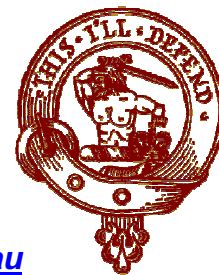


# MacFarlane's Lantern

Newsletter of the Clan MacFarlane Society, Australia, Inc.



No.132 December 2014

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

## Joint MacFarlane-MacDonald Luncheon, Adelaide Sailing Club 2014



A view of Table 8

Photo: by M. Lobban

First, a report from our own Organisers.

**“On Sunday 26th October 2014 we had our Annual Combined Luncheon with Clan Donald. This year we were able to have Luncheon at the Adelaide Sailing Club, in the Regatta Room, a great venue. A total of 75 guests from Clans and members of the South Australia Scottish Association and other Clan Members attended and, from the comments heard during the day from those present the event was a great success. Jason Moore our Clan piper together with Hammy Marcelin (Clan Donald piper) did an excellent job and the Highland dancers helped to ensure a great display (the youngest boy I must mention suffers with aspergers syndrome, he was a delight even tho’ he almost lost his kilt whilst dancing). Not forgetting our own Anita, who carried in the Haggis, she also dressed the part. The staff of the Adelaide Sailing Club did an excellent job and joined in with the guests to ensure the afternoon was a big success. We are considering returning to this venue next year and hope all members and friends can again join us. Must add here big thanks for Ron, he helped to make the day successful, not forgetting Clan Donald and all the work they do. . . . Janet Marsh.”**

Yes, this year’s Joint Luncheon appears to have been a great success, probably in part due to the new venue, the spacious Adelaide sailing Club at West Beach SA. Janet Marsh’s husband Ron is a club member and it was he who suggested the change of venue. Seems also that, historically, there is a MacFarlane connection here, since Janet’s boatbuilding forebears in Port Adelaide **(Next page)**



**(From Page One)**

may have been among the yachting fraternity that used this West Beach marina in times past. The MacFarlanes were expert yacht builders and their story featured in our 'Lantern' No. 105, March 2008.

Photo (Left) is **Michael Murphy**, President of the MacDonalds' SA Branch with his wife **Eileen** and Clan sword-bearer. Without their help, the annual joint luncheon event would not take place. Mike and Eileen are well known in the SA Scottish fraternity and are regular attenders at clan gatherings and social events.

This year the Haggis was piped in by Piper **Hammy Marcelin** and carried by "oor ain wee wifie" Anita (Pictured Below). The 'beastie'



was later ceremoniously murdered, bisected by our redoubtable MC, **Trevor Powell (Left)** of Clan MacLeod and dispensed on biscuits to the guests. The Haggis ceremony has become a regular feature among Aussie Scots – Rabbie Burns has a lot to answer for! Ach, well, if it keeps them happy! The Sailing Club staff laid on excellent food and, from a personal point of view, I thought the pumpkin soup was the best ever – and it arrived at the table hot for a change! There was a good mix of clan names present,

including McNeil; McLean; McLachlan; McKay; Colquhoun; Graham; Campbell; Murray and other weel-kent folk!

It was nice to meet our Member, **Norma Lock**, who travelled up from Mt. Gambier, SA, to attend the event, with her daughter. Norma's MacFarlane forebears were settled in the Knapdale area, Argyllshire, where she has visited several times researching her family 'tree'. Norma is pictured (Left) with yours truly!



daughter **Janis Moore** (Jason's Mum). May suffers from osteoporosis and arthritis and walks with the aid of a stick, and this year I, too, was slowly recovering from a severe bout of painful sciatica that affected my left leg, which is why I appeared out of Highland dress at the event – of course, it is all down to old age! (Next page)



During the afternoon we were introduced to Scots-born Author/Lawyer, **John Murray**, whose recently published novel "Taking The Low Road" appears to be selling like hot-cross-buns at Easter. John left Scotland as an eleven-year-old lad to settle in Australia. He became a police officer and studied Law. Several of the guests bought copies of his book, and for a while Table 3 became the only focus of attention. Likewise, our Piper **Jason Moore** managed to flog a few copies of his CD "Pharlain"!

All in, it was a pleasant day, and even my own dear beloved memsahib, **Mary** (who prefers to be called 'May') enjoyed herself (Photo Right) seen here with





## COLUMBA OF THE CHURCHES

by Malcolm Lobban

Columba, the man, was born in Ireland in the year 521. His genealogy through Felim his father was closely related to the kings of Ireland and went back to Mili of Spain.

Like many other conspicuous figures in history, it is said that his birth was preceded by extraordinary circumstances. Maveth, a disciple of St Patrick, is said to have predicted the coming greatness of one called "Columba" who would find everlasting glory by converting the Western Isles to Christianity.

From the time he took his first faltering steps as an infant, Columba's parents were aware that their son was possessed of unusual genius. They arranged for him to have the best education available, and the boy was placed under several of the country's greatest men of learning. His first master, Cruineachan, a learned presbyter, shared the parents' feelings for the boy's great potential. Later, another of his tutors, Genman, a teacher of Leinster, openly described him as a saint, and treated him more as a companion than a scholar, notwithstanding the disparity in their years.

As a young man, Columba's piety became evident throughout the kingdom. He appears to have travelled extensively on the Continent, and is reputed to have founded a cathedral in Italy; and King Sigibert of France is said to have offered him considerable wealth if he remained in that country. In his own right, through his royal blood, Columba owned considerable fortune, yet, desiring to be useful rather than great, he passed on his estates to his three uncles. He kept clear of material greatness in his pursuit to serve in the work of God.

Although his energies might well have been directed towards his own country, he realised that Ireland had an over-establishment of ecclesiastics. "Enlightenment" had long been enjoyed in his own country, while Scotland and its Western Isles were yet in "darkness" and it was to these regions, dominated still by Druids and their pagan rites, that the great man turned his attention.

Scotland in Columba's day was very different from what we now see about us. The Highlands were divided into separate kingdoms of Scots, Picts, Caledonians and Britons. The Picts dominated the greater part of the northern territories, under the rule of King Brude; while the Caledonians, under King Aydan, ruled the central regions. The Scots, on the other hand, who originally came from Ireland, were as yet mainly contained in the west, Dalriada (Argyllshire), and it was in these three kingdoms where the bulk Columba's work was to be concentrated.

Columba arrived in Scotland during the year 563. He settled on the small island off the West Highland coast, then named Hi (later Iona). Before his arrival the isle had been used by the native Druids. The site suited his purpose admirably, since it was located near to where the tribal boundaries converged, thus offering easy

access to each, while still not too far removed from Ireland, where he still superintended several churches.

Iona was firmly established as his headquarters, and he and his 12 followers immediately prepared for the foundation of the first abbey under the Culdee Order, which was later to spread extensively throughout Scotland, but it is likely that the saint lived in ruder quarters until the first church was completed

Nevertheless, he wasted little time in travelling to meet the great kings and chiefs of Alba who were to be his first converts. It's probable that his blood kinship with the Scots' royal line gained him considerable influence over the people of Dalriada, and he would almost certainly have no language difficulty, since they were Gaelic speakers. His task was not so easy among the Picts and Caledonians, and he would frequently require the services of interpreters.

We know he won the friendship of King Brude, and that he travelled to the monarch's palace at the eastern end of Loch Ness.

We know also that King Aydan consulted him frequently on various matters. Columba was no mere preacher of the gospel of Christ. His great work was

more practical than oral. His method of conversion was

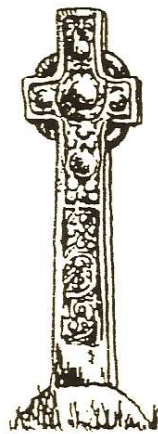
based mainly on example rather than scripture teaching. It seems clear that his articulate brain and bounteous knowledge enlightened his converts in a way which they readily understood.

His skill as a physician, with his cures appearing miraculous to the natives, did much to disperse common superstitions. He taught not only Christianity, but also the practical skills of life. He also knew about agriculture, and his monks toiled in the fields under his direction. Adamnen, one of his successors spoke of the saint's horticultural expertise, especially with apple trees.

The native Gaels called him Colm-cille, Columba of the churches, because of the number of churches he founded. Iona then became known as I-colm-kill. His cathedral became the principal seat of learning, perhaps in Europe. Here, he trained the pastors for his 100 monasteries and 300 churches.

So venerated became the soil of Iona it was considered that to rest on its dust was the highest ambition of princes and kings. Forty-eight kings of Scotland, four of Ireland, eight of Norway, together with many clan chiefs are interred within the precincts of the abbey. St Columba died on his beloved island on Sunday, June 9, in the year 597. He was first buried here, but later moved to Ireland.

As a matter of added interest, the Christian (or given) name **Malcolm** in Gaelic is *Maol-Colm* which means Devotee of Columba (*maol* = bald, referring to the tonsure worn by ancient clerics). Saint Columba was of the Culdee Church (old Greek *cele-de* = servant of God) and the tonsure used was that of Saint John, being all hair shaved in front of a line drawn over the head from ear to ear. Culdees were lay preachers, and unlike Roman Catholics, did not practise celibacy. **END.**





## EDITORIAL

Aye, well. . . here we are again with another issue of your favourite wee journal of sheer poetry and wit!

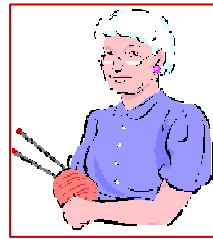
It might also be seen as a handy remedy for chronic insomniacs! **MacFarlane's Lantern No.132**, for better or worse, has quite a proud pedigree, if such a term applies, dating back to 1980 when our modest Society came into being. I only became Editor in 2006, with issue No.99. However, it occurred to me that some of our members might be interested in learning some details about our humble newsletter – here are some facts.

Each 12-page edition runs to an average word count of **7,500** plus modest photo space. Since becoming Editor, I have produced **33 editions**, which represent an average total word count of about **247,500**. A hard copy of every edition of *Lantern* goes to the National Archives in Canberra, whilst another copy goes to the State Library Victoria in Melbourne. Thus, future generations of Aussie MacFarlanes will be able to gain access to a valuable source of our Clan History. Which is the main reason I continually try to coax our older members to come forward with whatever knowledge they have about their own forebears, and to let it be written into Australian history.

The year 2014 happens to be my 83rd year traipsing about this old planet. Although still basically alert and active, it has to be said that for a while now I have been feeling a wee bit like the proverbial 'squeaky gate'! For several months I was being treated for an annoying crechle in my throat, by which I spent many nights of disturbed sleep, due to a build up of mucus. Nevertheless, after weeks of swallowing an assortment of prescribed pills plus a daily blast up the auld hooter with a chemical spray, life has become more tolerable. I am also indebted to internet, Wikipedia, to be more exact, which actually identified my condition, namely **rhinosinusitis**: or inflammation of the paranasal sinuses. Just thought ya'all would want to know how I suffer!

Currently, as I write this column, yet another period of torture has had me hirpling along the road like Long John Silver (minus the parrot), due to a bout of sciatica, stemming from a trapped nerve in the lower spinal region and affecting my left leg. Otherwise, I feel quite good, and with a couple of drams of an evening with my Bonnie Mary what more could any man ask for?

Finally, I take this chance to wish our readers everywhere: **MY BEST WISHES DURING CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**



## Grannie Mac

*When I was a wee lassie I wrote with a pencil because pens had sharp nibs and messy ink, even though some people used blotting paper to mop up the excess. There was no such thing as a ball point pen or felt pen but we did have crayons. Pencils also had another use due to the graphite, which can be used as a lubricant. When the front door key was getting hard to put into the lock and hard to turn, Dad scraped some graphite from a pencil into the keyhole. He also rubbed the pencil all over the groove of the key. And it worked very well. So grab your pencil and write this one down before it gets used up lubricating all your locks!* **Yours aye - Grannie Mac.**



## Root Lines



To celebrate the 175th Anniversary of the arrival of the "David Clark" in Melbourne, Victoria, we understand that on Sunday 2nd November 2014 an anniversary picnic was held at the historic farm Gulf Station, at Yarra Glen, which was established by William Bell who was a passenger on the 'David Clark'.

This ship brought the first assisted immigrants to Melbourne all of whom were Scots. A search of the passenger list reveals one **Peter McFarlane** who arrived in October 1839. We would love to hear from anyone with further information on this man. During the trip out, it appears that Capt. Mills stayed 14 days at Rio de Janeiro during August and took on fresh water and provisions. However, the stay was extended when eight Irishmen went ashore, got drunk and ended in jail for eight days, and Capt. Mills had to pay their fines!

In 1989 the Gulf Station farm hosted a day of celebration marking the 150th anniversary of the ship's arrival. This year the organisers were hoping especially to reach descendants of 'David Clark' immigrants but it was also an open day for everyone.

If any of our MacFarlane members (or, indeed, other *Lantern* readers) attended the 'David Clark' Picnic at Gulf Station, we would be pleased to have their comments. Ed.

## Speaking Scots

*“Scottish English, or Scots, is the version of English spoken in Scotland. A spin-off, Ulster Scots can be found in the north of Ireland. It is quite different from the Scottish Gaelic language, which is a Celtic language.*

*There have been disagreements about the linguistic, historical and social status of Scots. Focused broad Scots is at one end of a scale, with Scottish Standard English at the other. Scots is generally regarded as one of the ancient varieties of English, yet it has its own distinct variations.”* (Wikipedia)

I suppose the foregoing definition might be regarded as fair comment on the question of languages spoken in Scotland, although it has to be said quite clearly at the outset that the official language in the United Kingdom is English – spoken in a style often matched with BBC radio announcers, being without regional dialect.

As a schoolboy in Scotland during the 1930s, I recall being forcefully reminded by those stern lady teachers to “speak properly” each time I lapsed into local vernacular street talk, more often described as “slang!” In some respects we became bilingual, with English in classroom and Scots at home!

As far as I recall, my generation of Lowland Scots were not taught Gaelic, even as a second language. But many children born in the Highlands and Western Islands were already speaking Gaelic from listening to their parents before they began formal schooling. Yet they were also obliged to learn English.

Gaelic came to mainland Britain with the arrival of Celtic Scots who came from Ireland during the 4th century AD and settled in part of what is now Argyllshire and which they named *Dalriata* (King’s field). In time they and their language dominated most of Scotland, which they called Alba. The language is classified as Indo-European and uses an alphabet of 18 letters – with no J K Q V W X Y Z. It is quite distinctive from English, which has West Germanic roots and an alphabet of 26 letters.

The difference between the two languages is clearly shown in the numerous Scottish family and personal names as they are written in both languages. The English name **Johnson** becomes **MacIain** in Gaelic (mac = son + Iain = John). Another example is the name **Alexander**, which in Gaelic becomes **Alasdair**. Likewise, we see that **Kenneth** becomes **Coineach** and **Patrick** becomes **Pàdruig**. These few examples should immediately bring to mind the many “Mac” and

“Mc” family names which we have come to accept as being of Gaelic origin, but in fact they are all usually written in an Anglicized form. The following examples show the more common form alongside the true Gaelic in bold print.

MacFarlane (**MacPharlain**) - MacKay (**MacAoidh**)  
MacKenzie (**MacCoinnich**) - MacLeod (**MacLeoid**)  
MacMahon (**MacMhathain**) - MacNish (**MacNeis**)  
MacPhail (**MacPhail**) - MacNichol (**MacNeacail**)  
MacPhee (**Mac-a-Phi**) - MacQuarrie (**MacGuaire**)  
MacRae (**MacRath**) - MacRury (**MacRuairidh**)

The above names are patronymics of one kind or another, but other Gaelic family names, related to trade, professions and topography, have been similarly transcribed into Lowland Scots/English, examples as follows: Buchanan (**Cononach**); Douglas (**Dùbhghlas**); Duncan (**Donnchadh**); Menzies (**Meinnearach**); Murray (**Moireach**); and Sutherland (**Sutherlandach**).

The writings of Scottish poets, like Robert Burns, might be used as an example of eighteenth-century rural Lowland Scots dialect. Although many of the words were archaic, it was a language of poetic character – quite unlike the hard guttural Clyde-side nasal twang!

Consider: **“How can ye dae aucht, when ye’ve naucht tae dae aucht wi’?”** (roughly translated as: “How can one do anything, when there is little to work with?”) a typical rural Lowland farmer’s expression in my day! In Glasgow parlance, a similar complaint might sound like: **“Ah cannae get oan wi ma wark wi nothin’ tae wark wi!”**

I was raised and educated in Dunbartonshire of working-class background, where the common speech might be described as being largely of Clyde-side or Glasgow dialect.

My scant knowledge of Gaelic comes from what I have read in books or have heard spoken by Highlanders. I was never encouraged to learn the ancient language and there was always an insistence towards proper English. Come to think about it, I do not recall being taught much about Scottish culture past or present. With a world war raging during much of my impressionable years, the niceties of nostalgic history teaching were largely replaced by an ever constant awareness of ongoing wartime regulations and activity.

A lot more could be said on the question of Scottish language styles. Like most countries, there are always obvious regional variations in how folk communicate. Even here in Australia, I detect differences. I have difficulty at times understanding some Aussies on the telephone – and I think they have the same problem listening to me! The subject may require a more in-depth study in future. **(Continued Page 10).**



## Piping Times

by Jason Moore

Well, these past couple of months have been just as busy as previously. This is a good thing however as more piping engagements mean that my name is getting more exposure, resulting in a steady flow of piping engagements. Again, I have been kept busy with many weddings and funeral services throughout Adelaide.

One of the most unusual engagements I have been asked to play at came recently when I was asked to pipe at a family pet's Wake! A gentleman contacted me asking if I would play the pipes whilst they scattered the ashes of their late lamented pet around the street where they live. Their dog was a West Highland terrier named Dash, which had been very much loved by everyone in the street. Dutifully, I donned full Highland dress and piped while it seemed the entire neighbourhood came out in remembrance of the little Scotty dog!

As I have said before my piping takes me all over the Adelaide area. One such journey was this month when I got to drive to Moonta for a funeral. This was a beautiful service and it was nice to see how strong the community life is in some of Adelaide's coastal areas. Following the funeral I decided that, being decent weather, I would play my pipes a bit longer. I went down to the Moonta Bay Jetty and piped at there before getting changed and casting a line out to do a spot of fishing. This month I have also piped at a couple of weddings in the Barossa and also a 90th Birthday. With the Christmas season upon us, I am lucky to be able to fit these engagements in due to the number of Christmas pageants I am in this year with the City of Elizabeth Pipe Band. This season we have a total of twelve parades all throughout Adelaide!

I also enjoyed piping at this year's Joint Clan MacFarlane/MacDonald Luncheon – this being the first formal clan event with my new pipes! I received complements regarding the sound quality from fellow piper Hammy Marcelin and I also managed to sell a good few of my CD "Pharlain", one of which I donated as a raffle prize, and another presented to the Scottish Radio here in Adelaide on 5EBI.

The highlight of these past couple of months was winning a competition on the Hamish and Andy radio show! The prize was a trip to Queensland with them and ten other people from all over Australia. Hamish and Andy own a small

island of the coast of Rockhampton which they named the "Peoples Island" and where they wanted to take a small group of people to 'colonise' it and act as their 'First Fleet'! Although it was very small island and was essentially just a little hill attached to a larger island called Marble Island, at high tide it did become its own island.

They wanted people with different unique skills to be part of their First Fleet and it appears, being a piper and a professional magician gave me the opportunity to spend a couple of days in a tropical paradise with them! Andy and Hamish gave me the title, 'The Magical Piper'! We recorded three shows during the trip and all were aired on their radio program and can be found on their website <<http://www.hamishandandy.com/2014/meet-first-fleet/>> I also wrote a tune dedicated to their island and performed it live on radio. I entertained them and the rest of the crew with a few of my magic tricks! This was truly an amazing experience, not to mention a wee bit of publicity for me.



With Hamish & Andy 2014

I would like to end by wishing all our Members and Clan Friends everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Healthy and Prosperous New Year

**Jason Malcolm Moore.**

**Foot Note:** Jason will be 21 years of age in August 2015. He is Aussie born of an English father and Scottish mother, and since childhood he has been keen to learn the Highland bagpipes. He is a member of the City of Elizabeth Pipe Band, SA, and he would like to speak with any young person who shares a similar interest. Jason can be contacted at **20 Musika Avenue, Pooraka, SA 5095** or by email: [jasonmoore26@live.com](mailto:jasonmoore26@live.com)

## Anita's Travels (Part 2 Scotland)



In this issue our intrepid Membership Lady, Anita Renfrey (nee McFarlane) reports on her recent tour of Ireland and Scotland in company with members of our kindred society



### Clan MacFarlane World Wide.

The above photo shows the happy group of MacFarlane travellers taken at one of the stops during the well organised trip through Ireland and Scotland – Anita third from the left, front row wearing her Clan tartan.

After a smooth crossing of the Irish Sea, it was so smooth I didn't realize we had left the wharf, we arrived in Scotland. By coach to Glasgow, where the remainder of our group joined us at Willow Tea Rooms. You haven't been to Glasgow unless you have had "Tea" here. Charles Rennie Mackintosh, one of the world's greatest architectural stylist, designed the rooms. Next at the Hunterian Museum, we had a private talk and viewing of astrological equipment used by Alexander MacFarlane (c1703-1755), merchant in Jamaica, which he bequeathed to Glasgow University. Alexander's full story featured in 'Lantern' No.127 (Sept.2013). His family motto was *'The Stars my Camp, The Lord my Light'*. During the afternoon we arrived at Cameron House Hotel, Loch Lomond, near Balloch where we were booked in for the next four nights.



**Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> June** At Dumbarton Castle, situated where the River Leven joins the River Clyde. It is built on the core of an extinct volcano from 300million years ago. Anciently described as Alt Clut (Rock of the Clyde). In about 450 AD Saint Patrick wrote to the British king Ceretic of Strathclyde reprimanding him for attacking Irish converts. Viking raiders attacked the fort in 870 AD, which was then known in Gaelic as Dun Breatann (Fort of the Britons) which later became Dumbarton. During the 10th century, the Britons

"great sturdy men" ruled Strathclyde from the north of Loch Lomond to as far south as Cumbria – they spoke a Brythonic language akin to modern Welsh. Dumbarton has long been known as 'Ancient Capital of Strathclyde'. I did not climb the 557 steps to the summit of the White Tower Craig but went as far as the Guard House, which now houses memorabilia of Mary Queen of Scots and the old Dumbarton Rifle Volunteers.



**Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> June** To Inveruglas Pier, which is near the Loch Sloy Power Station. We boarded cruise launches that took us to the Island of Inveruglas (picture left). This was not quite a D Day landing (20 days after the commemoration of the real event!) but visiting MacFarlanes from America, Canada and Australia landed; some not too gracefully, wading mid-calf in freezing loch water and others being piggy-backed

by STRONG young men! Low water and rocky shore prevented the boats coming close enough. Fiona Baker, from FIRAT Archaeological Services, explained the effects of recent restoration work on the ruins of the ancient MacFarlane stronghold. Care had to be taken while removing vegetation from the structure. The Castle was destroyed during the mid-17th century by forces loyal to Oliver Cromwell.

From here we moved on to yet another Clan stronghold on the island Eileen Vow (spelt variously over the years). Another ruined castle built by the hero of the Battle of Langside, Andrew MacFarlane, 14th Chief. Again, Fiona Baker was on hand to explain the problems of preservation due to overgrown vegetation, and



that permission from a higher authority was needed to remove trees and ivy. Although ivy looks picturesque, it also grows in cracks and forces out mortar, thus weakening the walls structure.

It was here that I think I embarrassed Fiona by giving her a big Aussie hug and kiss on the cheek “from Malcolm” our editor, who once worked with Fiona on a dig at nearby Cardross in search of Robert the Bruce’s retirement home! Fiona did personally thank Australian MacFarlanes for our donations towards restoration work on Loch Lomond.



**Friday 27<sup>th</sup> June** This afternoon we went to the Three Villages Hall at Ardlui, located at the north end of Loch Lomond, and enjoyed a most informative presentation of local history by the Arrochar, Ardlui and Tarbet Heritage Group by Mary Haggarty, who with numerous local volunteers, compiled a booklet “How the Villages Grew”. The book covers most of the history of this part of the old Earldom of Lennox -- originally Dunbartonshire, but now under Argyll & Bute authority. (photo Ardlui Hotel). We met with two local ladies, Sue Furness and Fiona

Jackson, who pioneered the High Morlaggan research and dig at Loch Long-side, and who have devoted much of their time and energy being involved in local community activities and encouraging schoolchildren to take an active role in local history projects.

Archaeologist, Fiona Baker, whom we met the day before has also written a book on the islands of Loch Lomond. Neil Black, of Loch Lomond Parks Department, spoke about bringing wildlife back, as witnessed on Inchcailloch Island, by not removing trees that have fallen; keeping pathways safe so that visitors didn’t stray off and damage grass areas. He wanted to see fauna and flora as it was years ago.

Later, same day, we had dinner at the Claymore Hotel (originally Arrochar House, and seat of the later MacFarlane chiefs from 1687). It was here that members Peter and Karen McFarlin renewed the wedding vows they had made 25 years ago. Our Clan Piper piped us into dinner. I chose traditional plates Scotch broth, haggis neeps and tatties. For sweet cranachan (oats, cream, whisky and raspberries).



**Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> June** We depart from lovely – full of history – Loch Lomond and head for Stirling (recently upgraded to City status) for the 700-year Celebration of the Battle of Bannockburn, and having arrived by bus and with tickets we didn’t have to queue! (Photo left: Bruce statue at Stirling Castle).

Most people of Scottish origin are (or should be) aware of the story of how Robert the Bruce claimed the Scottish Crown. For those who are not so acquainted, I respectfully direct attention to our ‘Lantern’ of June this year (No. 130) and to the article “MacFarlanes at Bannockburn?” and leave it at that.

I wandered around the field and found the Clan MacFarlane International display tent, where I chatted a while. At noon the famous battle was re-enacted by a cast of hundreds, including really handsome horses. It was quite spectacular, and I wished I knew the history then as I do now! However, I found the Food Hall and managed to get the last container of crab meat! Then, being a typical Scottish day, it began to rain, and rain, but we found respite from the downpour in the Visitor Centre Battle Experience and watched the battle being enacted electronically like a video game, meanwhile enjoying warm coffee and cake. I think this was during the wettest part of the day.

Later, I wandered around the stalls that were selling Scottish crafts, and chatted with locals. Ambulance men wearing bright yellow tops parked near us, I did think of going to them and asking for a brandy, as I was suffering from hypothermia – but they toddled off before I made my mind up. At last, our bus arrived – a sight for sore eyes. Finally, as our hotel was double booked, we stayed at the University Campus which was dry and warm with good food.



I still have a few days of my Irish-Scottish trip to speak about. There was so much to see and learn about, but that will have to wait until the next ‘Lantern’. But, perhaps a wee mention here about our visit to Auchentoshan Distillery, near Dumbarton, might be an apt conclusion for this chapter. Its product is very smooth and quite different from the Irish whiskey (being careful here to include ‘e’ in the spelling!). It is hard to believe that oat mash could be refined into ‘Water of Life’ (Uisge-beatha).

However, I have now acquired a taste for whisky (aka ‘Scotch), perhaps the instinct was already there in my MacFarlane genes and only required a few wee drams (nippy sweeties!) to re-awaken the latent appreciation! Enough for now, Dear Friends. **All the Best over Christmas and New Year. Love. . .Anita Renfrey.**

## AGM Report 2014

**Saturday the 22<sup>nd</sup> November.** Again this year our Annual General Meeting was held courtesy of Skype technology. President, Robert Millar from his home in Japan marshalled three computers (Queensland, Victoria and South Australia) by which we mustered a quorum. This year New South Wales was absent due to illness in the Nash family. But SA rallied at the Lobban home in Pooraka with Janet and Ron Marsh, Janis and Steve Moore, Anita Renfrey and Malcolm and May Lobban.

Also at Pooraka was Stephanie Dodd, Malcolm's granddaughter, who linked up her laptop as stand-by due to the distinct possibility that the Lobban pc might suddenly pack up due to age and overheating! During the proceedings SA was in the grip of foul weather with severe thunder and lightning, but voices were clear and business went on. Secretary Glenda Dickson in Victoria was in constant telephone contact with Vice-Pres Christine Culling, while the lone figure of Louise Piper was active in Queensland. Collectively the whole deal – if slightly precarious at times – did manage to re-elect the same Committee of Management (**As shown on Page 12**).

As usual, there was no great rush among the 'lieges' to take over managerial roles. Poor Glenda is still saddled with three distinct functions (secretary, treasurer, public officer), but she battles on bravely. She has produced Minutes of the meeting along with Financial Statement, which will be available to all members, either via email or Postage on request.

During the meeting President Robert indicated that he **will do his best to** be able to attend Mt. Barker Games, in February next year and to erect and man the Clan display tent. There is also a rumour that he will take part in some of the heavyweight contests – like lifting and throwing great muckle rocks about!. Thus, SA Councillor Janet Marsh has since made bookings for that venue, with our tent to be alongside our Clan Donald mates.

During the final minutes of the meeting, the Lobban computer gave up and went to sleep. But not a moment was lost, since Stephanie's laptop took over until the closure. In spite of the somewhat fragile long-distance electronic link-up, the meeting did manage to get through the agenda reasonably well. However the serious cry in the Society is for more active support from members – especially those of younger vintage. Us auld yins need help an' that's a fact! ----Ed.

## Speaking Scots (Continued) from Page 6

In a previous Lantern Editorial I happened to use the Lowland Scots phrase: "Haud yer wheesht!" This was picked up by an alert Member in Victoria who kindly wrote to me and asked if it was a Gaelic expression. In fact, it simply means "Be quiet" – but more often used as a form of rebuke! Meanwhile, I would like to hear the views of other members on this fascinating subject.

My main source of reference in this article comes from two volumes which I keep handy.

(1) "*The Concise Scots Dictionary*" Aberdeen University Press (ISBN 0-08-028492-2), Edited by Mairi Robinson.

(2) "*The Illustrated Gaelic-English Dictionary*", by Edward Dwelly, (9<sup>th</sup> Edition 1977) Gairm Publications, Glasgow.



## Auntie Edna Now 102!

Remember Auntie Edna? We posted her 100th Birthday in 'Lantern' No. 123. Well, she celebrated her 102nd in September 14th this year at a quiet lunch with her family at her daughter Julie's home.

Edna Vesty Simes (nee McFarlane) was born on the 14th of September 1912, at Wells Street, Birkenhead, South Australia. She was the third daughter of Ernest David McFarlane and Sarah Ann Vesty. Her paternal grandfather was shipwright Alexander McFarlane (bn. 1841 in Greenock, Scotland) who arrived in Port Adelaide in 1866, where he later founded the boat building yard of A. McFarlane & Sons. This family has root-lines reaching back several generations in the Rosneath Peninsula, old Dunbartonshire, to one Dugald Macfarlane (b.1706) and his wife Janet Niven. The family business featured in our "Lantern" No. 105, March 2008. CONGRATULATIONS Dear Auntie Edna – we would still like to know if she is the oldest MacFarlane in Australia?

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## QUICK QUIPS!

In the '60s when the world was normal, people took acid to make it weird. Now the world is weird and people take Prozac to make it normal!

Have you ever noticed since everyone has a phone camera these days no one talks about seeing UFOs like the used to?

If something is considered neither here nor there – then where the hell is it?



### Archibald Henry MACFARLANE

The picture on the **right** does not show ants crawling over food, but is actually a well taken photograph of Aussie soldiers seated on the slope of an Egyptian

pyramid in January 1915. It is in fact a photo of the 11<sup>th</sup> Battalion, A.I.F just prior to service in Gallipoli.



Now, a research team from Western Australia Genealogical Society, Inc. (WAGS) is trying to identify as many of the 703 soldiers pictured as they can, many of whom never returned home, having been killed in action. WAGS Webmaster, Chris Loudon, divided a copy of the photo into grid squares by which he was able to enlarge and identify men in each square, a result of which we have a photograph of **2nd Lieutenant, Archibald Henry Macfarlane** (above left) age 27 on enlistment, born Warrnambool, Victoria. His civilian address is given as 21 Hamilton Street, Subiaco, WA. Unmarried and son of **John and Martha Macfarlane**, 190 Townsend Road, Subiaco. Archibald apparently survived the Gallipoli campaign, was promoted to Captain, and later served in France. He is listed among those Killed in Action 22 July 1916, age 27. Place of burial states; ‘no known grave’. Commemoration details are at Australian National Memorial, Villers-Bretonneux, France. The WAGS researchers are looking for assistance from the general public to help identify men who served with the 11th Battalion (A Western Australian unit) during WW1. Fuller details of the project can be found on internet: simply type in: [11btn.wags.org.au](http://11btn.wags.org.au) In the meantime, we would like to hear from **Macfarlanes** who may be related to Archibald’s family.



### Bring on the Bairns!

This wee charmer, **Chloe Anne Saunders**, born 24 October 2014 in Bacchus Marsh, Victoria is pictured here relaxing in her dad’s arms only a day or so after her birth. Chloe is the first child of Jonathan and Alison Saunders and the first grandchild of our Secretary Glenda Dickson. On behalf of our Members we extend Hearty Congratulations to the happy parents And Good Luck to the proud grandparents!

Meanwhile we would also like to receive similar reports of new arrivals in other Member families.



### Mount Barker February 15th 2015.

It now seems highly likely that a MacFarlane presence will once more appear at Mt Barker Highland Gathering next February. Our President Robert Millar (**photo left**) has re-arranged his business commitments in Japan and appears anxious to attend the event and assist in manning our Clan display tent. Moreover, being very much a physical bloke, he threatens to challenge the strong men of SA in the heavy stone lifting event. This we have to see!

SA Councillor Janet Marsh and her husband Ron have booked the MacFarlane space for the Games, and it is hoped that our SA members will this year **make a special effort to turn out in force** to support the Clan. Remember, it was a MacFarlane who first settled in Mt. Barker circa 1838 (See ‘Lantern’ No. 119, Sept 2011). It would be nice to see a decent following behind our banner at the March of the Clans.

## *Committee of Management 2014/15*

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**NOTE:** It is planned to give this half page over to our forthcoming **Wee Corner Shop** project which will be organised and managed by **Louise Piper, Queensland Councillor**, who is currently looking at stock items connected to Clan MacFarlane. We visualise the **Wee Corner Shop** open for business in the March 2015 edition of 'Lantern'. WATCH THIS SPACE!



Loch Lomond at Balloch Pier.

***The Committee of Management  
Takes this opportunity to extend  
Seasonal Good Wishes, Health & Happiness  
To all our Members and to MacFarlanes Everywhere.  
'Fai!te Clann Pharlain!'***