



THE NEWSBEAT



Volume XXXII Winter 2015-2016

Newsletter of the Macfie Clan Society of America

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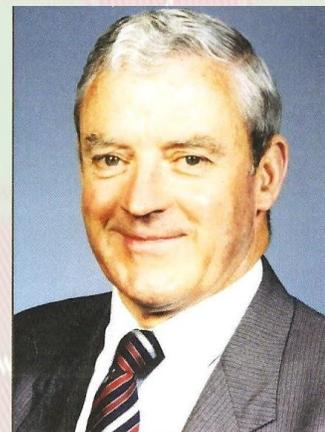
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*This issue is dedicated to the Memory
of former Commander, Alexander
Carpendale McPhie (Sandy)*



2/10/1992-12/05/2015

The Newsbeat is published three times a year, Spring-Summer and Fall/Winter. If you have any news, pictures, stories, poems, Games reports, or genealogy queries, please send them to Ginger (at the address to the left, preferably e-mail) for inclusion in the next issue. We love to hear from you and the membership wants to know what is happening



Dues Schedules
Dues are due each June.

Family \$25.00
Individual \$15.00
Individual (over 65) \$7.00
Associate \$10.00

One time:

Sponsorship \$500.00
Life Membership (over 65) \$200.00

Send Dues to

Diane Swenson
299 Wattaquaddock Hill Rd

Bolton, MA 01740

Annual dues will be due again on June 1, (unless you have joined within the past 6 months or so, in that case your dues will become due until the year following. Please check your membership card to see when you need to renew. Thanks to all those who faithfully renew their membership each year, your dues helps us to print and mail out this newsletter, it also helps us to maintain our web site and have a presence at many of the larger games in the county and be a presence to meet and get to know other Macfies around the country. We encourage you to attend as many Scottish Games as possible, and if you would like to convene, the society will pay half of the games fee. We will also provide a banner, and some items for the table, just contact Ginger at jgmcafee@charter.net

**The Macfie Society of
America is a Member of
The Council of
Scottish Clans
Association Inc.**

Macfie Merchandise for Sale

Kilt Pin-\$15.00

Badges \$12.00

Pro Rege T-shirts green-\$12.00

Black T-shirts-\$17.00

Minimal postage will be added to each order. Send order and payment to:

Ginger McAfee
420 Ash Dr.
Baxter, TN 38544

jgmcafee@charter.net

**Some upcoming Games where you are likely to find a
Macfie Clan Tent**

March 19-20, 2016 Arizona Scottish Games Steele Indian School Park, 300 E Indian School Road in Phoenix, Amy Fee will convene. <http://www.arizonascots.com/05games.shtml>

June 11-12, Blairsville Scottish Festival, Meeks park, Blairsville, GA, <http://blairsvillescottishfestival.com/>, Jim McAfee will convene.

July 7-10 Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, Inc. - www.gmhg.org John Guffey will convene

September 8-11, Long Peak Scottish-Irish Festival, Estes Park, CO www.scotfest.com Richard & Nancy Thibodeaux will convene

October 14-16 Stone Mountain Highland Games and Scottish Festival - www.smhg.org Jim McAfee will convene

If YOU would like to convene a tent at a Scottish Highland Games in your area, please contact Ginger at jgmcafee@charter.net for information.

Ceud Mile Failte

(One hundred thousand welcomes)

To our newest Society members, we hope that you will be able to attend some of the Highland Games where there is a Macfie Tent. You are especially invited to attend the Stone Mountain Games October 14-16. Our Annual Meeting will be held there on the field on Saturday, Oct 15.

Flowers of the Forest



We send our sympathies to the family of Bill Morris who passed away on January 12, 2016. He was born on 13 December 1931 in Reno Nevada to Bernyce McDuffee and Elmer L. Field. Bill had a long and distinguished career in aviation and the space administration. He and his wife, Barbara were members of the MacFie Clan Society of America and the MacDuffie/Macfie Clan Society. Barbara passed away in 2014. Bill is survived by his sons Carl (Mary Lou), James (Tamara), and Steve (Lori); grand children,

Stephanie, Christopher, Sarah, Carolin and Andrew; great grand children, Mason, Vivienne and Bennett. A private memorial service was held.

Sandy McPhie



We were all saddened by the passing of former Clan Commander Alexander Carpendale (Sandy) McPhie, on December 5th, 2015 in Australia. His wife, Helen, said that he has been in and out of hospital four times last year and had reached a point where his quality of life was less than desirable for him. On Friday he was quite bright and enjoyed visits from family and friends but overnight he apparently had a stroke and passed peacefully. His funeral was held on December 10th in Toowoomba

James McPhee of New Zealand, attended the funeral and had this report:

“It was a nice service, not a religious one and about 100 people in attendance, quite a few in Kilts.

There were many stories of his life which was very interesting and read out by his Son, no doubt with Helen’s assistance as it went from his school time, the war, RAAF, then Parliament then the Clan etc. and was extremely well loved by the Grandchildren. The 2 Granddaughters both arrived from the UK in time as well and gave a eulogy of their own. Apparently Sandy was a teaser with the little ones and they loved him for it.

Ian (OZ Commissioner) had damaged his ankle badly so could not attend, so Morris McPhee, the OZ President read Ian’s missive and added his own contribution but he had a throat problem and was very hard to hear. He had asked if I would read the Commander’s letter and I suggested Glen (NZ President) read it but he declined so I read one from Ann Johnston, editor of the Galley, then one from Jim McAfee, the USA Commissioner, then mine and to finish, read the Commander’s letter as it was the highest ranking.

After the service, we went next door for the usual tea and sandwiches.”

Sandy and Helen made several trips to the States during his tenure as Clan Commander, including when our Society hosted the Gathering at Stone Mountain, then again in 1998 when he participated in the Christening of our granddaughter, Caitlyn McAfee, at the Stone Mountain Games when Clan Macfie was the Honored Clan. Sandy brought some water from Scotland for the christening. He was also in attendance when we hosted the Gathering in Gatlinburg in 2003, and thoroughly enjoyed the Great Smoky Mountains.



Ruby McFee’s son. Larry informed us a few months ago of her passing last year at age 96. She passed away on February 11, 2015 at Shannondale of Maryville TN. She was born December 1, 1918 in Etowah, TN and relocated to Alcoa in 1937 where she remained until becoming a resident at the Shannondale facility in Maryville in early 2008. She was preceded in death by: Husband, F.B. McFee, Jr. and Son, Kenneth McFee. She is survived by: Son Larry McFee & wife Shirley; Sister, Cathern Tucker; and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Editor’s note: The first time we attended a Clan Macfie meeting, Ruby and F.B. McFee were there. Both were cordial and friendly. Ruby sort of took me under her wing, and we spent several years visiting and enjoying being together at many of the Highland Games. I have not seen her in several years, but I will never forget her sweet spirit.

Longs Peak Scottish/Irish Highland Festival 2015

By Nancy Thibodeaux



This year was the 39th annual Longs Peak Scottish/Irish Highland Festival held as always on the weekend following Labor Day. The festival, which began in 1976, has become one of the largest of its kind with more than 50 Celtic events held throughout the weekend, including jousting competitions, Highland games, musical acts, dance performances, dog show contests and the 3rd annual 5K race as well as plenty of Scottish and Irish food, drink and crafts.

The festival began Thursday night with a Tattoo. Friday, the festival field opened and we were ready in the Macfie Clan Tent to welcome our visitors. Although, Saturday is really the big day, we had lots of visitors and many were excited to finally find their clan. Saturday dawned bright and clear, perfect parade weather. All the clans were lined up and ready in plenty of time for the start of the parade. Our parade is America's largest Celtic parade and attracts 40,000 plus spectators. Lila Bug, our Pembroke Welsh Corgi, loves to prance down the street, and the spectators love her too. Although the parade route is over a mile long, we hardly even noticed so many of our friends and neighbors called out to us in greeting as we walked along. Everyone had a wonderful time!

Even though Brian (my husband) and I were manning the clan tent alone, we had lots of visitors who stopped in to learn more about the Macfie Clan and our society. It was a great weekend and we are looking forward to next year!



Macfie t-shirts; black with white lettering. The shirts are \$17.00 each with \$3.00 postage (in the US). If you would like order one, send a check made out to Macfie Clan Society of AM, to Jim McAfee, 420 Ash Dr. Baxter, TN 38544



to

Beth Gay's Newfangled family tree web site can be found at

<http://www.electricscotland.com/bnft/>

Stone Mountain GA, Games and Annual Meeting

The weather could not have been nicer for the Stone Mountain Games, and there attendance for the games seemed to be up, and we had quite a few Macfies stop by the clan tent.

The Annual General meeting was held near the clan tent, and was called to order at 3:30 PM with president Jim McAfee presiding.

The minutes and treasurers reports was giving and approved:

Beginning Account 10/01/14	\$1,170.72
Income	<u>\$1678.00</u>
Total	\$2,848.72
Disbursements	<u>\$1,555.16</u>
Bank Balance 10/01/15	\$1,293.56
Explanation of Monies Received:	
Dues and donations.	\$ 822.00
Merchandise	<u>\$ 856.00</u>
Total	\$1,678.00
Explanation of Monies Disbursed:	
Advertisement & Internet	\$198.00
Office Supply/Newsbeat/Postage	510.26 Games
	<u>846.90</u>
Total	\$1,555.16

There was some discussion about finding someone that could maintain our website, but there was no Old Business or New Business, meeting was adjourned



Society Happenings



Cliff McDuffie wrote: I gave a talk to the Methodist Men's Club of the First Methodist Church of Zephyrhills, FL recently. My subject was the evolution of the kilt and also some minor talk about weapons. Most were surprised that Wallace did not wear a kilt, as we know it, as the dates were wrong for it to even be worn then. The amount of material needed for the great kilt and how it was used was also an OMG thing.



The removal of all things Scottish after Culloden and those penalties along with the Kirking of the Tartan. I wore my Prince Charlie, took several hats along with a Jacobite shirt. Explained about "going regimental" as we often get asked about that...mostly by women I might add. Talked about the Claymore, dirks, sgian dubh, ballock, short swords, dirge. All were very attentive and interested.

Jerry A (Jay) McAfee wrote: My oldest ancestor is John McAfee (or McDuffee) born about 1730 Islay, County Argyll, Scotland. Probably left Scotland about 1750 - 1760 for Ballymagarry, Dunluce Parish, County Antrim, (Ulster) Northern Ireland. He died there before 1835. He was a Presbyterian and farmer. He came with a William McQuigg from Islay when they were young men. William McQuigg settled at Islandcarragh, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.

McAfee and McDuffee are interchangeable surnames in both Scotland and N. Ireland. John McAfee used both surnames on land records in Northern Ireland. McQuigg, McCuaig and McLeod are interchangeable also in Islay, Scotland. I descend thru John McAfee's son, William McAfee (or McDuffee) b. abt. 1777 at Ballymagarry, N. Ireland who married Margaret "Martha" Taggart (or Ray) abt. 1802 in Co. Antrim.

William McAfee Sr. and family immigrated aboard the ship "St. Andrew" arriving in New York City, NY on June 7th, 1838. They settled near Dalton, Wayne County, Ohio. He died there in December of 1858. I descend thru his son, Mathew McAfee b. 1822, who married Margaret McElhinney.

FTDNA Kit No. H1084, YSEQ DNA No. 169

Terminal SNP is FGC10125.

Lineage:

John McAfee unknown wife To William McAfee and Margaret "Martha" Taggart

To Mathew McAfee and Margaret McElhinney

To Mathew Porter McAfee and Eliza Belle Garner

To Charles Thomas Mahlon McAfee and Lillian Belle Crawford

To Jerry Ray McAfee and Mary Evelyn Glascock

To Me, Jerry A. "Jay" McAfee.

Jerry A. "Jay" McAfee
P.O. Box 68
Hannibal, Missouri
63401

Ode to the Macfie Clan

MacDuffee and McAfee we're all the same
Regardless of how you spell our name.
"Dark one of peace" so they say
Mermaids and fairies of yesterday.

Kenneth MacAlpin is our king
Descended from him, a legendary thing.
Royal blood runs thru our veins
Like the streams in Scotland after it rains.

"Keepers of the Records of the Isles"
Our Clan welcomes you with many smiles.
You've heard "Every dog has its day"
According to MacPhie of Colonsay.

From Bannockburn to Boyne defending our way
Fighting Scots we are, mess with us - you'll pay.
County Antrim and Derry, also our home
Back and forth to the Inner Hebrides we roam.

From Colonsay to Islay, Jura and more
To Ulster in Ireland on the Northern shore.
Traveling over the oceans, leading the way
To Canada, Australia and the USA.

We love the bagpipes, from cradle to the grave
We listen with pride to "Scotland, the Brave".
We sharpen our claymores and prepare for war
With Wallace and Bruce, we stand for more.

Andrew is our greatest patron of the saints
The blue sky is his canvass, a white saltire he paints.
Wherever we may live, wherever we may roam
We are one big family, we call Scotland our home.

So here's to you and here's to me
I hope we never disagree
But if we do, I'll laugh with you
Because we are of the Clan Macfie!

Author - Jerry A. "Jay" McAfee
Hannibal, Missouri USA
Written March 15, 2010
Revised June 4, 2010
Dedicated to the memory of my father, Jerry Ray

McAfee b. February 2, 1934 d. June 1, 2002

NOTE: Jerry's poem, on the back cover (The Highland Games) is dedicated to all the Highland Clans and to all of the Highland Games held each year throughout Scotland, the USA and around the world. May this Scottish tradition carry on throughout all of our lifetimes.

Forever Scottish We Will Be

By Jerry A. "Jay" McAfee

To the beautiful flower of the thistle
And the laddies who like to whistle
Running down the greenest glens
And back up again to the bens.

Scotland's flag of sky blue
With the white cross of St. Andrew
May it fly above the trees
Always waving in the breeze.

From the Lowlands to the Highlands
To the Hebrides beautiful islands
To Edinburgh and the Firth of Forth
To Glasgow and all points North.

The bagpipes sweetly sing their tune
In the sunlight and with the moon
Tartans displayed everywhere
Scotsman's kilts we always bear.

To the lochs and ocean sands
Whisky made by our hands
Smoke the casks with the twig
Flavor for a Scottish swig.

Bravehearts, Bravehearts everywhere
Handsome lads so stop and stare.
Lassies, Lassies over there
Beautiful eyes and flowing hair.

Our claymore swords sharp and broad
Like a Scotsman's lightning rod
One strike from it and you will see
A shocking death it will be.

We sing of Scotland and unite the clans
We give warm greetings and shake our hands.
We tell old stories of days gone by
We laugh and joke and we cry.

Memories we hold dear and true
Loved ones gone and loved ones new.
Scattered to the ends of earth
To future Scotsmen we give birth.
Oh, Scotland, Scotland, in our blood
A red sea of Scoti, like a flood.
Wherever we travel on land or sea
Forever Scottish, we will be.

Alba, Alba, we remember you
Alba, Alba, proud and true.
Scotland, Scotland, we endeavor
Scotland, Scotland, forever,
forever!

Highland Scottish Travelers of old

This article is taken (with permission) from the Newsletter of The Macfie clan society of NZ and <http://celticanamcara.blogspot.co.nz/2010/01/scottish-tinkers-and-travellers.htm>

Highland Scottish Travelers, while perhaps one of Europe's last nomadic people, are not Roma Gypsies. They are distinct from them ethnically, culturally and linguistically. They are indigenous, Gaelic-speaking people. In Scottish Gaelic they are known as the Ceàrdannan ("the Craftsmen"). The word tinker itself comes from the Gaelic "tinceard" or tinsmith. Poetically known as the Summer Walkers, they also are referred to as travelers, traivellin' fowk and nawkers.

Summer Walkers are closely associated with the Northwest Highlands, and many of the families carry clan names like Macfie, Stewart, MacDonald, Cameron, Williamson and Macmillan. They would pitch their bow tents at the edge of villages and earn money there as tinsmiths, hawkers, horse dealers or pearl fishermen. Many found seasonal employment on farms, e.g. at berry picking or during harvest. They also brought entertainment and news to the country folk.

The Highland Scottish Traveler community has a long history in Scotland with records going back to the 12th century. They share a similar heritage with, although distinct from, the Irish Travelers. As with their Irish counterparts, there are several theories regarding the origin of Scottish Highland Travelers, one being that they are descended from the Picts. Other theories are that they were excommunicated clergy, or families fleeing the Highland potato famine or the pre-Norman-Invasion

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Tinkers were a vital part of the rural scene of the past. In the early years of the 20th century they were a familiar sight in the Highlands. Traveling in small family groups, they roamed both the highways and the back roads, sometimes with ponies and carts to carry their gear, often with handcarts, sometimes wheeling their worldly goods in old-fashioned prams. Dogs trotted at the tail of the carts and were lifted up beside the bairns (babies) when they were tired.

The tinkers' camps were to be seen in sheltered spots throughout the glens and straths. They knew the terrain as intimately as town dwellers know their local high street, particularly which houses would give them a welcome and which houses should be avoided.

The menfolk repaired pots and pans and made horn spoons, willow baskets and clothes pegs for their wives to sell. In addition to seasonal work on the farms, many dealt in scrap iron, and a few fished the rivers for fresh water pearls to sell. The women peddled, or hawked, their wares - household goods and crafts.

Scottish Travelers have a secret cant, or language, the Beialrearich, which has never been written down. It is a complex mixture of Scots and Gaelic, some of it archaic, with a sprinkling of Romany. This allows the tinkers to switch nimbly to cant in the presence of even Gaelic-speaking strangers, a skill that was useful when they were questioned about suspected theft or poaching.

Sadly, all traveling people have been given a bad reputation, thanks to some of their number. True Scottish Highland Travellers were often erroneously perceived to be thieves, liars, shysters, con men, beggars, fortune tellers and the like. Country folk often projected their fear of "gypsies" into tales of how they kidnapped children.



In a horrifying reversal of this, tinkers believed that they were perpetually threatened, young and old alike, by the prospect of abduction to the dissecting rooms of medical schools. Stories were told of relatives who had unaccountably disappeared, said to have been snatched by the "noddies", top-hatted medical students who drove the black "burkers" (doctors') coaches through the countryside at night in search of their prey. It is little wonder that the tinkers refused to leave their old people and children unattended when in the hospital.

Certainly Scotland has not always been kind to tinkers, leaving them suspicious not only of hospitals but also of wary of strangers and officials. Under 17th Century Scottish law, to be a gypsy was a capital crime punishable by hanging! "Egyptians" were ordered to "quit the realm within thirty days on pain of death". The famous outlaw and fiddler James MacPherson was executed under this statute.

Even when free from all hints of reproach, the name tinker signifies people whose way of life makes them outsiders. A contributory factor to their isolation is the Scottish climate, which is less than suitable for a nomadic lifestyle because of its harsh winters and unpredictable rain and wind at any season of the year.

Recent changes in the economic structure of society have made both the tinkers' old way of life, and their ability to earn a traditional living, more difficult. Rural depopulation means that there are fewer houses at which to call, while the housewives' reliance on mass-produced goods has killed off many of the traditional tinkers' crafts.

Since the 1950s, other aspects of modern life have forced rapid changes on the travelling community. Tinsmithing is a dead art, horse dealing a thing of the past, hawking is now done by catalog and supermarket. The majority of Scottish Highland Travellers have settled down into organized campsites or regular houses. They may still travel the roads today, but in smaller numbers and usually in vans and trucks, or what the British call caravans and we in the U.S. call travel trailers and RVs.

As early as WWI some traveling families were beginning to settle for the winter in rented rooms, taking to the road in the spring and returning each autumn so that the children could clock up the obligatory 200 half-day attendances at school. However, most families preferred their tents to what was often substandard housing, and many of the older generation still do.

In the last 50 years folklorists have recorded a large number of tinker ballads, songs and folk tales. Many tinker men are accomplished pipers, whose skill adds to the family income. The folk song revival movement thrust a handful of Traveller singers and storytellers into an unexpected limelight.

It is estimated that only 2,000 Scottish travellers continue to lead their traditional lifestyle on the roads. They are still being fiercely discriminated against today. Those familiar with the Travellers detect an underlying sense of persecution and despair among these people who cherish the traditional ways and values of their forefathers.



We want to extend our sympathies to the family and friends of **Heleen Van Der Leest**, of the Netherlands, who was the Macfie Clan Commissioner of Western Europe. Heleen passed away in July 2015 after a long and difficult battle with cancer. Jim met Heleen and her husband Arie at the Parliament and Gathering on Colonsay in 1993, I met her in 2001, when we attended Parliament and Gathering in Oban and Colonsay. She was always cheerful and upbeat even during her illness. She is sorely missed by family and friends around the world.

Excerpts of the History of Colonsay, take from the Island of Colonsay website "History"

<http://www.colonsay.org.uk/About/History>

The islands of Colonsay and Oronsay, connected by a narrow strand that becomes dry at low water, are among the most fertile of the Hebrides. They lie at the entrance to the Firth of Lorn, with Mull to the north, Islay to the south and Jura to the east; on the west, however, the islands are exposed to the full force of the Atlantic gales. The islands are formed of rocks which are described as Lower Torridonian in age, comprising limestone, phyllites, mudstones, flags, grits and conglomerates; plutonic intrusive rocks outcrop at Scalasaig, and to the north there are dykes and sills of lamprophyre and dolerite. Colonsay and Oronsay are at the south-west end of the Great Glen Fault, with the main line running to the east.



The earliest references to the Norse presence in the seas around the islands (Of Colonsay and Oronsay) occur in the last decade of the 8th century, when the Vikings appear as raiders and plunderers of monastic houses. Their presence on Colonsay and Oronsay from the early 9th to the 10th century is witnessed by burials of distinctively Scandinavian character. Some lay in naturally formed mounds as at Cam a' Bharraich, Oronsay, and Machrins, Colonsay, though others may have had no covering mound.

During the Middle Ages these islands lay within the MacDonald Lordship of the Isles, Oronsay and a southern portion of Colonsay having been granted to Oronsay Priory. The MacDuffies or MacFies held Colonsay under the superiority of the MacDonalds and retained the island on lease from the crown following the forfeiture of the MacDonalds in 1493, Malcolm MacDuffie being styled 'Lord of Dunevin on Colonsay' on an Iona tombstone dated to the early 16th century. A later Malcolm MacFie was associated with Sir James MacDonald's unsuccessful attempt to regain the MacDonald inheritance in 1614-15; upon his release from custody after the rebellion, MacFie returned to Colonsay where he was murdered in 1623 by Coll Kitchoch (MacDonald) and accomplices at the standing stone, Balaruminmore. Later in the 17th century the islands were absorbed into the growing earldom of Argyll, but in 1701 were sold by the 10th Earl (later 1st Duke) of Argyll to Malcolm McNeill of the family of McNeill of Crear in Knapdale. The estate passed through various lateral branches of the same family until the death of Sir John Carstairs McNeill in 1904, and it was subsequently purchased by the 1st Lord Strathcona.



The Raid on Colonsay
Folk Tales # 9
Taken from "Clan Macfie News" 34th Edition

Darroch was employed by the land grabbers of his day to secure possession of new lands. Though few men could stand up to him, he met his match in Buie, who owned a great part of Jura. Darroch was engaged by Argyll to take possession of Colonsay and to exterminate the Macfie family who held the island at that time.

As Darroch was getting his men together, Buie approached him and asked if he could have passage with them to Port Askaig. He did not tell Darroch that he knew they were going to Colonsay. When the galley arrived at Port Askaig, Darroch announced they were going on to Colonsay. "If that is where you are off to," said Buie, "I would not mind ending up on Colonsay myself."

When they reached Colonsay, Darroch and his men set off for Macfie's house to carry out their mission. Buie followed at a safe distance. He saw a young woman running into an outhouse with something concealed in her arms, and quickly followed her.

"What have you got there, lass?" "It is nothing of any value," she replied. "Don't be afraid," replied Buie. "Although I am here along with these men, I don't belong to their company and I mean no harm."

The girl showed him a baby boy and said, "This is the only one left alive of the Macfie family." Buie took the child and concealed him against his own breast underneath his own plaid. When Darroch's men had finished their work, he joined them on the return journey. Buie waned the galley to head straight for Jura where he said they could drop him off at any point, but Darroch chose to make for the Sound of Islay, the way he had come. Buie was doing his share of the rowing and trying to head the boat to Jura. In doing so he broke his oar and his hands struck his chest...or rather the baby. The child gave a cry. Darroch exclaimed, "So there is a stowaway on board!" "It's only the creaking of the oar," said Buie. They gave him another oar, but he broke that as well. "You will have to give me a stronger oar," said Buie. The words he used were, "am buirbid mor." This is the great heavy oar used to steer the boat. So they gave him that. So well did he wield the oar that he brought the galley to land on Jura, just north of the opening to the Sound of Islay. When they were near enough, Buie used the oar as a vaulting pole, and before the others were aware of what was happening, he was on the shore facing them with his broadsword in his hand.



"You'll need all your sprightliness now," said Darroch. "Land if you like for I am ready for you," said Buie. Darroch and his crew decided to remain in the boat. Buie held the baby aloft and called out, "This is the heir of the Macfies, and there are as many arrows in the quiver as you have men, and not one shall pass." Buie was afraid to take the child home, lest his enemies might come when he was away from home. So he took him to a remote cave on Beinn an Oir, the highest of the papas of Jura, and hid him there. He went regularly with food for the child and would tie a piece of meat to the child's big toe with a piece of cord so long that if the meat were to go into the child's throat so that he was on the point of choking, the sudden straightening of the body would automatically pull the piece of meat out of his throat. In due course the child grew up. With Buie's

help, he was able to win back his inheritance in Colonsay, although it is said that he lost it again later. As long as he held it, however, if Buie was in the need of help against an

enemy, he only needed to light a signal fire in sight of Colonsay and Macfie and as many men as he could muster would be over in hot haste to help

"The Highland Games"
Jerry A. "Jay" McAfee

Many, many Highland names
Gather to compete at the Highland Games.
Pull the long rope for a Tug O' War
Make 'em cross the line is how you score.

Throw the Hammer as far as you can
Twenty-two pounds, if you're a man.
Toss the Caber made of Scots Pine
End over end and in a straight line.

The Shot Put is a heavy round stone
You can
win by how far it is thrown.
Run your best in a Highland Race
And put the others in their place.

Lassies dance the Highland Fling
Scottish tunes with a familiar ring.
The Pipes and Drums are played by hand
Highland tunes by a Scottish band.

A sip of whisky goes smoothly down
A tastey swig of the golden brown.
Rub elbows with the other clans
and offer greetings with your hands.

We Scotti's love to gather together
Wherever the place and in any weather.
So put on your kilts and stay awhile
And have some fun, it'll make you smile.

Yes, many, many Highland names
Gather together at the Highland Games.
Honor your clan by competing each year
It's all in fun and you have nothing to fear.



The Macfie Clan Society of America
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