

MacFarlane's Lantern

Newsletter of the Clan MacFarlane Society, Australia, Inc.



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Website: <http://www.clanmacfarlane.org.au>

A Story of McFarlane Settlers at Broken River, Victoria.



Benjamin McFarlane, b.1869, Benalla, Victoria. Pictured wearing the uniform of an Australian Light Horse regiment, and (inset) his son Charles Cyrus Burley McFarlane, b.1907 who served in World War 2.

Our leading story in this edition of 'Lantern' was sent to us by New South Wales members Garry and Karen McFarlane. The research work has been carefully taken on by Scottish-born Karen (nee Duncan), whilst Aussie-born Garry admits to knowing very little about his McFarlane forebears.

Karen's research traces this McFarlane family back to early 18th-century Blair Atholl district in Perthshire, and highlights a period following both Jacobite Risings, and during the earlier days of the infamous Highland Clearances and demise of the ancient Clan system – as witnessed in the counties of Perth and Inverness. The data embraces a male lineage of nine generations of McFarlanes, eight of which have been clearly traced and dated back to circa 1722.

The female Lineage descends from a Buchanan family which, under similar circumstances, was obliged to leave the home farm in the northern most tip of the Island of Skye. Ironically, although the clans MacFarlane and Buchanan both have ancient Lennox roots on the shores of Loch Lomond it is possible that these early migrants may not have been aware of such kindred origins! Researcher, Karen has worked hard, and has achieved much via her new genealogical hobby, which can become habit-forming – but we shall let her tell her own story.
(Continued next Page).



(Cont. from Page 1) I first started researching Garry's family history because he never knew his father and had very little information about that side of his family. I was born in Scotland and thought it would be interesting to find out which part of Scotland Garry's ancestors originally came from.

I began the research at our local library in Port Macquarie as they have a genealogical research facility there. I also used *Ancestry.com* but the bulk of my information came from the **Scotland's People Website**.

William McFarlane, Garry's 2nd Great Grandfather was born in Nova Scotia (abt. 1825) but I have not been able to find the exact date of birth. His death notice which I found in the **Victoria BDM website** provided the link I needed, as the record showed his father's name and mother's maiden name. I also have his marriage record to Mary Buchanan. My research found that William and Benjamin's father, James (Jas) McFarlane travelled to Pictou, Nova Scotia with his parents from Scotland. The family sailed from Glasgow on 10/08/1803 on board the "**Commerce**" at which time James would be about age 12.

William McFarlane would have been about 28 years old when he arrived in Australia on 13/08/1853 on board the "**Ignis Fatuus**" from San Francisco. (**Vic, Ass & Unassisted Passenger Lists 1839 – 1923**). A story from a subscriber to **Ancestry.com** states that William and his brother Benjamin had travelled across America to California to work on the goldfields before embarking on a ship to come to Victoria. The only verification I have is their names on the shipping records. The story also continued that after arriving in Victoria, William carted supplies to the Beechworth Goldfields, later settling on a farm "Klibank" located on the Broken River area near Benalla. William and Benjamin's other siblings were:-

James McFarlane (1822-1907)

Alexander McFarlane (1826-1882) Remained in Canada

John McFarlane (1828-?) Moved to Boston

Catherine McFarlane (1830-?)

Elizabeth McFarlane (1832-?)

The above sisters, Catherine and Elizabeth, moved with their parents, James (Jas) McFarlane and Elizabeth (McLaren), to Wisconsin, USA. No doubt there will be many descendants living in North America today from the original immigrant family. William married Mary Buchanan in Victoria in 1858 (**Aus. Marr. Index**), they had eight children. When he died in 1909 William resided in Samaria, Victoria.

Mary Buchanan was an immigrant from Scotland, arriving in Australia (age 17) with her family. I have attached the shipping record in case it is of any interest. Mary's father Alexander Buchanan was a farmer of four acres at Bornesketaig on the Estate of Lord MacDonald, in the parish of Kilmuir, Isle of Skye, Inverness. Their cottage was destroyed by fire. The family departed from Liverpool on 13/10/1852 on board the "**Priscilla**".

The children of William McFarlane and Mary Buchanan:

James McFarlane (1859-1914)

Elizabeth Catherine McFarlane (1865-1959) spouse: James Henry Crockett

Alexander McFarlane (1866-1943) spouse: Mary Ann Neely

Isabella McFarlane (1865-1865)

Benjamin McFarlane b.6/07/1869 – d.21/06/1943, spouse: Sara Gray

Henry (Harry) Thomas McFarlane (1871- ?) spouse: Elizabeth Smith Stewart.

Malcolm Murdoch McFarlane (1875-1946) spouse: Emily E. E. Knight

William's brother Benjamin married Dora O'Brian in 1859; in 1903 they lived in Barkly Street, Benalla, and he worked as a carpenter. He died in 1905. Their children were: **Charles McFarlane** (1860-1953) married 1894 Martha Bullock, Moira, and Benalla. **William McFarlane** (1864- ? there may be others?) Charles and Martha (above) had four children:-**Sarah Hilda McF.** (1895-1953); **Leslie Chas. McF.** (1897-1965); **Wm. Benjamin McF.** (1898-1968); **Benjamin John McF.** (1901-1954); **Chas. Harold Alex. McF.** (1904-1952). Whilst the foregoing details are by way of introduction to the family, a genealogical chart ("tree") is being prepared, a copy of which can be sent to any Member on application to: editor@clanmacfarlane.org.au

This feature story is likely to produce further comment and debate, which will be updated and published in future issues of '**McFarlane's Lantern**'. Meanwhile we extend grateful thanks to **Karen and Garry McFarlane** for sharing their family information with us. -- Ed.

Greetings to all Clan Members from sunny Tokyo!

Too sunny in fact... The sweltering summer here (the seasons in Japan are directly opposite to those in Australia) has seen 55 deaths and over 12,000 hospitalised at last count. And it's not really the heat in the high 30s, which Australia sees plenty of (right Adelaide?), but the crushing humidity which has been proving fatal here. Lucky that typhoon Number 15 is on its way this week bringing cooler weather, but accompanying high winds and even floods, which is all pretty much normal for this part of the world.

I'm afraid I can't report on much in the way of things Scottish here, except for my favourite pub on the planet, 'What the Dickens!' (<http://www.whatthedickens.jp/>), run by my good mate from Glasgow John Coyle and his family. In the midst of the bustling, sweltering beehive which is down town Tokyo is this island of all things Scottish, with a variety of fine whiskeys, pints of ice-cold ales, great live music, and the best steak pie you'll ever taste! Your humble President can be found escaping the heat with a pint and a pie over near the band on the occasional Friday night.

Looking forward to meeting up with as many of you as possible on my yearly return to Oz in Feb and March. Robert

Loch Sloy!



~Mount Barker Gathering 2015~

Report by John McNeil

In February the first highland gathering for 2015 was held at Mount Barker in the Adelaide Hills. This year it was held at a new location, the Keith Stephenson memorial park, a lovely grassed area with mature grown trees. We were fortunate to have a marquee site which provided us with shade from a large oak tree.

We were in fear of very hot weather on the day as the previous day produced a maximum temperature of 39.6 degrees Celsius. Unfortunately this caused some program participants such as highland pipe bands to withdraw. On the following day the weather was warm

during the morning but manageable. However it did reach 35.6 degrees by 3.00 pm.

The trend of daily temperatures in February is presenting a problem to the organisers as the visitor numbers have reduced in recent years. It is difficult to find an alternative date when the daily temperatures are lower as there are many competing events in March / April and later in October. Our marquee site had Clan Donald on one side and Clan Scott on the other. A short distance away was the Clan MacLeod tent.

Footnote:

Clan MacFarlane Society is grateful to John and our Clan MacNeil friends for allowing us to reproduce the above photo and extract from their current Newsletter. This year Clan MacFarlane was among those Scottish groups which did not brave this year's Mt Barker Games due to expected weather conditions. The above photo shows some of the real "Bravehearts" who did attend. However, as a point of interest, Mt. Barker Caledonian Society, who organise the annual event, is currently taking steps to find an alternative date which might be more weather friendly for future gatherings. To their credit, they have invited ideas from other Scottish organisations which are regular supporters of this popular South Australian event.

Here is a young Talented Lass who deserves a mention!



Fiona McFarlane was born in Sydney, and has degrees in English from Sydney University and Cambridge University, and an MFA from the University of Texas at Austin, where she was a Michener Fellow. Her work has been published in *Zoetrope: All-Story*, *Southerly*, *the Best Australian Stories* and *the New Yorker*, and she has received fellowships from the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Phillips Exeter Academy and the Australia Council for the Arts. *The Night Guest*, her debut novel, has sold into fifteen territories around the world. She lives in Sydney. (Acknowledgement to Penguin Books).

Meanwhile we would like to hear from any of our member (young of old) who see themselves as aspiring Authors, Poets, Journalists or Artists. We can make space for you!



Editorial

I think I am well on the way to becoming more like an Aussie than a Scot ~ or perhaps a mixture of both. My wife Mary and I came to this big land in October 2001 and were not accepted as citizens until July 2010. In spite of being born within the same Commonwealth of Nations as are Australians, our acceptance as migrants of proven good character was by no means a simple affair, and it took us five miserable years of 'bureaucratic' uncertainty just to obtain the initial permanent residence visa.

All that apart, I have always held a special regard for Australia and the Aussie culture. As a young lad I read many stories of life in the Outback and marvelled at those raw-boned cattlemen driving their great 'mobs' across the dry, dusty expanse of desert and bushland.

In later life ~ especially during my army conscript period ~ I had the chance to serve alongside the Aussie 'diggers', who were noted for their jungle skills, and this time I was thankful for Aussie ingenuity. For a while I carried an Owen sub-machine gun of Australian design, which was far superior to the British Sten gun of similar calibre. It was more comfortable to carry ~ not having its magazine sticking out at right-angle from the body and into my ribs, like the Sten!

Indeed, it was in the area of personal comfort where I had greater reason to thank Aussies. I had managed to acquire (scrounge) an ingenious jungle hammock, which I think was Australian army issue. This great invention included a built-in 'mosquito net' and waterproof canopy. Being, as we were, in a place with no shortage of trees, it only took a few minutes to sling the hammock, and with three slender branches cut to length which kept the canopy fully stretched it was ready. Once inside and zipped up, I was soon in the arms of Morpheus! Meanwhile my mates slept on the damp ground with only a rubber poncho cape for protection ~ poor sods ~ ha, ha!

There were other Aussie treats to behold, including excellent 24-hour ration packs, which were produced in Australia. Apart from the tasty grub (sorry, 'tucker') they contained, some lads also found the occasional slip of paper containing the name and address of a lovely 'Sheila' who helped to pack them. Some of these messages resulted in many lasting pen-friendships; perhaps even later marriages! It was all great fun and it did

a lot to raise the morale of many a lonely Jock, so far away from home.

Above all, I suppose the greatest attraction was the almost constant Aussie humour. In many ways the Scots and Australians are kindred spirits, and their greatest attribute must be the ability to openly recognise and share jokes about their own stupidity. In contrast, the daily news from around the world seems to be full of gloom and despondency and from an increasing number of angry, humourless people. I get the distinct feeling that there are a lot of folk out there who perhaps do not share ~ or are a wee bit envious of ~ the Aussie way of life. Tough luck!

Long may the Aussie spirit shine through the darkness which currently appears to threaten mankind! **Good on yer, mates!**

And, finally. I would like to draw all our members' attention to the following 'flyer' and which I purposely set in this column. The Joint MacDonald/MacFarlane Luncheon appears to have become a popular fixed annual event, especially in South Australia. So far, our SA MacDonald friends appear to be happy with the arrangement – as, indeed, are we. The Joint Luncheon has become the major event in our MacFarlane calendar, thanks here to the efforts of our own Janet and Ron Marsh.

But a very special acknowledgement must go to Michael (Mick) Murphy, President/Secretary Clan Donald SA and his wife Eileen – friends indeed! So, let's have a real MacFarlane presence this year.

Suas Clann Pharlainn agus Loch Slòigh!

Clans Donald & MacFarlane

Luncheon Invitation

(VENUE AS BEFORE)

Adelaide Sailing Club, Barcoo Road,

West Beach, South Australia 5024

Plenty of Car Parking Available

ENTERTAINMENT

Piping in the Haggis, Scottish Dancing, Piping

Segments, Excellent Raffle, Lucky Seat Prize

Silver Service Three-Course Meal

Cost \$45 p. p.

On Sunday 25th October 2015

12 noon for 12.30pm.

Payment by Money Order or Cheque or by Direct Debit to People's Choice Credit Union B.S.B. 805:050 Bank No. 63420609 To Clan Donald. Made to Clan Donald and send cheque to: Mrs. Eileen Murphy, 86 Whites Road, Salisbury North, SA 5108. Tel: 82585756.

By Wednesday 14th October 2015

PLEASE WEAR YOUR OWN NAME TAGS



Piping Times:

Greetings everyone! Well the past couple of months have been yet another busy period for the 'Piping Shrike', during which I have piped at two funerals, two birthday parties, ten shows for Scouts SA and a wedding in Glenelg on a rather cold wintry night!

In July I had the privilege of performing in the Scouts Comedy Capers Gang Show. I was hired to perform throughout their entire performance season which consisted of ten shows over two weeks! This was actually a stage concert held in the Shedley Theatre at Elizabeth, South Australia. It was quite a thrill playing on stage, and I believe each performance was to a full house, such was the demand for tickets. However, the fact that I was able to work with so many talented young folk

gave me an ideal opportunity to perhaps fulfil my role as Youth Ambassador to our MacFarlane Society.

I was hired to be the opening act which required me to pipe through the foyer and lead all the guests into the theatre where I continued to play for another thirty minute until all guests had taken their seats. I then got to relax for a while and enjoy the show until my second performance, in which I played the pipe solo from John Farnham's "*You're The Voice*", assisted by the Scouts choir and orchestra. All in all, this was a very enjoyable experience and the Scouts and all the organisers were very friendly and welcoming -- I was certainly tired though after two weeks of shows!

The following month I had two funeral piping engagements. As stated in previous articles, I see this role as one of the most solemn and honourable duties for any piper. However, on a brighter note, I was also asked to play at an eightieth birthday celebration at the Hackney Hotel, Adelaide. This was for a lovely Scottish lady from Stirling, Scotland. It was a surprise that her granddaughter had organised, and it was wonderful to see the smile on the old lady's face as I played and marched into the courtyard where the celebrations were taking place. I performed all her favourite tunes and it was lovely to see her and her family singing along to *Mairi's Wedding*, *Scotland the Brave* and many other tunes. A real highlight of the event came when the eighty-year-old lady got up and began doing a Highland fling -- apparently in her younger days she was an accomplished Highland dancer!

At another birthday party, I piped for a lady who loved Rock 'n' Roll and bands such as AC/DC. I had been contacted earlier and asked if I could play some modern tunes, as a surprise for her fiftieth birthday. Although I do take my piping very seriously with my traditional tunes, I think I may be one of the few pipers who has made an effort to learn some modern tunes on the great Highland bagpipe! This is one aspect of piping I really enjoy -- being my way of bringing pipe music into this century. I arrived for the Birthday in the city wearing my kilt, a black t-shirt and army boots, in keeping with the Rock 'n' Roll theme of the event. I entered the venue playing the piping solo from AC/DC's *Long Way to the Top*. However, since they already had the tune playing through their sound system, I believe the lady was very surprised when she saw and heard the solo part being played by a real live piper! I went on to perform many other modern tunes such as *Thunderstruck*, *You're the Voice* and even *We Will Rock You*. All the tunes soon had the entire audience stomping their feet and singing at the top of their lungs. This was one of the most fun piping events I have performed at.

Finally, during August I piped at another wedding, which turned out to be an Anglo-Greek affair. Whilst the bride was an English lady, the groom was a Greek gentleman. This wedding had a particularly interesting mix of cultures, as it turned out that the bride's father was Scottish! Thus, although the wedding itself was mainly in Greek tradition, she wanted the bagpipes at the reception after the ceremony to surprise her father and show him that she was also proud of her Scottish heritage. Although it was nice performing at the reception, however, the venue was at Glenelg, SA, which is at the seaside and on a freezing cold winter's night! I have never really performed in such heavy winds and freezing cold temperatures! It was so windy, at one point my drones got tangled up!

All in all it has been a very enjoyable couple of months for the Piping Shrike and it appears that have begun receiving bookings already for 2016! I hope all our clan members are well. Please pass on my best regards.

"Loch Sloy!"

Jason Moore

PS. Not mentioned in the above report is the fact that Our Piper Jason celebrated his 21st Birthday on Saturday 29th at one helluva Party in the family home -- he will probably tell you about it in his next report. Let us just say it was a night to remember. . . .Ed (alias Papa).

Schooldays in Scotland

Malcolm Lobban recalls his
Scottish childhood in 1940

Attending school was for me something of an imposition, which the law said I must endure. I therefore accepted the situation, and adjusted myself to whichever route through the curriculum provided the least discomfort to body and soul.



Malcolm.

I do not recall being a particularly ambitious child, and had no notions of growing up to be a railway engine driver, carpenter, bricklayer or footballer. My foresight seemed to advance no further than the daily task of surviving until the 'liberty' bell rang at four o'clock.

In reality, school was not altogether an unhappy experience. I found some of the lessons pleasantly interesting, especially those which did not involve the use of numerals. Indeed, mathematics in every sense scared the hell out of me, and even today, I find it difficult to retain numbers in my head.

At Levenvale Primary School, there was the gentle Miss Henderson, who went out of her way to give me extra tuition in arithmetic. In spite of this lady's exceptional forbearance, I think I emerged as her one great failure. I am told that my problem is called 'dyscalculia', being a numerical equivalent of dyslexia.

My favourite subjects were History, Geography and Art, and with reasonable tolerance, English. My only complaint here is how little we were taught about Scotland and, indeed, our own native culture. Everything seemed to be set at a much higher level than was our natural lifestyle. Scottish-ness was not greatly encouraged, and we had to aim at a style of English not normally spoken up the closes in the Argyll Street tenement.

It is likely that those who set such standards were honestly attempting to raise our cultural awareness towards the better things in life, whatever they might be. Nevertheless, a momentary lapse into the vernacular was met with instant rebuke and a reminder to "speak properly."

Thus, we became bilingual to a degree, one dialect for the classroom and another for the street. When the end-of-class bell sounded, we happily raced back to the comfort of our native 'uncouthness'. My fondness for History was somewhat dampened by an authoritarian insistence that I memorise a long string of principal dates, which revived my problem over figures. This apart, most of the lessons related only to English history. I was taught more about William the Conqueror (who never really invaded Scotland) than our own great patriot Sir William Wallace, who actually had historical connections with my own district.

Likewise, geography lessons seldom moved away from the pink areas of those huge, lacquered world maps that hung in every classroom. We were still being tutored as potential loyal subjects (not citizens) of His Majesty's British Empire. At morning assembly in the gymnasium, Headmaster, John Lithgow (a noted choirmaster of the period), would blow a keynote on a special whistle, which tuned us into the rousing verses of 'All People that on Earth do Dwell.' The fact that a significant number of those people were at that time subjected to British rule, and that many more were daily coming under

Adolf Hitler's domination, never entered our heads for one brief moment.

While considering Music, here again was a subject in which I found no end of utter confusion. Strangely, although I considered myself as having a good ear for music and the ability to keep in tune, I never fully understood what I was being taught. Such lessons are remembered as periods when we resorted to what was euphemistically called 'fluent reading'. In unison, we followed a piece of musical score, all the while chanting out the beat of the notes in tuneless monotone, like "ta-aa-taffi-tiffi-a-aa..." The whole thing sounded so stupid. Invariably, the boys in the class would turn the whole period into a fiasco, simply by adding a few extra "taffi-tiffis" or replacing them with "tasty-titties!" and some other rude words.

Occasionally, we were encouraged to stretch our soprano vocal chords with songs concerning pretty maidens down in some valley or other. All in all, like so many other lessons inflicted upon us, the subject matter did not relate to or reflect my lifestyle at that time. Things might have been quite different if, for instance, Bing Crosby had seen fit to make a recording of that other pain-in-the-neck song 'Nymphs and Shepherds' ~ we might then have paid some heed to our frustrated music teacher.

Art lessons were a pleasant diversion. In August 1943, I actually won a cash prize of five shillings for a pastel drawing of New York skyscrapers. The drawing had been secretly submitted along with other artwork by Levenvale pupils to a display at a Victory Garden Show in Balloch. This was my first claim to public recognition, with a mention in the local newspaper. Sadly, however, my moment of glory was somewhat marred by the fact that they referred to me as "Malcolm Logan".

I was also quite proficient at Handwork. This was usually sewing and raffia work, from which I made a few shopping bags and place mats for my wee mother, who always made a point of saying how clever I was, for making such nice things.

All in all, I must admit to having no serious complaints over the education received at school, most of which, in retrospect, seemed geared towards producing British working-class subjects possessed of a reasonable standard of literacy, it being assumed that a modicum of intelligence might just be inherent in said subjects. In this respect, I think I came somewhere middle of class.

Many kids in my generation were equally conditioned to respect authority, and otherwise try to be responsible adults, useful to the community at large. School discipline had been unyielding and, I suspect, not many of my erstwhile peers went through the system without experiencing some well-aimed smacks across the naked palms from the infamous tawse (leather strap), in the hands of some irate mistress. All of this had a stinging, sobering effect on one's character. Who can ever forget returning to their desk, hands tucked tightly under the armpits, fighting back the tears, afraid to cry in front of the lassies, then trying to hold a pencil with swollen fingers that felt like a bunch of bananas?

In spite of the foregoing praise of the Scottish education system, it now occurs to me just how damned ignorant we were about real life. I am constantly reminding myself that I grew up in what was in many respects yet a backward period

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As indicated earlier, what we were taught in school ~ however academic and well-intended it might have been ~ never really sat well with our everyday lifestyle. To be honest, by today's standards we were a fairly unsophisticated lot who often preferred to heed old wives' tales rather than apply logical reasoning.

The lads I ran with were no angels. During our frequent excursions throughout the more than ample countryside of Dunbartonshire we often encountered a variety of natural fauna. On such occasions, whether by the sudden scurry of a fleeing animal or by inherent instinct, the immediate tendency was to 'kill' the creature either with a stick or by throwing stones at it. Thankfully, more often than not, we missed our mark. Yet, I am sure the killer instinct was never far away.

It has to be remembered that many adults were no better, and some were a whole lot worse in their treatment of wild and domestic animals. This was a time when gamekeepers and farmers were continually destroying every species of wild creature which they saw as a threat to their own commercial interests. Most of the methods used were crude, including gin traps, wire snares, poison and, latterly, disease like myxomatosis

There was a time when it was almost impossible to walk along the banks of the River Leven without spotting the familiar jute sack with its obviously bloated contents, anchored to a heavy object by a length of rope, swaying grotesquely just beneath the surface in the river's swift current. This was one method by which unwanted cats and dogs were disposed of. More often than not the use of a sack was dispensed with, and the unfortunate creature would simply have a weight tied to its neck. Unwanted pups and kittens were simply drowned in a bucket of water, or flushed down the toilet.

It was also a time when game poaching was rife, and some men were skilled in the use of a long net for rabbits (and salmon). Others set individual snares at known rabbit runs in the hope of catching something for the pot. There were also bird "enthusiasts" who hunted the surrounding whin-covered hills in search of greenfinches, goldfinches and bullfinches, all of which were caught alive by means of twigs coated with a sticky lime substance. These were kept as cage birds, and sometimes crossbred with canaries. To entice the wild birds onto the sticks, a call-bird in a tiny cage was secreted among the bushes.

Strangely, while we were taught in Sunday school words to the effect that the Almighty had given mankind dominion over all creatures, the actual responsibilities attached thereto were seldom uttered with equal gusto. Of course there **were** a few genuine animal lovers. There was Mrs Hunter, who lived in our street, who became a refuge to many injured wild or domestic creatures. She had a way with animals, and her reputation brought children to her door with all manner of fauna, although how she looked after them in her first-floor room-and-kitchen is beyond me. But genuine kind-hearted folk are usually blessed with inherent resourcefulness.

Sheer ignorance raised other social and moral questions among my erstwhile childhood companions. It brings to mind those quieter interludes when, after spending many laborious hours constructing a den high up in the branches of some unfortunate tree, my cronies and I would squat Red Indian fashion, hidden among the foliage, and quietly ruminate over

the complexities of life, as perceived by the antics of our elders and betters. On such occasions we would share puffs on a fast-burning Will's Woodbine cigarette (our pipe of peace), an act which seemed to lend itself to an atmosphere for serious debate. The agenda varied, but sooner or later the great mystery of sex would be dragged into the forum. By the age of nine I had a fair idea of where babies came from ~ not, dare I say, without a high degree of wonderment? The real question, however, was how they managed to get there in the first place. We all shared the vague idea that it must have had something to do with what a man and a woman get up to at times!

Nevertheless, while we might have had an extensive and varied ideas on the subject of sex, the mysterious mechanics of human copulation were fraught with so many uncertainties, all, of course, down to our own ignorance and blind adherence to social taboos of the period. It was considered not nice to talk about 'dirty things', of which sex was top of the list.

Although we knew how most animals went about the business, our egotistical conceit, spawned and nourished amid religious confusion, prevented us from fully accepting that mankind ~ made in the image of God, no less ~ actually and lustfully performed more or less in the same crude manner. All of which was somehow tied in with the aforementioned "dominion over creatures" nonsense!

Happily, however, matters of sex were never far from the bottom of our list of priorities. There were many more important things to take up our time and youthful energies.



We had the wide expanse of Loch Lomond and the surrounding hills as our playground. Thus, when not otherwise occupied by thoughts of worldwide conflict, or engaged in some stand-up divot fight with the local Govan Drive lads, we found plenty to do. Some of us fished in the River Leven, catching trout, roach, eels and anything else stupid enough to impale itself on a bent safety pin. The river then, in spite of the amount of multi-coloured effluent coming from the local bleaching and dyeing industry, still teemed with fish. Sadly not now so evident.

Loch Lomond, particularly at Drumkinnon Bay, Balloch, was a favourite picnicking and bathing spot. In the absence of swimming costume, it was sometimes possible to utilise a woollen pullover, the neck opening being carefully closed by means of a piece of string. Alternatively, if some lassies were present, it was never too difficult to bribe one of them to lend her 'bloomers'. In those days, such garments were invariably made from thick, navy-blue or black flannel material, securely fastened at the waist and legs by stout elastic. They served admirably as improvised swimming trunks. One slight problem, though, arose when attempting to swim underwater; they tended to trap air, making it difficult to keep your backside submerged. Likewise, when struggling ashore, there was a tendency to carry half the loch with you, trapped by the severe elastic!

My father was at this time one of many Scottish soldiers taken prisoner with the defeat of the British Expeditionary Force (BEF) in Europe – he spent most of WW2 as a P.O.W under the Germans at Stalag VIII B (Lamsdorf). We didn't see him again until the summer of 1945. Thus, as a ten-year-old, I saw myself pretty much as 'Man of the House'!

END.

(Reference: "A Close Community" ISBN 0-9537736-4-7, by same author. West Dunbartonshire Libraries 2006).

Scottish Settlers in U.S.A.

(A wee look at our 'American' cousins!)

The world's first Saint Andrews Society was founded in Charleston, South Carolina in 1729. This statement might come as a surprise to many dyed-in-the-wool Scots, but it is not in the least surprising when we consider that probably no other section of the North American continent – except Canada – has had a greater transfusion of Scottish blood than have the Carolinas!

Following the 1715 and 1745 Jacobite rebellions, many of the defeated Scots were transported (often like cattle) to the southern states of America. From the Carolinas to Texas, these emigrants have left their mark throughout the old Southland. Many are the counties, cities, town and villages which today bear the names instituted by the wild men of Auld Scotia!

No less than eleven US States have associate place-names linked to Clan Colquhoun of my own native Dunbartonshire. The American form of the name is usually Calhoun and the place-names are in honour of John Caldwell Calhoun, a South Carolinian of Scots-Ulster descent, who was US Vice-President from 1825 to 1833.

Another Scots link came when the famous Highland heroine Flora MacDonald was for a time exiled in the Southland. Her daughter, Ann, married Alexander MacLeod, a Skye-man, and emigrated to the Carolinas in 1774. In Moore County, near the town of Carthage, they built a plantation and called it Glendale. As a Loyalist during the War of Independence, MacLeod fought at the Battle of Moores Creek in 1778. Later he was afforded safe passage for his wife and her famous mother who returned to Skye.

Similarly, many Highlanders settled with the Georgia Company, founded at Darien by General Oglethorpe in 1736. Of these, a great many were from the ancient clan confederacy known as Clan Chattan who were pro-Jacobite during both 'Risings' and brought with them clan names such as MacIntosh; Shaw; MacQueen; MacBean; Davidson; MacPhail MacGillivray and Clark all of which became prominent names among early settlers.

These same settlers were probably among the first to object to the introduction of African slave labour to the South. Perhaps the recollection of their own near-slavery existence at the hands of the feudal lairds gave additional impetus to their protest. Nevertheless a petition dated in 1739 testifies to their zealous cry against slavery.

Many migrants from the Isle of Skye settled in the Carolinas. A family of MacQueens, who had been ministers of the Kirk in Skye for nine generations settled in North Carolina in 1772. A son of this family married a Miss MacRae and became a prosperous land-owner at Queensdale, near Maxton (Mac's Town), Robeson County. (Next Column)



In 1735, Niall MacNeill from the island of Jura, Argyll, took 350 emigrants and settled in the Cape Fear River Valley in North Carolina. They named their principal settlement Campbelltown, after the capital of Kintyre, Scotland. Artist James MacNeil Whistler, who painted the famous portrait 'Whistler' Mother' was of this stock.

The name MacPhail (son of Paul) is also well represented in the Southland. An early battle in the War of Independence was fought at McFall's Mill on Raft Swamp in Hoke County, North Carolina. Near the site was the Raft Swamp Church (later named Antioch Presbyterian Church) where later McFalls held their clan reunions.

Doctor Samuel Johnson, during his tour of the Highlands with his companion Boswell, remarked, whilst visiting a party of Highlanders which was preparing to emigrate to the Carolinas, that it was the first time he had tasted the delicacy "fried chicken". It is assumed by many historians that it was the Gaelic migrants who introduced the delicacy which has since become synonymous with the American Southland.

Yet another curious aspect of Highland history to become recorded in the US concerns the alliance of three famous clans. These were the Stewarts of Appin, the MacColls and MacLarens, who enjoyed a long history of mutual loyalty to one another. All three clans fought side by side through both Jacobite Risings. At Culloden, 1746, they formed the bulk of the Appin regiment against the Hanoverian regime, and as they fought – so did they die comrades to the end. Those who survived and later migrated to the Southern States maintained their ancient alliance. Thus, within a few miles radius, they settled three townships namely: Stewartville, McColl and Laurinsburg.

Other states in America had their share of Scottish influence. MacBains from Clan Chattan settled the communities of Highlandtown, Inverness and Glasgow in the State of Ohio after 1817.

Likewise, several heroes of American folklore were of Scottish extraction. The 'Old Chisholm Trail' was named after Jess Chisholm, a cattleman who was half-Highlander and half-Cherokee. Many Chisholm clan folk were shipped across the Atlantic during the infamous Highland Clearances. The old Chisholm lands in the parish of Kilmorack had a population of 2,830 in the year 1782. By 1878 there was only one man of that name in the whole strath!

The foregoing story does not fully take into account the many emigrants from Northern Ireland who later went to USA following the 'Plantation Period' initiated by King James 1st circa 1610. They were sometimes styled 'Scotch-Irish' and were descended from those Scots who were settled about Ulster. Several MacFarlane families were involved here, and it is likely that some members of our kindred society 'Clan MacFarlane Worldwide' are of that stock. It is a subject which might warrant future investigation, and published in the respective newsletters of both societies. Ed.



Grannie Mac

When I was a wee lassie, my parents used to go for 'drinks' to their friends' homes. If there was any red wine left over, Dad made good use of it. When he couldn't drink it, because Mum was keeping an eye on him, he used to pour it into a large jar with a soft banana skin cut into pieces. This was a trap for cockroaches.

He rubbed butter around the inside top of the jar which prevented the roaches from climbing out and left it on the floor overnight. In the morning he just put the lid on the jar and threw it in the bin. The cockroaches were so happy from the wine that each one went to sleep with a smile on its face -- permanently. Amen! Grannie Mac.

A Letter from Donald MacCaskill To His sister [Effy] in the Highlands from Devil's River, Victoria, dated November 17, 1852

"My dear Sister – We had the voyage 15 weeks and 4 days, from anchor to anchor, from Liverpool to Geelong, Port Philip. We had the most of the time very course weather on the voyage. ...little Donald, he took the measles, but it was for no trouble to him. He was only two days in bed, and that was all. All the rest took it before. We had lost 27 children, and two of the sailors; 8 born. There were families that lost 4, some 5, and some 2 and 3, but I, Donald Campbell, Malcolm Macleod and Donald Macdonald, took all our families all alive to this colony, in a good state of health. ...Our master has two stations, his home station is 18 miles from Geelong, and the other station is 150 miles up the country. ...Meron and I, and the young ones of the children, are in one place, Duncan and Kenneth in another place; John and Peter are in the manager's house. We are all shepherds, except John, he is about the house after the cattle, milking them, because Mrs Digins, the Manager's wife, has no servant but him. She is a Highland woman herself. ...dear Sister, you can easily understand by this account that I left the starvation behind. I can give as much to my dogs now, as I was getting to my family at home, to keep them alive with. ...This is a very wholesome country. It is not too warm not to cold either. We have the summer here now, and I am using the Highland cloth I took from home. ...Now give my news, with my best respects, to all my friends and acquaintances, and it is my advice to them to come to this country for as far as I know there is no other place under the stars like this place, for poor people to live in; certainly there are many difficulties to meet with a man before he will arrive, but he will soon forget them. ...*Tha mi beo, slan, lan toliche, ann an fasach Australia* [I am alive, well, quite happy, in the wilderness of Australia]."

Happy Birthday Norma!



Norma Lock our most worthy Member in Mt. Gambier, SA celebrated her 90th Birthday in May 24th this year.

During the celebrations the family formed a circle and produced a large rug covered with the snapshots of every member of her family. She told us: *"The surprise and delight was so great I just stamped my feet up and down and squealed like a child. My grand-daughter, Danielle had gathered a recent family group snap and snaps of other members who were absent and sent them off to America. The material is cotton photo woven and will make a lovely LOCK family heirloom!"*

Norma's extended family picture includes her six children and their partners; seven grandchildren and partners and six great-grandchildren. And of course her late husband Bryant (far left) with herself front and centre! She plans to prepare it as a wall hanging display. Norma, has researched several of her MacFarlane forebears in the Knapdale area, Argyll, Scotland.

**We ALL wish her Hearty Congratulations.
And Another Great Lady**

Remember Auntie Edna?



Last year we featured Auntie Edna ('Lantern' No.132) who celebrated her 102nd Birthday – well, on the 14th September this year she will be 103 and we still reckon she is the oldest Clan MacFarlane lady in Australia. She is still cheerful, although says she cannot walk as fast and as far these days.

Love and Best Wishes to Both Ladies!



Quotable Quote

"Abstract art? A product of the untalented, sold by the unprincipled to the utterly bewildered"

American cartoonist Al Capp (1909-79).

CLISHMACLAVERS

By
Calum Curamach

Half-Crown Bunnet!

To laugh at one's own shortcomings is a valuable trait found among many less fortunate Scots. One such was a dear old friend, who shall remain nameless, but who was also possessed of an outsized cranium (big heid!).

A few years ago a High Street shop had a 'sale' of gents' headgear, all at greatly reduced price. A bold window display proclaimed "**Half-Crown Bunnets Now on Sale Inside!**" (i.e. flat caps priced at two shilling and sixpence, old currency).

I later asked my friend if he had availed himself of such an obvious bargain.

"Naw! Says he. "The guy in the shop took a guid look at the size o' ma napper and told me he couldnae cover this heid o' mine wi a halfcrown's worth o' wrapping paper!"

+++++

Bravehearts!

A survey compiled by Readers' Digest alleges that approximately fifty per cent of all Medal of Honor winners in the United States Military were of Scottish ancestry. This award is equal to the British Victoria Cross. (*Lennox Herald, Dunbartonshire 27 Feb. 1998*).

+++++

Epitaph to the Highlanders

The epitaph to the Highlanders and their clan system was pronounced by Dr. Johnson in 1773 during his 'Journey to the Western Isles' thus:-

"There was never any change of national manners so quick, so great, and so general, as that which has operated in the Highlands by the last conquest and subsequent laws.

We came hither too late to see what we expected ~ a people of particular appearance, and a system of antiquated life.

The clans retain little now of their original character, their ferocity to temper is softened, their military ardour is extinguished, their dignity of independence is depressed, their contempt for government subdued, and their reverence for their chief abated.

Of what they had before the late conquest of their country there remains only their language and their poverty."

+++++

Rent, by any other name!

The MacIntyres of Glencoe occupied their lands beside Loch Etive, Argyllshire, for 500 years. They held the land as tenants of the Campbells of Glenorchy, for an annual payment ~ in summer ~ of a calf, and a snowball off Ben Cruachan! This system persisted until the

beginning of the 17th century, when they asked that the payment be commuted to cash.

This was a bad move, since it became rent and was subsequently increased to such a large sum that they could not pay it. So the story goes!

+++++

Rigmarole.

In the Public Records Office in London lies a series of documents joined together to form a single sheet some forty feet long and dated 1296. Each document was a pledge of loyalty by Scottish noblemen to King Edward I of England (also known as 'The Hammer of the Scots!' 1272-1307).

The document is known as the Ragman Roll, from whence comes the word 'rigmarole' (fuss, palaver, lengthy procedure). This term was also used to describe the Hundred Rolls, submitted to Edward in 1274-5. Due to the many seals hanging from them they had a ragged appearance. Since the eighteenth century, 'rigmarole' has been used to describe a rambling tale or yarn.

These are just two possible sources from which the word may have evolved. So says Nigel Rees in his "Why Do We Say...? (Blandford Press, Poole, New York and Sydney, 1987).

+++++

The Epitaph (To a lonely bachelor)

*"At three-score winters' end I die,
A cheerless being, soul and sad.
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wished my father never had."*

+++++

Veteran Sergeant (to his men)

"Steady, lads, steady! A soldier is a mere machine! He must not move ~ he must not speak; and as for thinking...no...no! No man under the rank of major is allowed to think!"

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Parting Gesture!

A gravedigger, preparing an 'opening' for the interment of the remains of a highly-respected local citizen gave the following eulogy.

"Aye...he was a fine chiel indeed; so I'm howkin his grave wi' a new spade!"

+++++

Ode to a Goldfish

Poor wee creature wi' awesome gaze,
Keekin' oot yer wee transparent vase.
Roon 'n' Roon the gless ye glide –
Aye searchin' for a cosy nook tae hide!
Och! Whit thoctless eedjits we must be,
Tae keep in sae sma' a sea!

+++++

Quick Quip

"Anything that cannot be done in bed isn't worth doing at all!" -- American comedian Groucho Marx (1890-1977).

Just a reminder from our Secretary/Treasurer that all membership payments need to be up to date by the time of our Annual General Meeting, which is to be held in November. Details of the AGM will be sent out separately.

Welcome New Members

We are pleased to welcome Allan and Dianne McFarlane, Maraylya NSW who joined in June 2015. We also hope that they will keep in touch to let us know of any family research they have carried out, and which might be linked to other Australian Clan members.

Future Scottish Events 2015

5 Sept. Norah Head, NSW: 19th Gathering of the Clans. 9.30AM to 4.30PM at Bungary Road. Info. 02-43341067 or www.gatheringofthec clans.weebly.com

11 Sept. Gold Coast, Qld. Celtic Women 10th Anniversary celebration World Tour. A Gold Coast Convention Centre. Tickets: www.ticketek.com.au

12 -13 Sept. Sunnybank Hills, Qld. Macgregor Highland Dancing Championships at Macgregor State School. Info. 07-3276 0266.

13 Sept. Rochedale, Qld. Piobaireachd Group Queensland Social at Rochedale High school, 10AM Info: 07-3397 4512.

13 Sept. Armadale WA – The Armadale Highland Gathering & Perth Kilt Run. WA's largest Scottish event Scottish fun all day Info 08-9399 0111 or email info@armadale.wa.gov.au

19 Sept. Nelson Bay, NSW – Clans on the Coast Celtic Festival. An all-Scottish event. At Tomaree No.1 Sports Field, 4981, Nelson Bay Rd. Info: Ron Swan 0418 495 336 or www.clansonthecoast.com

20 Sept. Enfield, SA, City of Port Adelaide Highland Dancing Championships at St. Gabrielles Primary School. Info: lynm56@tpg.com.au

18 Oct. Brownsville, NSW – Illawarra Scottish Fair at the Dandaloo Hotel Sports Ground, 336 Kanahooka Rd. Info: Alison 04514928 or via internet on www.illawarrapipebandorg

25 Oct. Adelaide, SA Joint Clan Luncheon of Clans MacDonald & MacFarlane, at Adelaide Sailing Centre. SEE OUR FLYER ON PAGE 4.



Saturday 31st October 2015 at Camp & Conference Centre, 1400B Paris Creek Road, Strathalbyn, SA.

At the time of writing this edition it has not been confirmed if Clan MacFarlane will have a display and information table at the Glenbarr event this year. Nevertheless, we hope some of our members will attend. Judging from past experience, the venue is excellent and deserves support.

This year the organisers intend to have “something for everyone” including – Pipes and Drums, Highland Dancers, Singers, Vintage Car Display, Clydesdales, Spinners, Cake Stall including “Scottish Shortbread”, Garden Stall, White Elephant Stall and a Major Raffle. Display by Girl Guides & Scout History, Lace Makers & Gems etc. There will be special Games and Activities for Children, also Produce, Devonshire Morning & Afternoon Tea. There will also be a BBQ lunch and tours of the historic Homestead throughout the day

For further information contact **Kay Dobrilla** on **0405 498 312** or email: kaydobrilla@bigpond.com

Looking For Muscle Support!

It has to be said again our Management Committee is in dire need for some young blood. If we are to continue showing our Clan presence at outdoor Scottish events, more especially where a display tent is required, then the need become even more crucial.

We also need to have ideas from the younger generations. A start in this direction could be if parents did more to encourage the younger family members to get personally involved.

We also need more input support to ‘Lantern’ – and this is where the older members should come off best. I am aiming here at those senior members, who have a wealth of experience as previous or retired office-bearers in a variety of Australian/Scottish organisations. There must be a great number of anecdotes and stories to pass on I think most folk know what is required – plain, old-fashioned support! Ed.

Committee of Management 2014/15

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COMMITTEE MEMBER: Barbara Nash, 1 Sale Street, Grenfell, NSW 2810 Tel: (02) 6343 1085

THE WEE CORNER SHOP

POLO SHIRTS with small embroidered clan crest @ \$30 each plus postage



Shirt Colour: Navy Blue

Embroidered Crest: White

Coloured Trim (around collar and sleeves):

White

Sizes: Women 8 to 18 & Men XS to 5XL

Also our **MacFarlane T-shirts** are \$20 each plus postage. There are 4 designs (printed either front or back). Shirt Colour: Black, Bottle Green, Grey, Red, Royal Blue, Navy and White
Sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL.



Other items available for sale are: Tie Pins, Lapel Badges (butterfly clip), Lapel Badges (brooch fitting) all @ \$8 each and Teaspoons @ \$10.50, including free postage. *Note: Prices apply to current stock only.*

ORDERS/ENQUIRIES:

Please contact Louise Piper, Phone: (07) 5545 2197

Email: qld-councillor@clanmacfarlane.org.au

Post : 126 Curtis Road, North Tamborine, Qld 4272

PAYMENT for Clan Goods: Cheques by post to above address, or Direct Deposit to National Australia Bank
BSB 083-758 Account No. 73-140-9547, The Clan MacFarlane
Society, Australia Inc.