



THE NEWSBEAT



Volume XXXVI Spring/Summer 2018

Newsletter of the Macfie Clan Society of America

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Editor's Notes

We are looking forward to the Stone Mt Games, and our annual meeting, this year, hope many of you can make it.

We are needing an Editor for *The Newsbeat*. If you have a little free time, we would like to get an issue out every quarter. Please let me know if you feel that you can help with the newsletter. E-mail me at jgmcafee@charter.net

The Newsbeat is published 3 or 4 time a year. 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 with other members.

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

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Annual dues were 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**

Longs Peak Scottish-Irish Highland Festival
Estes Park, CO 80517 Sept 6 to 9

Stone Mountain Highland Games., Stone Mt. GA
October 19 - 21, 2018,

Tucson Celtic Festival and Scottish Highland Games,
Tucson, AZ Nov. 3-5

You can get a more complete list of Scottish Games at
[http://www.angelfire.com/folk/irishcelts/
scottish_highland_festivals_by_date.html](http://www.angelfire.com/folk/irishcelts/scottish_highland_festivals_by_date.html)

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)

Kerri Tam, Ontario, Canada

Mark McAfee, Fresno, CA

Joanne Canevet, Gross Ile, MI

Paul Tenhet, San Frisco, CA

Deborah Castleberry, Visalia, CA

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 20 - 21, 2018 Our Annual Meeting will be held there on the field on Saturday, Oct 20, 2018 at the Clan Tent.

Scottish Games



The Panama City FL Games



Beautiful Panama City FL was the location of the PC Games this past March. Cliff McDuffee convened for the clan and gave the following report:

Saturday turned out a nice warm day, in the 70's, but still with a lot of wind as my red face will show. I liked the layout of the event and there were some thirty (30) clans there with of course many vendors and all day entertainment provided from the Florida Lottery rolling stage.



Joyce and I manned the Macfie space all day and helped several people locate their clans and we did have two who showed interest in possibly becoming members of the Macfie Clan. Most people do not seem to know how to find out about their ancestors and that is always a pleasure to assist them even if they are not one of 'us' □ Long day, nice

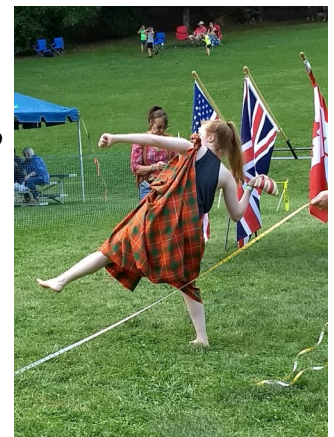
people, good vendors, high winds and tired people. Somewhere during the day I lost my house keys!! All in all, we had a good time. Cliff also mentioned that the Zephyrhills, FL games may return next year.



Blairsville, GA Games



Blairsville GA is a picturesque little town, nestled in the mountains of north Georgia. A beautiful backdrop for the Scottish Highland Games held each June in Meeks Park. The weather was just right this year, not too hot, with a cool breeze blowing through the clan tent. It seems like there are more and more clan tents and vendors each year. There were a lot of people to come by the tent and a few Macfies stopped to get some information about the clan. Grace McAfee defended her Haggis Toss Championship title, however she tried her best and wound up with Second place. Caitlyn McAfee Hieatt also tried her hand at the Haggis Toss, and did a commendable job. Well done ladies.





The Stone Mountain Games will be October 20-21. We will take clan pictures at 3:00 at the clan tent, and immediately after that we will have our Annual Business Meeting also at the clan tent. We are also looking for participants in the kilted mile. Children can run in the kids kilted mile, and still count as participating. You can get tickets and information at www.smhg.org/

Come out to the **LONGS PEAK SCOTTISH IRISH HIGHLAND FESTIVAL** and meet Brian and Nancy Thibodeaux, who will be convening a Macfie tent. You can get more info at <http://www.scotfest.com/>

Amy Fee invites everyone to the Tucson, AZ Celtic Games November 3-5 and enjoy the nice warm Tucson November weather. So come one, come all and escape the cold from the other parts of the country. <http://tucsoncelticfestival.org/>



Clan Commander Iain McFee: The latest that we have heard from Commander Iain is that he remains in the assisted living facility in Newtonmore, at the Mains House Nursing Home due to his ongoing health issues. The nursing home seems very pleasant with very understanding, accommodating and welcoming staff. He is currently restricted to using an electric wheel chair, but according to Andrew Duffy, "although limited physically, mentally he is as astute as ever". Currently Iain and Fiona's future plans are to sell their home and relocate to Glasgow to an appropriately equipped bungalow

near their immediate family



We recently received the news of the passing of **Shiona Mackay**, on July 26 Shiona was Vice-President of the Clan Macfie Society of Scotland and a Clan Armiger. She had also held office in the Clan Mackay Society, and was a past President of the Edinburgh Sutherland Association.. Shiona's funeral was held at 2 30 PM on Monday 6th August at Christ Church, Morningside Road, Edinburgh. Shiona was a great lady and a great friend of the Clan for many years. She will be missed!

We also learned recently of the passing of the 4th Baron Strathcona (Donald Euan Palmer Howard) at the age of 94. The island of Colonsay had been bought in 1905 by the first Lord Strathcona, who built the Canadian Pacific Railway. The 18th-century Colonsay House became the family seat, though Strathcona moved into the smaller Kiloran house, his elder son taking over the Colonsay House. The 4th Baron Strathcona inherited Colonsay with his title in 1959, and successfully brought more tourist travel to the island. He is succeeded by his elder son, Donald Alexander Smith Howard the 5th Baron.

Report on the Gathering in Stirling
September 2017
by Bob McFee as Printed in the "Clan News " # 81

The accommodations, food, facilities, etc., in Stirling were of a very high order. However, some of the more ancient attendees did mention that their room number was a wee bit far from the place where the business meetings were located...but they all made it!

There were a few 'tousy' business sessions, and one small group decided to form an ad hoc committee (though the writer was not invited to join). This group evidently was not aware, or chose to ignore, that the Derbfine has been in place for many many years. The "Seneschal" of this important group is the lovely Sylvia McPhee of Toronto, Canada. (What are the Derbfine and Seneschal? Send me an email and I'll let you know?). I understand that one of the items this committee discussed was the removal of the existing Commander. This and other topics have been kept "on the boil" by some, even until the present. It should be mentioned that the notion of removing Iain

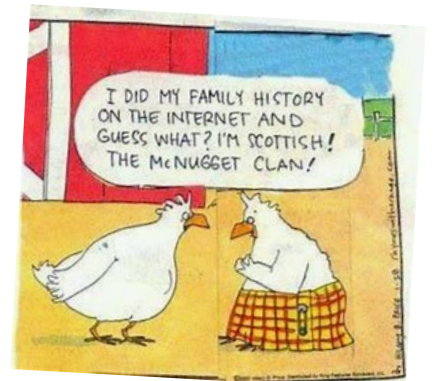
failed. (Interested in this? Send me an email.)

As has happened in the past, those who had the time travelled on to Colonsay to spend a few days in our Homeland. As expected, it was wonderful. The writer had booked accommodation for Iain, Fiona and me in the "Cottages." In the absence of Iain and Fiona, their place was taken by two wonderful Kiwis, Jenny and Jim Mcauslin. Within minutes of meeting them, I knew them well. They were a wee bit noisy but great fun. :o) I had a marvelous few days in their company. And, the Mcauslin's granddaughter is a Piper so they couldn't lose. Ceilidhs of a very high order took place. Lots of laughter, singing and dancing took place, and lots of fun. Everyone had a great time!

A number of old friends and locals came to see us off the Island. On the boat, there were tears. I repeated to some what I'd said to three young Aussies many years ago. I said, "Colonsay will still be here next time you come back."

The disembarking off the ferry in Oban was subdued. I do hope the promises of keeping in touch materialise. I've heard from my new Kiwi mates many times...they are wonderful. There's nothing we can do but wait until 2021 to take part in the next episode of the Macfie Gathering story. It should be noted that the next "Interim Gathering" will take place in Sweden. I suggest you make an effort to take part in this in 2019. Having been to Sweden on occasion, I know you will have a fabulous time with the marvelous Swedish Society President, Christer Hemberg, and his lovely wife Marianne, as well as our other Swedish cousins.

Finally, I visited my only sibling a wee while ago. Bright as ever, but mobility is still restricted. He is having some problems with his new laptop and voice recognition software (birthday present from Fiona and yours truly). It seems that the software has trouble with his Scottish accent. "Iain with an accent? I've never noticed !!!" **Bob McFie President, United Kingdom Clan Society**



Our Trip to the Orkney Islands - September 2017:

By William McGaffey DVM

Following last September's MacFie parliament in Sterling, Scotland, many of the participants headed west to Colonsay. Although torn at missing the informal comradery enjoyed by the group I also knew a large area of Scotland north of the great glen was unknown to me. As was explained to me in 2009 "no need to go up north...nothing up there."

If one looks at a map closely two routes get one north across the great glen, either through Fort William to the west, or up through Inverness to the east. All other possibilities by land are blocked by mountains- the Grampians I think, and Loch Ness and Loch Lochy. The first bridge across the River Ness north of Lock Ness is in the middle of Inverness city. We based ourselves at a B&B at Garvard north and west of Inverness. From Garvard Cindy and I drove loops in a clover-leaf pattern west towards Ullapool and then either north or south. Ullapool is a moderate sized town not unlike Oban which would serve well as another base for exploration. Services for travelers are found here. Ferries serve the Hebridean islands from Ullapool.

I can say the "nothing" is the most phenomenal "something" I have seen in Scotland. We saw sparsely inhabited great glacial valleys with extinct volcanic cones topped with shifting veils of mist, wilderness, glassy coastal inlets with playing seals and otters, great bogs, quaint villages, isolated crofts, ruined crofts, roaring salmon rivers and waterfalls- the waters are stained black from the peat higher up slope, abundant green plants and trees, wild deer and birds. Single-track roads wander to junctions with no sign posts. The westerly coast facing Skye from the peninsula of Applecross is adventuresome to explore. Isolated hamlets have great stone churches, some abandoned, with lichen covered markers inscribed with the names of the predominant clans once prevalent. Applecross, MacKenzie land, was described as the most remote area in Scotland at one point. My camera lens could not capture the vast panoramas.

When planning this trip, the last 4 days were blank on our itinerary. Cindy defers this task to me. I looked at the ferry schedule for the Isle of Lewis, but the morning return ferry was booked months in advance due to a festival. That left the dash back to Glasgow airport as too hazardous to chance without wasting an extra day in transit. The solution lay further north. At the extreme northeast of Scotland an archipelago of islands lies off the coast, the Orkneys. Google told me we could drive there in 4 or 5 hours from Garvard up the east coast through the town of Wick. Two competing "local" ferry lines leave the north Scottish coast at regular intervals, the first line, Pentland, embarks from Gills Bay/ John o' Groats, takes an hour and lands at Saint Margaret's Hope, a port more southerly in the islands. The other ferry, Northlink, leaves the Scottish coast a bit further west at Scrabster and lands one and a half hours later at Stromness. A third option is to sail with Northlink from Inverness from much further south. This route is more captive to weather conditions. A fourth option is using local air service or to fly one's private Lear Jet, but times being what they are, we drove.... The local ferries run 7 days a week several times a day. They are readily booked online. Arriving at St Margaret's Hope affords one the opportunity to drive north and west towards Kirkwall, the capital, and towards Stromness a bit further west.

Instead of getting caught up in the rush of disgorging vehicles rushing north, turn right above the bluff at St Margaret's Hope and travel towards land's end. Found here is an abandoned church, the grave stones inscribed with very Scandinavian sounding names ending with the suffix "son" or "sen". They bespeak the 300-year rule of the Vikings, the Orkneys serving as their king's capital and staging base for marauding south and east/ west to Ireland, the Isle of Mann, both coasts of England, and of course, Scotland. A small harbor at Burwick was the site where an English ship loaded with Covenanter prisoners, sailing over the top of Scotland to points south, failed to shelter fully within the mouth of the harbor at an approaching storm. The ship's captain was obstinate despite pleadings from the locals. The ship was swept off its anchors by the gale and foundered up the coastal cliffs. Rather than free his prisoners, he ordered the men, women, and children to remain locked below decks arguing that insurance would not cover lost cargo were they to escape to shore.

Cindy at the Tomb of Ea-



Not far is the privately held “Tomb of the Eagles”. Follow the small signs, pay a fee at a small farmstead, have a young lad give a short presentation on the artifacts including human skulls, sea eagle talons and other artifacts recovered from a covered burial mound ½ mile nearer the sea cliffs. Walk to the tomb remembering your flashlight or head lamp. Lay with your back on the little mechanic’s coaster, the kind that slides under cars, and pull yourself through a claustrophobic stone-lined tunnel using a rope attached to the ceiling, and into the interior burial chamber. Try to imagine the civilization that built this.

Reverse course and drive north across several smaller islands connected by “Churchill’s dikes”. The cluster of Orkney Islands surrounds a vast expanse of deep water termed Scapa Flow, which served as Britain’s largest naval base during WWI & II. A daring German U-boat captain navigated his submarine through one of the smaller inlets and sank a British battle ship, the Royal Oak, riding at anchor. Because of this embarrassment and loss, Churchill ordered dikes to be constructed between multiple islands to improve port security. This was done under the guise of “erosion control” - they had bureaucracy back then too. These dikes provide the causeways between the smaller island stepping stones up to the main island and Kirkwall. Kirkwall is a semi-industrial port with two whisky distilleries. Kirkwall also contains the most northerly cathedral in Britain, Saint Magnus Cathedral.

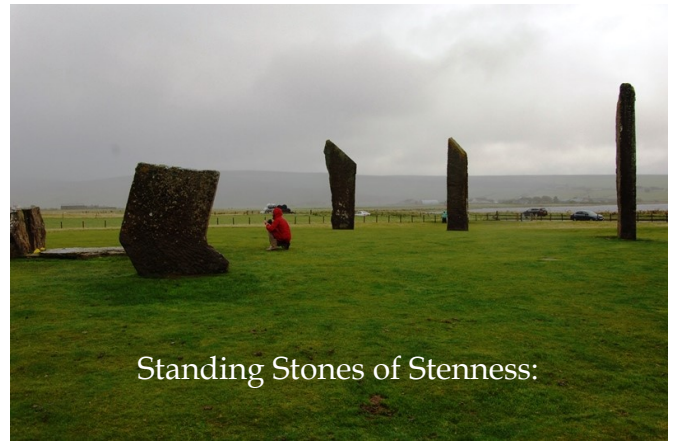
Needless to say, the main attractions for Orkney tourists are probably the abundant Neolithic ruins: villages, tombs, standing stone circles and monuments. Much has been written about them. I am not going into detail. But some are dated to 5000 years old. The Egyptian pyramids are 2500 years young by comparison. Many of the sites are clustered on a narrow isthmus (ness) located between a fresh water lake and a brackish one connected to the sea. Several locales are deemed “World Heritage Sites” by the United Nations and are controlled by Historic Environment Scotland /HES (<https://www.historicenvironment.scot/visit-a-place/travel-trade/scottish-heritage-pass/>).

TIP: Do not neglect to purchase one of these passes for each person online prior to your travels- they get you into multiple places like Culloden, Stirling Castle, Urquhart castle, etc. for no additional or much reduced cost, get you to the front of lines at busy venues, and merit a significant discount at the gift shops.

Maeshowe- a burial tomb more extensive than Tomb of the Eagles, requires a reservation. It is accessible accompanied by a guide only. Photography inside is prohibited. The mound is surrounded by a large circular excavation. The tomb is entered through the usual narrow tunnel. This tunnel is square in cross-section because it is constructed of repurposed massive standing stones. The interior contains one of the largest collection of Nordic runes known. Runes are etched on the interior stones by Vikings who broke through the top of the vault when caught by a snow storm. This is known because the Vikings wrote about it in the Sagas. They apparently sheltered inside for some time or came back often judging by all their graffiti high and low. Runes are symbols which appear like skinny, tall, fir trees arranged in rows. A small dragon symbol is carved on one block. The guide said Ragnar Lothbrok’s name was carved there- known to those addicts of the TV series “Vikings” (I’m one).



The Standing Stones of Stenness are a favorite of mine, very large, older than Stonehenge in England, hardly anyone around. Walk right up and lean on the stones; hope you don't fall through time. Barnhouse Settlement, a small subterranean cluster of dwellings, is found via a path few seem to notice which leads out behind the standing stones. And just up the road is the Ring of Brodgar, another extensive stone circle, but one with tourist buses cheek-to-jowl. These stones are mainly roped off to control the erosion of so many feet and discourage time voyagers.



Standing Stones of Stenness:

Skara Brae is an organized semi-buried village located more remotely up the northwest coast of the main island at Skaill Bay (Skaill = meeting place), is also a World Heritage Site. Skara Brae features a small museum and interpretive center, gift shop, lots of people, but one is free to wander out and around. Interpretive guides are available to follow around if you wish, or not, if you wish. Adjacent is a large mansion named Skaill House. This is privately owned and for the price of admission one can wander around downstairs and upstairs and view how the Bishops of Orkney and the Earls of Orkney lived for generations. Of interest to me was the displayed case of china belonging to Captain Cook which was purchased by the Orkney Bishop. Cook's last ship returned his body from the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) making 1st land at Stromness or Kirkwall- think of the distance! I have stood on the beach at Waimea, Kauai, where Captain Cook's ships accidentally discovered the islands on a previous Pacific voyage. They sailed past and spied the northerly island at sunset, then required an entire night to turn 'round beating a zig-zag path against the trade winds. Cook was greeted as a God. I've seen Cook's Bay on the big island of Hawaii, where he was killed during a subsequent voyage in a dispute with natives. To see his china in that case completes the epic travels of this great explorer in another unexpected cluster of remote islands.

A couple last mentions of places I enjoyed, read about, or saw:

The Broch of Gurness is found on a northeasterly coast looking across a watery strait at a neighboring island populated with isolated farms. No throng of tourists come here- it sits well off the beaten track. Gurness is lonely, mostly intact, haunting, mysterious, and hard to understand or explain. Pheasants and Oyster Catchers feed in the nearby barley fields adjacent the descending lane. A wind-blown sand beach stretches out from an angle in the lane.

And then there is the "**Click Mill**" out in a cow pasture, a grinding mill built on a vertical shaft with a horizontal paddle wheel turned by water flowing through a ditch. The grinding stones make a clicking sound as one turns over the other and a wooden peg bumps the grain chute to further feed the stones- you must get lost to find it.

A more traditional large water wheel-type mill was found just north of Skaill bay no longer in use but with lots of worn out stones discarded against the walls. The mill stones were mined locally at a site on the islands where the rock is proper for this purpose. The giant water wheels (plural) stand silent.

Somewhere was a battle site where a mainland Clan Chief or titled someone-or-other crossed over to effect control but got his force's ears boxed- no sustained clan wars here.

The island of Hoy lay across from Stromness. It appeared mountainous, dark, and threatening. The return ferry sailed past the "Old Man of Hoy" a large sea stack of rock several hundred feet tall which stands wave-battered just off the towering cliffs.

Stromness had the narrowest downtown street I ever drove through. I'm glad it was a Sunday. I just hoped it wasn't a dead end. Go find out.

Everywhere **spun wind-mills**, both the white giants, the public arrays we all know, but also the private wind turbines owned by individual families. They pay for themselves with a few years of furious dervishness by selling power back into the grid. Our host had one, and it sounded like a small Cessna taking off at night.



A Click Mill

We saw dramatic cliffs with crashing breakers- oil tankers heaving against the seas as they rounded the top of Britain. Scattered relic WWII fighter bases lay in decay within the island's interior. We dined at a crowded pub in Kirkwall one evening and were crashed by a wedding party of kilted men and gowned women who, according to the barman, would get good and "pissed" before boarding the overnight ferry to Inverness. We saw old harvested peat bogs in the gullied low hills. Small inlets held small ferry docks. The local ferries crossed to surrounding islands- begging to be explored. Large fat light-colored cattle grazed the lush pasturelands. Our host, Robert, stated some 22,000 were exported the year before to mainland markets. People are industrious. An air of purposeful activity is present. Family life is evident.



Skara Brae with Skaill House in the background:

The weather is ever changeable, the wind alters direction and speed, rain squalls blow in off the north Atlantic. Then suddenly the sun breaks with miraculous beauty. Take a light rain coat, forget the umbrella unless you like para-sailing. I would encourage you to go. Don't take an archeologist with you or you won't get anywhere. You'll be stuck at the 1st hillock. Once your eye develops a "search image" you will begin to notice that "mounds" are everywhere, and that farm entrances have standing stones incorporated as the ends to rock walls. Go see, enjoy!



Skaill House:



The Broch of Gurness:

MacFie's Black Dog

There are several versions of this tale but this is the one I like best



One day Macfie was out hunting, and night came on before he got home. He saw a light and made straight for it. He saw a number of men sitting in there, and an old grey-headed man in the midst. The old man spoke and said, 'Macfie, come forward.' Macfie went forward, and what should come in his way but a dog as beautiful an animal as he had ever seen, and a litter of pups with it. He saw one pup in particular,

black in color, and he had never seen a pup so black or so beautiful as it.

'This dog will be my own,' said Macfie. 'No,' said the man, 'you will get your choice of the pups, but you will not get that one.' 'I will not take one,' said Macfie, 'but this one.'

'Since you are resolved to have it,' said the old man, 'it will not do you but one day's service, and it will do that well. Come back on such a night and you will get it.'

Macfie reached the place on the night he promised to come. They gave him the dog, 'and take care of it well,' said the old man, 'for it will never do service for you but the one day.'

The Black Dog began to turn out so handsome a whelp that no one ever saw a dog so large or so beautiful as it. Any time Macfie went out hunting he called the Black Dog, and the Black Dog came to the door and then turned back and lay where it was before. The gentlemen who visited at Macfie's house used to tell him to kill the Black Dog, it was not worth its food. Macfie would tell them to let the dog alone, that the Dog's day would come yet.

One day they made ready to go hunting; the Black Dog was called and reached the door, but returned where it was before. 'Kill it,' said the gentlemen, 'and don't be feeding it any longer.' 'I will not kill it,' said Macfie, 'the Dog's day will come yet.' They failed to get across this day from the violence of the weather and returned. 'The dog has foreknowledge,' said the gentlemen. 'It has foreknowledge,' said Macfie, 'that its own day will come yet.'

On the next day the weather was beautiful. They took their way to the harbor, and did not say a syllable this day to the Black Dog. They launched the boat to go away. One of the gentlemen looked and said the Black Dog was coming, and he never saw a creature like it, because of its fierce look. It sprang, and was the first creature in the boat. 'The Black Dog's day is drawing near us,' said Macfie.

They took with them meat, and provisions, and bedclothes, and went ashore in Jura. They passed that night in the Big Cave, and next day went to hunt the deer. Late in the evening they came home. They prepared supper. They had a fine fire in the cave and light. There was a big hole in the very roof of the cave through which a man could pass. When they had taken their supper the young gentlemen lay down, Macphie rose, and stood warming the back of his legs to the fire. Each of the young men said he wished his own sweetheart was there that night. 'Well,' said Macfie, 'I prefer that my wife should be in her own house; it is enough for me to be here myself tonight'

In a little while Macfie heard a horrid noise overhead in the top of the cave, so that he thought the cave would fall in about his head. He looked up and saw a man's hand coming down through the hole, and making as if to catch himself and take him out through the hole in the roof of the cave. The Black Dog gave one spring, and between the shoulder and the elbow caught the Hand, and lay upon it with all its might. Now began the play between the Hand and the Black Dog. Before the Black Dog let go its hold, it chewed the arm through till it fell on the floor. The Thing that was on the top of the cave went away, and Macfie thought the cave would fall in about his head. The Black Dog rushed out after the Thing that was outside. This was not the time when Macfie felt himself most at ease, when the Black Dog left him. When the day dawned, behold the Black Dog had returned. It lay down at Macfie's feet, and in a few minutes was dead. When the light of day appeared Macfie looked, and he had not a single man alive of those who were with him in the cave. He took with him the Hand, and went to the shore to the boat. He went on board and went home to Colonsay, unaccompanied by dog or man. **(And this is where the old saying "Every dog will have his day" originated.**

Dog Breeds from Scotland

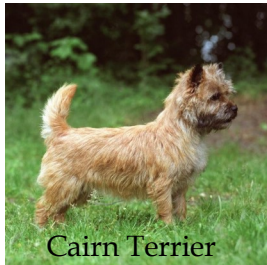
When we think of dogs from Scotland, our first thoughts are probably Scottish Terriers, West Highland White Terriers and maybe Collies, but there are several other breeds that originated in the islands and highlands.



Scottish Terrier



West Highland
White Terrier



Cairn Terrier



Dandy Dinmont Terrier



Skye Terrier



Scottish Deerhound



Bearded Collie



Rough Collie



Smooth Collie



Border Collie



Shetland Sheepdog



Gordon Setter

All dogs were bred with a purpose in mind. And all were bred to help humans with working hunting or every day activities. For instance the **Terrier** breeds were all developed to help the farmer rid his home and farm of vermin of varying size. The stockier **Scottie** was developed to eliminate Fox and badgers, by chasing them into their den, going in after them and dragging them out, usually dead. The smaller **Westies** and **Cairns** were very good at eliminating smaller game, especially among the rocks and cairns of Scotland. The **Dandie Denmont** was bred to go to ground after otters and badgers. Sir Walter Scott made these dogs famous in his novel *Guy Manner-ing*, which was published in 1815. The **Skye Terrier** comes from the island of Skye and is remarkably unchanged over nearly four centuries. Rugged, courageous, and agile, Skyes excel at running game to ground. For owners who cherish the terrier qualities of gameness, independent thinking, and true-blue loyalty, no other breeds will do.

Collies were bred to herd and tend to sheep. They are intelligent, loyal and fun loving. They do best with a very active family and a job to keep him from getting into trouble. **Shelties** were developed on the Shetland Islands, where they wanted a smaller herding dog, but one that is hardy with a heavy coat to withstand the harsh winters on the island. All collies also make great watch dogs, and protectors.

The **crisply coated Scottish Deerhound**, is the "Royal Dog of Scotland," and is a majestically large coursing hound and among the tallest of dog breeds, the Deerhound was bred to stalk the giant wild red deer. After Culloden, the Deerhound nearly went extinct. It was not until about 1825, when Archibald and Duncan McNeill (the latter afterwards Lord Colonsay) brought several breeding pairs of Deerhounds to Colonsay, and successfully restored the breed to it's prominence.

The **Gordon Setter**, the black avenger of the Highlands, is a substantial bird dog named for a Scottish aristocrat. Athletic and outdoorsy, Gordons are bold, confident, and resolute in the field, and sweetly affectionate by the fire-side. Gordons are the largest and most substantial of setters—a big male might stand 27 inches at the shoulder and weigh 80 pounds. The stunning coat is a glistening black, with tan markings and long hair on the ears, belly, legs, chest, and tail. Tan spots above the bright brown eyes point up with a wise and willing expression. Like other Scots breeds, from the compact Scottish Terrier to the majestic Scottish Deerhound, Gordons were built to withstand their homeland's tough terrain and foul weather. .

Brief History of the Tartan

The Celts for many thousands of years are known to have woven chequered or striped cloth and a few of these ancient samples have been found across Europe and Scandinavia. It is believed that the introduction of this form of weaving came to the West of Northern Britain with the Iron age Celtic *Scoti* (Scots) from Ireland in the 5 - 6th c. BC. One of the earliest examples of tartan found in Scotland dates back to the 3rd century AD, where a small sample of woolen check known as the Falkirk tartan (now in the National Museum of Scotland) was found used as a stopper in an earthenware pot to protect a treasure trove of silver coins buried close to the Antonine Wall near Falkirk. It is a simple two colored check or tartan which, was identified as the undyed brown and white of the native Soay Sheep. Colors were determined by local plants that could be used for dyes.

One of the first recorded mentions of Tartan was in 1538 when King James V purchased "three ells of Hieland Tartans" for his wife to wear. And in 1587, Hector Maclean (heir of Duart) paid feu duty with sixty ells of cloth "white, black and green"- the tradition colors of the Maclean hunting tartan. An eyewitness account of the Battle of Killecrankie in 1689 describes "McDonells men in their triple stripe"

Each area or community grouping would doubtless have, as one of its artisans, a weaver. He - they were usually men - would no doubt produce the same tartan for those around him and that tartan would initially become what we now call a District Tartan - one worn by individuals living in close geographical proximity such as glen or strath. By its very nature, that community would be one huge *extended* family that soon became identified by its tartan which it wore, not to differentiate it from its neighbors in the next glen

Since all weavers depended very much on local plants for their dyes so the locality of the weaver might well have some bearing on the colors of the tartan that he produced.

Over the last fifty years or so tartan has developed into a multi-million dollar industry dominated by a few large mills. Today tartan holds a unique place in the annals of textile history and has come to symbolize, along with the kilt and bagpipes, the cultural identity of the whole Scottish nation.



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