays Robert's relationship with a peasant family as a galvanizing influence on his struggle for independence and his ensuing reign. The story tells of how our ancestors saved his life and went on to fight with the King at Bannockburn in June 1314. It is told from our own Morag Macfie and features a very brave Scott Macfie. I won't give away much here for it might 'spoil' the ending, but here is the Wikipedia synopsis . . .

Following a series of military losses, Robert retreats from the battlefield. Alone, injured, and pursued by fortune-seekers intent on collecting a bounty placed on his head by King Edward I of England, he finds refuge in the croft of a peasant woman and the three children in her care: a teenage nephew, a young niece, and her own son. They care for him, forging a powerful bond, even though their clan is aligned with England. This connection inspires Robert with a deeper understanding of the patriotism of ordinary Scots, which drives his passionate return to the national stage and, ultimately, to victory and freedom.

Clan Macfie

News

From Iain Morris McFie, Ceann Cath
Coulintyre, Kincaig, Kingussie, PH21 1LX, Scotland
E-mail: imcfie103@btinternet.com



SELECTION OF A NEW CEANN CATH

"Chief of the Name and Arms"

The Lyon Court, whose jurisdiction can confirm an application for the Chief of the Name and Arms of a Scottish family. However, the "Chief of the Name and Arms" is an heraldic term, originating from the French "*chef du nom et des armes*" and refers to the head of a heraldic armigerous family. There is no evidence of any practice that would point to the use of chief of clan, or chieftain of branch of clan, as correct heraldic descriptions of headship of an armigerous family. The term chief of clan and principals of branches is not to persons bearing coats of arms; chiefship and chieftainship have no armorial significance. Although the chief of clan and "Chief of the Name and Arms" may concur in the same person they are not the same term.

"Clan commander"

In cases where a clan has no chief, or a family wishes to have recognition as a clan, clan or family members can formally get together, witnessed by a representative of the Lord Lyon, in a *derbhfine*, and appoint either a clan chief if the evidence of links to a chiefly line exists or otherwise a clan commander.

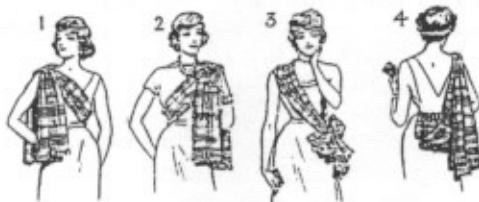
The Lyon Court can recognise the appointment of a clan commander, for an interim period of up to ten years, whereupon a further *derbhfine* will be required. It is at this point that the clan chief is recognised by the Lyon Court. Clans with clan commanders are still referred to as armigerous clans.

Eagle feathers

Elements of the chief's arms are often found in the crest badge worn, usually on a bonnet, by members of Scottish clans. These crest badges contain, in most cases, the chief's heraldic crest, and heraldic motto (or sometimes the chief's secondary motto or slogan). Clan chiefs are entitled to wear three eagle feathers behind their crest badge. Clan chieftains are entitled to two eagle feathers. A clan member is not entitled to any feathers unless he or she has been granted arms by the Lord Lyon King of Arms, in which case they are an armiger and can wear a crest badge containing elements from their own arms.

Sashes

The sash, as worn by Scottish women as part of the national dress, is normally worn over the right shoulder; only the wives of chiefs and chieftains, and women who are chiefs or chieftains in their own right, wear it over the left shoulder.



1. Style worn by Clan Women
2. Style worn by Wives of Clan Chiefs and Colonels of Scottish Regiments
3. Style worn by ladies who have married out of their clans but who still wish to use their original clan tartan
4. Style worn by country dancers or where the desire is to keep the front of the dress clear of the sash

'Tis a braw language . . .

So here are a few expressions and truisms that should come in handy when everything turns "as black as the Earl of Hell's waistcoat". (Note: Where absolutely necessary we've also provided a brief translation from Scots dialect into English).

Failing means you're playing.

Translation: It's better to be doing badly than not taking part.

Mony a mickle maks a muckle.

(mickle = small thing, muckle = big thing)

Translation: Look after the pennies and the dollars look after themselves.

You're all bum and parsley.

Translation: You're all mouth and trousers.

You're a blowhard.

Keep the heid.

Translation: Don't lose your head. Stay calm.

We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

(bairn = child)

Translation: We are all equal in the eyes of God. Or Jock Tamson.

Heid doon arse up!

Translation: Get on with it!

Whit's fur ye'll no go past ye.

Translation: Que sera sera. What ever will be, will be. The future's not ours to see.

Don't be a wee clipe.

Translation: Don't be a tattle-tale.

Yer bum's oot the windae.

Translation: You're talking nonsense.

You're a long time deid.

Translation: Lighten up, you've got plenty of time to be a misery after you die.

Lang may yer lum reek.

(lum = chimney, reek = smoke)

Translation: I wish you well for the future.

Guid gear comes in sma' bulk.

Translation: Good things come in small packages.

All his eggs are double-yoakit.

Translation: He's a boastful windbag.

She doesnae hae enough room inside her for a rheumatic pain.

Translation: She is thin.

You're the wee hen that never layed away.

Translation: Don't play the innocent with me.

Tatties o'wer the side.

Translation: It's all gone Pete Tong. Disaster has struck.

Haud yer wheesht!

Translation: Shush! Be quiet!

It's a lang road that's no goat a turnin.'

(goat = got)

Translation: Don't lose heart in dark times, things can't keep going in the same direction forever.

Yer aywis at the coo's tail.

(coo = cow)

Translation: Hurry up, you're always dragging your heels.

It's gaein be awricht ance the pain has gane awa.'

Translation: As soon as that pesky bad stuff is out of the way, everything will be fine.

A clean shirt'll do ye.

Translation: You're not long for this world. One more change of laundry and that's it.

It's a sair ficht for half a loaf.

Translation: Life is hard work. It's a sore fight and you only get half of what you want.

Sewn wi' a hate needle an' a burnin' threed.

(hate = hot)

Translation: This garment was made shoddily.

They have thrown a stone at my door.

Translation: My loved ones have sent me to Coventry. They're no longer speaking to me.

Ye mak a better door than a windae.

Translation: Get out of the way, you're obscuring my view. See also: **Yer faither wisnae a glazier.**

Scot-free



The first reference in print to 'scot free' is in a 13th-century forged copy of the *Writ of Edward the Confessor*.

What, you may ask, is so free about a Scot? Which Scot got away with something that he or she possibly should not have done, and why has this miscarriage of justice lasted so long in the language of the British Isles?

Well, actually, it's not derived from anything to do with Scotland or Scottish people. The word *scot* derives from the Scandinavian *skat*, which came over to England either with the Vikings or the Saxons (who had themselves been invaded by Vikings) over 1,000 years ago. And it describes a payment or levy everyone was supposed to contribute towards the common good. A tax, in other words.

The *scot*, back in medieval terms, was a proportional tax everyone was supposed to pay, according to their means. The richer you were, or the bigger your property, the more of a *scot* you'd have to pay, and the money would go to help the poor and generally enhance the community.

However, if you had a house in an unfortunate area, devoid of easy access to running water, or at risk of being flooded, you could avoid paying the *scot* altogether. You'd be, in fact, *scot free*. And for around 500 years, that's all it meant.

However, as time has passed, and the *scot* has faded from common use, natural resentment for the people who did not have to pay the fines clearly built up, so the phrase lost some of its original thrust, to do with helping people who need looking after, and been used to describe those who have evaded taking responsibility for their actions. Or worse, do not pull their weight. So now, it's a phrase entirely aimed at people

who've evaded justice, and comes with the weight of angry judgement.

Of course, the English have long held the stereotype that Scottish people are stingy with their money, which probably adds an extra layer of significance to the term, given its actual origins.

And while some people claim that there's a confusion around the case of Dred Scott, the slave who unsuccessfully went to the U.S. supreme court to try and win freedom for his wife and family (and thereby added cause and momentum to a chain of events that resulted in the Civil War), it seems highly unlikely that many people genuinely believe *scot free* is even partially related to that situation. And even if they do, they're about 700 years too late to make a strong claim of authorship.

Dred Scott



Eating in the '50's.

For those of you who are old enough to remember, enjoy.

For the rest treat this as a history lesson!

Very surprising how time and memory has taken its toll.

Have things really changed this much in our time?

EATING IN THE FIFTIES, CONSIDER THAT:

Pasta had not been invented. It was macaroni or spaghetti.

Curry was a surname.

A take-away was a mathematical problem.

Pizza? Sounds like a leaning tower somewhere.

All chips were plain. The only choice we had was whether to put salt on or not.

Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.

Rice was a milk pudding, and never, ever part of our dinner.

A Big Mac was what we wore when it rained.

Brown bread was something only poor people ate.

Coffee was Camp, and came in a bottle.

Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and never green.

Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.

Fish didn't have fingers in those days.

Only Heinz made beans.

Cooking outside was called camping.

Eating raw fish was called poverty, not sushi.

None of us had ever heard of yogurt.

Healthy food consisted of anything edible.

People who didn't peel potatoes were considered lazy.

Seaweed was not a recognized food.

'Kebab' was not even a word, never mind a food.

Indian restaurants were only found in India.

Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold.

Prunes were medicinal.

Surprisingly muesli was readily available. It was called cattle feed.

Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than gasoline for it, they would have become a laughing stock.

The one thing that we never ever had on/at our table in the fifties ... was *elbows*.





National Records of Scotland

Preserving the past, Recording the present, Informing the future

Beth Gay's new web site is <http://www.electricscotland.com/bnft/> Family Tree a very good Publication covering Scottish Clan and the games.

The Scottish Parliament has finally decided to establish an official tartan register. It will be maintained by the Keeper of the Records of Scotland and kept at the National Archives in Edinburgh. The register will also be available online at www.tartanregister.gov.uk

<http://www.ancestry.com/> This site has a plethora of information. It will let you search but you must join to retrieve data.

<http://www.recordslogin.com/members/?stid=4jvr8k0klvvs9smas4a8pkfh7>

<http://www.scottishcatholicarchives.org.uk/>

<http://www.legacyfamilytree.com/>

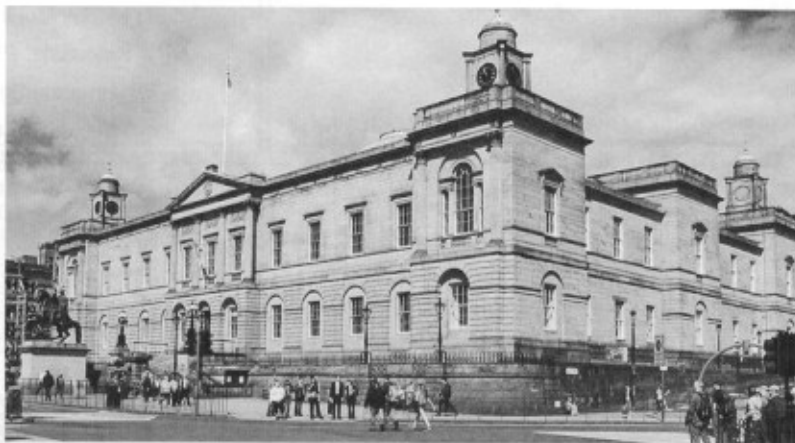
<http://www.search.labs.familysearch.org/recordsearch/start.html#start>

<http://www.ancestryquest.com/>

<http://govgenealogyseach.com/>

<http://mt-spurr.acpl.lib.in.us/genealogy/> This is the Allen County, Indiana Public Library, genealogy section. They have volunteers that, for about \$10, will research everything in the state for you.

<http://www.colonsay.org.uk/Housechart.htm>



National Records of
Scotland, Edinburgh.

SOCIETY OFFICE BEARERS

President*

Peter McPhee
7 Shrewsbury Rd., Nunawading VIC 3131
03 9874 1460 mobile: 0412 342 426
Email: pmcphee@bigpond.com

Vice President & QLD VP*

Morris McPhee
7 Rani Circuit, Noosaville QLD 4566
mobile: 0455 334 846
Email: colonsay@bigpond.net.au

Past President* & Clan Armiger*

Ian McPhee
PO Box 6464 Frenchs Forest NSW 2086
mobile: 0419 382 555
Email: irmac10@bigpond.net.au

ACT VP*

Heather Grove
2/30 Krichauff St. Page ACT 2614
02 6278 5703 mobile: 0420 825 396
Email: heathergrove1@hotmail.com

NSW VP*

vacant

SA VP*

Judith Moore
107/125 Montacute Rd Campbelltown SA 5074
08 8365 0220
Email:

VIC VP*

Terrence McPhee Guthridge
PO Box 2118 Camberwell West 3124
Phone 0419 054 40477

TAS VP*

vacant

WA VP*

Trevor McPhee
33b Collier Ave Balcatta WA 6021
9440 4748 mobile: 0423 905 850
Email: tma@inet.net.au

Treasurer*

Ian McCathie
66 Banks St. Newmarket QLD 4051
07 3356 8054
Email: 2012tardis@gmail.com

Secretary

vacant

Chief Historian

Ian McPhee
PO Box 6464 Frenchs Forest NSW 2086
mobile: 0419 382 555
Email: irmac10@bigpond.net.au

Historians

Bernie McPhee
1/18 York St. Mont Albert VIC 3127
03 9899 7138
Email: berniepmcphee@hotmail.com
Bev Knowles
24 Sevenoaks St Balwyn VIC. 3103
9817 2891 mobile: 0417 303 614
Email: bevknowles@netspace.net.au

Society Piper

vacant

Clan Commander— CeanN Cath

Iain McFie, Coultre, Kincaig

Kingussie, PH21 1LX

Email: commander@clanmacfie.co.uk

Tel. 01540 651391

* Denotes Macfie Clan Society of Australia
Executive member

Events for the Diary

MANY EVENTS HAVE BEEN CANCELLED OWING TO THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC.

Disclaimer & Note

The Downunder is produced solely for the information and enjoyment of the Macfie Clan Society of Australia members. It has been compiled with care and in good faith from a variety of sources. Any views expressed in the journal are not necessarily those of the Society. All contributions to The Downunder are subject to alteration & editing.

Scottish Sarcasm

Aye right

I don't believe you

Aye cheers

Thanks for nothing

Aye so he will

I doubt he will complete that task

Aye, aye okay

I'll do it but I'm not happy



Celebrating 150 years of settlement in the Bell district.

McPhee Family Reunion



4th December 2021

Starting at 10.00 am.

'Celebration cake'
and complimentary
tea and coffee for
morning tea.

Bring along a plate to
share for lunch, plus
your drinks, chair,
picnic rug, stories
and photos.

"Glendale", 348 Bell-Kaimkillenbun Road, BELL, QLD

RSVP 27th
November

For further information,
contact

LENY

0467 231 346



SALE NOW ON

CLAN NOTE PADS For Sale \$5.00

DRINK COOLERS

Keep that drink cool with your
personalised Stubby holder.

\$6.00