

Touch Not – Magazine of the Clan Chattan Association

President's Message 2023

John Mackintosh of Mackintosh



The Mackintosh family

First of all, many thanks indeed to all those of you who have sent me good wishes in one way or another over the past few months as I have been recovering from my broken leg. I'm still hobbling into 2023, but hopefully, if I can stick to the physiotherapy programme, will be striding into the summer. If nothing else I have learned, through necessity, that sometimes you just need to follow the pace your body will allow you to.

And of course, being forced unexpectedly to be at Moy for three and a half months, Vanessa, Kyla and myself were able to enjoy the company of many of you in Inverness and at Moy last August. A wonderful and happy long weekend organised excellently, as ever, by the council. And it was also a great pleasure to join with the McBains in their celebrations as they held the inauguration of their chief at a most memorable afternoon at McBain Park. It was of course a great pleasure to meet and spend time with Richard and Lisa, which was surely one of the high points of the year's gathering of our constituent clans.

So 2023 as a year of farewells and renewed acquaintances for myself has begun. Having said goodbye to a job that has occupied some

24 of the past 30 years, I am now spending the first part of the year boxing up much of that time. Having originally intended to be here just for two or three years, the passing of the years has meant that there was only one colleague left from the first day I entered the school in 1994.

We are now in the midst of packing up our belongings for our final return to Scotland later this year. Never easy to choose what to keep and what to give away or dispose of. And in amongst all of the items which may or may not be of great value, are those which have stuck around, despite possibly having lost any value, bar some personal recollection of the past. The toy or ornament that was going to be repaired "next week". The boxes and packaging that would be useful when we decided to leave, but now that the day has arrived, aren't. The magic tricks that I will, with swifter sleight of hand, master one day. (If I do, I'll change my stage name to Ian, just so I can top the bill as "Magic Ian".) The inadvertently bought slim fit shirts, which to keep would surely be the pinnacle of optimism. The surprising amount of hotel note paper and pencils from many trips beyond the small "red dot" that is Singapore. Awards from Teacher's Days of the past for the "loudest",



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"most energetic" and "most unconventional" teacher, but never the one I might have wanted, the "most caring". That award we do have, but it was won, of course, by Vanessa. Trinkets, some attractive, some funny and some just bizarre. Red pens, an occupational hazard. CDs, shelves of them, from before a music collection could be stored on a thumb drive. There are those who would say that you should dispose of as much as you can. They are of course correct. For themselves. And possibly for us. So as I wrangle over another drawer full of puzzle books and semi worn-out trousers, whatever the outcome, thrown or saved, if nothing else it has given us the chance to relive some of the memories of the past few years.

So we look forward to moving on to new memories to be forged at Moy. And which Vanessa, Kyla and I hope that you too may be a part of, as we settle back in Scotland later this year.

Chairman's Message

David Mackintosh



David Mackintosh

While perhaps a little late to be wishing you happy new year I hope this latest edition of Touch Not finds you all well and looking forward to what 2023 has to offer.

Given the breadth of Clan Chattan's membership and history it is fair to say we are rarely far away from a significant anniversary. Of great significance to all of us is that this year we will be marking 90 years since the current Clan Chattan Association was established, with its

inaugural meeting being held in December 1933, at the St. Andrews Club in London. We owe a great debt to those who had the vision and drive to establish the Association and to everyone who has maintained and developed it for the last nine decades. Even at the height of World War 2 the Association managed to keep going. I suspect that then, as in more recent times, it benefited from the commitment of some outstanding individuals who laboured to the benefit of many others.

Looking back 300 years we will also remember the birth of possibly the most well-known of the Clan Chattan heroines, Anne Farquharson, daughter of the Chief of Clan Farquharson. She went on to marry Angus, Chief of Clan Mackintosh. More commonly known to history as Colonel Anne due to her role during the 1745 rising and particularly the events which led to the Rout of Moy her story provides an important insight into the realities and complex issues which faced Highland society in that period. While well known among those with an interest in our history Anne undoubtedly deserves greater recognition.

As vital and important as our shared history is we also need to consider the future of the Association and ensure we continue to build on the foundations laid back in 1933. The role of the CCA in providing a mechanism for all those with Clan Chattan links to come

together, explore our history, share stories and yes have fun continues. What has changed is the opportunities provided by technology to engage and communicate with those who are members and those we would like to become members. We are currently reviewing how we develop our online presence and our offer to members. There is also scope to improve how we interact with the many excellent individual clan societies which are active across the confederation.

One vital element which was as essential in 1933 as it is in 2023 is a vibrant membership. Whether it's sending in photos or articles to the Touch Not editor, contributing to Council, purchasing a gift or a book from the CCA website or helping sign up new members none of this works without you. To all of you who keep us going forward many thanks. The more we develop our membership the more we can offer. While all with Chattan connections or interests are very welcome I do lay down one, or perhaps it is two, challenges. The Association is sadly lacking in terms of MacQueen and MacIntyre members. It would be wonderful if members could help us fill this gap.

Finally, while winter still firmly has us in its grip (at least in Britain) the summer will be with us soon. I hope to see many of you at the Gathering and/or the Moy country Fair in August. It really is a great opportunity to immerse yourselves in Clan Chattan and the Highlands.

Clan Macpherson 2022 Annual Gathering

"Come Home To Clan Macpherson" by George McPherson



MacPherson Gathering 2022

After a two-year hiatus due to COVID-19, the Clan Macpherson was able to once again gather in person for its Annual Gathering in Newtonmore and Kingussie, during the first weekend of August. Oh! What a Gathering it was! 186 Macphersons travelled from Australia, Canada, Germany, Holland, UK, and the USA.

For many of the Macphersons, the weekend begins with the Clan Chattan AGM at the Lochardil House Hotel in Inverness on Thursday evening. The 2022 Clan Chattan AGM was special to the Macphersons because this was the first AGM that was attended by our new Chief James (Jamie) Brodie Macpherson of Cluny.

"I very much enjoyed my visit to the Clan Chattan AGM in August. Having been before, although only in my role as an heir, it was my first one as Chief of The Clan Macpherson. I was lucky enough to have my son and heir William with me and fortunately there were a number of familiar faces in other Macpherson Association members, and those of the Clan Chattan who I have had the privilege to meet in the past. A very efficiently run meeting, where I was somewhat ambushed to say a few words as an attending Chief, but it was good to get back into the swing of things after a two year hiatus. Drinks and dinner was the icing on the cake and a lovely way to begin a long weekend for our Clan. I was only sorry not to have been able to attend the McBean swearing in ceremony, but upwards of 200 Clan members in Newtonmore might have had my 'guts for garters' if I had disappeared on them!"

The next day, we celebrated the Grand Reopening of the Clan Macpherson Museum in Newtonmore. During the Opening Ceremony, Jamie made some remarks, which included:

"Opened in 1952 by my wife's Grandmother, the Clan Macpherson Museum was unique even then, the first ever clan museum in existence in the country, if not the world. In just two rooms it housed artefacts rescued from Cluny Castle following the sale of the estates in 1943, a small collection of treasures of massive importance and significance to those who bear the name Macpherson and to the wider community."

"Since those early days, the Museum has enjoyed two extensions and most recently it has benefitted from a new roof. In 2007, the Museum was awarded Visit Scotland's four-star rating, an accolade we have proudly retained to this day."

"In its most recent incarnation, emerging from Covid 19 quarantine like a butterfly,

the Museum now abounds with colour and light, a series of interconnected galleries taking the visitor through different chapters of our history, familiar and traditional themes wonderfully presented to capture the imagination, inform and delight."

The gathered Macphersons, community members and invited dignitaries listened patiently, waiting for Jamie's "magic" words, raise your glass. **"Clansmen and women, the people of Badenoch present here today, friends and supporters of the Museum - some not present and yet others no longer with us, as your Chief, I invite you all to raise a glass to those that had the foresight to set up the Museum 70 years ago and those, donors, public agencies and contributors of time, energy and imagination, who have enabled it to reach this, the next stage of its development - Newtonmore's Clan Macpherson Museum, reborn and reinvigorated, a Jewel in the Crown of Scotland: the Museum."**

The Lord Lyon came by and congratulated the Macphersons on the Museum. He and Jamie then visited the Heraldry Wall, which possibly contains the most individual coats of arms for one clan in one place.



Lord Lyon and Jamie Macpherson at the Heraldry Wall

There were many highlights to the weekend including the Highland Ball on Friday evening, and the Clan Macpherson AGM on Saturday morning.



Past Chairs of Clan Macpherson Association

This historic photo shows the current Chair of the Clan Macpherson Association and eight past Chairs. They are (seated L to R) Jean Macpherson Duffy, Catherine Macpherson,

Bonnie McPherson (current Chair), and Shelagh Macpherson Noble. (Standing L to R) are John Macpherson (Montrose), Sandy Macpherson, Ewen Macpherson, Alastair Macpherson of Pitman, and Bill Macpherson (Glenfarg).

Always a highlight of the weekend is the Clan Macpherson March across the Spey River bridge and onto the Eilean on Saturday afternoon.



Welcome to the Games -The Clan Macpherson is welcomed to the field by the Games Chieftain.

During the Newtonmore Games, it is tradition that Clan Macpherson presents two teams to compete against each other in the tug-of-war. This year, one team was captained by CMA Chair Bonnie McPherson and the other was captained by Jamie, our Chief. Jamie's team prevailed in the matches.

When interviewing the losing team, the response was "We let them win. He is the Chief you know."

An activity that is well liked by the clan members and the Newtonmore community is Pipers Galore. Our young pipers get to display their piping skills in front of a "standing room only" audience.

Planning is underway for the 2023 Clan Macpherson Gathering and it promises to be another great one. An invitation is extended to all Clan Chattan Association members and guests to attend any or all of the events at the Gathering.

In March 2022 I received a letter from Margaret Bailey who told me of the death of her partner of 40 years, Duncan Hugh Finlayson.

He had been a member of the Association since 1989.

Duncan was born in 1933 in a village called Loch Carron and when still young moved to live in England.

He never lost his love of the Highlands and often returned to his favourite places .

Margaret brought him back last year and his ashes were scattered near Kinloch Rannoch.

This poem was penned in 1978.

A Man for all Seasons

by D H Finlayson

Winter

My thoughts go back to the winters I knew,
To the cold and damp, and mornings of dew,
To the hills and mountains, all covered in snow,
And the deer in the glen, with nowhere to go.

I can still see the pheasants fall to the ground,
As the roar of the shotguns, echo all round,
And there on the fence, neat in a row,
Hang the bones of vermin, pigeon and crow.

The fear of the fox, as it goes to ground,
The shouting, and the barking of master and hound,
There's a stout in the hedgerow, awaiting its prey,
As the mist starts to fall at the end of the day.

I remember the pub, with its rafters so low,
And Geordie the barman, who everyone knows,
To sit round the fire, with logs burning bright,
And have a "wee dram" with folk that I like.

Spring

Now the days have grown longer, with the warm April sun,
In the fields and meadows, new life has begun,
Old naked trees, once hanging with snow,
Are speckled with green, as the buds start to show.

From the undergrowth, flowers, of Yellow, White and Blue,
Reach for the sky, as they force their way through,
Brambles still prick, and nettles will sting,
But all that's forgotten, when the birds start to sing.

Birds are building their nests once again,
There's Blackbird, Thrush, Chaffinch, and Wren,
A Kestrel hovers, like a kite on a string,
These are the sights that springtime will bring.

I think of the trout pool, all these years past,
With its cool crystal water, (these memories will last).
I recall my first trout, I caught with a fly,
A Rainbow, I think, very tasty to fry.

I long for the braes, I think of with pleasure,
And the proud Golden Eagle, as he swoops o'er the heather,
I remember the lamb, as it suckled its mother,
And the Stag, by the loch side, stays with me forever.

Summer

Now summer is here, my thoughts start to stray,
To farmyards, stables and romps in the hay,
The sweet honeysuckle, climbing over the door,
And churns of fresh milk, on the stone kitchen floor.

I remember the hedgerows, down the long winding lane,
The Robins still nest in that old broken drain,
Rays of the sun, glowing bright through the trees,
And rich golden corn, that bends with the breeze.

I see the footbridge, that straddles the burn,
The steep mossy banks, covered with fern,
Those long carefree hours, at my favourite place
With the spray from the waterfall cooling my face.

There are larks overhead, and swallows in flight,
As the light slowly fades, to bring forth the night,
The fox leaves his den, in search of a fowl
And all is quiet, save the screech of an owl.

Autumn

As the short days of autumn begin to unfold,
The countryside's tinged with copper and gold,
I remember the rose hips, scarlet and ripe,
And the mushrooms appear, in the fields overnight.

Just to walk through the woods, on a carpet of leaves,
And look to the sky at the bare knotted trees,
High in the branches, an old squirrel's dray,
Reminds me that summer has not long passed this way.

And Autumns like me, in more ways than one,
One day life begins, too soon it is done,
But in my mind's eye, is a wonderful store,
Of the many seasons that have gone before.
Memories and treasures, but where do they go?
Can I always keep these, or will there be more.

Iain Shaw of Tordarroch

23rd Chief of Clan Shaw and 18th Chief of Clan Ay

Dear Friends,

I'd like to wish the members of the CCA a Happy and Prosperous 2023 and extend a warm hand of welcome to associated clan members from the Clans and families worldwide that form the Clan Chattan Confederacy, many of whom as individuals may not be members of the CCA and to encourage them to join the CCA; Shaws, Mackintoshes, Davidsons, Macbeans, MacIntyres, Macleans, Macphersons, Farquharsons, MacGillivrays, MacPhails, MacQueens and MacThomases.

When my late father, John Shaw of Tordarroch passed away in October of 2017, I succeeded in Chiefship as 23rd Chief of Clan Shaw and 18th Chief of Clan Ay. In this edition of "Touch Not", I would like to introduce myself with a brief update on our family.



John and Silvia Shaw of Tordarroch

As I write, it is almost a year since my dear mother Silvia passed away after a valiant two year struggle with cancer. Silvia remained positive and humorous throughout her ordeal and never lost her ability to make those around her smile. She was a loving mother, a thoughtful and kind person, who always went out of her way, whenever possible, to help those around her. She is missed by many who knew her and I thank you for all the kind messages of condolences that we have received. We will be having a small family memorial in her memory at Kirk Michael, Newhall sometime in late July.

As for me, I have a BA in Landscape Architecture from Edinburgh College of Art and have been living in Spain for the past fifteen years or so. I have spent much of this time working as a Tandem Paraglider Pilot and guide for visiting pilots while working occasionally as a travel guide in Scotland and organizing adventure

motorcycle tours in Spain. My love of the outdoors stems from my childhood growing up at Tordarroch, where I enjoyed hill walking, fishing and shooting. I have fond memories of hill walking with my parents and friends. Dad was always the first to summit after what seemed like an endless approach through peat bog and heather and on the way down used to descend in great leaping strides down over the scree, just about taking off! I wish we had had the lightweight paragliding equipment available to us then that we have now. One particular excursion comes to mind where Dad and I climbed Ben Wyvis, camping out on a windswept moor near the top, out of the wind but on sloping ground. We watched the sun set over the West coast and then rise in the East just a few hours later. The views were breathtaking although it was a rather cold and uncomfortable night we spent together in the tent which felt as if it might slide off the hill at any moment. The following morning we made our way off the moor for an invigorating dip in the icy cold waters of Loch Glass, for the sun had come up, and shared a generous dram of the Laphroaig!

I live with my partner Ana Prades Llombart and our 7 year old son James Shaw of Tordarroch Prades. Jamie is trilingual in that he speaks English, Catalan and Spanish, he's also a keen hill walker and chess player and wants to learn Gaelic and French! Jamie has a keen eye on my chanters, wanting eventually to play the pipes. Incidentally, one of these two chanters was given to me by my late god mother Meta Scarlett, whose book "A Space of Flowers", with her delicate illustrations and plant descriptions, is a worthy read for anyone with an interest in the challenges of sustaining a garden in the harsh Highland climate of Tomatin.



Iain and Jamie

I am blessed with three children by my first marriage with Marianne Aase Shaw; Iselin Shaw of Tordarroch (31), Marcus Shaw of

Tordarroch Yr. (30) and Sunniva Shaw of Tordarroch (28). Iselin (M.Sc 'A Political Ecology of the Climate-Migration-Conflict Nexus in Syria') is married to Dr. Hanan Mahmood (MD) and is expecting their first child in June! Iselin speaks Arabic and has worked for the Norwegian Embassy and is now project leader in Qatar for the Norwegian Football Association. Marcus (BA Product Design), works for an offshore safety equipment company and skateboards internationally at a high level with sponsorship. Marcus is now kitted out with one of his great grandfather Major C.J. Shaw of Tordarroch's kilts and sporan and a doublet that belonged to my father. I hope to have a photo of us together in our kilts for the next Touch Not. Sunniva is in her final year at the Norwegian Academy of Music where she has been studying for a BA in Cello and Electronics. She is a successful professional musician and is presently on tour in Europe.



Iselin and Hanan

My three sisters are Rebecca, Julia and Fiona. Lady Rebecca Fraser lives between London and Newhall and has four children Catriona Bellamy, Euan Ramsay, Irene Ramsay and Ruairidh Ramsay and three grand children. Julia Shaw, PhD, Associate Professor in South Asian Archaeology at UCL where she teaches undergraduates and supervises Phd students. Julia has one daughter Lila. Fiona Shaw of Tordarroch lives in Thailand with her husband Teep and their three children Lily, Rosalie and Ben where they run a beautiful Beach Resort. Fiona managed to keep things afloat with virtually no tourism throughout the covid restrictions of 2020 and 2021. Thankfully, the borders are now open and travellers can once again enjoy their fine hospitality.

Fide et Fortitudine!

Iain

McBain Park - The Monument

By John MacBain

It was decided, after much discussion, that there should be a monument built to commemorate Alan Bean, the astronaut who took a piece of McBain Tartan to the moon and back.

There are a couple of reasons I became involved with the building of the McBain Monument. Firstly, was because I am lucky enough to live in the Highlands, not too far from Dores, which is close to where the park is situated, and where the building of the monument was planned. Secondly, was because my brother Allan, who was regularly in touch with Richard McBain of McBain, asked me to take photos of the work being done at the park.

That request grew arms and legs and about a year later I became the project manager of the work. This work had been started, but for a variety of reasons now needed someone to push the project forward.

Sadly work had stalled. It took time to resolve several issues over the summer of 2021. We overcame these issues and made some progress, then things stopped again.

Early in 2022, I asked my friend and colleague Antony to submit a quote alongside other companies to do the remainder of the work. Ant's quote was accepted. Plans were made to spend a week getting the work completed, however the Scottish weather took a turn for the worse. It was around March/April of 2022 before we finally managed to make a start.



Monument Progress

It meant working a couple of evenings a week and every other weekend. One of the many great things about living in the Highlands of Scotland is that during the summer, daylight lasts late into the evening. This enabled us to work until as late as 10:30pm on some nights. We witnessed some magnificent sunsets.

I often sent photos and had regular video calls with Richard, to discuss the project and keep him updated. This proved beneficial allowing us to deal with any issues and sort out possible solutions. We found that we got on well and many calls were filled with the sound of laughter.

On one occasion, Richard said he had a proposition for me and I wasn't allowed to say no. He wanted me to build a bench out of stone. This bench was to be dedicated to me as a thank you for my hard work. Richard explained that he would have loved for it to have been a surprise but that he needed me to build it. I was completely dumbfounded and totally surprised, I tried to say there was no need but was reminded that I wasn't allowed to say no.

I agreed to his request on one condition, it needed to be dedicated to Ant as well, because there were numerous times when he had helped us at short notice. I felt Ant should share the credit. Richard had no hesitation in agreeing. Just to be clear, I am very grateful to him for wanting to show his appreciation for my work.

The work continued throughout the summer. Another friend and colleague, Grant Napier, gave a couple of days of his time which was much appreciated. Occasionally things seemed to slow up, whilst at other times they went smoothly and quickly. Some things that were a real bonus were:- a load of reclaimed Caithness slabbing became available to us at a decent price; the offer of as much free stone as we needed to complete the walls; the finding of a concrete sphere that was the perfect size to represent the moon on top of the pillar, three other sphere's of different sizes came with it, these were used on the walls to represent planets. In July 2022 I stopped sending photos of progress to Richard, I wanted him to get the full WOW Impact when he was finally standing in the park, looking at the real thing. I received photos from Richard of the plaques that were going on the monument, including one for the bench. Richard's partner Lisa had done the wording. As I read it, I found it was dedicated to both myself and Ant as requested, also the wording I asked for was there so I was very happy with that. I was also pleased to see that Grant Napier and Roger Gates, (who donated several tons of stone), were mentioned. In

July there was a flurry of activity, the plaques arrived from Richard and were added to the pillar. Everything on the monument was completed and other repairs around the park were done. Ant and I found we had enough materials left, so we built two new benches instead of one. These were built on either side of the path just up from the monument, along with a slab sunk vertically into the ground to which the dedication plaque was attached. We then removed the waste and surplus materials. Lastly I did a bit of grass cutting and tidying up for the big day.



The Finished Monument

Richard had arranged to meet Ant and I at the Park on the 3rd August 2022. I was mostly quietly confident, though also a little nervous. On the day we met Richard and Lisa, their delight and excitement when they saw the completed works, including the second bench which they didn't know about, brightened up a dull and cloudy day. Ant and I were happy and also relieved, we could now relax.

Ant, Roger and myself went to the dedication ceremony of the monument and the inauguration of Richard as the Chief, on the 6th of August 2022. It was a good ceremony and was well attended.

Further work to tidy it and keep it maintained will be ongoing, but it is planned to keep it as natural as possible. Please feel free to go and visit the park.



John and Ant

Slaves and Highlanders: Silenced Histories of Scotland and the Caribbean: David Alston

A Review by
W. Rex Davidson, FSA Scot.

This is a mighty book, the product of twenty years of research by Cromarty-based historian David Alston. In recognition, his work has received the Saltire Society of Scotland's Book of the Year award for 2022.

Exploring the role of Highland Scots in the exploitation of enslaved Africans and their descendants in the production of cotton, sugar and coffee in the 18th and 19th centuries, it solidly places our history in an international context and is a major piece in the emerging jigsaw that shows the extent of Scottish involvement in the slavery-based economies of the Caribbean.

Alston has admirably divided his research and writing into four parts. In the first – 'The African Slave Trade, the English 'Sugar Islands' and Scots in the Expanding Empire', he explains the slave trade and the place of Jamaica and the ceded islands, including Granada.

The second part -- 'Northern Scots in Guyana on the Last Frontier of Empire', includes stories -- the voices -- of the enslaved and of the free coloured, but also discusses in detail the merchant houses and their important place in the economic puzzle that was slavery in the Caribbean.

Of particular interest to the Clan Chattan is the history of Duncan Davidson, second son of the sheriff clerk at Cromarty, whose son, Henry moved to London and by the 1760s was a partner in a successful firm acting as army agent. From his relatively modest beginnings Henry was able to purchase the bankrupt Tulloch estate at Dingwall, in Ross-shire. At his death in 1781 the estate and London firm passed to his brother, Duncan, who formed a new partnership, Davidson & Graham, and prospered in the sugar trade for over a quarter century.

After Duncan's death in 1799 his son, Henry, became senior partner and under his leadership the fortunes of the firm and its successor benefited beyond most if not all others. In 1834, when the ownership of slaves was proscribed it was in the hands of two families, Davidsons and Barklys both

originating in Cromarty but who had never, regardless of their merchant dealings, set foot on a Caribbean plantation.

Duncan and Henry (and Henry's son, Duncan) between them, advanced their landholdings in the Highlands such that they were able to ride from Wester to Easter Ross without leaving their own lands; they had reclaimed from the sea good arable lands on the Dornoch Firth, and had vastly improved the productability from sea to sea.

And they prided themselves on never having 'cleared' a Highland family to do so.

In the third part -- 'Entangled Histories: the Legacies of Slavery in the North of Scotland' -- the author looks at Northern Scotland, the landowners and their connections with Caribbean wealth and their own Highland identities, their enslaved blacks and black servants and children of colour.

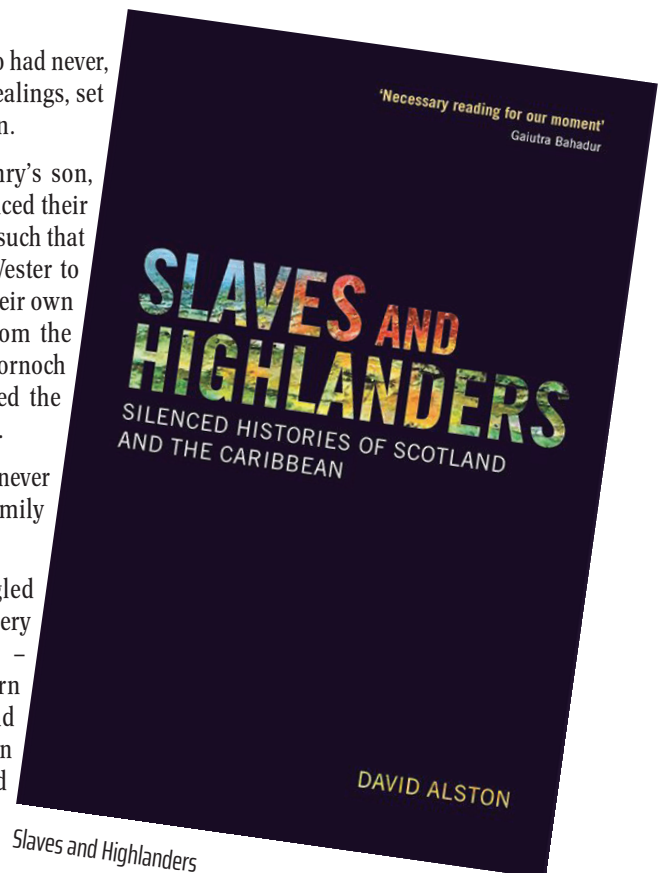
I found it difficult to disengage from the previous Part, but when I finally did? This is where, for me, Alston gets into the meat of Scottish involvement and away from the managers, owners, overseers and those who worked on the plantations themselves. It seeks after the money made by investors and how it was spent on improvements to Highland agricultural land, manufacturing, fisheries, banking and finance.

Rooted in the rational thinking of the Scottish Enlightenment, Alston follows the late Professor TM Devine's thinking on The Clearances (the Peoples' first and then the Landowners' second): 'The same educated and increasingly professional class of estate factors...sought the control and accountability...simultaneously pursued on the plantations.'

Finally, in the fourth part -- 'Reckonings' -- he opens with 'It is always easier to remember victims than to cope with the difficult issue of perpetrators.'

He looks at a series of questions that should all be considered. 'How should we understand this history and how should we respond to it? What responsibilities do we have for the past?

Alston enlarges a narrative of history to include the stories of the enslaved, of free people of colour, and of mixed-race children who had to walk hard paths between countries, cultures, classes and social attitudes. He has managed to inter-weave global and local history whilst providing great detail based on



available evidence; he does not shrink from asking those broader questions about what happened in the past and how we find the present. He looks at what moral obligations -- if any -- does the present inherit from the past? Or the notion that Scotland itself was an oppressed colony? Or what place false comparisons between plantation slavery and, for example, the Highland Clearances have in the narrative.

He concludes his book with a new affirmation that 'this is what happened' and that it had consequences and legacies that are still tangible, but that 'it would be absurd to claim that any individual today bears a personal responsibility for the evils of British colonial slavery', and he asks 'does that mean that...we have no obligations and responsibilities -- no moral relationship -- to the past?'. In his final fascinating chapter he examines this question and concludes that we cannot deny the past, while at the same time enjoying the more positive aspects of Scottish history, such as the Enlightenment.

In other words, that we can take Scottish history as a whole or we can be selective, but the latter course leaves us open to accusations of hypocrisy and myopia.

Alston's subject matter is clearly set out, his research has been comprehensive and compelling. The multiple histories are more than fascinating, and the writing is superb. A timely and extra-ordinary work I will no doubt refer to often.

66th Annual Grandfather Mountain Highland Games

MacRae Meadows Linville, NC July 7-10, 2022

Scottish athletics, dancing, bagpipes playing highland tunes, cuisine of Scottish recipes and wears, all in a setting much like the highlands themselves, make this exciting celebration one of the largest that exists. The Grandfather Mountain Highland Games was founded in 1956 by Agnes MacRae Morton mother of Grandfather Mountain founder Hugh Morton. The first year of the games more than 10,000 people attended

North Carolina boasts to having the largest Scottish immigrant population and dependents of these immigrants of any state in the USA.

This year's event was held July 7 through July 10. The opening of the games started with the torch light ceremony and the calling of the clans at sunset. There were numbers in attendance approaching 60,000 at the 2022 game's four day event. This year there would more than 100 clans tents represented at the games.

My wife Trish and I were dressed to attend the Patron's reception, as I was born Frankie Kent Eason – Boswell. We wanted to represent Clan Chattan, as Eason is a sept of this clan. This dinner is held on a Friday evening's during the Highland Games. All in attendance gather to meet people from other clans, talk of the day's events, and to make new friends.

The Games take us back to the rich cultural traditions of Scotland in a setting not so different from the mountains and glens some 3,600 miles away. This event is a celebration of our Scottish heritage and to remind us of our ancestry, and of where we came from.



Grandfather Mountain Games



Trish and Joseph Holland at the Games

COVER STORY

Golden Eagle

The majestic Golden Eagle soaring over the straths, glens and mountains of Scotland and particularly Clan Chattan territory. These incredible raptors have wingspans of over 2 metres, can reach speeds of 120mph and dive at speeds of 150mph as they catch their prey with their talons. A Golden Eagle can live for 40 years and pairs for life.

In Gaelic the Golden Eagle is commonly called iolaire bhuidhe, but older Gaelic names celebrated its beauty, power and supposed supernatural abilities and included fireun, 'the true bird'.

The wild beauty, strength and courage of the Golden Eagle makes it an ideal choice to be the Scottish National Bird, and explain why it's the most popular candidate. In 2017 the French Army trained Golden Eagles to catch drones.

There is a legend that in Scottish Highland culture, a chief was expected to prove his courage and strength by climbing to the top of a mountain to pluck a feather from the nest of a Golden Eagle. The feather would then be placed in the chief's cap as a symbol of his bravery and leadership.

The origin of the Scottish custom of displaying a Golden Eagle feather, or feathers, is not clear; however, the Court of the Lord Lyon provides guidelines for entitlement to display one or more Golden Eagle feather(s) and in Scotland this protocol is respected. Real Golden Eagle feathers are displayed with the feather's quill tucked behind the crest badge on a Balmoral or Glengarry cap. The long feather projects above the badge as a distinctive mark of rank in a clan.

The tradition for clan chiefs to wear 3 Golden Eagle feathers seems to date as early as circa 1660. Subsidiary chiefs, chieftains, heirs apparent or presumptive are entitled to wear 2 feathers. Scots armigers (those with a right

to bear personal arms) may wear a single feather. This is traditional convention and not Scottish law.

Nigel James Mac-Fall



Feathers in their caps - CCA Clan Chiefs

News from the Clan Davidson Association



CDA Gathering



CDA 2022 Annual Journal Pheon Cover

2022 has been another successful year for the Clan Davidson Association. We published three Newsletters, and as well as our well-established annual journal, The Pheon, packed with a wide-range of stories about the many different Davidsons who have left their mark on history.

We managed to hold our AGM/Gathering in person at the Balavil Hotel, Newtonmore during the first weekend of October despite travel disruption caused by train strikes. Fifty members from Belgium, the Netherlands, the USA, Ireland, England and

from across Scotland travelled to take part. There was a whisky and gin tasting event at the start of the weekend. Ian Davidson and Ruaridh Davidson organised a special version of Newtonmore Monopoly on the Friday night which caused a great deal of competitive fun.

We held our AGM on the Saturday morning, leaving the rest of the day for local sightseeing. On Saturday evening we held our traditional Clan Dinner followed by a Casino event.

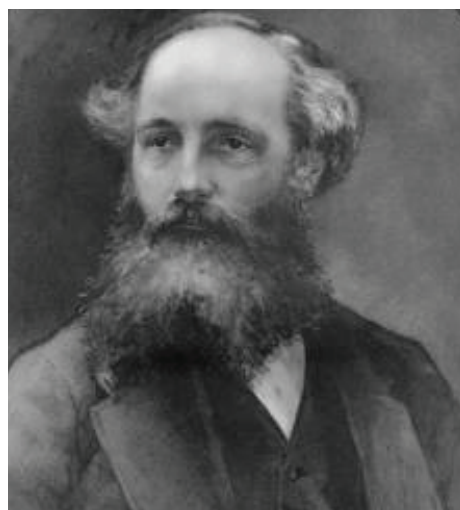
On Sunday morning we enjoyed an interesting, illustrated talk given by Andrew McCracken about the Strathspey Railway Association. Some of our members had already taken a ride on one of their stream trains earlier in the weekend. Following Andrew's talk, Nick Hide CDA Membership Secretary and Genealogist completed the formal program of the weekend with an illustrated talk about the history of the Davidsons in the Badenoch, Strathspey and surrounding districts.



CDA AGM Gathering Casino

James Clerk Maxwell (1831-1879) Scotland's Great Physicist

by Sonia Cameron Jacks



James Clerk Maxwell

James Clerk Maxwell was born on the 13th June 1831 into the comfortable middle-class and elegant home in Edinburgh's New Town built for his father, John Clerk, in 1820. When he was only a few months old the family returned to the Borders estate of Middlebie which his father had inherited some years before from a Maxwell relative, at which time John Clerk had extended his surname to include that relative's name of Maxwell.

An only child, James' mother Frances imbued in him a love of the countryside and nature, and acted as a sounding board for all the ideas that poured constantly from this remarkable child. She once commented that the words 'Show me how it doos' were never far from his mouth. He had a prodigious memory, and could recite long passages from the poets and the Bible.

But Frances died when he was only eight years old and the tutor whom his father engaged for him was quite unsuitable. A strict disciplinarian and unimaginative, he completely failed to see the little boy's potential and, realising this, his father dismissed him.

Fortunately an aunt was able to arrange for him to go to school at the Edinburgh Academy. Initially thought stupid and ridiculed by his schoolmates for his rustic dress and Galloway accent, they began to realize that this country lad was someone to be reckoned with, and he was only fourteen years old when his first scientific paper was published. This contained a detailed analysis of how curves could be

fashioned with the use of a simple piece of string. It also focused on the possible use of mechanical devices to help draw geometric shapes. This treatise on shapes, lines and curves proved to contain much more than that, for it housed equations called bi-focal curves which would prove most useful for his future work with optics.

Showing his fascination with geometry, the mechanical model which he made at that time was to help him greatly in his subsequent research, and from this very first entry into the scientific arena, James Clerk Maxwell left his peers in no doubt that he was way ahead of his time.

At sixteen he entered Edinburgh University where he came under the influence of James Forbes and others from whom Maxwell gained his education. Forbes, particularly, proved to be a great help and became, indeed, a lifelong friend. Here, too, his fellow students noticed his preference for geometrical over analytical methods, and this was borne out later by several important formulae he advanced that obtained correct results from faulty mathematical arguments.

By the time he was in his early twenties, still too young to give his papers to the Royal Society of Edinburgh himself, they were given to that august Society by his tutor, and were received with absolute amazement. As a result he was awarded the Smith Prize, a prestigious competitive award for work that incorporated original research.

Enrolling at Cambridge University in the autumn of 1850, he was soon transferred to Trinity. James Forbes had officially recommended him to the school, advising the headmaster that 'He is not a little uncouth in his manners, but withal one of the most original young men I have ever met with'. He graduated in 1854 with a mathematical degree. Soon after this, he delivered a new mathematical treatise 'On the Transformation of Surfaces by Bending' to the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and his next major treatise was a paper about the nature of light entitled 'Experiments on Colour', which he presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in March of 1855.

Elected to a fellowship at Trinity, he forewent this, for his father's health was failing and he wished to remain at Glenlair to be with him. Marischal College in Aberdeen had offered him the professorship of Natural Philosophy, but before this was announced his father died suddenly. This left him bereft, for his father had encouraged James' love of science and of life in general, and the times he had spent with him would always be dear to him.

On his arrival at Marischal College he was by far the youngest member of the faculty. At only twenty-five he had already achieved much but still had much to prove. Even so now, as master of Middlebie, he spent much of his free time there, seeing to the estate and enjoying the simple life that it offered.

But he never stopped searching for answers, and in 1857 he heard that St John's College in Cambridge was offering an award, called the Adams Prize, to anyone who could provide a convincing answer to the problem of Saturn's Rings. This had perplexed the scientific world for far too long: were the rings solid or were they an orbiting river of fluid held in perfect balance with the planet? James, who was a lover of all things in perfect geometric symmetry, decided to solve this long-standing problem for himself.

Working in his spare time, armed as he was with his expert knowledge of solids and liquids, some two years later he came to the conclusion that neither of the foregoing ideas was correct. Suggesting that the rings were made up of individual small particles, which he termed 'brickbats', he presented an elaborate and detailed account of his theory, and it was not long before the judges decided that he was the winner. In the mid-nineteenth century, however, no one really knew whether his idea was right or wrong, and it was only over a century later, in 1980, when the Voyager spacecraft was sent to Saturn, that he was proved correct. As a result, NASA named one of its physical features after the scientist, the space between the rings now being known as 'Maxwell Gaps'.

Soon after he had won this prize, Maxwell married Katharine Mary Dewar, the daughter of the Principal of Marischal College, and though they had no children the marriage was described by a biographer as a 'life of unexampled devotion'.

In 1860 the University of Aberdeen was formed by the merger of King's and Marischal Colleges, resulting in James being declared redundant, and his application for a vacancy at Edinburgh University was turned down in favour of his old schoolfriend Peter Guthrie Tate – a double blow! But he was then appointed to the similar professorship of Natural Philosophy at King's College, London, and it was the years he spent here that were undoubtedly the most fruitful of his career. His two classic papers on the electromagnetic field were published; his demonstration of colour photography took place, and he was elected to the Royal Society of London in 1861.

To visualize a problem rather than argue it was James' approach to his subject, and he became

fascinated by the science of thermodynamics – the study of heat and motion that had sprung up with the birth of the steam engine. The 1830s were filled with scientific speculation of all kinds, and he was one of the first to understand that heat is really just the motion of molecules, and that the faster these move the hotter they become. This idea would lead him to dream up a very bizarre thought experiment in which this information played a crucial role. He theorized that simply by knowing what's going on inside a boxful of air it would be possible to make one half hotter and the other half colder. Think of it like building an oven next to a fridge without using any energy. It sounds crazy, but Maxwell's argument was extremely persuasive, and it goes like this:

Imagine a small demon perched on top of this box, who has such excellent eyesight that he can observe accurately the motion of all the molecules of air inside the box. Now, crucially, he is in charge of a partition that divides the box into two halves, so that when he sees a fast-moving molecule approaching the partition from the righthand side, he opens it up to allow it through to the lefthand side, and when he sees a slow-moving molecule approaching the partition from the left side, he opens it up to allow it through to the right side.

Now, can you see what's going to happen? Over time, all the fast-moving hot molecules will accumulate on the left side of the box, and all the slow-moving cold molecules on the right side. So the demon has done the sorting with nothing more than information about the motion of the molecules. Maxwell's demon seemed to say that, just by having information about the molecules, you could create order from disorder.

Now this idea flew in the face of nineteenth century thinking, where the science of thermodynamics had shown very clearly that, over time, the entropy of the universe – its disorder – would always increase, and things were destined to fall apart! But the demon seemed to suggest that you could put things back together without using any energy at all, and just by using information you could pre-empt the order. This would prove to be a fiendishly difficult problem to solve - not least because this brilliant physicist had come up with an idea which was far ahead of its time and contemporary science felt, intuitively, that it had to be wrong and, indeed, it would take over an hundred years to solve the problem!

So what was going on with what is now known as Maxwell's Demon? It may sound far-fetched and fanciful, but imagine the possibilities if a machine could be built in the real world that could mimic the actions of the demon. It could be used to heat a cup of

coffee, or to run an engine, or to power a city, all using nothing more than pure information. It's as though order could be created in the Universe without expending any energy.

And, interestingly enough, many of these ideas, largely ignored during his lifetime, were seized upon with great enthusiasm during World War II, when engineers realized that Maxwell's equations worked like clockwork when it came to the complicated control systems needed for many of the technological innovations being developed at the time. The famous one, relating to electromagnetism (first presented in 1873) was particularly beneficial in advancing radar technology.

After this riddle had rumbled on for many years, something quite unexpected happened. A new device was dreamt up that could perform quite incredible and complex tasks simply by processing information and, what is more, this was a device that could actually be built. It was Alan Turing, in the twentieth century, who was to invent this remarkable machine whose sole function is to manipulate and process information: it harnesses the power of abstract symbols and influences almost every aspect of our modern world – the Computer. And Turing had built on the work of Maxwell.

In the years at King's College, London, Maxwell also undertook his theoretical and experimental work on the viscosity of gases, and he gave a lecture to the Royal Society in 1864 entitled 'A Dynamic Theory of the Electro-Magnetic Field'. Commenting on this in the twentieth century, the German physicist Max Planck, who introduced the quantum theory in 1900, said 'This paper is the first pointer to the existence of radiation, other than light and heat, and ranks as one of the greatest leaps ever achieved in human thought'. And the eminent American scientist Richard Feynman commented: 'From a long view, say, of a thousand years from now, there can be little doubt that the most significant event of the nineteenth century will be judged as Maxwell's discovery of the laws of thermodynamics'.

In 1871 James took up the post of professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge University, where his first job was to plan a laboratory for this Department, which became known as The Cavendish, and it was here that a future student, J.J. Thomson, would discover and verify the exact element that Maxwell had talked about so often - the Electron - and Maxwell's diagrams and unique models eventually came to life in the work of his successors, revolutionizing the entire scientific field and making the role of scientist a highly respected vocation.

During those years at King's he had also supervised the experimental determination of electrical units for the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and this work in measurement and standardization led to the establishment of the National Physical Laboratory. Finally measuring the ratio of electromagnetic and electrostatic units of electricity, he had confirmed that this was in satisfactory agreement with the velocity of light as predicted by his theory.

In 1861 he had given a memorable presentation on the topic of colour vision to the Royal Institution. This was the fruit of many years of research, and culminated in his showing his audience the world's very first durable colour photograph. Black and white photography had been around for some twenty years, but colour had so far defeated everyone. After capturing multiple images through red, green and blue filters, Maxwell projected the final image onto a view screen, to the utter amazement of his audience. It is this demonstration which can be viewed when visiting Maxwell's birthplace in India Street Edinburgh, now a museum to his memory, though it was many years after that first demonstration before anyone was able to reproduce it.

It was also due to Maxwell that the telegraph cable under the Atlantic Ocean was finally successful. In 1858 the first major effort had been a complete failure, only famous for the slow and much-delayed message between Queen Victoria and the then President of the United States. Eventually Maxwell was asked for his advice, and he was able to put his already standardized electrical resistance into play. Proposing spinning a copper wire to generate a magnetic field, he then recommended having a magnetic needle placed in the middle of the coil so that it would settle at the fixed angle of Earth's magnetic field. Thus established, the first transatlantic cables were laid in 1866, putting Maxwell's theory into practice in a very demonstrative and practical way.

'Thoroughly conscious ignorance is the prelude to every real advance in science'. – James said this at the point when his proposed workings at the molecular level were yet to be discovered, for at that period there was no understanding of subatomic particles and, without that understanding, much of what Maxwell spoke about seemed to smack more of superstition than science. How could people believe in something they could neither hear, touch nor see? Even his friend, the great mathematician William Thomson, denounced him as having 'lapsed into mysticism'.

Growing weary of this increasing scepticism on the part of his fellow scientists and friends,

and longing for the simplicity of country life, in 1865 he resigned his professorship at King's College and retired to Glenlair. Here James and Katherine adjusted to their new life back in the tranquil surroundings of Middlebie, where nothing much had changed since the days of James' youth, and he set about renovating the main house of Glenlair and making changes to its environs. He also funded additions to the local church.

Only in his mid-thirties, though Katherine was seven years his senior, the lack of a family of their own was a great sadness, and this led to him becoming involved with the local schoolchildren, who thoroughly enjoyed his visits as he entertained them with his experiments and clever games. He also loved writing, and kept up a lively correspondence with William Thomson – he who had accused him of lapsing into mysticism – and his old school chum Peter Guthrie Tait, he who had pipped him to the post in Edinburgh all those years ago.

He continued to visit London every spring, and served as external examiner for the Mathematical Tripos exams at Cambridge. But most of his time from now on was devoted to writing his famous treatise on electricity and magnetism, and it was this research that established him among the great scientists of history. In the preface to his 'Treatise', published in 1873, the best exposition of his theory, Maxwell stated that his major task was to convert Faraday's physical ideas into mathematical form. For this he constructed a mechanical model from which he found that he could 'scarcely avoid the inference that light consists in the transverse undulations of the same medium which is the cause of electric and magnetic phenomena'.

Sometime in 1877, at Glenlair, James began to slow down, and found he was turning away work that he would normally have taken on with enthusiasm. This was more serious than aging and would, he realized, deny him the years in which he had hoped to perfect his life's work. Becoming really ill, his doctor advised him to return to Cambridge where he could be better cared for, and in what today would be called a hospice Maxwell passed his final days, calm and more concerned about those around him than himself. His Glenlair physician had written to his doctor in Cambridge, saying: 'I must say he is one of the best men I have ever met and, a greater merit than his scientific achievements is his being, so far as human judgement can discern, a most perfect example of a Christian gentleman'.

Surrounded by his family and friends, James passed away on the 5th November 1879, his life cut short by the same cancer and at the

same age as his mother, just forty-eight years, and he lies buried beside his parents in the family lair in Scotland. He had come from a remarkable family, for twelve of his relatives – three on his mother's side – were themselves Fellows of the Royal Societies of Edinburgh or London.

Maxwell is now regarded by most modern physicists as the scientist of the nineteenth century who had the greatest influence on physics, and he is ranked with Sir Isaac Newton and Albert Einstein for the fundamental nature of his contributions, and people are at last wakening up to the true importance of this monumental figure.

In 1931, on the 100th anniversary of his birth, Einstein described the change in the conception of reality in physics that resulted from Maxwell's work as 'The most profound and the most fruitful that physics has experienced since the time of Newton'. His interest in electromagnetism paved the way for both quantum mechanics and Einstein's theory of special relativity, and he had also made fundamental contributions to astronomy and engineering. In 1977 The James Clerk Maxwell Foundation in Edinburgh was dedicated to preserving the memory of this great man through science education.

And on the 25th November 2008, the City Fathers of Edinburgh finally erected a statue to their famous son. Placed at the eastern end of George Street, it shows James Clerk Maxwell seated with his dog at his feet and with the 'colour wheel' in his hand. And the side panels depict Newton's experiments with light and prisms, and Einstein holding a rubber mat model of warped space-time.

Fundamentally he makes modern physics possible because he integrated Newtonian physics with electromagnetism, and his work on that changed the way in which reality itself is understood. His work would hold practical uses too, for without it we would not have radio or TV, X-rays or modern communications, and he laid the groundwork for future scientists to create a whole new way of looking at science.

To quote Albert Einstein: 'One scientific epoch ended and another began with James Clerk Maxwell'. And when it was suggested to Einstein that he stood on the shoulders of Isaac Newton, he replied 'Oh no. I stand on the shoulders of James Clerk Maxwell', and to confirm this he kept a picture of him in his study.

With acknowledgements to Professor Jim al-Khalili. Also Hourly History 2019 'James Clerk Maxwell – a Life from beginning to end' and Wikipedia.

Clan Chattan Association Annual Gathering

August 3rd -5th 2023

Over the past 2 decades the Clan Chattan Association AGM and Annual Dinner have been hosted in the Lochardil House Hotel in Inverness. Due to unforeseen circumstances the Hotel cannot be our venue this year.

We are currently working with The Kingsmills Hotel, Inverness, as a new venue, however details will not be available until after the publication of this issue of 'Touch Not'.

When details are confirmed, we will post them on Facebook and on our website www.clanchattan.org.uk together with the relevant booking form. Be assured, there will be an AGM and Annual Dinner this year, on Thursday August 3rd 2023.



The Kingsmills Hotel, Inverness

Happily, our hospitality tent at the Moy Country Fair will be open at the times shown below and we look forward to meeting and greeting you there.



Friday 4th and Saturday 5th August 2023
Moy Country Fair
The Clan Chattan Association Tent

Relax and enjoy some Highland hospitality in the Clan Tent. Browse through some of the past publications and visit the Mackintosh family private museum or take a walk up to the Lachlan Mackintosh memorial and enjoy the view.

The Clan Tent will be open:
Friday 4th August 10am – 5pm
Saturday 5th August 10am – 2pm

****Please note that there is an entrance charge to the Moy Country Fair, for more information please go to www.moyfieldsportsfair.co.uk/**

A few Events happening in Scotland during 2023

The following list has been compiled with information from each Clan Associations website. For further information on these events please check each individual Clan Society website.

Culloden Memorial Service
Inverness Highland Games
Clan Chattan Association Gathering
Maclean Gathering
Farquharson Gathering
Macpherson Gathering
MacThomas Gathering

Saturday 15th April
Saturday July 15th
3rd-5th August
19th – 25th June
9th -11th August
4th-7th August
25th-28th August

For other events go to the Visit Scotland website.

The Clan Chattan Association in New England, United States

Ray McHatton

For some sixteen years I have been involved in what I term the Scottish Highland circuit here in the Northeastern United States. A great many miles traveled, a great many hotel rooms, a great many friendships forged by a common thread of clan heritage. In about AD 2007 I began my trek down this path, one rife with kilts, pipes and tartans of every colour and description.

We have a very close-knit community of Highland festival conveners here in New England. While this is likely the case in many areas and locations, this particular location is my own, is very special, and will be treated as such in this article.

You see, when someone “bails me out” aka lends me his step ladder, or takes hold of one end of a banner while I hoist the other onto a hook on the tent, I don’t forget it. Younger, more able individuals toting heavier gear to and from a vehicle is commonplace, and most appreciated. Perhaps I have the hammer, roll of tape, or another tool someone forgot to pack, or vice-versa. At times now, I may ask for help lifting boxes and tables, something I have been doing for others for years on end.

We Chattans, the Clans of the Scottish Wildcat, practice this. Farquharsons, MacBeans, MacGillivrays, Shaws, Davidsons, and MacThomases among them. Wildcats helping Wildcats. That should be expected, in my mind. I often make a point in conversation of the unity which the Confederation represents, because I believe it to be just that. Unity.

Of course, these events will involve a great many clans and groups, both Highland and Border, some known as family organisations, or “house of” etc. Many times, someone who was that day erecting a tent at his or her very

first Highland festival has asked me for some advice or information. With a common goal in mind, people who have not previously met can oftentimes form a bond. Perhaps even a band...

Early last Summer, I was very pleased to have been contacted by the clan village coordinator for the Quechee Games, (spoken as kwee-chee), a Scottish Highland event held each August in the Green Mountains of Vermont, United States. The organisation behind the day is a staunch supporter of Scottish Arts in New England, doing important work to promote youth dance and music.



Ray McHatton and Ron McGilvray at Quechee

In her message, Claire Macpherson told me this was her first time taking on such a task. She knew that I represented the CCA and had been involved with our New England festivals for quite some time. Claire asked if I would be on hand for questions or guidance should she need it. Though I have never served on such a committee myself, I certainly have taken note of what, in my view, has worked well and what has not. Right from the start and throughout, she and I frequently mentioned our common

Clan Chattan connection and how indeed nice it is to put it into practice.

I provided Claire what insight I could, from my observations at countless events. Certain aspects regarding the tent set-up on the field and parking of vehicles have come to be expected by the clan representatives, and I did my best to soften a few discrepancies. I did not want anyone to discourage a new clan coordinator with unreasonable requests, nor have someone decide not to return the following year. A fine line I hadn’t the occasion to walk before. Claire could be seen – well, everywhere at once. She had so much to do, and yet never seemed hurried, warmly greeting attendees and participants alike.

It had been pre-arranged to have Clans Carmichael and Urquhart situated adjacent to our own Clan Chattan Association tent, as this was the first day setting up at such an event for both gentlemen. This worked out fine, serving to smooth things out for them, and not interrupting anything on our front. Our great friend and CCA life member Dave Elder and family spent the day roaming the grounds and sampling Wanda McHatton’s famous shortbread. We enjoyed a lovely visit from some long-time Mackintosh friends. The day was very much a success, with bright blue skies, though not without a few surprises or what I would term bumps in the road. Perhaps more accurately, holes in the muck – the previous day had seen a deluge of rain.

The Parade of Clans came off rather well, in my view, even when faced with a change in the planned route, mid-march. I was filled with pride at the chance to walk at the very fore alongside my great friend of many years here in New England, Ron McGilvray, U.S. Commissioner, Clan MacGillivray International. As we stood proudly, our tartan banners to the wind, the ceremony was capped off ever-so-nicely when Claire MacPherson, at the podium microphone, announced quite emphatically,

“Here with us today are the clans of the great Clan Chattan Confederation!”

And we were.

The Wedding of Augusta Maclean of Dochgarroch to Daniel Simpson

On the 29th October, 2022 Augusta Maclean of Dochgarroch married Daniel Simpson at St Vincent's Chapel in Edinburgh. The wedding was officiated by The Most Reverend Mark Strange, Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness, who is the couples rector in the Highlands.

The reception was a lively affair at the Ghillie Dhu in Edinburgh where the guests all enjoyed a ceilidh.

The Couple met in 2021, after Augusta had moved from Edinburgh to the Highlands, when they were both working at the Loch Ness Centre in Drumnadrochit. They now live in the Highlands where Dan has set up his own computer sales and repair business in Dingwall and Augusta is continuing to work as an artist, alongside working at home for the Edinburgh Assay Office. They live in Glenurquhart with their two geriatric ponies, the dog Minty, and newest addition, a very loud cat called Boots! After Augusta and Dan were married they had a 'mini-moon' in London and a night in Brighton. A longer honeymoon is hoped for at some point this year in Europe.

Dan is looking forward to becoming part of the Clan Chattan and he hopes to meet many of you at the next gathering. On Behalf of the Council and Members of the Clan Chattan Association we wish the happy couple all the best for their future together.



The Happy Couple



The Ceremony in St Vincent's Chapel



Leaving the Chapel

Tom and Kats Wedding - July 2022

Last year the wedding of Tom MacThomas, Younger of Finegand to Katriona MacIver took place in a vineyard not far from Cannes in the south of France. Guests from around the world witnessed a joyous and uplifting ceremony followed by a wedding breakfast of fine food and wines in a magical setting. Many of the guests danced the night away. I am reliably informed that Finegand and his lady, Anneke, did not get to bed until 6.00am.

Finegand said "The couple were given a truly terrific send off"

The Council and members of the Clan Chattan Association wish Tom and Kat the very best for the future.



Tom and Kat



A Magical Setting



Finegand and Anneke

Our Visit to the Highlands



Dan and Ashley

I hope you all are fairing well and have had a prosperous year full of ambition, accomplishments, and good health. It has certainly been a busy one for us! My fiancé and I made our first trip over the pond to the UK in late September, early October. It was actually our rebooked trip from 2020, due to the pandemic. We had hired a car and embarked on a ten day adventure spanning from London all the way up to Inverness. Stopping at many ancestral locations and meeting up with family along the way. It was quite an experience!

Once we got to Scotland, we stayed our first night in Edinburgh in this wonderful flat situated near the Castle and the Grassmarket. Prime central location. We were able to see a lot in the short time we were there.

We then made our way up the A9 to Tomatin, where we spent the remainder of our time in this lovely guesthouse along the Findhorn, which allowed us to branch out and see a lot of the sites that we've been dying to see.

We did not waste any time! As soon as we checked in and got settled, we were off again. We immediately went to Moy and saw the Lachlan Mackintosh Memorial, which was a beautiful setting overlooking Loch Moy and the Moy Estate. From there, we ventured down to Carrbridge to see the old packhorse bridge. It was just as stunning as the pictures we've seen.

The second day was easily the highlight of the trip for us, as we had arranged a meeting with Mrs. Celia Mackintosh of Mackintosh. On the way to Moy, we had stopped at the Strathdearn – Three Bridges Cafe, a nice newly built community center in Tomatin. We procured some white roses and a newspaper for Mrs. Mackintosh, as well as some much needed coffee.

Upon arrival at the Moy Estate, you come across the gatehouse and then drive a fair distance

down the driveway to Moy Hall. I had to pinch myself as it was so surreal that we had finally made it there. We found the front door was propped open, and after a quick knock, Celia and her sweet dog Rosie came to greet us. She invited us in and we had a nice conversation for a time, getting acquainted and such in what I would guess was their family room. The room had a cozy and homey feel to it with a beautiful bay window looking out onto the loch, along with a painting of Lady Anne Farquharson Mackintosh and an array of other wonderful items. She's a very kind and hospitable woman.



Dan and Mrs Mackintosh of Mackintosh

After our sit-down, she showed us their private family Mackintosh museum which was really neat. You're first greeted by a huge redwood tree along with items from Moy Hall #3 and Donald Fraser's anvil. Once inside I was so overwhelmed. There were so many treasured items. For example, the bed the Young Pretender slept in the night of the Rout of Moigh, Shaw Mhor's claymore from the Battle of North Inch, just to name a couple, the list could go on and on. Full of history, really well done. Before we parted ways with Mrs Mackintosh of Mackintosh, she granted us permission to take a look around the grounds. Certainly memories that we will cherish forever.

After our visit to Moy, we went to Culloden to pay our respects and took a walk around. We then popped over to Clava Cairns, a 4000 year old neolithic site which was really fascinating. Since everything was so close, we then went to Rait Castle - the site of the Comyn massacre, then to the old Petty Kirkyard where the Mackintosh Vault is and resting place of several Mackintosh Chiefs. It was covered with scaffolding, unfortunately we weren't able to get a good look at it. While we were there we came across a stone inscription stating that Alexander MacGillivray of Dunmaglass's body was interned in the vicinity after Culloden.

The third day, we went over to the Tomatin Distillery in the morning to meet up with a couple of acquaintances that worked there, and they were able to give us instructions on how

to get to the Rout of Moigh Cairn. They also informed us of a grave, which was very close to the cairn itself. It's an interesting story involving land disputes between the Mackintoshes and MacGillivray's. After visiting the cairn, we made our way down to Newtonmore to visit the Clan MacPherson Museum. The museum itself was very well laid out and we were really impressed with the efforts that had gone into the restoration of the building. Lots of great history there.

We then popped over to Rothiemurchus and took a walk around Loch an Eilean to see the ancient stronghold of the Shaw's. With the help of my good friend Alan Mackintosh Shaw, we were able to find the old Rothiemurchus Kirkyard. It was really a site to behold and very easily missed if you don't know what you're looking for! We paid our respects to Shaw Mhor and took a walk around and then turned in for the day.

All in all it was a very fulfilling trip and it has honestly taken me quite some time to digest all of the experiences we had. In closing, all I can say is, I wish we had more time! We're eagerly anticipating our next trip over, hopefully for our honeymoon and to attend the Clan Chattan Association AGM in 2023.

**Slainte,
Dan Durrant
CMNA Council Member
Rocky Mountain Regional Captain**

A Pipers Goodbye

In September 2022 the world was saddened by the death of Queen Elizabeth 11.

Whilst staying at her beloved Balmoral she passed away peacefully with members of her family in attendance.

Arrangements for her transfer to St Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh were quickly put in place.

The Queens coffin was to be transported by road with The Princess Royal, Princess Anne accompanying her.

Ghillies and estate workers lined the courtyard to say 'Goodbye'. Those attending included Duncan MacGillivray, the father of Iain MacGillivray, Commander of Clan MacGillivray, both of whom are highly accomplished Pipers.



Duncan MacGillivray and Balmoral estate workers

Return of the Invercauld Highlanders

By Philip Farquharson, Randy Finlay and Gary Humphries II (Mckinley)

The exact formation date of the Invercauld Highlanders is unknown, but it is believed to have arisen partly from the government-sponsored militias of the 1790's, and partly from the historic tradition of Highland men, fighting under the banner of their Chiefs at national level. Regarding the former, correspondences show that both the Farquharsons of Invercauld and Monaltrie were organizing groups of militia under government sponsorship. Photographs of the early 1900's show lines of Invercauld Highlanders marching at a Highland Games (see below), the twin banners used bearing the Arms of Catherine Farquharson (1774-1845), 11th of Invercauld and Chief of the Clan. The exact date of the name-change from militia to Invercauld Highlanders most likely took place around 1815, when the Braemar Wright Society was formed, with William Farquharson of Monaltrie as its' first President. A group of the Clan Farquharson men marched in front of King George IV on his trip to Edinburgh on August 16th, 1822.



Invercauld Highlanders 1930

The Invercauld Highlanders turned out as a group of marching men for over one hundred years and their final march, before an 81-year hiatus, was during the 1938 Braemar Gathering. After the war there was a period of dormancy, until 2014 when the 16th Chief of the clan, Alwyne Farquharson (1919-2021), was approached by a group of Farquharson men prompting their revival. At the 2019 Ballater Highland Games Randy Finlay and Gary Humphries (Mckinley), Commanders of the Invercauld Highlanders, guards of honour to the Chief of Clan Farquharson, marched alongside the 100 year-old chief, Alwyne Farquharson, the first march of the Invercauld Highlanders since 1938.

Another two-year hiatus ensued while the world suffered travel restrictions, social distancing and

lockdowns, but after lifting of restrictions the Ballater Games returned for the 2022 season. The two Invercauld Highlander Commanders returned with eight (six new) members of the guard of honour. These eight Farquharson men conducted a Ceremony of Oath with their new Chief at the ruined cottage of Balnagower near Braemar Castle, overlooking a memorial to a former chief James Farquharson, (1802-1862) 12th of Invercauld. The portrait of this James is the earliest colour image of the Invercauld Highlander dress, dated to 1845.



James Farquharson of Invercauld

Those eight Invercauld Highlanders marched their Chief Philip Farquharson, 17th of Invercauld and Monaltrie, also in uniform, onto the games field at the 2022 Ballater Highland Games. It is believed the last Chief of Clan Farquharson to march in Invercauld Highlander uniform was Major Alexander Haldane Farquharson (1867-1936), 14th of Invercauld. As the current Commanders move this unit forward the Invercauld Highlanders intend on recruiting to the ranks every year from Farquharson men and women all over the world. This will be a great achievement for the Invercauld Highlander Commanders and their Chief.



Invercauld Highlanders 1930

New Members

March 2022-February 2023

Anthony Thomas USA
Diann Tongco USA
Megan Shaw-Loustalot USA
Catherine Crawford UK
Anne MacPherson UK
Alistair Farquharson UK
Susan Bane USA
Heidi Bean USA
Christina Tosseth USA
Philip Shaw USA
Alex McFalls USA
Irene MacBain UK
John MacBain UK
Grace MacBain UK
Ian MacBain UK
Elizabeth Stoney USA
David Beane USA
John MacBain (USA)
Scott McHarg UK
Edie Ritchie USA
Spencer Bain USA
Phillip Beane USA
David Bane USA
Nancy Knapp USA
Julia MacIntosh UK
Walter Scott McIntosh USA
Dusty Smith USA
Jerald Coats USA
Gavin Hardy UK
Douglas McIntosh USA
Clint Smit USA
Liza Acedo USA
Paul Puebla USA
Andy Smith UK
Sean Stoner USA
Cyndi Thoreson USA
Sarah Chattin USA
Jamie McHardy UK
Celia Elder McGilton USA
Ron McGilvray USA
Gary Humphries USA

Welcome back

Kathleen Ladislaus CANADA
Alasdair McIntosh UK
Euan and Sheena MacPherson UK
Graeme MacKenzie UK

Our Coat of Arms



Clan Chattan Association Coat of Arms

In 2019 a decision was made by The Clan Chattan Association Council to have our own Coat of Arms.

Norman McPherson, who had some experience of heraldry and his own coat of arms, volunteered to come up with some design ideas for discussion.

First and foremost we wanted to incorporate images and symbols relevant to our Association. After weeks of discussion a design was agreed upon, and an image was produced by professional heraldic painter Kevin Greig. The symbols incorporated

included Scottish Wildcats, whortleberry, boxwood, and the original wildcat image (which has adorned the Journal since 1933), the motto 'Together, Stronger' in Gaelic. A 'Petition of Arms' was sent along with the final image, to the Lord Lyons Office, which was subsequently approved.

The Lyon Court assigned an artist, and working from the letters patent, produced their interpretation of it. This interpretation does differ from Kevin Greig's original image which is the one we will be using in the future.

Extract from The Letters Patent:

Videlicet: - Or, a chevron Vert between in chief two Scottish wildcat faces affrontée all Proper and in base a lymphad Proper, sails furled Argent, flags and pennon Vert, Above the Shield is placed an Helm suitable to an Incorporation, videlicet:- a sallet Proper lined Gules, with a mantling Vert doubled Or, and on a wreath of the Liveries is set for Crest on a mound Vert between a sprig of boxwood and a sprig of whortleberry a Scottish wildcat couchant regardant all Proper and in an Escrol over the same this Motto "COMHLA NAS LAIDIRE".

Due to the covid outbreak and the vagaries of lockdown rules our Coat of Arms was not completed until mid 2022. In August 2022 at our AGM in Inverness the Lord Lyon, King of Arms for Scotland, presented the letters of Patent to John Mackintosh of Mackintosh, President of the Clan Chattan Association.



Lord Lyon makes Presentation to John Mackintosh of Mackintosh

The original document will be kept safely at the Highland Archive Centre in Inverness. This document was photographed in its original size and framed. The framed copy is also currently at the Archive Centre.



Donald and Denise with the framed Coat of Arms

Sadly, Norman McPherson died in November 2020 and was not able to see the completion of his dedicated work.

Historic Gathering of Clan MacBean

by Philip Beddows

Over the weekend of 6/7th August 2022 the Clan MacBean held an historic, unique and memorable Gathering with our new chief Richard McBain of McBain, following on from enjoying the Clan Chattan Association AGM and Dinner at Lochardil House and a fun day at the Moy Country Fair.

On the Saturday we assembled at the McBain Memorial Park high above the village of Dores, overlooking Loch Ness – the clan's gathering place created by Richard's Grandfather Hughston McBain of McBain, near the chiefs' old home at Kinchyle. As people arrived, Cindi McIntosh entertained us with her fine piping, which set the scene perfectly, before Stewart McBain – publicly appointed that day as the Chief's Piper – led the Chief's party down the hill and into the Park, playing 'The MacBain March' and bearing the Chief's pipe banner. Allan MacBain and Mark Bean were the Chief's banner bearers and Paul Macdonald and Mike Smith his swordbearers. After opening words of welcome from Richard, Cllr Ian Brown, Leader of Inverness & Area Council, gave a warm and generous welcome back 'home' to MacBeans from across the world.

We then dedicated the new Memorial to our famous clansman NASA Astronaut Captain Alan LaVern Bean, the fourth person to walk on the Moon and first to take tartan to its surface – MacBean tartan naturally, a piece from which will be exhibited at the V&A Dundee Museum this year. We were honoured to be addressed by Alan's daughter Amy Bean in the US. Her clear voice, broadcast via speakers, movingly recounted Alan's arrival on the Moon along with special insights into his life and character. Scott McElvain read an address from the President of Clan MacBean, 'Pete' McIlwain. Lisa McFarlane, the Chief's Partner, spoke of her experiences working on the Cassini Spacecraft and Mars High Rise missions. Iain MacGillivray, Commander of Clan MacGillivray, played some rousing tunes – appropriately, the US National Anthem and the theme tune to the film 'Top Gun' – remembering Alan Bean had been a US Navy Aviator.



Richard McBain of McBain

In between the ceremonies, Peter MacDonald spoke about the new MacBean Hunting Tartan that he had helped us design, and which Richard was wearing for his inauguration.

Next came the high point – the Ceremony of Inauguration of Richard McBain of McBain as 23rd Hereditary Chief of the Clan MacBean. We were deeply honoured to have The Rt Hon. the Lord Lyon King of Arms, Dr Joseph Morrow present to oversee this historic ceremony. As the first such ceremony in our recorded history, it was a particularly significant occasion. The Lord Lyon conducted it magnificently, and it was a privilege to do this with him in my traditional role as the Clan's Seanachaidh. Richard's genealogy was recounted in Gaelic and English,

back to the clan's founder and first chief Bean 'Mor' mac Maolmoire in the late 13th

century, and some tales of his ancestors were told. A specially commissioned Cromach was presented to him, as a symbol of office as Chief, on which was carved his battle cry 'Kinchyle', and the Chief's Piper played another of the clan's marches – 'The Badge o' McBain'.

We were honoured to have John Mackintosh of Mackintosh, President of The Clan Chattan Association with us, who gave an excellent address, welcoming Richard as the newest chief of the clans of Clan Chattan. Canon Allan Maclean of Dochgarroch gave a Blessing at the conclusion of the ceremony, after which everyone present toasted Richard and the hills rebounded with the shouts of his battle cry 'Kinchyle!'. The Tomatin Distillery (on the old estate of the MacBeans of Tomatin) generously provided some of their finest whisky for us to drink the toast with, before we moved to the Dores Inn, where we were joined by a very strong wind, seemingly blowing all the way up from the direction of the southernmost reaches of the Loch around Lochaber – the clan's ancient homeland.



Richard and Lisa at Culloden

On Sunday we gathered to lay wreaths at the Culloden Memorial Cairn, erected in 1881 by Duncan Forbes of Culloden, a cousin of the MacBean and Shaw chiefs. We marched unbowed from the visitor centre to the Cairn, led by Iain MacGillivray and Stewart McBain playing stirring pipe tunes, stopping momentarily to pay our respects at the 'Well of the Dead', where a stone marks



Alan LaVern Bean Memorial



L-R Philip Beddows, John Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Richard McBain of McBain, Dr Joseph Morrow - Lord Lyon, Iain MacGillivray.

the spot Colonel Alexander MacGillivray of Dunmaglass ('Alasdair Ruadh na féile' – 'Generous red-haired Alexander'), chief of his clan and commander of Lady Anne Mackintosh's Regiment, had died. We were honoured and delighted to be joined and welcomed by Cllr Jackie Hendry, Deputy Provost of Inverness. At the Cairn we remembered all those men of Clan Chattan who died at the battle including our noble chief Major Gillies 'Mor' MacBean, whose gallant death there was forever memorialised by the Gaelic elegy written soon after the battle and later translated and set to music. The epithet 'Mor' recalls his formidable height 6ft 4¼ and heroism. We also remembered the other fallen – from both sides. Richard and Iain spoke and laid wreaths in memory of Gillies 'Mor' and Alexander – the two cousins who died leading the regiment that fateful day. Afterwards, Iain's father Duncan MacGillivray played the pibroch 'The Gathering of Clan Chattan', the notes echoing across the muir. Paul McDonald and Mike Smith provided an exciting demonstration of sword fighting and exhibited weaponry from the period.

We completed our weekend full of memories to last a lifetime and more. It was wonderful to have had so much support from other Clan Chattan kin, including David Mackintosh, John Mackintosh of Mackintosh with his family, Donald & Denise McIntosh, Craig McIntosh, John Mackfall, Allan & Anne Maclean of Dochgarroch, and Rex Davidson. Particular thanks to Allan MacBain and his wife Margaret, without whose hard work the gathering would not have happened – during the ceremonies Richard had confirmed Allan's appointment as a Chieftain of the Clan to represent him in Scotland in his absence; and Allan's brother John whose work with Antony Swan on the McBain Park and the memorial to Alan Bean is covered elsewhere in 'Touch Not'. It was fantastic that so many MacBeans had travelled huge distances to be present, as far away as California, to share this wonderful experience with us on this side of the Atlantic, and we particularly appreciated the additional contributions of Larry and Susan Bane and their family. For those unable to be with us, all these events have been captured on videos which can be enjoyed via our new

Clan MacBean YouTube Channel.

<https://www.youtube.com/@clanmacbean-officialchannel9885/videos>



Banner bearers and Sword bearers

SHAVIAN VIGNETTES

by William Shaw of Easter Lair

That Good Old Highland Games Feeling.

Longtime Members of CCA recall the wonderful personality, intellect and elan that our long-time Secretary Ishbel MacGillivray MacGregor contributed on behalf of the Clan Chattan and the Clann Ghillebraith. It is partly from the gravitational pull of Ishbel's cheerful orbit that my own personal path was redirected to the Highlands - and it is initially because of her that I serve on CCA Council.

In 1992, Ishbel slyly suggested that I put together a Clan Chattan tent at the Pacific Northwest / Seattle Highland Games, one of the oldest and largest games in North America. Rummaging in my closet, I gathered CCA brochure/maps, decades of old Journals and made copies of the 'Touring the Clan Chattan Country', the Clan Chattan 'Omnibus' flyer, membership forms etc. Throwing it all together with lots of Clan Shaw histories, more maps, a couple of claymores, potted whortleberry, a Saltire, and a folding table & chairs, I was good to go.But I needed a tent.

Working for the local newspaper at the time, I knew everyone in town. I asked my friends at the Issaquah Chamber of Commerce if I could borrow one of the many tents that they used for an annual community festival. They said 'Sure!' and kindly helped me load a long cloth bag bulging with canvass, aluminum poles and joints etc into my little car. As I gathered my Celtic accoutrement for the big day, my daughter Mora insisted that she join me at the Games. At the tender age of four, she and her older brother Liam had already attended a few regional Games. Even then, they knew the drill.

The Seattle Highland Games site at Enumclaw is tucked up against the forested foothills of the Cascades - a perfect Caledonian setting. At dawn, Mora and I rattled up to the beautiful fairgrounds and unpacked to the melodious sounds of the S.F.U. pipe band.

Operations went according to plan until I unpacked and laid out the tent and found that everything was mismatched and mixed up. Months ago, parts of two (or three) different tent components had been tossed in the big bag willynilly - no doubt to be sorted later. At the time Seattle was H.Q. of the Boeing Aircraft Company. Everywhere you went, you ran into a Boeing engineer. So luckily my tent struggles drew sympathetic and helpful Scottish engineers like bees to a flower. And

in no time the kilted crew had assembled an odd-looking but serviceable sort of geodesic tent. We were in business!

It was late July and was quite warm. But Mora - even then knowing all about Scottish culture, insisted on bringing her special tartan frock to wear for the occasion. Due to the heat I dissuaded her, telling her we could instead hang her holiday dress right in front as a little banner that proclaimed that the Shaws of Crathienaird were here! And there it hung all day, gently fluttering in the summer breeze. She was so proud.

Following that first Highland Games tent adventure, I have done a Clan Chattan / Clan Shaw tent for almost fifteen years. Flash forward to a CCA Council Zoom Meeting in 2022 - it was suggested that I again put together a CCA tent for the Enumclaw Games. I delved into my closet and dug out 40 years' worth of CCA Journals, 'Touch Not's, maps, histories and books. I threw in claymores, potted rowans, whortleberry, Scottish 'brick-a-brack' and more. Ms. Mora, now a beautiful and vibrant woman - a wife, mother and business professional, got wind of my mission - and offered to come and help. Needless to say, the new tent went up in five minutes! And Mora, long an old hand at running the Clan Chattan / Clan Shaw tent, knew where everything was to be - and arranged it all - just so. We had a special father-daughter time together, bringing clansfolk in to CCA and to the Clan Shaw. And above it all, instead of a dress as a flag, my new heraldic banner (Artfully crafted by the talented Mr. Kevin Greig), fluttered in the summer breeze. It was a good day.



The 2022 CCA & Clan Shaw tent

Uisce Beatha:

Dunlichity: When our Mora was baptized in early 1989, she was sprinkled with holy water from the Dunlichity Baptismal Stone - a modern-day continuance of an old Strathnairn tradition. Kindly sent in a silver flask by the late John and Silvia Shaw of Tordarroch, the water had been previously blessed and poured into the Dunlichity Stone's ancient carved bowl during the christening of their granddaughter Catriona Ramsay by the Right Reverend George M. Sessford, Bishop of Moray and Nairn.



Easter Lair Banner

The Lair: A generation later, that tradition was replenished when Mora's son Theodore James Winstanley was born. We had a blessing ceremony at a special spot where Issaquah Creek meets Lake Sammamish. For 'Baby Teddy's christening, my friend Mr. Rab Gallier of Wester Lair in Glenshee (and his loyal dog Angus) kindly sent water from Allt an Lairig, the burn that flows just below Wester and Easter Lair. Rab, a Renaissance Man, talented chef, mechanic and former veteran in Her late Majesty's Service, had settled at The Lair many years ago. (Ever the practical soldier, Rab also sent Teddy a huge Saltire flag, Books on Glenshee & Clan Shaw history - and a wee bottle of whiskey for when Teddy was of age!) In water and in spirit, both kind gestures bind us to our old home and lands, to kin, clan and to good friends.



Mora Teddy and Robert