



Reviresco

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Clan MacEwen Society Bulletin

Commander's Message Sir John McEwen

As well as being The Clan That Plants Trees, we are aspiring to be The Clan That Speaks Gaelic and to do what we can to contribute to the health and sustainability of this marvellous language, which was once spoken far more widely in Scotland than is often thought. Where I live, for example, in the South-Eastern corner of the country, there are place-names such as Longformacus, which are generally thought to have a Gaelic origin. It has been said that of Scotland's three tongues, Gaelic is the language of the land, Scots of the people and English of commerce. Of course, English is the most widely heard but we must do all we can to support the other two, for a language is more than just an alternative way of saying the same thing - what Gaelic expresses cannot be said in any other way, a translation is a pale imitation. This was the language our Clan spoke when last we were Chiefly, and it would be grand indeed to hear it more at our gatherings. It is, mind you, difficult to find a teacher and if anyone knows one in the Borders, please pass on their details. I am trying to learn online but Gaelic is not only richly expressive and musical and possessing of a deep and mystical beauty, it is also blooming hard to learn. Help!"



Chairman's Message Sean McCuin GySgt. USMC Ret

Hello to all!

The last few months have been quite fulfilling. I was able to meet up with Kinsmen and Women at the Stone Mountain Highland Games in Atlanta Georgia, where I was honored to present a Lifetime Achievement Award to our longtime Convener, Forrest "Bing" Ewen, who has been a committed member of the Clan for over 40 years.

After Georgia, I was able to attend a very special ceremony in Toronto Ontario Canada, which was organized by our Canadian Commissioner, Maggie MacEwan. It was an extreme honour to help present the Haggis for the Festivities.

The work that has been done around the world, in the name of Clan MacEwen, is astounding; from expanding our presence at Highland Games globally to the fruition of MacEwen Wood at the Kilfinan Community Forrest, where 1500 native broadleaf trees were recently planted.

It is an honour to be able to serve this great Society and Clan! Reviresco!
Co'mhla!



From The Editors

As 2023 gives way to 2024, we have reflected on a year in which the McEwens have become more and more visible on the international scene. We've seen Ross (Vice Chair) meet Princess Anne three times, once at Holyrood Palace, at a Highland Games event and in Glasgow. Surely it must be time to make her an honorary McEwen! Sean (Chairman), with Dina flew the flag or banner and spread entente cordiale, on behalf of the clan, at the Aubigny sur Nère Celtic festival in France. We also had the privilege to watch our Commander, Sir John, strut his stuff on the boards at the Edinburgh Fringe as a Bonnie Prince Charles look alike, in a most enjoyable production of Colonel Anne. In between these highlights, the McEwens attended Highland Games the length and breadth of Scotland and beyond. Our Commissioners Bob and Carol, have also clocked up the miles crossing the USA, from coast to coast. Maggie, in Canada, has similarly been busy but also managed to fit in a visit to the clan's gathering at Otter Ferry on the shores of Loch Fyne. Chris and Greg have also extended their reach across Oceania. We now have a new champion, Virginia, for the clan in New Zealand. It's also been a year of growth for the clan with more and more people joining the society.



Behind every busy organisation is a dedicated secretary, such a person is Sandra, who amongst other things, has negotiated the planting of lots of trees in the Kilfinan area, which will forever be a legacy for the McEwen Clan. After all, we are the clan that plants trees.

2023 just kept giving.

Looking forward, the Society's committee are beavering away preparing for the Family Convention in June 2024. This will be a major event for us in the build up to, hopefully in less than a couple of years, reinstating a clan chief after such a long wait..

For those of you, who have read the *Bulletin* for the first time, we hope you have enjoyed the experience and would like to continue and therefore, support the Society by becoming a member.



We Grow Strong Again

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Site of the McEwen Castle overlooking Loch Fyne



Canada - Commissioner Report by Maggie McEwan



Greetings from Southern Ontario Canada. This is a quiet time for Clan MacEwen, the Highland Games are behind us, and we can enjoy the peaceful and colourful Fall. Unfortunately, in my area of Canada, the Fall colours this year were disappointing. Our weather went from hot to cold many times – as I believe most of the world has experienced – and the photos that I was planning to take did not happen. Hopefully next year....



I wish you all a great 2024.

Scot of the Year Award

Many years ago, I joined the Scottish Studies Foundation. I discovered its existence during an Open House at the University of Guelph. THE SCOTTISH STUDIES FOUNDATION is a registered charitable organization dedicated to advancing the study of Scottish history and culture, including its many Canadian dimensions. In 2004 we endowed the landmark Scottish Studies Foundation Chair of Scottish Studies at the University of Guelph...the acclaimed academic centre in North America for research, graduate training, and teaching on Scottish history and culture. We also support students through Scottish Studies scholarships and sponsor cultural events.

I am the Vice-President of the Foundation.

THE SCOTTISH STUDIES SOCIETY is the fund-raising arm associated with the Foundation. The Scot of the Year Award was initiated in 1993 to honour individuals, with a Scottish connection, who have achieved distinction through their contribution to Canadian society or the international community at large.

I am President of the Society.

This year R.H. Thomson CM is the recipient of the 2023 Scot of the Year Award. R.H.'s career in Canadian television, film, and on-stage, spans five decades and he has received numerous awards for his contributions to the arts and to war veterans. He has won a Genie Award, two Gemini Awards, a Dora Award, and a Canadian Screen Award, as well as the Governor General's Performing Arts Award for Lifetime Artistic Achievement. He is a passionate advocate for arts and culture in Canada and was appointed to the Order of Canada in 2010. This year, 2023, R.H. made his debut as an author with his book *By the Ghost Light*. It is a personal look at the wonder of youth, the power of art, and how the First and Second World Wars forever changed his family. According to R.H. the memoir is intended as a call-to-action in challenging the way we approach our history. In recent years, R.H. has also established *The World remembers*, an ambitious international project to individually name each of the millions killed in the First World War.



R.H. Thomson

Thursday, October 26th was the chosen day for the festivities. St George's Hall, a lovely old building in Toronto, was the venue. The Arts and Letters Club, founded in 1908, owns St George's Hall, so all arrangements are made through them.



The evening began with the bar open at 6.30pm, piping in for dinner was at 7.30pm. The first challenge was to collect Rory Sinclair, the piper. He was playing for a function at the Royal Ontario Museum...ending at 7.00pm. The drive back on a good day is 20minutes, but with Toronto's infamous rush hour traffic, I was a nervous wreck. My friend Bob and I drove to the ROM; Rory was 10 minutes early; the worst of the traffic had vanished, and we arrived back at the Arts and Letters Club at 7.15pm. I started to relax. By this time the bar, which had 1 or 2 quiet guests when we left, was bursting with chattering people. There were people in the dining room listening to the Celtic quartet and watching the Highland Dancers. At this point our friend Sean McCuin, in full Highland dress, arrived. When I heard that Sean was going to be in southern Ontario, I invited him to join us. The guests were ushered into the dining room and the head table was piped in.

After the welcome and National Anthem, it was time for the Address to the Haggis. I had asked our Scot of the Year to deliver the Address. We were once again piped in... Piper Rory, followed by Sean and Dave Thompson, our Treasurer, carrying the haggis trencher, R.H. and finally me, carrying the tray of full glasses for the toast. R.H. recited the address with a rough Scottish accent followed by Doug Gibson, our MC, who translated the words into refined English. During the excellent dinner the Head Table was introduced, and we were entertained periodically by Piper Rory, Mystic Fyre and dancers. After dessert it was time for the presentations.

A large facsimile of a cheque for \$100,000 was presented by Foundation Treasurer Dave Thompson to Drs Andrew Bailey and Kevin James from the University of Guelph.

The Scot of the Year Award is an engraved quach. This year I had the honour to present R.H. Thomson with the Award. His acceptance speech lived up to our expectations.

This was the end of the evening formalities. The quartet played, the piper piped, the dancers danced and I sat down with a sigh of relief.



Top left: Royal Ontario Museum.

Top Right: Sean McCuin (MacEwen Tartan) & Dave Thompson (Campbell Tartan).

Bottom Left: Presentation of cheque to Drs Bailey & James of the Uni' of Guelph.

Bottom Right: Presentation of Quach to R.H. Thomson





Maggie McEwan organiser of the event.



Piping in the haggis.



Traditional Scottish dancers who provided part of the entertainment.



R.H. Thomson ceremonially cutting the haggis .



Oceania - Commissioner Report by Chris McEwan.



Nollaig Chridheal agus Bliadhna Mhath Ùr à Beanntan Gorm teth tioram ann an Astràilia!!! (Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from a Hot and Dry Blue Mountains in Australia)

We have had a great couple of months to round out the year, representing events both North and South of us, heading up to Port Stephens for Clans on the Coast at the end of September, and the Canberra Highland Gathering at the start of October (Many thanks again to my wife for representing the Clan in my absence at that event and to my father for stepping in to help out with wrangling our three boys on the day).

We are excited for what feels like the first real summer we've had in a few years down here. Across the summer things quiet down a fair deal (its not too pleasant donning a kilt in 35°C) but there are still a couple of events to keep us ticking along particularly down south in Victoria.

We are excited for the year ahead! Especially for the Clan Gathering! We are also excited to head across the ditch to represent the Clan at a games officially for the first time (more news on that next edition).

All the best for the Holiday Season and I look forward to meeting as many of you as possible in June Next Year!

Tìoraidh An-Dràsta

Chris McEwan

Clans on the Coast,
Port Stephens



Canberra Highland
Games



USA - Commissioner Report by Bob and Carol Owens



Greetings Fellow MacEwens!

As we head quickly toward a new and hopefully more peaceful and prosperous new year, it seems an appropriate time to reflect on the accomplishments of the past one.

Clan MacEwen, in the United States as well as throughout the wider world, has enjoyed an invigorating growth, not only in membership but also in an expanded presence online and at Celtic festivals, Scottish highland games and athletic demonstrations, Burns Night celebrations, parades, Piping and Drumming musical competitions, school presentations, and various other special events. This growth is thanks in great part to our strong leadership at both the Clan and Society levels and our active and engaged Society members, not the least of which are our Commissioners, Regional Conveners, and Individual Conveners, who share generously of their talents, time, and treasure to bring our story and our message to the public.

For me, and many others, a special highlight of the year was the presentation of the Society's first Long & Faithful Service Award to our good friend and South Central Convener (USA), Forrest Bingham "Bing" Ewen, who for more than 40 years, has been representing the Clan MacEwen while establishing our presence at various events, strengthening relationships, building bridges, and making friends throughout the Scottish Clan Community in the USA. Our thanks go out to Bing and his family for their long and faithful support.



In the U.S. alone during the past year, we flew the colors at no fewer than twenty events in twelve of the Continental states including Alabama, California, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Tennessee.

In 2024, we hope to be adding additional events in Arizona, Colorado, Florida, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, and Texas.

In closing, my wife, Carol, and I want to wish each of you and yours the most wonderful holiday season, and the very best of everything in the coming year.

Together, we grow strong again! **Reviresco! Co'mhla!**

NOTE: IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in convening, or assisting in convening, an event in your area, please contact me, Robert (Bob) Owens at owens@rebelscreek.com. I'll be happy to help you connect with your area's regional convener or to work with you personally to set that up.

**If you're already convening an event of which I'm not aware, please let me know so we can recognize and thank you publicly and offer any assistance you might need!*



Clan's first Long and Faithful Service Award made to Forest Bing "Bing" at Stone Mountain Games in October



Presentation of the proclamation from Sir John McEwen, Commander, along with the Clan's quich and presentation plaque



Below: Bing, seated second to the right from the Clan banner.



Clan MacEwen Takes the High Road...to North Carolina's Scottish Tartans Museum and Heritage Centre Contributed by Carol and Bob Owens

Nestled amidst the mist-covered Great Smoky Mountains, Franklin, North Carolina, is a region with a history rooted deeply in the Native American Eastern Band of Cherokee, and, at the same time, unique in its hundred's years-old Highland Scottish heritage.

In 1739, Gabriel Johnston, royal governor of North Carolina and a native Scotsman, encouraged 360 Highland Scots to settle in North Carolina, providing them a tax incentive to do so and giving them both economic and political reasons for venturing to this new land. Arriving in port at Wilmington, they settled in the lower Cape Fear region, where they socialized and often intermarried with their Lowland Scottish neighbors. By the late 1700's these Scots and Scots-Irish were well represented in the western Appalachian Mountain region, bringing with them their folklore, songs and ballads, agricultural and construction methods, and finding a primitive but familiar landscape of looming mountains, clearing running streams, and blooming rhododendron.

Today, nowhere is this Scottish heritage more celebrated than in the **Scottish Tartans Museum and Heritage Center** in downtown Franklin.

Founded by Dr. Gordon Teall of Tellach, Baron of Huntly and, at the time, president of the Scottish Tartans Society in Scotland. Opened as an extension of the Scottish Tartans Society in Comrie, Perthshire Scotland, the museum is devoted to Scottish heritage and still today serves as a focal point for visitors and people of Scottish heritage from all over the United States, Canada, and the world.

As interest in Scottish heritage grew, fueled in large part by popular books, movies, and emerging events such as Burns Night dinners and regional highland festivals and games, the museum also grew. In 1994, space limitations prompted the museum to move to larger premises in downtown Franklin. The museum moved again in 1999 to their present location at 86 E. Main Street, still in downtown Franklin. Now three stories, this move allowed them to expand their display of more than 500 samples of Scottish tartans, as well as their gift shop (a key source of income for the museum) which is filled with a wide array of high quality authentic Scottish apparel, accessories, home décor items, and a variety of items crafted in the Appalachian Mountains. The downstairs allowed the Museum to expand their many excellent exhibits, to include exhibits showcasing the Neolithic, Roman, and Celtic migration into Scotland, a medieval era displays of William Wallace, Robert the Bruce, the Stewart dynasty, naturally including their ever popular Mary, Queen of Scots, display and a variety of famed



Presentation of the modern clan tartan (Carol) and ancient tartan (Bob) to James "Jim" Akins, a director of the museum.

Scottish uniforms, unique and vintage kilts, and other examples of historically developing textiles. The museum also includes an impressive display of Native American Cherokee history, weapons, and other artifacts.

On October 13, 2023, Clan MacEwen, represented by US Commissioner Robert (Bob) Owens, and Society membership secretary, Carol Owens, had the pleasure of presenting both ancient MacEwen and modern MacEwen tartan banners to Mr. James (Jim) Akins, Director, on behalf of the Scottish Tartans Museum and Heritage Center.

The museum is the only one of its kind in the United States and is a direct extension Scottish Tartans Society in Keith, Scotland. With the display of our beloved tartans, Clan MacEwen is proud to be a small part of this tribute to our shared Scottish heritage.

For additional information about the museum's history, exhibits, special events, and hours of operations, please visit <https://scottishtartansmuseum.org>.

The Birth Place of Scottish Tartan

Recent editions of the Bulletin have celebrated the range of tartan adopted by countries and organisations from around the world. In 2008, the Scottish Parliament introduced the Scotland's Register of Tartan Act which promotes and preserves information about historic and contemporary tartans not only from Scotland but from around the world.

Example from the Registry

Tartan Name	<u>McEwan '1856', The</u>		
Category	Corporate		
Designer	Kinloch Anderson Ltd	STA Ref	2299
Date Recorded	Not Specified	STWR Ref	2299



An item on the BBC website by their Highlands and Islands correspondent Steven McKenzie described the archaeological excavation of a site at Haugh, Bannockburn, Stirling believed to be the birthplace of Scotland's tartan industry.

Dr Cook (Stirling Council's Archaeologist), who leads the dig described the factory site as huge and complex, employing hundreds of people in the 1800s. "People told of the burn running lurid red and pink with dyes."

In his article, Steven described how the weaver William Wilson set up the mill in 1780s amid the final years of the 1746 Act of Proscription. This Act was drawn up as part of a crackdown on clans that backed Prince Charlie's claim to the British throne, following the defeat of his Jacobite army at the battle of Culloden in 1745. The ban included the wearing of tartan in the form of Highland dress because of its association with the Jacobites. According to Dr Cook, at least one person was shot for wearing tartan.

Wilson had the monopoly on tartan production helped by the rise in popularity during the reign of Queen Victoria in the mid-19th century.

The factory village at Haugh was the site of the first large scale production of tartan. Workers lived in slum like conditions and the work was tough.

The demise of Wilson's business was due to the loss of contracts from the military. The local authority cleared the site but for a couple of buildings.

Scotland remains the "spiritual home of tartan" and with an estimated 50 million people round the world claiming Scottish descent, the industry can look forward to many more successful years of tartan production.



Tartan Exhibition at the V&A Dundee Museum

The nation's and indeed the world's love affair with tartan has never been stronger. The kilt grows in popularity and has become an acceptable garment of choice of men. Women, of course, have been wearing tartan in the form as skirts, dresses and shawls in recent times far longer than men. But the tide is turning. Go to any Highland Games or sporting events where Scotland's national teams are playing and you can see tartan worn by many supporters. The V&A's exhibition of tartan shows the historic significance and versatility of the material from the oldest known piece of tartan to game consoles covered in tartan.



This piece of tartan was found in a peatbog in Glen Affric and has been dated to circa 1500 - 1600. Now thought to be the oldest Scottish tartan. According to the V&A earlier examples have been found called the Falkirk Tartan. This dates back to the 3rd century near the Antonine Wall. Alas, it's not regarded as a "true tartan" because there's no evidence that the yarns were dyed.

Also in the exhibition is the kilt worn by the "Big Yen", Billy Connolly. In an interview he said, "...the first time I wore a kilt was probably for my sister Florence's wedding ...or maybe when I bought a house in the Scottish Highlands and there was the local annual

Lonach Gathering in Strathdon. And I loved dancing in my kilt at ceilidhs. There's no Connolly tartan but there's 'Lord of the Isles' which is connected with my name... I had to decide if I wanted to wear that or wear my mother's tartan: McLean of Duart. My current kilt is McLean- a lovely pinky weathered tartan. He went on to say, "The military people wearing their kilts look spectacular. I love seeing the men dance with the way the kilts all swing together. Military regalia is so formal and complex. You'd look silly walking down the street like that...I like the casual way some people wear their kilts - just with a pair of boots and a sweater. I like the greenish hunting tartans. Kind of camouflage...worn with tweeds it was invisible on the hills. That was before it was banned. But when it came back it was like Disneyland colours. There were two brothers who designed a lot of them - and Sir Walter Scott - he had a lot to do with it. Even today among your own people - pro- and anti-kilt people - it's a rebellious act to wear the kilt."



Kilt worn by Billy Connolly



As a reminder of the horrors and tragedy of war, a kilt worn by Private James Calder of the 1st Battalion Queens Own Highlanders is on display. He fought at the Battle of Aubers Ridge on 9th May, 1914-16 in the First World War. Although Pt. Calder survived he was invalided out in April 1916. The kilt, donated by his family, in its original condition is now in the safe keeping of the Highlanders Regimental Museum in Fort George, Inverness.

Domall Mac Eoghainn's (Daniel MacEwan's) Recollections Of His Life In Ormidale

The following recollections and incidents in the life of **Daniel MacEwan** were taken down and transcribed by Margaret-Burnley Campbell in January 1909. Old Dan lived in the area known as Glendaruel and the places mentioned by him are shown on the map. He spent most of his life in and around Ormidale House. This still exists but is now a hotel. Similarly, he describes places where he grew up and worked which still exist. This is his account of life in a valley, not far from Otter Ferry and Kilfinan, on the Cowal Peninsula.

Daniel was 89 years of age, when his life was painstakingly written up for posterity by Margaret. Daniel was born at Clachan Glendaruel on January 16th, 1820. Many of the places mentioned are illustrated below so you get a sense of place.

These are Daniel's own words.

My father, John MacEwan, was schoolmaster at Clachan when I was born. My mother's name was Margaret Weir, and she was born at Lephinkeeman on the Ormidale Estate beyond Ballochindrain farmhouse where the *l'araicheana* (ruins) of the houses are still plainly to be seen.

Her father was Donald Weir, crofter and gardener at Ormidale (great grandfather of Neil Weir).

My father's name came from Otter Way, from Cnoc MacEwan.

I remember about my father's mother - an old woman who died in a thatched house at *Port na h-Oitireach* (Otter Ferry). I do not mind never seeing her, but I remember going over with a horse and cart to fetch her furniture when she died. I got the horse and cart from Gillieses at Camquhart. I would be about eight years old then, a lump of a boy.

The schoolhouse at Clachan where I was born is now the joiner's shop. It was slated as long as I can remember it.

The wee byer in the corner of Ormidale two-acre field at Clachan was the old schoolhouse, before my time that was.

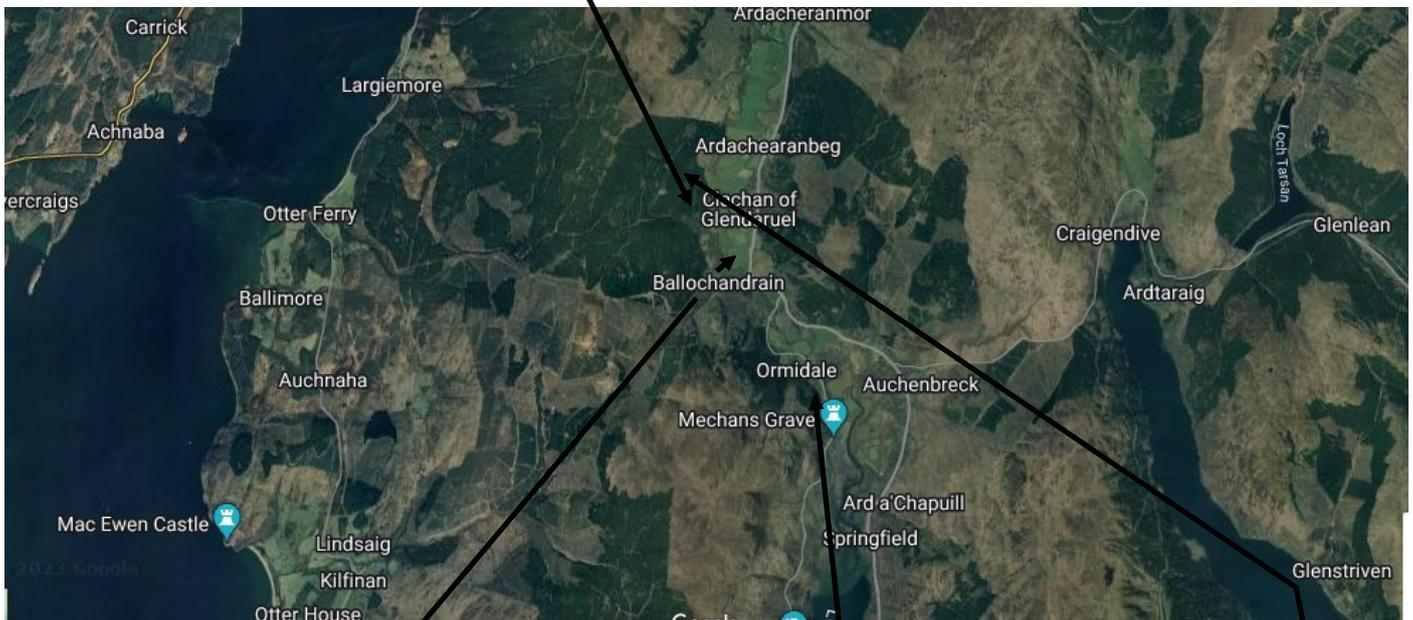
There were my brothers and sister, Duncan, James, Daniel, Peter, John, Sandy, Thomas, George and one sister Mary.

Duncan was a shoemaker in the Glen. James was servant with Captain Ormidale (captain Alexander Campell, R.N.) 'till he died at Rosneath. Then he was butler for a time with the late Colonel at Ormidale, and he was afterwards steward on a yacht and died of cholera at Stranraer. John was a working man and died in Australia. Peter was a shepherd. He went to Australia with the Blacks Stronardson and was drowned there. Sandy was a shoemaker. Thomas was working at the foundries in Greenock. George went away to England with a gentleman who was shooting at Ormidale with the late Colonel and took a fancy to him. He was married in England and went away to Australia where he kept a diary. I do not know if he is living or dead. I got the last letter from him 10 years ago. Neil (Weir) was a man of war for 22 years. When his time was out, he came home to the Glen. He went away again with after that with the trading boats and was drowned. Mary was the eldest. She also went away to Australia with some *wanes* from Glasgow, as a nurse.



Glendaruel - Recollections of Ormidale

Cottages at Waulkmill



Left:
Kilmoden
Church



Ormidale House

Below:
Glendaruel Sawmill



Bottom left:
Glendaruel
Paul Tomkins



I remember the kilts being on me when I was a boy. It was not tartan but *Heilan Plaidin*. My mother spun the wool and it was sent to Houston, Greenock to be woven and then made into kilts.

I had porridge and milk in the morning, potatoes and herring at dinner time, porridge again at night. There was no tea at that time. When my mother married tea cost 9 shillings a pound (that is equivalent to £2.15 in 2023).

I was just seven or eight years old when my father died, and I went to herd cattle with James Weir at Achtengain, and I stayed three years there.

A year after my father's death the family left the schoolhouse and my mother had a house built for her at Stronefian, called "Tomdariv" a heather thatched house it was. There was a school at Stronefian for the family and they went out to herd cows also.

My father taught both Gaelic and English, and Peter Sinclair was the next schoolmaster at Clachan after he died.

After being three years at Achatengain, Dan went away to be a tailor with John MacLean, piper, at Daleek for five or eight years. You can see the ruins still of the house at Daleek. There I learnt the pipes as well as the tailors' trade. There was another tailor in the Glen called Donald Black and all the men got their clothes made by the tailors. There were also two weavers in the Glen, two brothers, Duncan and Donald MacLean. The women all spun the wool at home and many sent to Houston for weaving. Houston charged 1 shilling (£2.87 in 2023) or 1 shilling and sixpence (£4.31 in 2023) for dying, spinning, and weaving. It was cheaper to send the wool to Houston. The weavers charged 4pence or 5pence a yard (£0.96 to £ 1.20 in 2023).

They were brewing at Lephinkeeman. They were brewing whiskey there, and it was Neil Weir - Nancy's father and Sandy Weir, a cousin of mine that were doing it. The Gauger (Exciseman) was stopping over at Otter Ferry and he got word what was going on, and he came over and my Uncle Peter Weir met him and took him into the house where the brewing was going on all the time in the byre without, while the Gauger was within. My uncle treated him well and put him to bed, and when he left in the morning, they put two bottles of whisky in his pocket when he went back to Otter. The Gauger *kent* fine all about it, but as he did not see it, he could not report it.

They were brewing one time at Ardachiranmore, and somebody reported them, and the Gaugers – two of them – came from Dunoon. The Old Baron was at Stronefian at the time, and hearing that the gaugers were coming he sent his man through the hill to the MacKellars at Ardachiranmore to warn them that the Gaugers were coming. The Old Baron took them in and gave them dinner to detain them, and when they got to Ardachiranmore there was nothing to be seen but old barrels.

There was a big still at Ormidale in the wood above the house. There was old Neil Weir in it and Peter Weir, and old Ormidale *kent* fine they were at it and he was getting the whisky from them himself.

(I (Margaret Burnley-Campbell) was always told that one of those at this still was old Dan himself!)

There were heaps of people in the Glen when I was young, sometimes two marriages in the month. On *lath ana bairnse* (wedding day) the company would be going to Clachan and my father would be going to tell the minister that they were coming – that was the old manse which is now a warehouse. The company would be coming with a piper and a gun firing. You would hear them miles away. Campbell was the minister's name and everybody was married in the kirk at that time. They would play the pipes down to the kirkyard gate, not inside. The best man had to pay 1 shilling before they could get the kirk opened, for the scholars would go down and lock the kirk door when they heard the party coming so they would not get in and the shilling was for quills for the school. The old Campbell, the minister would come and marry them, and one man would be stationed at the door outside the kirkyard and as soon as the marriages were done someone inside gave a signal and the man outside fired a shot and the piper would play them up to the old public house, the Inns it was called. They were served with a round of wine and then the dancing commenced and the minister Campbell and my father danced the first reel and then the minister would go away, but my father would stop with the company.



They would be married about 12.00 o'clock and they would dance the whole night through till the morning. Maybe they would go home to where the bride was living and there would be supper prepared for them.

There were hundreds and hundreds in the Glen when I was young. Captain Campbell of Glendaruel was giving a great shintying (team sport played with sticks, commonly played in the Highlands) at Glendaruel on New Year's Day and he was a splendid shintier was the Laird himself and there was a barrel of whisky out at the end of the house and you could take as much as you liked.

The people would be leaving the Glen one by one. There was nobody to blame for it I don't think. There was no work in the Glen for the people and they had to go to the low country.

I married that year there was a failure of the potatoes (1846). I would be about 26 when I married. My wife's name was Margaret Sinclair, daughter of the late Angus Sinclair. He was a drover and lived at Stronefian. She was three years with the Buchanans, Stronefian and after that she came to Ormidale as a dairy maid and when she left Ormidale she went to the Campbells, Glendaruel. I was married at Ardchuple by Mr. Russell the Free Church Minister, who was on his way from Loch Striven to get married himself.

I was working in Rothesay in the saw pits for four years before that. They sent me down to Ayr also. I was there three months and afterwards to Castle Toward, cutting wood, but the work was too heavy for me and very nearly killed me.

I had a sister in Glasgow and we went there, the wife and me, after we were married and stopped there two days and then came home. We went by the "Mary Jane", an old steamer from Colintrave – MacIntyre was captain – we went out in a small boat for there was no pier then.

There was a splendid crop of potatoes the year the disease came but the pits tumbled in with rot after they were *hawked*. Any of the potatoes that stood, they were sending away to Rothesay where they were put up in a big factory to make stiffening starch. We stopped at Stonefian with my grandmother and we were at Stronefian when my two daughters were born – Margaret MacEwan who died of galloping consumption at fifteen and Annie who married Alexander Smith.

The year that Charles MacIntyre came to Achnagarron farm, when James Henderson left, they wanted a field to be drained and one John Leech wrote the bargain and I went with him to help finish the work. It was the late Colonel (Robert Campbell of Ormidale) that was paying us. We got our pay for what we did and he would be coming every second day to see if we did it right. Good pay it was, 6 pence for six yards (£1.44 in 2023). One day the late Colonel sent for me to see if I would work the horses from April till the term. Very well, the term came and no more need for me I thought, but old Donald Smith who was working the sawmill went away and the late Colonel put me in his place and I worked the sawmill for fifty years in Ormidale and then Duncan MacLachlan took my place for I was old and could not see to sharpen the saws and had to stop it.

We lived at Lochhead for nineteen years and then at Waulkmill. I must tell you how I worked one day for old Ormidale (John Campbell of Ormidale, father of Colonel Robert Campbell). He died in 1812 aged 84 years. That's four lairds I have worked for. I was in Ballochindrain with the Fletchers gathering potatoes – a little boy at the time and they sent me down with a horse to harrow the potato ground at Ormidale. Well when I was finished, I was going away home and old Ormidale met me and clapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're a clever boy, what's your name?" and he put his hand in his pocket and meant to give me a sixpence and he took out his purse but he *hana* a sixpence and he told me to ask him for it another day, but I *hadna* the face to ask him for it ever. Oh yes! I mind old Ormidale well. He spoke the Gaelic fine. The late Colonel could understand it well enough, but I never heard him speak it.

Old Ormidale used to chase us with a stick if we took the *geans* (wild cherry). There were heaps of *gean* trees down by the bridge! We dared not touch the mussels either. One day old Ormidale caught us taking some. He said, *Bheir mise ort air son a bhith goid na maorach* (I will punish you for stealing the mussels).



I was taking my dinner in the sawmill one day and I said to myself, I think I'll go to the big garden and get some gooseberries and I was *trang* (busy) picking the gooseberries when I heard the gate open and who was there but Miss Emily (afterwards Mrs Connal) and I ran off and got through the hedge and I tore all my shirt and had to put on my jacket to hide it. I told Mrs Connal after, it was me that was taking the gooseberries, for I was not at peace until I told her.

The laird of Ballochyle used to come to Ormidale. He was a soldier in India, a long time, and he was stopping at Kirm for a time. The late Colonel had a yacht for sailing and he was going to see him and he wanted me to go with him and John Hogg the fox hunter also. There was no pier at Ormidale at that time and no road to Craig. We went one day from Craig and got a fine day going. We stopped at Kirm that night and an awful night it was. In the morning the boat was full of water, but we left about 10 o'clock in a strong breeze of north wind and when we came to Toward Point we had to run into shelter and put in three reefs of the sail. When we had the sail too small, we were driven down by the Cumbræes and we got ashore on the Bute side. "Well Dan", I said then, "if I get ashore, I will walk home". After that the wind slackened and we had to row from Rothesay and we *didna* get home 'till 2 in the morning and we *didna* tell we were so late getting home on Sunday.

The Glendaruel people and our people had a week about trawling on the piece of river above the Bridge as the bank was too high on the Glendaruel side. *Lag Ghleann* it was called. Sometimes a dozen salmon were got, sometimes more or less. They used to draw the nets once a fortnight on the Ormidale water. We did it after six o'clock and the pay we were getting was a glass of whisky, but Mrs Campell was terrible against the whisky and the Colonel would say, "They were drinking whisky long before I saw them", and if he would send for me in the evening he would be sitting at his toddy and he would give me a glass. He was awful good to me – terrible good.

Everyone would be fishing when the river was right – poor and rich. I often saw a dozen on the river at Ormidale. Shall I tell you of the time I was drunk? When I was fourteen and learning my trade at Daleek, I went with the men the night they were running the whisky out of the pot. I never saw them doing it before. Well I was sitting in beside the big fire and they went out and there was a cup nearby and I put it under the tap and filled it up and drank it full of whisky. When I tried to rise I tumbled down a big bank and they had to carry me home on their backs.

There used to be hundreds of brown hares at Ormidale when I first cam there. On night when I was coming down from Waukmill I saw some beast I *didna ken* near Colusion pool and I told the Colonel about it. What was this I found out but rabbits, but he said "Young hares, Dan!" I found out that John Hogg the fox hunter went down to *Caladh* and snared a pair or two and put them on the banks of the Colusion. That's the way rabbits come to Ormidale and they increased very fast. They were feeding them with turnips in winter. It was one, Oldham, brought them to *Caladh*.

I heard them speaking of a gentleman who was stopping at Ormidale and he died and they buried him in the family burying ground. I don't mind his name.

John Hogg had a heap of hounds for the foxes, big and little. You never heard such a noise when they got scent of the roe. If any gentleman were coming to Ormidale we would be hunting roes. We started from Craig and we were not to lose the dogs unless we saw the roes and the gentlemen were in the passes. There was a very good pass above Lochhead. I was with the Colonel always and one day one of the gentlemen shot at a roe and *didna* kill it. The beast went back and they sent me to find it. I was up on a high rock and I saw the roe dead below me and going down I caught hold of a bit of heather and it gave way and Dan went down to the bottom. I broke a wee bone in my shoulder, but I never let on a word and took the roe on my back to the shooters. Next day Dan could not lift his hand. Then I told them the trouble I had and the Colonel sent me up to MacKellar the doctor at Clachan and he strapped me up.

There were gentry coming to hunt the roes. A Mr Crookes, who lived in Gourrock, used to come. One day at the pass above Shellfield, the roes came and the hounds after them and Mr Crookes killed two of them right and left. Another day we were after the roes with our *ane* Colonel. I was always with him and he was shortsighted and I was telling him when the roes would be coming. We heard the dogs coming and the roes before them and we were at the back of the *knowe* (knoll). I told the late Colonel that they were coming and he killed the two right and left. The Colonel was an awful good shot when he could see. The late Colonel and Neil Weir were going to the hill to shoot grouse. There was plenty of black game and I heard of a red deer that old Ormidale was feeding and when he died I heard the story how the deer made an awful roar at the time of the funeral and went off and was shot at the head of the Glen at Stronefian. I heard also that they were feeding pheasants in Old Ormidale time.



Mrs Campbell lived twenty years after the Colonel and I was at Ormidale all the time. She was awful good to me too. I was working in the flower garden every day. She was terribly particular and she would be watching me from the drawing room window.

I was well liked in Ormidale or I would not be 60 years in it. All the lairds liked me and were terrible, terrible kind to me. It is a good thing in my last days that I have a good character.

Margaret Burnley-Campbell said of Daniel, truly a man's life "consisteth not in abundance of the things which he possesseth". Dan's happiness was the result of a long life of thrifty carefulness, spent uprightly in honest toil, without envy, without reproach, full of kindly interest in his neighbours and loyal affection for his friends at the "big house".

Daniel passed peacefully away to his rest on the morning of 3rd May 1910. His last words to me the night before he died as he reluctantly let go my hand were, "My dear lady, you'll come again in the morning". Alas! That never again shall we see that kindly old face smiling at us and waving a greeting as we passed.

The remains of Dan MacEwan lie in Kilmodan Churchyard next to those of his mother and father.

Glorious Glendaruel, a wee picture in words

By

Gilbert McKellar, Farmer, Glendaruel

*Resting in a valley
In the bosom of the Bens
To the music of the waters
Flashing down the Glens.
Slumbering in the warmth
Of autumn's russet glow,*



vbo.com



yourlocalweb.co.uk

Clachan Gendaruel

The McEuens - Pioneers

by
Evangeline Jernigan

I came across an article first printed in 1955 by Evangeline Jernigan, about a pioneer family of Arizona in Graham County.

According to the article, Felix, the head of the family was born in Madisonville, Kentucky on the 8th September 1848. His father had a tobacco plantation where Felix worked until he was 22 years old. Felix then decided to move out west stopping off in Missouri, then onto San Saba, McCulloch County, Texas. It there that he met his wife to be Sarah Ann Sanders, who were married in 1874 when he was 26 and she was 17 years of age.

Evangeline's research of the newlyweds showed they were very poor and moved around Texas a lot. Felix worked with Buffalo hunters selling hides. Later he worked on the Santa Fe Railroad in Bell County. Finally, Felix and Sarah got some land, built a house and grew some crops but drought put pay to that. However, they were successful at raising four children one of whom died, aged five.

The family moved on by covered wagon to the Sacramento Mountains in New Mexico where their fifth child Pearl, was born. Later they moved on again back to Texas where their daughter Lottie was born.

When his father died, Felix inherited quite a sum of money with which he bought cattle and moved on again, this time for New Mexico. Unfortunately, a lot of his cattle died and he ended up moving timber for mining companies in Bisbee.



Felix and Sarah Sanders McEuen and Baby Port, when he was three.

The family kept of moving from place to place, eventually arriving in Indian Hot Springs, where Felix bought a ranch. Fortunes began to change for Felix and his family. His sons married and settled on sections of land own by their father. Felix was Deputy Sheriff of Graham County for 17 years and was well respected in the community. He also helped to build a school across the river from his ranch.

The insights of the McEuens are not surprising since Evangeline is the granddaughter of Felix and Sarah, the daughter of Zona Evelyn Hinton and Felix's son Virgil Ray McEuen.

Felix died at Fort Thomas on September 20th, 1933, from a stroke, aged 85. Sarah died on May 23rd, 1942, at the age of 84.



McEuen Family Reunion, August 18, 1955, at Indian Hot Springs. Left to right, Edd (77 years old), Marion (75), Pearl (70), Lottie (68), Hazel (65) Arch (60), Port (55).

NOVEMBER, 1955

Twenty-five



Spotlight on a MacEwen

John McEuen Musician Extraordinaire by Ewan Rowland

It's no coincidence that MacEwens have a reputation of being bards, poets, storytellers and musicians. Examples exist to the present day where such talents can be found among us. One such noteworthy person is John McEuen, born December 19, 1945, in Oakland California.

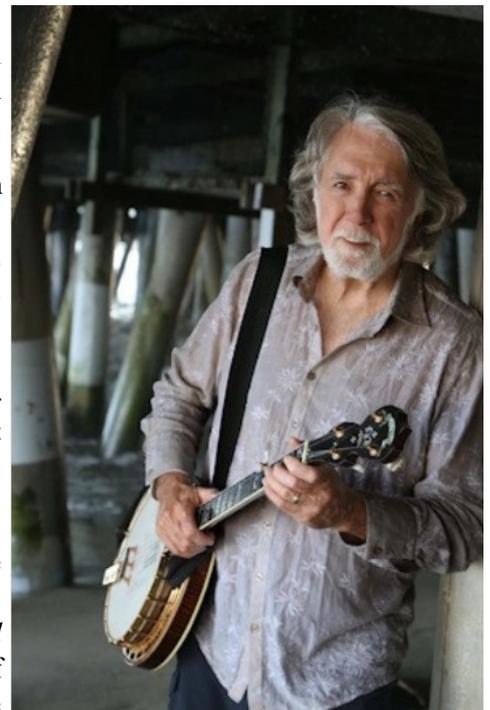
John McEuen is best known as a member of the *Nitty Gritty Dirt Band* an American country rock band formed in 1966. John started playing the banjo at age 17, after hearing live bluegrass at a club near where he lived. At 18, he became interested in music after seeing a performance by the Dillards (bluegrass and country rock band from Salem, Missouri). Other than the Banjo John learned to play the piano, mandoline and accordion and later he took up the fiddle. He never looked back! Today he is recognised as a multi-instrumentalist, radio host, author, television show producer, writer, concert promoter, musician, performer and magician.

Across his illustrious career John has made over 46 albums of which 7 are solo which have awarded him platinum and five gold records, multiple Grammy Awards, nominations including an Emmy film score nomination. He was also awarded the Western Heritage Award for *The Music of the Wild West CD* which John produced. These are just a few of the long list of awards John has accumulated including being inducted in 2009 into the Traditional Country Music Hall of Honour. Since 1963 John has performed in over 11,000 concerts, appeared in 300 TV shows, done 10,000 interviews and flown more than 4 million miles.

In May 1977, the Dirt Band became the first American act to play in the Soviet Union, playing 28 sold out shows and appeared on Russian TV before an estimated 145 million people.

In 2010 John was honoured by the Folk Alliance Organization as being the Best in the West solo performer. Then in 2013 he picked up the Charlie Poole Lifetime Achievement Award for creating, producing and preserving original and traditional folk music.

He said, *"I am grateful that people continue to support what I do as I continue making things. I feel some of my best projects are ahead. So many stories, so many songs, so many notes"* (Aspen Times).



In 2015 John McEuen left the ‘Dirt Band’, saying that he arrived at his decision after careful consideration and contemplation because of ongoing issues in the band. From being a founder member of the band, he found out that he was now regarded as an “employee”.

In an interview with Jeff Suwak of Song Facts, John said,

“You ever hear Hunter S Thompson’s definition of the music industry? He said, “The music business is a cruel and shallow money trench, a long plastic hallway where thieves and pimps run free, and good men die like dogs. There’s always a negative side.”

Today John spends more time with his wife Marilyn and being impressed by his kids. Jonathan and Nathan have followed their dad into the music business and have made a record with him. John has six children from a previous marriage. One son is a chef, another a programmer at a planetarium and a daughter who manages a MacIntosh store.



John with his sons



John with his wife Marilyn



John was also a solo performer

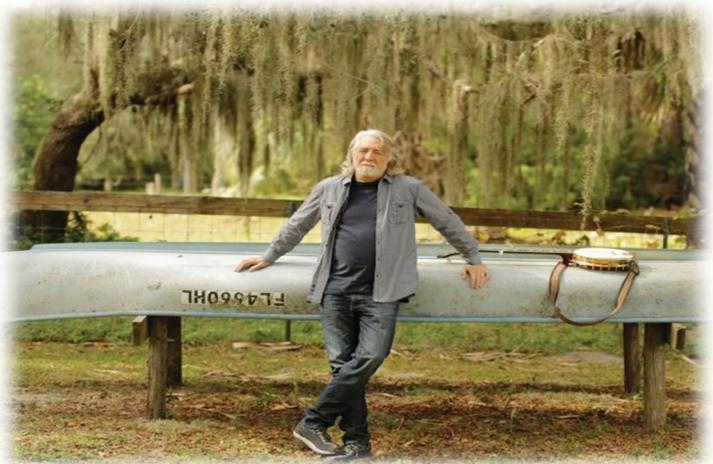


Nitty Gritty Dirt Band - 50 plus years of music



In an interview with Ilene Denton in March 2016, for Sarasota Magazine, John said that over his career he played 5,000 cities, you see places you like. “I just wanted water and space.” So, John moved to a 5 acre spread on the Manatee River, Florida, a long way from Manhattan. He calls it “my new home town”, where he involves himself in the local music scene and also works on his radio show called, The Acoustic Traveller.

Periodically, John produces video diaries from his home, answering questions from fans and recalls moments from his career.

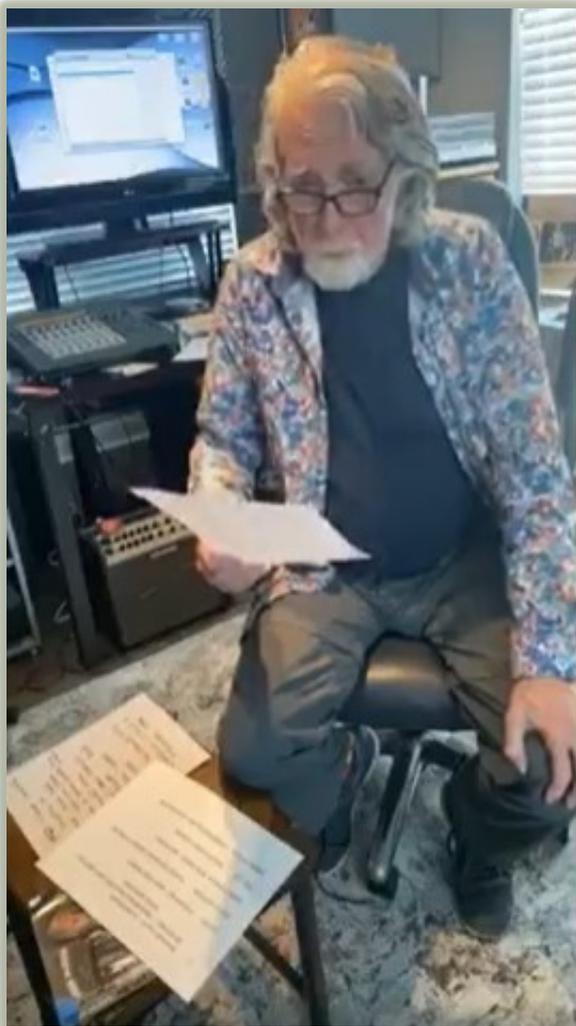


Very recently, John teamed up with Jimmy Ibbotson a former member of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band to record several tracks such as, It’s Morning and Acoustic Traveller for AIX Records which can all be heard on YouTube.

Back in August of this year (2023), John McEuen and Jimmy played at The Delta County Fair in Hotchkiss, Colorado.

Long may John McEuen perform and delight his audiences!

John performing with Jimmy at Hotchkiss



John producing his video diaries.



References: aspentimes.com; Song Facts by Jeff Suwak (songfacts.com); Our Country May 17, 2012; bluegrasstoday.com; johnmceuen.net/about/

Ilene Denton, Sarasota Magazine March 2016

YouTube extracts

Bruce Sherman McEwen

by
Herma Goosens

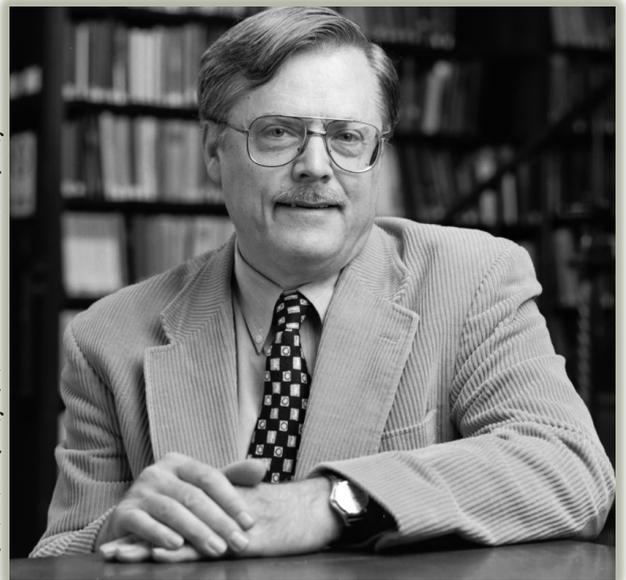
I ran into the name of Bruce McEwen by a good friend of mine who is a burn out coach and also learned that his work is used by many burn out coaches and by Chronic Stress Reversal centers in the Netherlands.

Bruce Sherman McEwen

Fort Collins Colorado, 17 January 1938. - 2 January 2020.

Bruce was an American neuroendocrinologist and head of the Harold and Margaret Milliken Hatch Laboratory of Neuroendocrinology at Rockefeller University. He was known for his work on the effects of environmental and psychological stress and coined the term allostatic load ("the wear and tear on the body" which accumulates as an individual is exposed to repeated or chronic stress).

McEwen received his bachelor's degree in chemistry from Oberlin College and his Ph.D. in cell biology from Rockefeller University in 1964. McEwen's laboratory was at the forefront of the field of estrogens and glucocorticoids action in the brain for decades. McEwen's group showed for the first time that estrogen could increase the density of dendritic spines in the CA1 subfield of the hippocampus. In addition, his lab also discovered stress-induced dendritic retraction in the CA3 subfield of the hippocampus. By pioneering the role of both gonadal and adrenal steroid action in the brain, McEwen's lab helped develop the modern concept of stress. His research focused on glucocorticoids, stress and neuronal degeneration. McEwen's notable students include Robert Sapolsky, Elizabeth Gould, Catherine Woolley, Michael Meaney, and Heather Cameron.



McEwen was a former president of the Society for Neuroscience and was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the National Academy of Medicine. He published his first paper in 1959, and eventually published more than 700 peer-reviewed articles in journals including Nature, JAMA: The Journal of the American Medical Association, The New England Journal of Medicine, Neurobiology of Aging and The Journal of Neuroscience. He was co-author of the book **The End of Stress As We Know It**, with science writer Elizabeth Norton Lasley, and another book **The Hostage Brain**, with science writer Harold M. Schmeck Jr.

He has received numerous awards including a share of the IPSEN Foundation Prize in Neuroplasticity, the Gold Medal award from the Society for Biological Psychiatry, the Pasarow Award in Neuropsychiatry, the British Endocrine Society's Dale Medal, the Goldman-Rakic Prize for Cognitive Neuroscience from the Brain & Behavior Research Foundation and the Karl Spencer Lashley Award from the American Philosophical Society. McEwen was on the Scientific Advisory Board of Anti-AgingGames.com where he collaborated with Nolan Bushnell, the founding father of video games, and with a team of world-renowned behavioral neuroscientists to create memory, focus and relaxation games for healthy adults over the age of 35.

Sources:
Wikipedia
CRS

In memory of a gentle giant : nature.com

Bruce will be remembered for his profound scientific impact, measured not only by output of papers, but also by the large family of neuroscientists he trained over a career spanning nearly six decades. Above all, Bruce will be remembered for his generosity, kindness, gentleness of soul, and for being an extraordinary mentor.

Why Not Learn Some Gaelic?

In the members area of “The MacEwen Society” website there are easy to follow steps in understanding, learning and using Gaelic. Why not take this opportunity to become a Gaelic speaker with these first steps.

Gáilig Dhail Riada

The Gaelic Dialect of Bute, Cowal & Mid-Argyle

Lesson 001

Can you laugh? If you can laugh, you can start speaking Gaelic. Let’s give it a try:

bababababa

Well there you are; you have your first word, which means all of the following: *am*, *are* and *is* but for every word you need in English, you only need a letter in Gaelic:

tha

You will learn shortly why the **t** is not pronounced. For now, let’s move forward with how to use your new vocab.

The second word you’re going to learn will tax you to the edge of your sanity in terms of difficulty. So batten down the hatches – it’s coming:

mi

Take a wild stab at what that means! Precisely: *me*. But unlike in English, it’s not spelt /me/ – it actually sounds exactly as it looks. And also unlike English, an **i** does what it says on the tin; it makes the sound /i/ just like the majority of European languages with which you might be familiar. To use a word as an example, think of *kilo* as *one kilo in weight*. While English has many different sounds which can be made with *i* – *fit*, *might*, *pirate* to cite just a few examples – Argyleshire Gaelic has one: /i/

Not only is it spelt so sensibly, there’s only one word to learn!

mi instead of two ie *I* & *me*.



You could also practice these Gaelic phrases in conjunction with the Society's website lessons.

<u>Common greetings</u>		
<u>Gàidhlig</u>	<u>Sounds like</u>	<u>means</u>
Madainn mhath	(madin va)	Good morning
Feasgar math	(fesgar ma)	Good afternoon
Iatha math	(Iaa ma)	Good day
Mar sin leibh	(Maa shin leave)	Goodbye
Tìoraidh	(Cheery)	Cheerio
Ciamar a tha thu?	(Kimmer a ha oo)	How are you?
Tha mi gu math	(Ha mi gu ma)	I am well
Tapadh leibh	(tapa leave)	Thank you
Dè an t-ainm a th 'ort?	(Jay an tanim a horst)	What is your name?
Is misename	(iss mishe.....)	I am..... name
Càite a bheil thu a 'fuireach?	(catch a veil u a fu-rack)	Where do you live?
Cò às a tha thu?	(co as a ha oo)	Where are you from?
'S e latha math a th' ann an diugh	(shay laa ma a houn an i-oo)	Its a nice day today
Tha gu dearbh	(Ha gu jerav)	yes indeed

Dutch Syrup Waffles

By Herma Goosens

Equipment:

Waffle Iron

Biscuit dough:

15 ml milk
7 g dried instant yeast
250 grams of flour
120 grams unsalted butter
80 grams white soft sugar
1 egg
Pinch of salt

Syrup:

200 grams of syrup
120 grams light brown soft sugar
80 grams unsalted butter
1 tsp cinnamon



Intructions:

- In a bowl stir milk and yeast together. Leave for a while to allow the yeast to dissolve.
- In another bowl, combine flour, butter, sugar, egg and salt. Pour in the yeast mixture and knead into a smooth dough. Cover the bowl and let the dough rise for an hour.
- When your dough is almost ready, make the syrup filling. Put all the ingredients in a pan and keep stirring until the butter has melted and the sugar has dissolved. Leave to boil for a while longer. While cooling, the syrup thickens further.
- Make balls of the dough that weigh about 35 grams each. Turn your syrup waffle iron on to the highest setting.
- Place a ball of dough in the iron and close the appliance. Don't push the waffle too flat, you should still be able to cut through it. Bake for about 1-2 minutes until the waffle is nicely golden brown.
- When the waffle is ready, you should have a quick go-around. Remove the waffle from the iron and immediately cut out a nice circle with a round cutter of about 8 to 9 cm.
- Place the still hot waffle on a cutting board and cut horizontally with a sharp knife. The syrup waffle is hot, so keep it in place with an oven mitt.
- Take half a waffle and spread the (hot!) syrup on it. Place the other half on top again, press gently if necessary and place the waffle on a wire rack to cool. Repeat these steps for all balls of dough.

Store:

Can be kept in a biscuit tin for 1 to 2 weeks. In the freezer up to 3 months.

How to eat.

The traditional way to eat them is to place it on top of a cup of hot coffee, tea or chocolate. This heats the waffle and slightly softens the syrup making the waffle soft on one side and slightly crispy on the other. Syrup waffles with ice cream, also a winner!

Blackberry Gingerbread Bundt Cake by Michelle McEwen

Ginger Bread is a favourite Holiday Desert. It's a nice warm cake with all the spices and adding blackberries gives a bit of freshness to the whole cake. Also, if don't want to use alcohol in the cake, replace it with buttermilk or any other type of milk.

Ingredients

½ cup	Butter milk at room temp'
1 ½ cups	Dark Brown Sugar
¾ cup	Sour Cream
4 each	Eggs
1 tbls	Vanilla Extract
3 cups	Flour
1 tps	Baking Soda
½ tps	Salt
1 tbl	Ground Ginger
2 tsps	Ground Cinnamon
½ tps	Ground Allspice
½ tps	Ground Clove
¼	Ground Nutmeg
¼ tps	Ground Black Pepper
1 cup	MacEwan Ale
12 oz	Fresh Blackberries

Blackberry Glaze

3 oz	Fresh Blackberries
2 cups	Powder Sugar (icing sugar)

Directions

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees
2. In a mixer or with beaters, cream the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy
3. Add the molasses, sour cream, eggs and vanilla, individually making sure it's combined completely
4. Mix your dry ingredients together slowly, add them to the butter
5. The add the Ale slowly and mix until combined
6. Toss in the blackberries with a little flour and fold into the batter
7. Pour the batter into a greased Bundt pan and bake for 45-60 mins
8. Let cool and flip out on a platter or plate
9. Making the glaze; puree the blackberries and strain the liquid. Mix the blackberry liquid with the powder sugar and let it sit for a few mins. You can change the consistency of the glaze by adding powder sugar or add a few drops of lemon juice
10. Pour the glaze over the Bundt Cake and serve



A Bundt Pan has a hole in the middle like a doughnut.

What's So Funny?

This page was inspired by a Knock! Knock! joke from Robin McEwen, our Commander's youngest son.

So, Sir John thought that during these troubled and worrying times it would be nice to have a chuckle or two at some 'Knock! Knock!' and other jokes.

All hail our Commander!



Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Ewan

Ewan who?

It's just me!

BOOM BOOM!

Robin McEwen



Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Deja.

Deja who?

Knock! Knock!



Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Cows go.

Cows go who?

No, cows go moo.

Kilt!!

It's what happened to the last person who called it a skirt.



What's the difference between a lawnmower and a bagpipe?

You can tune a lawnmower!



Why do pipers walk while they play?

To get away from the noise!

A helicopter loses power over a remote Scottish island and makes an emergency landing. Luckily, there's a cottage nearby, so the pilot knocks on the door. "Is there a mechanic in the area?" he asks the woman who answers the door.

She thinks for a minute.

"No, but we do have a McKay and a McEwen".

CLAN MACEWEN
INTERNATIONAL GATHERING AND
FAMILY CONVENTION

**June
6th–9th
2024
at
Otter Ferry
on the shores
of
Loch Fyne**

**SAVE
THE
DATE**

Annual Gathering/Family Convention June 6-9th 2024

OVERVIEW

A four-day celebration of Clan MacEwen, reconnecting people to their Clan's history, heritage, customs and ancestral homeland. During this gathering Clan MacEwen will share with the world its history, heritage, culture, identity and relevance in an open-to-all celebration and historical ceremony to confirm a Clan Chief. Self-guided displays, workshops, presentations, walking tours, boat tours, Gaidhlig language and interactive events providing opportunities for shared learning and connections for all will be included.

We anticipate about 200 MacEwens from all over the world, and many more online, to share their family history, culture and skills in a multi generational celebration. Local community groups, schools, and organisations will come together to learn, share skills, reconnect with our historical environment and to celebrate our history and heritage. We will record the events and learning from this gathering in video, photographs, and will create a book and online content to provide accessibility for all. As many live links as possible will be included throughout the weekend.

During this gathering we will collate information and stories from MacEwens worldwide about their family history to provide a shared history book of MacEwen and hopefully help fill in gaps in research for family trees and timelines as much of our written history has been lost. We will also address the relevance of Clans in this modern day and explain our projects "The Clan That Plants Trees" with the launch of MacEwen Wood; our youth scholarship program; and the reinstatement of the MacEwen Shield at the Cowal Highland Games.

WHAT TO EXPECT

During the event, there will be self-guided displays such as describing Clan history, timeline, family tree, our historic sites, search for a new Chief, heraldry and society history. Our Commander Sir John R.H. McEwen, and other members of our Clan and society leadership will be available throughout to explain things in more detail. There will also be interactive workshops to learn skills such as the bagpipes, ceilidh dance, art, storytelling, traditional skills such as making tweed, learn a phrase or two in the Gaelic language and the Dalriada dialect of our ancestral homeland. There will also be craft stations, dress up area, kids' toys, books and research material to dip in and out of at your leisure. Collaborative works such as family trees, artwork, music and storytelling will be completed throughout the weekend. Guided walks to our historic sites and where we are making history will feature throughout the weekend, as we launch our heritage trail along with boat trips for those not able to access by foot to see the sites from the water. Presentations such as Plays by our Commander, performances by our German Pipe Band the Spessart Highlanders, entertainment from Inverhooley ceilidh band and our own MacEwens Got Talent open mic night will happen in the evenings along with a local gin tasting with Isle of Bute Gin.

The society annual general meeting will tell the story of our work this past year and will seek to elect officers for the coming year.

The family convention is where we as a Clan will show our support for the person, we would like to become our Chief in the presence of the Lord Lyon Court representative. If you or anyone you know or feel that you have a claim to the Chiefship of MacEwen, please let us know as soon as possible. This is the most important point in our Clan's recent history and we encourage as many people as possible to attend this momentous and incredibly important event. We hope to honour our Clan's past, present and future and as a Clan, pledge an oath of fealty to our nomination for Chief. In turn, the nominee will pledge their oath of fealty to the Clan.



Plenty of time is also dedicated to sharing food and drink with family and taking the time to really make connections with each other, time to talk, learn, laugh. All this will happen by the beach in Otter Ferry outside the Oystercatcher restaurant in several marquees, so there will be plenty of space inside and outside, quiet spaces available, bring a swimsuit and towel if you want to dip in the beautiful shallow water. The bar will be open and extra toilet facilities will be available outside. Please note, there are no shops here and the nearest convenience store is Kames Village Store, Kyles Premier store in Tighnabraich, Bay Cottage and Strachur fuel station in Strachur all about 30 minute drive. Food will not be available to order on the day at the Oystercatcher, as they will be catering our event and tickets must be purchased prior to the event at www.clanmacewen.com or by contacting a committee member, although you are welcome to bring your own food. The event is free for all, but food will need to be purchased prior.

The registration tent will have information about the society, membership and will house the Clan MacEwen store with Clan merchandise, tartan, kilt accessories, Dalriada (area) tartan which is also available online, pre-orders can be taken to ensure your items are ready for you to collect, or can be sent to your home address for an additional cost.

WHAT TO BRING

Besides the usual, we encourage anyone who wants to take part, to bring your family trees to share and your family photos for a fun photo wall. If you have a talent and want to share, we know we are a talented bunch, get practising and do your turn at the MacEwen's got Talent night. If you have any stories, family lore, anything MacEwen related that can be copied and shared, or that we can photograph to help build our MacEwen story from around the world, please show and tell, you will be helping to create our story to hand down to our future generations. If you have not purchased food tickets, please bring your own food/picnic.

TICKETS FOR FOOD

We always try to make our gatherings as inclusive as possible and free for all to attend and whilst we apply for grants and funding for workshops, marquees etc, and we take donations to help fund these events, we do have to charge for food. If you would like to purchase food tickets, they are available on the website www.clanmacewen.com, or contact a committee member. Food will be catered for by the fabulous team at the Oystercatcher restaurant and vegan, gluten free and allergy friendly options will be available and must be noted on ticket purchase form. Due to the rural location and numbers involved, tickets will need to be purchased prior to the event. You are free to bring your own food, and please note that the nearest shop or food establishment is 20–30-minute drive, so preparation is key. The Oystercatcher's bar will be open to purchase drinks, and a coffee morning social will be available every morning.



ACCOMMODATION

More detailed information is available on the visiting the homeland page on the website. Otter Ferry, Kilfinan, Millhouse, Portavadie, Tighnabruaich are the nearest places for accommodation and up to 30 minute drive, but also Strachur (30 min. drive), Dunoon (45 mins-1 hr drive), Strathlachlan, Loch Eck, Hunters Quay are all surrounding areas and Tarbert is a short ferry and 30 minute drive. There are several options from hotels, chalets, campsites, caravan sites, motor home sites, self catering holiday lodges, and wild camping. Portavadie is 25 minute drive and offers a variety of options including a pool, spa, shop, restaurant and games room. Dunoon is the largest town on the peninsula and has 2 supermarkets which deliver food to our area. Fynest Fish also runs a grocery delivery service on Wednesday to our area if ordered by Monday.

STAYING LONGER

There is so much to see and do in the area, from historic sites, nature walks, kayaking, fishing, boat trips, whisky tours, food tours, pool and spa, wild swimming, yoga retreats, botanical gardens, castles, museums, island hopping etc. We are just a few hours drive from Inveraray (1 hr drive), Oban (2 hrs), Glasgow (2 hrs), Edinburgh (3 hrs), Skye (3 hrs), Fort William (3 hrs), Inverness (4 hrs). Please note, drive time is a more accurate indicator here than miles, 60 miles in Scotland can take several hours to drive. There are companies that can provide guided tours, or self drive and explore options. Please contact us if you would like more details.

Clan MacEwen Gathering 2024

6th-9th June 2024

Oystercatcher, Otter Ferry, Argyll and Bute

	Thursday 6th June	Friday 7th June	Saturday 8th June	Sunday 9th June
08:00				
08:30				
09:00	Registration, Self Guided Activities and Shop open	Registration, Self Guided Activities and Shop open	Registration, Self Guided Activities and Shop open	Registration, Self Guided Activities and Shop open.
09:30		Collect picnic lunches for day trips		
10:00	Coffee Morning Social, Wild Swimming	Coffee Morning Social, walk to cairn (3.5-4hrs), boat trip to cairn (3 hrs)	Coffee Morning Social	Coffee Morning Social, Family Highland Games. Tour of MacEwen Wood
10:30				
11:00	Cowal Clans Heritage Trail map presentation and discussion - main tent	Art Workshop - main tent, stories workshop - kids tent	Annual General Meeting - main tent	
11:30	Learn to play the pipes - Kids Tent			
12:00	Social Time			Kirkin 'O The Tartan - main tent
12:30				
13:00	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch
13:30				
14:00	Tour of MacEwen Motte, Boat tour to Cairn			
14:30	Waulking the Tweed - Gaelic tent	Boat tours		
15:00	Storytelling workshop - kids tent	Family tree workshop (45 mins) - main tent, Gaelic workshop - gaelic tent, storytelling workshop - kids tent	Family Convention - main tent	Farewells
15:30	MacEwen Migration presentation and workshop - main tent			
16:00		Cellidh dance lessons - main tent		
16:30				
17:00				
17:30			Drinks with the Commander	
18:00	Evening meal	Evening meal	Evening Meal	
18:30				
19:00				
19:30		History of MacEwen Play		
20:00	MacEwen's Got Talent Show		Cellidh (Inverhooley)	

See the website for updated information: www.clanmacewen.com



The Cowal

