



THE NEWSBEAT



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Newsletter of the Macfie Clan Society of America

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Editor's Notes

We hope that your holidays were joyful and full of fun and laughter. And that your New Year will, indeed, be blessed.

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

Diane Swenson
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Annual dues are due each year 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-\$16.00
Badges \$16.00
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

Phoenix AZ Scottish Games www.arizonascots.com
Mar 2 & 3, 2019

Blairsville, GA Scottish Festival & Highland Games
www.blairsvillescottishfestival.org June 9 & 10

Grandfather Mountain NC Highland Games
Linville, NC 28646 www.gmhg.org July 12 to 15

Middle Tennessee Highland Games & Celtic Festival
Whites Creek, TN 37189 www.midtenngames.com
Sept 7 & 8, 2019

Stone Mountain GA Highland Games
October 18 - 20, 2019 (Our Annual Meeting will be held on the 19th 3:00 at the Clan Tent)

You can get a more complete list of Scottish Games at
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)

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. .

Ned and Cheryl Stedman, St. Pauls, NC
Larry Kincade, Cotopaxi, CO
Mr. & Mrs. John Cooper, Jr, Bixby, OK
Rebecca Carson, Missoula, MT
Mr. & Mrs. John McAfee, Missoula, MT

The Swedish Thorburn-Macfie Society would like to invite you to their Triennial General Gathering to be held 5-6 July 2019 in Gustafsberg, Sweden. For more information, you can contact the Swedish Society President, Christer Hemberg, christer.hemberg@thorburn-macfie.se

Scottish Games



Pictures from the 2018 Grandfather Mountain NC Games. John and Cathy Guffey reported that the weather was good and they had lots of folks come by the clan tent. They will be looking for more Macfies to attend this year.



The Stone Mountain Games were practically rained out last October. Jim and Ginger McAfee, convened but Saturday was a bleak, rainy, blustery day with only a few hardy souls brave enough to come out to the games. Since there were no other members present at the appointed time for our Annual Meeting it was deferred until the next year. Sunday was a wee bit better, a pale sun did peek out in the afternoon, but with it, more cold wind. Most of the clans were ready to pack up and go home in early afternoon, but a glitch in the parking agenda made it impossible to do so until 6:00. Hopefully the 2019 Stone Mt. Games will be a little more hospitable and we can have more members in attendance. Our Annual Meeting will be at 3:00 in the afternoon of Saturday October 19 at the Clan tent. Hope many of you will plan a trip to join us.

The Tucson AZ games were held in November and Amy Fee convened. She reported that she had a good time with a pretty good turn out.



Cliff and Joyce McDuffie convened the Mt. Dora Florida Games on November 17. Cliff reported that it was a very nice venue, and a beautiful day, but the event lacked organization. Maybe they will have it together next year.

Editor's Note: As you probably know, our Clan Commander 's (Ceann-Cath) health has not been good for sometime now. He remains in Newtonmore, residence home for therapy. This was taken from the "Clan Macfie News"



Ceann-Cath's Remarks

Again, greetings from Newtonmore, Sadly, Fiona and I are no closer to finding a suitable residence in the Glasgow area as yet, but we keep looking. Our plans for Christmas are that I will stay in Mains House in Newtonmore and Fiona will go to Glasgow to stay with family over the Christmas period.

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank all those Clan's folk and others that have sent me their kind wishes. These are much appreciated...thank you.

Work with the Clan Trustees continues, albeit at a slow rate. The new Trustees: P r-Magnus Hagman and Andrew Duffy, have had their identifying documents verified and passed on to the lawyers. Next all Trustees, new and old, are required to sign a document and then we should be in a position to proceed with the new line up of Trustees, with finances, etc.

Please remember that our Swedish Clan's Folk, The Thorburn-Macfie Family Society, will be holding their triennial meeting, termed a mini-gathering, on the 5th and 6th of July next year, 2019, at Gustafsberg, Sweden, to which all members of the Thorburn Macfie Family Society are welcome as well as Clan Macfie members from around the world

Unfortunately, I have little else to report at the moment, but I would like to take this opportunity to affirm that we should all cherish our friendship and unity in clanship in a world where chaos and disharmony seem to be on the increase. So I would like to wish all Clan's folk and all those connected with the Clan a Very Happy and a Peaceful Christmas.

Iain Morris MacFie Ceann Cath

CALLING ALL COFFEES

The 82nd annual Coffee Reunion will be held the week of July 4th at the big beautiful Darnell ranch, in Wyoming. There is also a huge archeological dig, and folks will be able to walk in the dig and visit the lab where they are casting the bones. **For more information contact Eddie Coble ed@edcoble.com 817-896-5001**

Lodging information:
Newcastle Lodge
22918 US Hiway 85
Newcastle, Wyoming
307-746-2600

\$99 a night from July5-7 if you say you are with the Coffee Reunion. There will be some buses to take folks to the major attractions.

Picturing The Past: Cathey's Creek Was One Of The Earliest Settlements In Transylvania County June 25, 2018 Transylvania Times Brevard, NC 28712



Cathey's Creek is the only township within Transylvania County that is entirely surrounded by other county townships. It covers about 32 square miles and is bordered by the Brevard, Dunn's Rock, Eastatoe and Gloucester townships. U.S. 64 runs through the township from Illahee Road on the west side of Brevard to the town of Rosman.

The French Broad River forms the township's southern boundary from Barclay Road to Rosman, although a portion of the township stretches beyond the river between Hannah Ford and Lions Mountain roads.

The relatively flat river valley provided an easy route for large herds of animals that roamed the mountains. Later, Native Americans followed the same path through the area. Early settlers widened these paths for their first roads. The first permanent residents built homes nearby and farmed the fertile lands, making Cathey's Creek one of the earliest settlements in what is today Transylvania County. Benjamin Wilson was the first postmaster at Cathey's Creek from 1826 to 1837, during the time when the area was part of Buncombe County. James Hamblen then served as postmaster until it closed around 1861, when Transylvania County was established. About 1900, the railroad was extended from Brevard to Rosman through Cathey's Creek Township, with three stops for passengers to get on and off and for mail delivery at Selica, Cherryfield and Calvert.

Today, almost all of the approximately 3,700 residents in the Cathey's Creek Township live in the lower areas around U.S. 64 and the French Broad River. The northern section of the township is more mountainous terrain mostly sitting within the Pisgah National Forest. The City of Brevard owns approximately 29 acres on Cathey's Creek, where the water treatment facility is located. Constructed in 1980 it has the capacity to treat up to 2.6 million gallons of water a day, with the present volume around 1 million per day. (Photographs and information for this column are provided by the Rowell Bosse North Carolina Room, Transylvania County Library. Visit the N.C. Room during regular library hours (Monday-Friday) to learn more about our history and see additional photographs. For more information, comments or suggestions, contact Marcy at marcy.thompson@transylvania.org. **(Copied From Cathey Kith and Kin 2018 Newsletter)**

The 2018 Cathey Reunion was held in Crowder, Oklahoma and attended by almost 100 people. There were 5 generations attending. The oldest born in 1929 & youngest 5 months old. There were people from California, Texas, Kentucky, Florida & Oklahoma. There was plenty of good food & fun. If you are a Cathey and would like to attend it will be at the same place (Crowder Choctaw Center) the last Sunday in June. (June 23,2019). We hope that even more family can join us next year. Contact: Mary Ann Quilantang-Cathey at: marycatok12@yahoo.com

1977 FIRST CLAN MACPHEE GATHERING IN SCOTLAND Saturday, May 14, 1977

by Mairi MacPhee Egan

Copied from "The Torch" Newsletter of the Canadian Macfie Society

Forty years ago my mother Sheila Douglas MacPhee, of Fort William, Scotland, read of Earle Douglas MacPhee and his desire to resurrect Clan MacPhee in Scotland in the newspaper. Being a Douglas, married to a local Lochaber MacPhee, she contacted Earle and in no time at all enlisted my brother Duncan and me to organize a Clan MacPhee gathering ceilidh in Lochaber. Isobel and Charlie MacFarlane Barrow offered to host it in their Glenfinnan House Hotel, a historic 18th century pine-panelled mansion. Since the MacPhees of Lochaber helped "Bonnie Prince Charlie" raise the standard there in 1745, an act that led to draconian suppression and eventual dispersal of clansmen and women throughout the world, Glenfinnan had historic resonance. Duncan arranged the music integral to a good ceilidh; Fergie MacDonald's ceilidh band from Inverness, himself and Charlie as bagpipers for the reels. Cousin Ralph MacPhee and I sorted out the finances and details with Isobel. Rooms were pre-booked by those attending. All was ready. Earle and Jennie MacPhee of Vancouver arrived first and stayed in my home in Fort William with their nephew, Bob, and his wife, Betty, from BC. Keerie (Mairi) MacPhee came up from Taynuilt. She and my father knew each other as dance partners from earlier Lochaber socials. My parents, Sheila and Angus MacPhee, cousins Ralph and Alexa, Duncan and I all went ahead to Glenfinnan to greet arriving clans people. Charles MacPhee from Melbourne, Sandy and his wife, Norah, from Australia, Ulf and Nana Hagmann from Sweden, Leith Brew(1) and his future wife, Yvonne, and mother, Belle, from New Zealand, Allen MacDuffie from New Jersey, Sylvia MacPhee, and Mary Dalton, niece of Earle, from Canada. I know there were many others. I remember the event as being a good party. There was plenty to eat and drink. People introduced themselves to each other. Wives compared notes and there was a general agreement that MacPhee men were certainly tall, dark haired, and less desirably, quick tempered. Looking around many fit those criteria. The band struck up and we danced in the pine-panelled front hall of the house on the parquet flooring. I remember taking off my evening sandals to dance a fast reel and getting wood splinters in my feet. Many were in Highland evening dress, many wore the MacPhee tartan. I am sure Earle spoke, maybe Ralph too. We danced into the wee hours. Our first clan MacPhee gathering was friendly and fun. Over the following years we kept in touch with most of these clanspeople. Duncan and Ralph helped Charles, Ulf, and Earle reassembled the fallen stone (now "The Standing Stone") on Colonsay. Duncan met with Lord Strathcona to facilitate paperwork for this event. Some folk from the gathering came and stayed with us and became personal friends. Most visited and stayed for a meal with my parents in their home on the MacPhee croft in Achintore south of Fort William, along the shores of Loch Linnhe. My father Angus was a construction engineer, like his father Duncan. Indeed many schools, churches, banks, dams and houses up and down the west coast of Scotland were MacPhee-built. We travelled the world with Dad's work, lived in New Zealand, returning to Fort William when Grandpa MacPhee died. Lochaber is home. Dad's family had farmed in Glendessary before being evicted and becoming builders of stone, brick and then concrete on the Caledonian Canal. The MacPhees lived in Lochaber from time immemorial, long before Malcolm MacPhee was murdered on Colonsay in 1623. Corpach, round the loch side from Fort William, was the departure point for sea travel to Iona and the Hebridean islands. MacLennan called these old sea routes, the Old Ways of Travel. The MacPhees, long associated with the early Christian church, may have taken that route south to serve as priors at the Priory of Oronsay. My father's family were Lochaber men, neither Colonsay or Cameron men. Now my brother Duncan(2) and his sons, as well as all our MacPhee cousins carry on that tradition still in Lochaber.

PS from Sylvia (1)The Brew family were the first overseas visitors to arrive at the 1977 Gathering and were given "Star Status" (2) Duncan has been involved recently with our Commander in developing the Trust Agreement.

From California to Colonsay

With a side trip to a small town called Edinburgh

By Paul Tenhet (a Cathey)

Off we went, my sister and I, one fine September morning towards Northern California from our small San Joaquin Valley town. Our destination was San Francisco International Airport just south of San Francisco herself. We would fly across America to our nation's capital of Washington D.C. Then off to Scotland over the seemingly endless Atlantic Ocean to arrive in the ancient city of Edinburgh. On the following sunrise we headed by car, east to west, through one of the most enigmatic and wondrous landscapes on earth that crosses Scotland's heart. After passing through beautiful villages, ancient woodlands, and lochs so striking that one's mind conjures visions of gods and giants, we arrived in the seaside village of Oban.

To say Oban is beautiful would be redundant, since so many before myself have said the same with grander words than I possess. But, I confirm all their prose and poetry about Oban in spades. It was beautiful and friendly, with wonderful shops, cafes, and truly nice local people everywhere we visited. Yes, a little touristy. But how could it not with all Oban has to offer. After a leisurely lunch and absolutely fabulous coffee at Julie's Coffee Shop, we headed for the CalMac ferry for Colonsay.

Well, I would like to say I weathered the crossing on the MV Isle of Mull ferry like a stalwart Scotsman should, but alas, I was the color of a granny smith apple left to long on the tree. Although my digestive tract refrained from "chumming" the waters off of Oban, I did feel very ill. It was a particular rough crossing into a high wind causing the waves to crest over the bow. To add to my physical distress, all the car alarms on the car deck kept triggering due to the tossing of the ship. This added an unsettling sound effect to the event. My sister and traveling partner had taken the "more than directed" amount of sea-sickness medication, so she was "just fine". The only consolation was that there were many residents of Colonsay aboard, with others familiar with ferry travel, and they all were suffering in fashion.

So, as my sister lounged on the enclosed observation deck, I paced fore and aft in the brisk sea-air attempting to regain my digestive composure as we approached the port town of Scalasaig. Upon a very efficient unloading of ourselves and the car we rented in Edinburgh, we were greeted by a welcoming hello and handy information guide given to us by a friendly fella as we headed up the road to our hotel.

The Hotel Colonsay, which was purpose built in 1770 by the Laird of Colonsay at that time, sits on a gradual incline coming up from the dock with a commanding view of Scalasaig and the harbor. With a beautiful lawn and native plants adorning the stone wall surrounding the inn, the Hotel Colonsay could not be more perfectly scaled and situated for those who reach the Isle. Just five or so rooms, a large dining room, cozy side rooms with fireplaces, and a welcoming bar, the Hotel Colonsay was perfect. The hotel manager Ivan, a man of many smiles, was there to greet us and settled us in to our room. We had chosen the Pig's Paradise room at the hotel for it had two bedrooms and a large bath. My sister (who will be known only as "D") was very pleased with the large tub in the bathroom and a great big bed with really good linens. I got the smaller room with the rarest amenity of the hotel, a T.V.!

I had made reservations at The Pantry for "fish night" for our first night on Colonsay months in advance on advice that it is very popular. But, after a tumultuous ferry crossing and delayed arrival, I was in no shape for fish. So we decided to eat in the hotel's dining room that first night which was wonderful. The dining room commands a full view of the harbor and town, and with night falling we ate our supper and watched as the lights on the dock became the only thing you could see.

The next morning we were wakened by the dawn and the bleating of the numerous black-faced sheep that graze freely about the isle. We headed down for our breakfast where we were greeted by Ivan and his staff who offered and served a full breakfast from the menu, and we ate it hungrily.

For lunch we headed down to the shore to eat at The Pantry ran by Gavin and his mom Peggy. I had heard rumor (the menu on their website) of the fabled “boar-burger of Colonsay” offered only at The Pantry. When I ordered it at the counter, Gavin gave me a wry grin and asked his Mom if they had any boar patties left, which she thankfully said yes. Gavin told me that they source the boar and cow meat locally and grind their own mixture. I’ve had never tasted boar before, but being from the San Joaquin Valley (the states biggest bovine producer) I know a thing or two about beef consumption. And to add a qualification, I’ve also dined on fresh caught moose in Alaska. So, when I say it was good, believe me, it was!

“D” and I planned to trek across the island to the strand between Colonsay and Oronsay and cross over during low tide. Although it was a bit much for my sister, and she deciding to explore the shoreline, I ventured across to one of the oldest occupied Mesolithic sites in the world. When I made it across the causeway exposed by low tide, my time was short on oronsay due to the tidal constraints, so I walked as quickly as I could, but didn’t make it to the ancient Priory. Now I’m not saying that the argument D and I had on the shore of Colonsay awaiting low tide caused my time to be truncated, but it did! I think my sister found the whole exercise way too “tidal”. As in, she’s not one to like walking in ankle deep water across an ancient strand to a practically deserted isle. I, on the other hand, was in heaven! And was almost too distracted by collecting shells and pebbles in the shallow water on my return to notice the quickly rising tide! But I did reach back to the Colonsay side (with great regret for not seeing the Priory) relatively dry. There’s always my next visit for another attempt.

Together we did get out to the Macfie Standing Stone where we laughed, talked about Malcolm and his family, our history, and the wondrousness of us being right there at that time. It looked as if the stone had been recently repaired for the hardware (bolting the plates together that holds the stone in one piece) had been replaced with stainless steel upgrades. The site was in grand shape, with beautiful flowers blooming around, and of course black-faced sheep bleating nearby. We placed the flowers purchased in Oban upon the monument and thanked our ancestors, for without them we wouldn’t be. As a coincidence, I had met the son of a man who had assisted in erecting the stone many years ago. I’m ashamed to have forgotten his name, especially since upon finding out I was a Macfie descendent he proceeded to buy all the drinks! Thanks for the drinks anyway “Son of Colonsay”!

I guess I never really mentioned why D and I went to Colonsay to begin with. Our mother descends from the Siol Alpin Clan Macfie, and also is related to Tom Hanks (but that’s another story). She had always instilled in us to be proud of our Scottish roots, especially that we had come from Colonsay. So one day I got the wild idea of inviting my estranged sister to accompany me on a trip to our ancient homeland. I thought it was a great idea, but I was completely alone in this opinion. Not even our Mother was optimistic. But, I really enjoy traveling, and honestly thought the trip would bring my sister and I closer together. It didn’t. But like I told every Scottish citizen who would listen, “it didn’t come to blows”, so it was a relatively *good* outcome. A nice consolation was that the many Scots that I had told of my woe related their own stories of traveling with adult siblings, which definitely put my experience into perspective. I have to also say that D didn’t even think it was a good idea for us to travel together! Oh well, we both had a good time up to a point, then she went home early.

Being optimistic definitely has its drawbacks.

Now onto the music festival I have yet to mention. Not just any music festival, but the Ceol Cholas! Being a fan of early American folk music, I'm aware of the various Gaelic / Celtic roots of America's early music. So when planning this "overly optimistic" trip with my sister, I noticed that there is a folk music festival held on Colonsay every September. It was heralded as the Gaelic and folk music festival of the Hebrides. And without having been to any other music festival in Scotland I'm ready to announce, "that it is the best folk music festival around". With performances ranging from the wonderful children from the primary school, to the stage breaking jams of the Jarlath Henderson Band! Cara, Hamish & Napier, and Fara enchanted all with their talent. With locals Caitlin, Liam, Pedie, Stephen, Neil, Jan, Niall, Seumas, and Hughie showing the "big names" how the locals do it. All who preformed (many not named here) were amazing, with the children singing in Gaelic stealing the festival! The hotel lounge hosted many intimate jam sessions with the performers, and I have to say I've never experienced music in such a face to face manner. During this particular festival Pedie, one of the original founders of the festival, was handing over the reigns of responsibility to son Keir of the General Store. Pedie voiced his readiness to step down, and Keir expressed his trepidation in taking the reins. Keir needed not to worry, for his efforts were well received and all expressed their great thanks to him and Pedie.

While on Colonsay, my sister and I planned to meet author and local historian Kevin Byrne for a tour of the Isle. D decided that she would NOT like to be in my presence any further, so she spent her time at the sea-shore. Mr. Byrne met me at the hotel and proceeded to give me a vast history of Colonsay. It started with some ancient geological history, right through human occupation, then to the political and societal pressures of living and working on a remote isle. To say he was thorough would be a huge understatement. By the end of our drive, I knew everything from flora and fauna, to my own clan's history on Colonsay. I highly recommend that if your traveling through the Hebrides to find Mr. Byrne and arrange a tour. *A warning to all Macfie Clan members... Mr. Byrne has some very compelling evidence challenging the Clan's story of Malcolm Macfie, his murder, and the origins of the standing stone. Fascinating though if you dare!*

Some advice: When visiting the remote isles of Scotland, never plan to leave on time. We were about to leave (with my sister very eager to depart both the isle and me) when news came through that the ferry back to Oban had been cancelled due mechanical failure. So one more night on a magical isle we stayed. The next morning, D and I gathered our belongings and cautiously met up to drive down to the ferry and cross back to Oban. The ferry was unusually crowded due to the previous days ferry being cancelled. We saw many residents (past and present) of Colonsay, festival musicians, along with many other delayed travelers. The conversation throughout the ship was of fantastic music, food, friends, and the perils of ferry travel. The trip back to Oban was much smoother and with the wind, so my stomach behaved and my spirits were high as we docked in Oban.

Except for the thunderous silence between my sister and I, the trip back to Edinburgh was beautiful and uneventful. We hit the outer rings of Edinburgh just about 5pm, with the commute traffic not helping our mood. Making it to the hotel my sister was going to be staying for the night before her morning flight, we departed without blows or curses...not bad for us. She helped raise me and I love her dearly, but wow...lessons learned!

Once on my own, I dropped the rental car off and raced to a cab to make my appointment with Jennie who will lead me to my Rose Street accommodation. Arriving late to

Rose Street, with Jennie not being able to meet for an hour, I held up in a Patisserie Valerie across the alley. Ironically, D had the only working phone we brought since Verizon doesn't support my phone in Scotland...more lessons learned! So without a working phone, and it starting to rain, Patisserie Valerie closed forcing me to weather the rain in a doorway. Jennie did finally arrive after I had missed our earlier meeting time, and she handed over the keys to my home for the next week. Jennie was great, along with her pretty little apartment on the fourth floor.

The next morning, after stocking my pantry with supplies from a local Sainsbury's, I hit the city. Edinburgh can only be properly described by a poet or painter. A castle on an extinct volcano, ancient cemeteries, and roads which conveyed the Vikings and the Romans. And to be "manly" just once in this story...beautiful women everywhere! If I was a poet or painter, it wouldn't be hard to find a muse in Edinburgh. I would say a great city indeed even after living in San Francisco off and on for 20 years. I walked the city til' my feet bled, and exhausted my mind with the all the history of Edinburgh! Every close (or alleyway) I entered was like a strange portal to another part of the city. You enter a low arched alleyway, descend or ascend many steps, and all the sudden you exit in a part of town maybe previously unseen or explored. Wonderfull for getting lost! And if you are lucky enough to witness the Sun emerging, you'll be in for a treat. It's like the city all the sudden smiles, rips off its winter cloak, and exposes its pale skin to the rare appearance of the Sun. Picnics pop up in every corner of every park, people bask in the warmth, and ice cream is eagerly sought. But like a switch being thrown, the sun disappears, cloaks are wrapped round, and the taste of ice cream on a warm day just a memory. I loved every minute of it!

Part of my Scottish trip was intended to trace not only my Mother's roots on Colonsay, but to also find out more about my Father's family in Scotland. His ancient family was from the mid-Lothian region of Scotland. Much more of a genealogical challenge since his family has little to no record before coming to America. But one of the likely places for his families origin is the town of Bo'ness (Borrowstounness). So one morning I boarded the train for Linlithgow, the closet town by rail to Bo'ness. From Linlithgow I took the bus to Bo'ness where I got off first at the Bo'ness Motor Museum to start my visit. And what a great start it was at the museum! The Bo'ness Motor Museum is small in square footage, but vast in content. From cars that James Bond drove, through the Daleks of Dr. Who, all the way to my favorite Reliant Robin from the TV show "Only Fools and Horses". Great little place and well worth the visit!

Just down the street form the motor museum is the Bo'ness & Kinneil Railway Museum. A world class collection of all things rail and steam! The museum is picturesquely situated on the Firth ("bay / fjord") of Forth with a great view of the waterway with its ships coming and going. So many engines, cars, and rail memorabilia to see there you could easily spend an entire day. But after a few hours exploring the complex, I was off to the Lower Wynd Churchyard where reportedly I have some ancestors buried. After directions given by some locals, I found the graveyard behind the old Star movie theatre no longer used as such but now being used as an apartment building. Though the rusted gate I found a somewhat forgotten cemetery being cared for by only one person. She keeps the grass down and picks up the litter...bless her. The obelisk/monument I was looking for was there, but was completely encased in foliage and unreadable. It is supposed to be the monument for a local family of shoemakers, which is a link to my shoemaking ggggrandfather from Scotland. So I just said an hello to all the inhabitants of the graveyard, wished them all well, and let them know I would probably be seeing them all too soon.

On my way back to the bus stop, my stomach reminded me of my long day and efforts. So I popped into Corvi's Fish and Chip shop and had the full fish dinner. It was way too much food, but I ate it all greedily! A friendly place with a fantastic fish & chip cooker right out of the 1950's. Beautiful teal enamel and chrome fryer with a clock set in its crown. I drained the last of my drink, paid my bill, and headed for the bus-stop. I'm back in Edinburgh in no time at all with a full belly and ancestors on my mind.

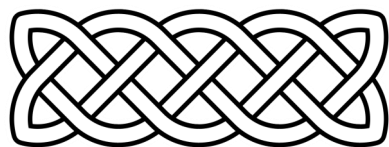
Before I left Edinburgh I visited Saint Cuthbert's in the middle of town that has a great and expansive cemetery. There I found family names from both sides of my Scottish lineage along with many famous locals and notables. A fantastic graveyard and church complex to explore right next the very large Princess Street Gardens and Park. It will take many more trips to Edinburgh before I can say I've "seen" the city, but I saw more than I expected on this first trip.

All things begin and all things end. I found myself at the end of my Scottish trip and reluctantly headed for the airport. A somber and uneventful trip back to the states followed. Although, once I got back to where I could pick up a Verizon owned cellphone tower I got an earful. My sister had been back in the states for more than a week before I returned. In that time I had accumulated hundreds of texts, phone messages, and voodoo curses from various family members in reaction to my sisters one-sided account of our trip. I'm very happy we went together and experienced what we did, but my advice to all is to choose your traveling partners very wisely. Or maybe just listen to your mother, she does know you and siblings best after all!



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OR MORE, PLEASE SEND THE AMOUNT NEEDED PLUS A COUPLE OF DOLLARS TO COVER POSTAGE.



Up Coming Events

January 25 Robert Burns Birthday. Burns Night is celebrated each year to mark the birthday of Scottish poet Robert Burns. Honored each year with haggis, whiskey, poetry and renditions of "Auld Lang Syne," the evening is perhaps most famous for the Burns Supper and the traditional toast, *Address to a Haggis*. **April 6, Tartan Day** which is a North American celebration of Scottish heritage on April 6, the date on which the Declaration of Arbroath was signed in 1320. Wear your Macfie Tartan proudly on April 6.

May 27 Clan Macfie Day International This day is to commemorate the 27th of May 1981, when the Clan was reactivated and again formally recognized as an "active" Clan by the Lord Lyon. Macfies all over the world celebrate that date as Clan Macfie Day - a new 'birthday' for the Clan.

Celebrate your Scottish Heritage and then take pictures and send them to Ginger at igmcabee@charter.net for inclusion in the Newsbeat.



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