

CLAN EWEN SOCIETY



No 51

May 2004

Bulletin

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Dear Cousins

I hope this finds you all well and that the past season was good to you all. The past months have been uneventful and things have settled for the better.

The June AGM will be held on the 12th June instead of the usual first weekend because of a conflict we wished to avoid. I do hope this fits well with those who are interested in attending. It will be at the Kilfinan Hotel again this year. As I write this I understand that the hotel is pretty well full up and those still planning should contact either the Hotel for alternative rooming or the web site www.clanewensociety.org for the links to other accommodation in the area.

I will take this time to thank those involved in the putting together of the last Bulletin and the timely fashion it was sent. A better job done I could not imagine and my hat is off to all involved. What we do need are contributions for the coming bulletins by members. In this new information age it is not hard to sit down and type out a short note to be included in bulletins. It's all a simple click and it can be sent via the e-mail. If you have any news or contributions you wish to send, please do not hesitate to do so. The Bulletin is a good place to alert those of genealogical issues you may have. You never know, someone might be reading your questions that have the answers. Remember to include a way to contact yourself so those who do have answers can do so. Also please remember that David and Betty are always present and to contact them, their e-mail address is on the last page of the Bulletin.

I also want to make you all mindful that the 2005 gathering is the international gathering and more will follow on that in the fall bulletin.

I look forward to seeing you there in June.

*Yours
Lynn*

CLAN SECRETARY'S REPORT

Clan Ewen Society Committee Meeting at Renfield St Stephen's Church Centre, Glasgow, on Saturday 31st January 2004 at 1.30pm.

Sederunt Eleanor Williamson, Duncan McEwan, Murdo McEwan, Charles and Mattie Ewen.

Apologies Iain McEwan, Rachel McEwen, Alan Ewing, David and Betty McEwan

Chairman's Letter The Secretary read out the E-mail received from the Chairman and its contents were discussed.

Associate Membership This matter was discussed as requested by Lynn but the opinion reached was that there was no real need for it unless he feels it would be a benefit in America. We would have to amend the Constitution as there is nothing in it about Associate Membership. If Lynn is still keen to go ahead with it we will bring it up at the AGM.

Bulletin/Newsletters The suggestion of once a year Bulletin and newsletters was explored with costing estimates but no specific benefits at present. Bulletin expense this time will not be so high as 120 should be the approximate number to be posted.

Treasurer's Statement – was made as follows:-

Balance at 31/1/04	Current Acc Cash	£890.00
	Chief's Acc	£1,550.00

Funds are low but it is hoped that more members will pay their annual subscription.

Arrangements for the next Bulletin which we wish to get out early:- copy to Colin by 1st March and as before, floppy disk – Betty, checking – Rachel and Murdo, disk to printers (Greenock) by Duncan and packing and posting – team effort.

It was the agreed opinion that November was too late for the posting of the Bulletin and in future issues should be sent out in April and October.

Stock and Merchandise At present in Alan Ewing's house – it has to be checked, listed and priced and advertised to promote sales. Duncan and Eleanor will arrange

to go to Lenzie and do this with Alan and Margaret Ewing's approval. It is hoped that in future lists of stock can go into the Bulletin.

AGM at Kilfinan This will be held on the 2nd Saturday in June at the Kilfinan Hotel in order not to co-incide with another Clan's arrangements. The meeting will be at 1.30pm and if time and weather permits there will be a walk to the Cairn at a suitable time and we will all join together for an evening meal at the Hotel and those staying overnight will have an opportunity to chat and exchange ideas etc during the evening. There will be the usual Church Service on Sunday morning at which all are welcome.

AOCB Murdo has not managed to complete the communications with Sir Crispin Agnew re – Derbhfine for Clan and position of Commander due to Alan Ewing's spell in hospital. This matter will be continued as soon as possible. The Committee send best wishes for Alan's recovery. No fixed arrangements have been made for another committee meeting before June but if required it can be called. It was agreed that the September meeting would be in Stirling.

Just as this Bulletin was going to press, news came through of the death of our former and long-serving Chairman, Lt. Col. Alan Ewing, T.D.

A full appreciation of Alan's enormous contribution to Clan Ewen will appear in the next issue of the Bulletin.

PERSONAL THOUGHTS FROM LYNN GEHLING, CHAIRMAN

Thoughts of the Past

I took delivery of a new pot belly stove today, and after it was all put together one has to fire it to burn the new off it. Here in this part of the world, most folks use some type of alternate heat to supplement whatever they have for primary, whether it be gas or oil. With the price of everything going up the thought of cheaper heat to cut the costs down is very appealing to say the least. I don't know if any of you remember or are familiar with the stationmaster's stove, but it is a round type of heater that was often used in the rail stations here in the USA. It was fired with either wood or coal and kept many a person toasty on those cold winter days and nights.

After putting a fire into it I sat down to keep an eye on things and the thoughts went back to my childhood when every Friday afternoon we would go to town to do the usual ritual shopping and such. I remember going along with my father to a local gas (petrol) station where it seems was one of those places in a small town where all the locals would end up to tell stories and hear the local "news" or whatever. I very seldom went along with Mother as the ladies' gossip wasn't as good as the men's side. It was a rather small place, and if 5 or 6 would get in there it got rather crowded, and if they decided to light up a cigar or two it would get awful close in there. I remember the owner had a pot belly stove in the station and the men would all gather around to do the town's business. Frank, the station owner, had an ice box fridge where he kept root beer and a bottle was just a nickel those days. I remember Frank chucking a lump of coal into that stove once in a while to keep things just a bit warmer if the conversation turned to a more serious tone. One must remember that a window broken by accident or whatever in those days was news, so it didn't take much to stimulate the proceedings. By the time Mum had finished her business and came to fetch us all out, the root beer supply was down to a serious level and all the town's problems had been solved. As we left I remember Dad always said to Frank to keep the fire going, as he would be back next week to continue. Lots of discussion around that old pot belly stove. May this one do the same.

Life was simple back then especially in a small town like Dunbar, Wisconsin. Everyone knew everyone else, helped out when help was needed and gathered often for community events. The church was a centre for the town as well as the small local pub. But that small pot belly stove in that tiny petrol station brought as much attention together as the rest.

More later.

Lynn

ANCIENT SCOTS LINK TO STONEHENGE

EVIDENCE OF SOPHISTICATED RELATIONSHIP WITH BUILDERS OF MONUMENT.

Ancient Scots may have enjoyed sophisticated economic, social and cultural links with the builders of one of the world's most mysterious ancient monuments, according to new research.

Experts have revealed a previously unknown link between the elite of ancient Scots society and Stonehenge, dispelling the myth that Scotland's Bronze Age tribes were uncultivated barbarians.

Research into the discovery of a series of enigmatic axe carvings at the Wiltshire site (where Stonehenge is located) and one in Argyll has hinted that the country's ancient magnates were proto-capitalists who ruled a powerful monopolistic dynasty.

Dr Alison Sheridan, assistant keeper of archaeology at the National Museums of Scotland, said there was also evidence that the people around Stonehenge must have been in contact with Scotland.

She said: "These people were very sophisticated with wide-ranging links. It is nonsense to say these people were barbarians. They were very savvy.

"In both areas, they had a good grasp of getting power by monopolising the flow of valuable resources. The axehead carvings represent symbols of power. They were like a way of saying 'Kilroy was here' or in this case, 'King Kilroy was here'."

The links between Stonehenge and a site in Kilmartin valley, Argyll, were discovered after a team of computer experts from Glasgow used laser scanning on the stones at the Wiltshire site, erected about 2300BC, for the first time, and discovered carvings of two bronze axeheads, thought to date from around 1800BC.

Archaeologists have found connections with carvings on other monuments from this time which are associated with burials, such as the seven axes found on a stone burial cist in Argyll.

Dr Sheridan said the prehistoric symbols could indicate that sites in Scotland and Stonehenge were commemorative places to mark the death of prestigious members of society.

She said; "This burial (in the Kilmartin valley) was very special as it was bigger and fancier than most Bronze Age burials. The monument's grandness and the axehead carvings seen on only two other cists, both around Kilmartin, underline the importance of the person buried there.

“The Kilmartin valley is at a crucial position with regard to the importation of Irish metal and finished metal objects. It is likely the people buried there were entrepreneurs who controlled the flow of these resources to the rest of Scotland.

“The elite around Stonehenge would have controlled the flow of tin to Europe. These axe carvings at both sites were symbols of power and prestige.”

The side of the Nether Largie North cist – as the Kilmartin site is known – is covered with carvings of images of axe-heads superimposed on earlier cup shaped marks.

These cup carvings were on a stretch of living rock, probably for ceremonies relating to the “otherworld”. Then, around 2200-2000BC, the cist builders cut a rectangular slab from this sacred rock to use in the cist, and added the axehead designs.

Little is known about the people who constructed Stonehenge and Nether Largie North cist, as they existed some 2000 years before writing came to Britain. However, those buried at both sites would have been from the upper echelons of society, the equivalent of the aristocracy, and were indigenous British people.

Dr Sheridan said: “We can tell a lot from their bodies. They were about the same height as us and just as intelligent, if not more so. It is a myth that people in the past were always smaller.”

Dr Caroline Sleith, director of Archaeoptics, a Glasgow based 3D laser-scanning bureau operating in the archaeology and heritage sector, carried out the work at Stonehenge. She was hopeful that the carvings could lead to further investigations across Scotland.

“There are a lot of sites in Scotland that are just as mysterious as Stonehenge. There are dozens of stone circles across Scotland, such as Callanish on Lewis.

“They are overlooked. We would love to do a similar laser scanning project there. We have the expertise and if the funding was forthcoming, we would be delighted to do it.”

Carvings of axes and a dagger were first found at Stonehenge 50 years ago, but they have never been fully surveyed or studied.

The team scanned some of these known carvings and by comparing visually their results with a photograph taken in 1953 they suspect the carvings may have eroded since they were first found, possibly because of people touching them.

The first recognised and best-known carvings at Stonehenge, a dagger and 14 axes, were found by Richard Atkinson in 1953, on the inner face of Sarsen number 53.

With full acknowledgement to Stephen Stewart, The Herald

TANTALISING CLUES IN AN ARISAIG BURIAL GROUND

“Cruisle Mor” – the big burying place, that is the Gaelic name for the ancient churchyard of Kilmory, Arisaig. Here on a hillside shelf with a commanding view over Loch nan Ceall, stand the ruins of a mediaeval church and its surrounding graveyard.

At first glimpse it looks like many another such site, picturesque, but by no means unusual. It contains, however, one of the most remarkable sculptured stones in the West Highlands.

The name Kilmory is possibly a corrupt form of Kil Maol Rubha, literally: Church of the Bald Red-faced Man. This probably refers to St Maolrubha, a 7th century Irish missionary who founded several Columban cells up the West Coast of Scotland, and gave his name to Loch Maree in Ross-shire. If there was such a cell at Kilmory then it was probably overlaid by later mediaeval buildings. The date of the present ruin is a mystery although tradition is not short of possible solutions. On the one hand it is attributed to Allan nan Creach (Allan of the Raids), a notorious cattle-thief of the late 15th century; on the other it is ascribed to his equally freebooting son, Ewen, whose days were ended by an executioner's axe. Each of these acquisitive Camerons is credited with the building of six, (some say seven), churches as atonement for their evil deeds.

The story goes that Allan, (or Ewen), was finally hunted down by remorse and turned to the Witch of Moy for advice on a suitable expiation. This good lady counselled that a cat should be taken, spitted and roasted alive. Upon pursuing this action Allan was besieged by the poor creature's outraged brethren, the largest and blackest of whom finally relieved the torment by informing Allan of the need to build a number of churches proportionate to his raids. One of these was Kilmory, Arisaig.

TRADITIONAL

It's a good story, gory in the traditional style and laden with pagan hangovers regarding its attitudes to cats, creatures of darkness, as they were thought to be. However, it is doubtful whether a Cameron chief would ever have built a church in Arisaig, always staunchly Macdonald country. A more likely if prosaic attribution is to John Moidartach, a celebrated and warlike Chief of Clanranald in the mid 16th century.

Whatever its origins Kilmory's principal interest today derives from its unique collection of sculptured stones. Here, cluttered together in the old graveyard, are the tombstones of five centuries. At one extreme are the elaborate Victorian memorials resplendent with appropriate quarterings and uplifting idioms. At the other are rough uninscribed stones, decorated only with lichen, that mark the graves

of the anonymous dead. The very earliest are 15th or 16th century and belong to the series of West Highland grave slabs, so comprehensively described by Bannerman and Steer in their recent volume on the subject. In this they mention Arisaig as being one of only two places in the Highlands where illustrations of archery can be found - the other being at Rodel in Harris, and there only a quiver featured.

UNKNOWN

The crowning glory of Cruisle Mor, however, is the stone portraying an unknown ecclesiastic. Not only does it display a remarkable standard of craftsmanship for such a remote corner of the Rough Bounds, but it also features a most extraordinary hat, unique in the West Highland series.

The slab itself is badly eroded and cracked in two, so, in order to preserve it from incautious feet and winter frosts, Canon Gillies, the priest in Arisaig has had to remove the upper parts of the clergyman inside. It has in fact deteriorated badly since M E M Donaldson noticed it fifty years ago, because the crucifixion she saw in a neighbouring panel has now completely vanished. It may well be therefore that this was never a grave slab at all but part of a triptych, displaying two celebrities flanking a very boyish Christ. If this is the case, then who is the important personage shown here – there being no inscriptions to help us in the dating?

One possibility is Ruairi Ronaldson, also known as Roderick, who was appointed to both Kilmory, Arisaig and Kilchoan, Knoydart in 1517. It was a common, if unfortunate practice of the mediaeval church for important ecclesiastics to draw the revenues of several parishes and in this case Ruairi not only held Kilmory and Kilchoan, but was also parson of Kilchoan in Ardnamurchan, Eilean Fhiamain on Loch Shiel, and was later to become Dean of Morven. This Ruairi was brother to John Moidartach, Chief of Clanranald, whose supposed founding of Kilmory now takes on an added significance. Quite apart from his local importance as brother to the chief, Ruairi appears to have been a figure of some consequence in his day because he played a large part in the Highland rebellion of 1545. At the time the Highlands had risen in support of Donald Dubh Macdonald's attempt to reclaim the lost Lordship of the Isles for his family. This Lordship, the focus of Highland political ambition, had for centuries been held by Clan Donald but was eventually forfeited in 1493. Donald himself had no love for the Scottish state, having spent most of his life in its prisons, and was now seeking help and cash from Henry VIII, King of England.

In return Donald and his Council proposed to help dismember the Scottish realm by attacks from the West. Ruairi, being an educated man, played a part in their deliberations and was one of two Commissioners appointed by the Highland chiefs to treat with the English king. Unfortunately, Donald died suddenly and his rebellion collapsed with him, aided apparently by the dissention caused by the arrival of some English gold. James Macdonald of Dunivaig, Donald's successor, made another attempt, but lack of support persuaded him to abandon his claim and

the Lordship was finally relinquished - a consequence that was as beneficial to the Scottish government as it was disastrous to a Highlands now without a clear political order.

Ruairi then was a remarkable man, a councillor to the most powerful Highland lords, an ambassador to Henry VIII, an educated diplomat who was travelled and well-versed in public affairs. He must, in common with other great men of his time, have often been called upon to patronise the arts to glorify himself, and also of course, to the greater glory of God. No art in the Highlands had more skilled practitioners or promised a more enduring legacy than stone carving. We should expect therefore that Ruairi, a wealthy churchman and not unaware of the artistic ambience of a Renaissance court, would have indulged in some patronage of his own. It is very probable that he commissioned the panels at Kilmory, perhaps to decorate a recessed wall tomb, such as is found in the annexe of the church. The end-product would then have resembled the Macleod wall tomb at Rodel in Harris, to which the Kilmory panels have other marked similarities.

ARDCHATTAN

We know that Ruairi commissioned one work at least – his own grave slab - because it is now found in the priory at Ardchattan. Of course it is by no means assured that he is buried beneath it, he having ordered it in advance, a common precaution in those days, but it is fair to assume that he both knew and approved of the work done by stonemasons providing other stones for the priory. There are also remarkable similarities of designs and ornamentation between some of the stones at Ardchattan and Kilmory. In some cases the architectural settings are similar, in others the ornamented details are alike and in one case at least the same symbols appear to be employed. Indeed the links are so close that it seems likely that a skilled man must have been brought from Ardchattan to start a workshop in Arisaig. If this was the case then the very high standard of craftsmanship found at Kilmory should no longer surprise us. For in 1500 one, at least, of the famous O'Brolchan family of masons from Iona was working at Ardchattan. Ruairi must have known this and it is perfectly possible that John O'Brolchan or one of his pupils was brought to Arisaig to execute commissions there. If so, then who was this mason more likely to portray than his own benefactor, the patron habitually appearing in works of art commissioned in those days?

The clergyman himself appears in Eucharistic vestments, chasuble, dalmatic and alb, and is carrying a chalice. The most extraordinary thing about him though is his hat. It has been proposed that this is an old form of mitre, in which case an unknown bishop is shown, but M E M Donaldson suggested that its nearest parallel is a copataine. Now a copataine or copintank is described as looking like a sugar loaf, usually high crowned and conical in shape. It did not always take this form however; sometimes it was flat or round topped. It was certainly in use in the early 16th century, being worn by both clergy and laity, but it was a hat one would associate with the cultivated Renaissance atmosphere of Tudor England rather than

the wild and remote West Highlands. But then of course Ruairi himself, priest in Arisaig, did travel to visit Henry VIII at his royal manor of Oatlands in the year 1545. Is this the origin of the Kilmory headpiece, a fashionable souvenir of a trip to the court of a Renaissance prince? Such a hat would have intrigued Ruairi's Highland parishioners and would naturally have appealed to a skilled stonemason who, no doubt, would readily have appreciated its unusual decorative properties when included in an ecclesiastical costume.

SIMILAR

There are several other stones or fragments of stones at Kilmory. Some are so similar in style and content with stones found in Kilchoan, Knoydart, that they must reinforce the view that there was a workshop in Arisaig producing quality grave-slabs for local consumption. Kilchoan after all is barely twenty miles by sea. Some of the fragments, principally a kilted archer and a skeletal emblem of mortality look to be by the same master-mason as the ecclesiastic. The archer is beautifully portrayed, the thumb carefully balancing the arrow and the feathers clearly visible at the head of the shaft.

The skeleton seems to have something between and below his ribs and, by analogy with Ardchattan where a similar figure appears, this is most likely to be a toad devouring his entrails - a grisly reminder of the transient nature of the flesh. These two fragments may well belong to the same panels as the clergyman, both the type of stone and the quality of carving being very similar. If the archer is intended to show Ruairi at the chase, then, given the recreational habits of mediaeval clergymen, we should not be too shocked. The bows admittedly are only illustrated in Arisaig and Knoydart, but hunting was a conventional theme for mediaeval craftsmen.

PUPIL

A second stone portraying an archer is obviously by a pupil rather than the master. Here a huntsman is pursuing a stag and hind. but is shown wearing the same hat described above. Probably it was merely copied from the priest. There is no doubt that this and other stones at Kilmory show a lesser degree of skill and one is left with the impression that any local workshop must have gone into decline after the departure of the master-mason and his wealthy patron.

There is of course no certainty that these are the right conclusions, but whatever our suppositions, the clues are tantalising; a wonderful carving, a remarkable hat, one of the most famous of all Macdonald chiefs, his diplomatic brother, the court of Henry VIII, a picturesque Highland graveyard. Whatever construction we put upon them there is plenty of interest in Arisaig.

(With full acknowledgement to D Rixson, The Oban Times)

THE RIVER THAMES AND THE VILLAGE "EWEN"

A few stones lie in a little hollow under an old ash tree in a field about three miles south-west of Cirencester, in the south-west of England. There seems to be nothing remarkable about this spot, but quite a number of people make their way across the field to reach it. The inscription on a large block of stone explains the reason for their journey:-

‘THE CONSERVATORS OF THE RIVER THAMES 1857-1974
THIS STONE WAS PLACED HERE TO MARK THE SOURCE OF
THE RIVER THAMES’

Many of the people who go to this spot, which is called Thames Head, are surprised and also somewhat disappointed to find no water there, except after heavy rainfall. During the summer months there can be not even the slighted trickle that could be regarded as the beginning of England's greatest river. Sometimes – but very rarely – the rain is so heavy that there is quite a flood and then the Thames actually becomes navigable all the way to its source.

The Thames is “the King of Island Rivers”. If deficient in the grander features of landscape, it is rich in pictorial beauty; its associations are closely linked with heroic men and glorious achievements; it wanders through fertile meadows and beside pleasant banks, gathering strength from a thousand tributaries. On either side are remains of ancient grandeur, homely villages, palatial dwellings and populous cities and towns; boats and barges, and the sea-craft of a hundred nations, indicate and enhance its wealth. Its history is that of England; the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans, in turn made it their “seat of war”, or settling upon its banks sought the repose of peace and the blessing of agriculture and commerce.

The meadow at its centre is known as “Yeoring Field” and is part of the parish of Ewelme of which the name presents the corrupted form. Nearby is the lovely unspoilt village of Ewen with its Wild Duck Inn, an ideal centre to enjoy the pleasures of the South Cotswolds. The main structure of the Inn dates back to 1563.

Local people were vague about how their village had got its name. One employee of the Inn thought it was named after a Scotsman called MacEwen.

In early times there was a chapel in the village but it appears to have been demolished when the church at Kemble was built. The tradition exists that the materials from the chapel contributed to form the south aisle which is still called the Ewen Aisle.

In Old English *aewielm* means spring or source and Akermann in *Archaeologia* xxxii, 116 writes that the village Ewen derives its name from one of the springs which rises in the neighbourhood and that this must be the one known as Thames Head since the field in which it is situated is called Yeoring Field.

Touring around the British countryside brings many surprises to Martha and Charlie Ewen. Last year it was Castle Ewen in Skye and now this year at the other end of the country, the village of Ewen. They look forward in anticipation, to what next year may reveal.

Submitted by Charlie and Mattie Ewen

WHERE DOES THE THAMES BEGIN?

Many people think that Thames Head is not the source of the Thames at all (because of the lack of water mentioned above). They consider that the river begins about twelve miles away at Seven Springs, near Cheltenham. There a few steps lead down to a hollow beside the A436 road, and in this hollow there is always a little pool of water. It is marked by a small wooden cross bearing the words 'Seven Springs'. However those who favour Thames Head as the source say that the stream which has its beginnings at Seven Springs is the River Churn and that it is only a humble tributary of the Thames.

The controversy regarding the source appears to have been going on for centuries. In 1746 Roger Griffiths, a Thames water bailiff, wrote a book with one of those lengthy titles with which most books were burdened in the eighteenth century: *An Essay to prove that the Jurisdiction and Conservancy of the River of Thames etc is committed to the Lord Mayor and City of London*. He mentioned the dispute about the source, saying that Seven Springs 'to be sure is the most distant stream'. Then he added 'But others have rather chosen to place its fountain near Siddington, where the Isis springs'. His geographical knowledge seems to have been rather confused, for Siddington is a village about three miles east of Thames Head, and the river which flows through Siddington is actually the Churn, and not the Isis, as the Thames is still sometimes called until it reaches Oxford.

That the River Churn was once regarded as part of the Thames appears to be indicated by a document of 1439. In that year John Pennycook, the Yeoman of the Robes was appointed 'searcher of nets' in the 'river of Thames, its streams and members between the bridge of Stanes and the town of Surcestre'. 'Surcestre' was the old spelling of Cirencester and it is not the River Thames which flows through Cirencester but the River Churn.

How does one decide which is the true source of a river? Often several small and usually nameless streams join together to form a river and that which is furthest from the mouth is usually regarded as the source. But sometimes it is difficult to determine whether one of these streams is a river in its own right, forming a tributary of a more important waterway. The stream that rises at Seven Springs is the furthest point of any headstream of the River Thames, yet it is called the River Churn, while the stream at Thames Head is named the Thames right from its start. The Thames Conservancy decided that Thames Head is the source of the river, and surely they should know. Furthermore, on the Ordnance Survey map Thames Head is clearly marked as 'Source of the River Thames'.

But there is no water at Thames Head except after heavy rainfall. Sometimes – but very rarely – as mentioned above – the rain is so heavy that there is quite a flood. One of these rare floods occurred in the 1960s, and two boys were then able to canoe right from Thames Head.

After meandering for about ten miles from Thames Head the River Thames is joined by the River Churn at Cricklade. Yet even there the mighty Thames is little more than a brook, only a yard or so wide. From Cricklade the river continues to Lechlade, where there is a sculpture of Old Father Thames himself in the lock keeper's garden. The carving was originally at the Crystal Palace, and when the Palace was burnt down it was moved to Thames Head. Unfortunately vandals damaged it, so it was transferred to its present site. There Old Father Thames reclines on a slab of stone, holding a paddle over his right shoulder, and gazing perpetually at what is undoubtedly the Thames.

Is the stream which rises at Thames Head an imposter? Should the River Churn really be called the River Thames? I do not know but it seems that anyone wanting to be absolutely certain that they have visited the true source of the Thames must go to both Thames Head and to Seven Springs.

(With full acknowledgement to Courtney Dainton, The Lady)

WILTSHIRE PLACE NAMES

- Kemble Kemele, Chemele 1086, Kemela 1156, Cemele 688, Kembyll 1523
This is a pre-English place-name but the etymology is uncertain.
Ekwall tentatively suggests a derivative of the name Camulos, a Celtic war-god denoting possibly a spot dedicated to his worship.
- Ewen at Awilme, Awel. 931, Euulme 931, Ewyn 1571, Ewen 1621,
Yewelme alias Yewen 1736, Yeoring 1773. This is OE aewielm,
'spring, source', cf Ewelme. Ewen derives its name from one of the
springs which rise in this neighbourhood and this must be the one
known as 'Thames Head', since the field in which it is situated is
called 'Yeoring Field' (Akermann in *Archaeologia* xxxvii, 116)



THE UPS AND DOWNS OF CLAN FAMILY HERITAGE AND HOW IT STILL HAS IMPORTANT ROLES TO PLAY IN THE 21ST CENTURY

FIGURES FAIL TO ADD UP AS CREDIT CARD ATTEMPT TO CASH IN ON TARTAN DOLLAR RUNS INTO TROUBLE

A credit card launched in the US this year to tap into the financial power of the tartan dollar has run into trouble.

It emerged yesterday that the finance firm behind the Tartan Card has gone into liquidation.

Ustica, based in Edinburgh, launched the accounts to cash in on the 10.5 million Americans who claim Scottish descent. It was run in conjunction with MBNA America, the bank and Visa.

Bearers had the legend 'Proud American Scot' embossed beneath their name on the tartan-patterned card.

The scheme was endorsed by the Standing Council of Scottish Chiefs (SCSC), which was supposed to receive a donation every time the card was used. It planned to plough proceeds into scholarships, heritage funds and clan centres.

Lynne Cadenhead, chief executive of Ustica, declined to offer advice to cardholders last night. In an oblique statement, she said only: "Everyone is very excited when they set up a new initiative – and it doesn't work for whatever reason."

She is due to speak to a conference in Edinburgh today on how companies can take advantage of growing interest in ancestry around the globe. The cards were available in a variety of designs including Clan Chiefs, Clan Scott, and Clan Ross. Ustica eventually planned to use tartans for each clan.

Last night Romilly Squire, secretary of the SCSC, said the aim had been to help raise money to protect Scottish heritage. "Things did not really get that far down the line, sadly," he added.

The card was marketed as an opportunity for Americans to flaunt their Scottish roots. "Celebrate your links with Scotland, its enduring culture and romantic 1,500-year history," ran the marketing material.

Professor Andrew Fulton, chairman of the Scottish North American Business Council, said the US credit card market was difficult to crack.

"They were imaginative and pressed all the right buttons. It was a noble effort but it is a hard market place and I guess to make it valuable for the credit card supplier, it has got to be very successful."

A spokesman for MBNA said he could not comment on the Tartan Card specifically.

He added: "In general there is no customer impact on such a credit card agreement because ultimately they have a relationship with ourselves."

The card was launched after the success of Tartan Week in the US illustrated their fascination with all things Scottish.

A sales team visited Highland games and Celtic celebrations from Glasgow to Nevada during the summer.

Scottish –US spending power will also be discussed today in Edinburgh, during a conference on ancestral tourism, and how to attract the country's diaspora back for a holiday.

Figures published to coincide with the event revealed tourists visiting Scotland to trace family trees contributed £153m to the economy in a single year.

(With full acknowledgement to Rob Crilly.)

OLD CLAN SYSTEM COULD BE MODERN LIFE SAVER

Patients with a clan surname may in future be able to use their global network of namesakes to find organ donors with matching tissue, according to new research.

Details of the genetic discovery emerged at the weekend as it was revealed that a life saving bone marrow transplant had been found for Millie Forbes, the 20 year old Scots woman whose search for a donor became a national campaign.

Research by Bryan Sykes, Professor of Human Genetics at Oxford University, suggests clan members are more closely related to one another than previously believed, even when scattered around the globe.

Cancer experts say the chances of finding a bone marrow or blood stem cell match are highest among close family, so the research suggests the international network of clans could be used to recruit donors to transplant registers.

The identity of Millie's donor cannot be revealed. But her parents, Jonathan and Nicky Forbes, have praised the efforts of the clan network in the US, where there are an estimated 16 million people of Scottish extraction.

The relationship of clan members emerged during Professor Sykes's research in Skye and the West Highlands for his book "Adam's Curse".

He found, through DNA tests, that 20% or 500,000 – of Macdonalds and related clan members world-wide were directly descended from Somerled, the twelfth-century founder of the clan. "That is an astonishingly high proportion," he said.

Now he says the same close relationship could be true of other clans, like the Forbes clan from west Aberdeenshire, with historic territories and homeland. "Judging by my research on Clan Donald, rather more Forbes will be related to the clan chief than is generally thought," added Professor Sykes.

"So if you ask: Are people in the clan more related to one another than to anyone else? The answer to that is 'yes'."

Not everyone who bears a clan name will be related to the chief, however, as some, like former slaves or criminals, may have borrowed the name out of convenience.

But Steve Jones, Professor of Genetics at University College, London, and a popular science writer, said: "I can't think why anyone has not used the clan idea before.

"It will not guarantee a match, but it is an excellent tool through which to channel a search for donors."

Yesterday Millie's family and friends warned her that her life remains in danger as treatment for the transplant operation enters a critical phase.

Val Rhatz, organiser of the Millie Campaign, said: "Millie is in hospital now. It is not possible to say if the donor, in Millie's case, is connected to donor recruitment directly associated with Millie's campaign."

Millie was diagnosed with leukaemia 18 months ago. She had spent a summer working and attending art college in Paris after leaving school and was about to start a fashion course at Northumbria University.

A debilitating course of chemotherapy appeared to have succeeded, but a routine test showed that the disease had returned this summer.

(With full acknowledgement to the Herald)



PRISONER OF WAR WHO LATER ATTEMPTED TO BE A CLAN CHIEFTAIN

CLAN COMMANDER IAIN MACAULAY – CLOSE HISTORIC BONDS WITH US; THEY ALSO LOST LANDS AND CLAN HERITAGE IN SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

Iain MacAulay, who campaigned for recognition as first Chief of his own clan in 250 years, was one of the few clan Chiefs to be appointed “by acclamation” of his clanspeople.

In a ceremony in Dingwall two years ago, a *dearbh fine* or clan court accorded him a 99% vote. But in a subsequent judgment by the Lord Lyon, recognition of Chiefly status was put back for 10 years.

MacAulay devoted his life to securing leadership for the chiefless clan, a grouping comprising three entirely unrelated branches, each more than 700 years old. MacAulay’s ambition to unite them under one Chief was unusual enough, but compounded in that he himself possessed no chiefly blood. Historically, MacAulays never lived as one clan on a clan land under one Chief, but were scattered across three distinct areas – Lochbroom and Coigach, in north-west Scotland; Ardencaple in Dunbartonshire; and Lewis and the Uists in the Western Islands. None of the houses has had a Chief for more than 250 years.

The history of his name fascinated the young MacAulay, and detailed researches during his youth provided important evidence for his efforts to lead the combined clan. But a busy life as airman, farmer and councillor meant that he only started to form the nucleus of a Clan MacAulay Association when he was retired and in his mid-70s.

Contacting MacAulays throughout the world, his priority was the uniting of the three quite separate names of MacAulay under one structure, and providing leadership to achieve this. His efforts were rewarded by his being recognised as clan Commander by the Lord Lyon in 1997. Four years earlier he successfully petitioned for his own coat-of-arms, being granted the motto *Dulce Pro Patria per Inculum* (Danger is sweet for my country), a reflection of the Chiefly slogan of MacAulay of Ardencaple.

Raising his clan to chiefship was what he called “unfinished business”, and with his commission as Commander only being valid for five years, MacAulay rallied members at home and abroad, establishing clan societies in Scotland, Canada, United States and New Zealand, and uniting all of the name in kinship through annual gatherings at home and abroad. He and his wife Nina had been due to attend a major North American gathering at Williamsburg, Virginia.

A *dearbh fine* or clan parliament, a rare occasion occurring only two or three times in a century, is given under the direction of the Lord Lyon King of Arms,

and can be used to select a Chief from among the ranks if the original chiefly line has died out.

For the MacAulay *dearbh fine*, 60 clan members from around the world packed Tulloch Castle in Dingwall in August 2001, with the liveries of the Honourable Clan MacAulay flying for the first time in 250 years. The nine elders heading the *dearbh fine* consisted of five armigers (those with their own coats-of-arms) and four landowners (including crofters).

The affair was given due solemnity and covered by the world's media. Presiding was Charles Burnett with Ross Herald, representing the Lord Lyon King of Arms. Resplendent in heraldic tabard, Ross struck his baton of office three times to open proceedings and to outline the importance of clan chiefship and the selection by the clan of a chiefly candidate. Acknowledgement was given to the claim of the clan to be descended from Kenneth MacAlpine, 29th Dalriadic, 41st Pictish, and from 844AD first King of Scots, and that clan members had fought at the battles of Largs, Bannockburn and Flodden.

The one dissenting voice belonged to newspaper industry consultant, Iain Davidson MacAulay, who claimed that the clan should wait a further five years before any appointment in case someone with direct lineage came forward. But the *dearbh fine* voted resoundingly for Iain MacMillan MacAulay, and Ross Herald was able to proclaim: "Let the world know – it is the decision of this *dearbh fine* that Iain MacMillan MacAulay is the chiefly candidate. His name shall go forward to the Lord Lyon King of Arms".

While MacAulay's claim to be 13th Chief was rejected by the Lord Lyon six months later, he remained as clan Commander, with Lyon's judgment that MacAulay "might be recognised as Chief of the name of MacAulay of Ardencaple". This, however, defeated Iain MacAulay's objective of uniting all MacAulays, chiefless in any form since 1767 when Aulay MacAulay of Ardencaple died penniless, landless and childless.

The clan, however, is determined on a Chief, and MacAulay's elder son Diarmid may be a possible candidate.

Iain MacAulay was born and reared in Dunoon and educated at Dunoon Grammar School. He grew up fearing for what European fascism might do, and in 1938 joined the RAF, patriotically wearing the kilt when signing on.

During the Battle of Britain he was based at Middle Wallop in Hampshire, before being sent in 1941 to the Far East, to arrive in Singapore just as the city fell. While the rest of the squadron was taken prisoner by the Japanese, he and what he termed "a few stragglers" stole a lifeboat from a ship, and slipped away - determined to row and sail to Australia. Ashore in Java for water and supplies, they were betrayed by a Dutch planter and imprisoned for three years first in Java and then in Sumatra.

MacAulay was tortured, and several times subjected to fake executions. On one occasion he was sentenced to stand all day in the sun, finally fainting after several hours. His captors rifle-butted his knees, an injury that caused him difficulty descending stairs in later life. On release in 1945, he weighed just 57lbs, and was so ill with amoebic infection that the medical officer examining him said that he would lose his sight, would be unlikely to reach age 50, and would be unable to father children.

As it turned out, none of the forecasts came true, but his illness proved what he called a "life changing experience". With RAF support, he studied physiotherapy, determined to give back care of the standard he himself had enjoyed. He helped found the School of Physiotherapy at RAF Halton in Buckinghamshire, eventually becoming principal. He retired from the RAF in 1966 with the rank of Squadron Leader, having been made MBE (Military) three years previously for his pioneering work in physiotherapy.

He returned to Scotland, farming 4000 hill acres in Assynt in Sutherland, becoming a local councillor and chairman of the local branch of the Royal British Legion. Renowned for his humour and serenity, he suffered the effects of his war-time captivity to the end of his days, yet never evincing bitterness towards his captors.

He died while at lunch with friends in his home village of Drumbeg, Sutherland, a week after the annual MacAulay Gathering at Rhu, Dunbartonshire. He is survived by his wife, Nina; sons, Diarmid and Alasdair; grandchildren Ruaridh, Magnus, Kate and Gavin; and great-grandson Cameron.

Squadron Leader Iain MacMillan MacAulay, Armiger, MBE, FSAScot,
Commander of the Honourable Clan MacAulay; born October 8 1920, died August 9, 2003.

(With full acknowledgement to Gordon Casely, The Herald.)



THE LONGEST RACE IN THE WORLD

In 490 BC the Greek runner / messenger Pheidippides was despatched from Athens to Sparta to seek reinforcements against the invading Persian forces. From the historical writings of Herodotus, the runner set off early in the morning on the last Friday in September from the Acropolis in Athens, and arrived in Sparta “the following day”. Against all the odds, the Athenians defeated the Persians at the subsequent battle of Marathon – a defining moment in the history of the Ancient World. Following his run, Pheidippides fought in the battle, and then ran from Marathon to Athens to bring the good news. “Victory is ours”, he announced – then collapsed and died from his exertions. He is, of course, best remembered for this final run, from which – some 2,400 years later – the modern day marathon has evolved, and is now such a worldwide phenomenon. That is another story. I was interested in his less well known pre-battle journey, from Athens to Sparta.

In 1982 three British runners had set out to see if this run was feasible, and could have been done – as described by Herodotus. They set a target of 36 hours – leaving early on the Friday; to arrive before sunset on the Saturday. They succeeded; and, in 1983, the first **Spartathlon** race took place – as closely as possible recreating the route taken by Pheidippides. I was interested (or, more accurately, “hooked”) by the historical origins – it was certainly not going to be just another run-of-the-mill event.

The race has the distinction of being “the longest non-stop race in the world to be held on an annual basis”.

There are three main challenges:

First, the distance. It varies very slightly from year to year. This year (2003) it is measured @ 245.3 km / 153 miles. Just short of six back-to-back marathons. The overall distance can be divided into three pretty equal parts. The first 50 miles being flattish and fairly built up / urban from Athens westwards to Corinth. Whilst there are watering points along this stretch, runners are not allowed to meet up with support teams until Corinth. Here the terrain changes to very rural and undulating, passing through small villages – and runners are allowed to meet up with the support teams at specified points every 8 miles or so. After c. 100 miles, and in darkness, we reach the mountains, starting with “the nightmarish 3,000 ft. hand-over-hand ascent of Mount Parthenio” over ground covered in boulders and brambles. This seems to be the crunch point of the whole race. There follows c. 30 miles of ups and downs – but not nearly so dramatic as the initial ascent – over the Peloponnese mountains, before the final c. 20 mile descent to Sparta.

Second, the temperature. During the daytime this could be 100 degrees F for several hours during the middle of the day. At night it can drop to near freezing at altitude in the mountains.

Third, the time limits. As well as the overall limit of 36 hours, there are about six main stage points along the route which must be passed within strict time limits.

They are more generous with the timings in the latter stages; but runners have to proceed at a fairly brisk pace over the first 50 mile stage in order not to be eliminated; but if you go too fast early on, you'll probably not go the full distance. Many very experienced, top quality, runners have gone off too fast and not completed. Maintaining a suitable pace throughout is vital.

Generally, between a third and a half of those who start manage to finish the race.

It looked like it should be interesting and challenging.

Along with my support team, Jo, Colin & Ana, I arrived a day before registrations etc. This was a very good move. The others spent the day driving over much of the route – negotiating Athens' traffic was the biggest problem - whilst I checked out the beach and immediate surroundings. Included in the entry fee was my accommodation for the duration of the event, in an hotel about 200 yards from the sea. Others started to arrive in dribs and drabs, and there were regular visits to the registration area – notices / changes of timetable etc tended to sprout there from time to time, without any other notification being given.

Official registration. My official race pass had me as being from "England", though elsewhere I was "British". No mention of Scotland. We were now told that all "extra costs", e.g. support team accommodation, all had to be paid for in cash. Now. Not Visa. So a somewhat stressful unscheduled visit to the bank was required. Everything else seemed to be ok. 249 folk had entered the race; 205 registered. Of these, about 45 were from Japan, the same from France; the rest from as far afield as Finland, Brazil, USA and Australia. It was useful to speak with officials and marshals; also, to watch some video film of last year's race. The next day was fairly leisurely, with preparation of food / clothing to be left at any of the 75 drop points along the route. The pre-race briefing – first in Greek, then English, then Japanese - gave a few more answers to the unknown. I wondered how much of this was comprehended by those from Finland, Hungary and Poland. Race day beckoned. The Greek weather forecast was "good". This, for me, meant "hot".

Race day. 04.00hrs, the alarm goes. Not very hungry at this hour, I reluctantly consume some of the muesli mix I had made up at home before coming. Good move; the breakfast provided was pretty chaotic. My uncovered parts are plastered with Factor 60 suncream; most of the covered parts are plastered with Vaseline – I'm pretty well oiled from top to toe. 06.00hrs, sharp, the bus departs for the Acropolis. I'm next to Francis Casterot from France, and Valmir Nunes, Brazil. Nervous chit chat. A previous winner of the event, Valmir is predicted to finish in the first three. He seems as cool as a cucumber about it all.

Off the bus; ascend the Acropolis. A military brass band bursts into sound. Supporters, photographers, press, organisers are all scuttling around; runners pace about nervously – some gazing upwards to the stonework above, hoping for divine inspiration. Dawn is just breaking. It is very emotional. Lots of shaking of hands

with complete strangers also about to experience the experience. It's not really about who will win, more about who will finish. Count down; the gun goes; 07.00hrs; we're off.

Down through the old town the rush hour traffic is starting to build up. But at every junction / crossing point there are marshals and police giving us priority. Horns toot. Support and encouragement, or irritation at the delay? Mostly the former, we think. It's daylight now, but the sun has not hit us. Yet. It is busy, very busy, with stationary / slow moving traffic heading into town as we head out. Certainly not peaceful; plenty to look at. Suburbs now, and the first whiff of the industrial / petrochemical area we are about to pass through.

The temperature is rising; the traffic is rising; the fumes are rising. Dust everywhere. Imagine an industrial petrochemical area in rush hour, with the temperature in the 80s. A dead rat on the pavement. Not nice at all. But this inferno of Dante is behind us before too long, and we're into a pedestrianised area in a small town where the schoolchildren have all been let out to shout and cheer us on. They do so with gusto. Better than being in class. Gradually the urban evolves into countryside. Its Hot (capital h), with the clear sea lapping the almost white crusty rock to our left, and the main Athens / Corinth motorway way up and almost out of sight inland to our right. But the eyes and throat are still stinging from the earlier industrialisation. Small villages now; fresh shellfish stalls; regular food / watering points; but it's Hot. A dead dog in a lay-by; pretty fresh – its rigor-mortised legs pointing skywards; the occasional lorry thunders by closely, spewing clouds of dust. Hope I don't go the way of the dog. Our route alternates between such sights and sounds, and more petrochem. conurbations, for several hours, leading to a long gradual ascent up to the crossing of the Corinth canal. This is very impressive. A stray dog runs alongside me. I'd heard that one year a dog had joined the race near the start, and had continued for nearly 40 miles – getting watered and fed at the feeding stations along the way. History does not record what happened to the dog thereafter.

Hellas Can. 80km / 50 miles; the first major checkpoint. From here we are almost suddenly out of the urban phase one of the race, and into the rural phase two. Vineyards and orange groves intersperse with small remote, and getting more remote, villages with names like Zevgolatio, Soulinari, and Lyrkia. Other watering stops are at even less populated points – “small shrine on the right”; “Mrs. Screech's villa”; “Big tree on the right”; “Dry watercourse. Sheep fold”. It is Hot. The route is undulating – up a bit; down a bit; but nothing dramatic until leaving Kapareli village (96 miles) and the start of a very long switchback ascent, similar (but much longer) to the old Devil's Elbow road in Glen Shee. By now it is dark and clear, but just the thinnest sliver of a moon. The planet Mars, to the south, gives off more light. But below the constellations to the north west is a faintly winking glow of lanterns up the trail-less slopes of Mount Parthenio. The crux of the race, maybe. The checkpoint at the base of this is buzzing with activity. In the high distance a wobbling flashlight can be seen marking the checkpoint at the summit of

the climb. The temperature is pleasant for running; a bit cool for standing around stationary. The descent on the far side is unlit, though it is on a rough track. One runner slips off this, and slides down 150 feet, breaking his torch, and bruising many parts of his body. Extremely disorientated and shaken, it takes him 4 hours to reach assistance. He should have had a whistle. His participation in the race is over.

More ups and downs follow, though not so dramatic, with water points at such out of the way locations as "Small farmhouse and big tree (right)"; "Bare land on the left, 600m. app. past ruined (sic) farmhouse"; "Monument of the executed on the left with steps". Up here it is very exposed and arid – in cool darkness for the leaders, but heat-of-the-day temperature for the majority. Now begins the long gradual descent to Sparta in the far distance; but most of those who have made it this far will complete. The last two miles into Sparta are flat until a small (enormous, for those still going) hill on the outskirts of the town. Then an escort for the final few hundred yards up the main street to the very imposing belligerent bronze statue of King Leonidas of Sparta, killed along with his entire army at the battle of Thermopylae, in 480 BC. Touch the feet of the King, drink from the symbolic water of the river Evrotas, and bow to accept a wreath of olive leaves placed upon the head. It is all over. The winner finished hours ago, just before dawn. Those just within the time limit arrive just as daylight is fading, 36 hours from the start.

90 minutes later the official celebrations begin in the main town square. Around the square every café and restaurant is packed with people. The whole square itself is covered in temporary seating, fully occupied. Standing room only at the back. But we are ushered through by the police to the v.i.p. seating by the stage. Speeches by the Mayor of Sparta, and by the Chairman of the Spartathlon committee; then another by someone from the Greek Ministry of Sport; then the names / times of all finishers are read out, followed by presentations to the first three men and ladies. Everything in Greek, then English, then Japanese. Dancing and singing by groups of youngsters to the strains of Olympic themed music. Many of the runners sleep through all of this. But then the fireworks start. They wake up! Then a live band strikes up. Not quite Dire Straits, but very good nonetheless. Saturday night in Sparta. Probably THE Saturday night of the year. 01.00hrs. we retire, the band plays on.

The next day is a bit of a rest and return to Athens, whilst on the following day we are left to our own devices. Many take the opportunity to go round the 2004 Olympic venues; others check out the Acropolis, etc, at leisure. We head out of town to the plain of Marathon, where all the action took place in 490BC, and visit the tumulus marking the burial site of the 1,920 Greeks killed at the battle. Not unlike Callanish standing stones, it is all open and just 'sitting there' with folk able to wander around at will. But, ominously, there were many wooden survey levelling posts in evidence, and men with theodolites. I suspect that by 2004 it will be well and truly 'themed and heritaged'.

Back now for the formal presentation dinner. More speeches, this time from the Spartathlon President; and representatives from the Mayor of Athens, the French and the Japanese embassies. (Nothing at all from the British.) Again, all in Greek, then English, then Japanese, along with some French thrown in this time. Next year, we are told, it will be the same, but different. It certainly will be different. With Greece hosting the Olympic Games, the road network is undergoing an almost total rebuild. In the meantime, throw in the traffic chaos of Paris, Rome, and Tokyo; along with new hotels going up, a new tram system, Olympic venues under construction. Quiet and peaceful it certainly is not. But they say it will all be ready in time. Many do not share that confidence.

Meanwhile, of the 205 who started the race, 84 finished – exactly half of these were in 34 or 35 hours. I was amongst the 121 who did not complete, having had much of the stuffing knocked out of me by the petrochemical fumes. Everyone – finisher or not – had a story to tell; possibly the most emotional being the Swedish runner who finished the course for the first time in 11 attempts. I am informed that no one from Scotland has ever completed.

Leading results

1	Markus Thalmann	Austria	23 hours 28 mins 24 secs	
2	Valmir Nunes	Brazil	25:30:35	
3	Jean-Jacques Moros	France	26:26:16	
4	Masayuk Ohtaki	Japan	26:27:34	
11	Akiko Sakamoto	Japan	29:07:44	(1 st Lady)
12	Sumie Inagaki	Japan	29:38:54	(2 nd Lady)
20	Barbara Szlachetka	Poland	31:50:23	(3 rd Lady)

For more information, see the Spartathlon website <http://spartathlon.webvista.net>

Attention now is very much focussing on the 2004 Olympic Games in and around Athens. As I submit this article to the Clan Bulletin, I am waiting to hear if Scotland's Kirsteen McEwan will be selected to represent Great Britain in the ladies doubles, or the mixed doubles, Badminton events.

MURDO McEWAN



TITLE FOR SALE COULD TRIGGER LEGAL BATTLE

NEW LAW WOULD REDUCE VALUE OF BARONY

The Lord Lyon has a tough decision to make; maybe a short course in re-reading his history of a Lord Lyon's position would help.

One of Scotland's most expensive Baronies could be at the centre of a legal battle after moves by the Lord Lyon to amend land law.

The ancient title of Baron of Leslie and Feudal Earl of Rothes is now on the market at an asking price of £150,000, and potential buyers have already registered an interest in adopting the title.

The buyer will win the right to call himself Baron of Leslie, his wife Lady Leslie, and the title will allow him to apply for a personal coat-of-arms.

The Leslie family were originally from Aberdeenshire and have an illustrious history and strong connections with Fife. The old family home, Leslie House, which was latterly a nursing home and is now up for sale, lies just north of Glenrothes. Interest in the title has already been registered, with one request coming from Canada.

However, any new Baron could see the worth of the title diminish under changes which are expected to be introduced to the system by the Lord Lyon, Scotland's heraldic chief, from November next year.

The threat comes as a result of the Abolition of Feudal Tenure Bill, which will then become law.

At the moment, a Barony is vested in a specific piece of land, and the Lord Lyon can establish if someone is a Baron, and entitled to Baronial arms, by checking the land register or the older sasine register.

However, the new Act will mean that the Barony title can be sold without the land and without the land being registered. As a result, the Lord Lyon has indicated he is to reconsider recognising a person as a feudal Baron, or making a grant of Baronial "addittaments" as part of armorial bearings.

The addittaments are seen as central to the title, and it is claimed any change could mean a flood of compensation claims from Barons whose titles have dropped in value as a result.

Baronial titles sell for an average of £60,000; but, if the changes are implemented, it is claimed they could fall to the same value as English "Lord of the Manor" titles, worth about £8,000 to £12,000.

Brian Hamilton, Baron of Rockhall in Dumfries-shire, who is offering the title for sale on behalf of an English client, sells around 12 titles a year after researching those that can be marketed.

He said: "The value is basically in the fact that they could get arms as a Baron. If the Lord Lyon was to deny arms to future Barons, their titles become seriously financially devalued. We had senior counsel advise us, and there are implications here under human rights legislation for compensation if that is the case."

A spokesman for the Lord Lyon said yesterday that no decision had been made on the titles. He said: "The Lord Lyon is considering how he will act after the appointed day in November next year, and has made no final decision on what he will do."

The current owner of the title is the son of an army Captain who bought the title in 1919, but sold only the estate three years later. The owner runs a cleaning business and lives on the south coast of England.

NOBLE HISTORY

Before the 1745 rebellion, Barons provided military service which, with no standing army, was essential to the maintenance of power and public order.

If you desire a Barony title, it will cost you a minimum of £45,000.

Sir Iain Noble, Skye landlord and businessman, put his Barony of MacDonald title up for sale at around £1m last year, the most expensive to date; interest has been noted.

With the passing of the Abolition of Feudal Tenure (Scotland) Act 2000, Baronies are titles of dignity with no powers or responsibilities.

(With full acknowledgement to Brian Donnelly, The Herald.)



A MUSICAL HERITAGE

SCOTLAND'S OWN LORD OF THE DANCE HONOURED WITH UNIVERSITY TRIBUTE

A website on which people can learn the Highland Fling, the Sword Dance, the Scotch Reel and even the German Schottische has been created in honour of a key figure in Scottish traditional music.

The tribute by the University of Aberdeen is to the life, music and dance of James Scott Skinner, the Strathspey King, who regularly taught dancing to tenants and children at Balmoral Castle when it was Queen Victoria's retreat. He died in 1927, but is still an influential figure.

Dr Alan Knox, the University's manager of historic collections, said: "James Scott Skinner was, and still is, an inspiration to young and old alike, worldwide." The website – www.abdn.ac.uk/scottskinner – is a fitting tribute to such a remarkable man.

"The core of the web resource is a searchable database of several hundred images of music, letters, photographs, articles and other documents, with essays and commentaries putting them all in context. This resource is aimed at anyone interested in Skinner, Scottish dance, Scottish fiddle music, Scottish traditional music and its history and the north-east of Scotland, and will greatly assist research into traditional music and teaching in these areas."

One of the key features is video clips of dances as Skinner taught them.

For 30 years he was an extremely successful dance teacher throughout the north of Scotland. The dances he described in his manual, *The People's Ball Room Guide*, have been recreated and can be viewed in video clips.

Born in Banchory-Ternan, near Aberdeen, in 1843, the son of a gardener, who taught dance, he had a musical apprenticeship in Manchester before returning to Aberdeen to start his career as a professional dancing teacher and musician.

He worked throughout the north of Scotland, including Balmoral, and toured widely.

He was one of the very first recording artists in Scotland, and his work had a worldwide market. More than 600 of his compositions were eventually published. There are also 80 audio examples of Skinner's playing on the site.

The Strathspey King took the art of fiddle music to new heights through his playing and compositions, performing to huge audiences at the London Palladium and other venues.

(With full acknowledgement to Graeme Smith.)

STRIKE THE HIGH NOTES

Throughout Scotland there are many schools, teachers and colleges dedicated to developing music and encouraging people to get involved in enjoying it. However, when it comes to Scotland's national instrument, the College of Piping in Glasgow's west end is in a class of its own. Established in 1944 the College is an educational charity dedicated to developing Scotland's national music, and as such has been serving pipers for more than 60 years.

Its reputation as a centre of excellence was established early in its history and has never been surpassed.

As well as teaching courses leading to graduation certificates in the Institute of Piping Exams, the college offers a retailing service for bagpipes and all accessories.

The mail order business has also been in operation since 1944, sending bagpipes and accessories all over the world from the college shop. Instruments are supplied from all the leading manufacturers including D Naill, Dunfion, Fletcher, Kintail, MacMurchie, RG Hardie, MacLeod, Highland Supplies, McCallum Bagpipes and RT Shepherd. In addition the shop has a full stock of CDs, videos and pipe music books and is agent for all Piobaireachd Society publications. Goods are dispatched within two days of receiving the order.

The College welcomes all ages and teaches all levels, from small children to adult beginners.

There are day, evening, weekend and holiday courses, all designed to ensure everyone with an interest will be able to fit the time into busy schedules. The College is able to meet that interest by offering a comprehensive service of lessons, examinations, all instruments and music and a practical knowledge base for all students of the pipes.

All profits earned through the College are ploughed back into preserving and teaching Scotland's musical heritage; and, operating as a charity, all lessons are subsidised. There are rates for OAPs, children and those in difficult circumstances, and no-one is turned away through inability to pay.

The Brian Laurie School of Music in Paisley may operate on a smaller scale, but it is no less dedicated to provide superb quality in teaching music. It is open seven days, offering times to suit everyone including the evenings, and offers tuition in a range of instruments.

As the first and largest of its kind in Paisley, the school employs 16 teachers, teaching all ages and abilities and also offers theory and singing classes.

Nurturing talent is important, and finding the right place can be difficult. However, there are many schools and colleges in Scotland dedicated to providing the right environment, and ensuring that a particular interest can be developed.

(With full acknowledgement to The Herald)

LOST MCEWAN COMES TO LIGHT WITH AN ENGINEERING FEAT IN AFRICA

FORGOTTEN SCOT BLAZED A TRAIL FROM SLAVERY.

UNEARTHED DIARY SHEDS LIGHT ON PIONEER.

It is a tale of murder, slave caravans, human tragedy and nineteenth century Scots entrepreneurs.

However, it might have been lost to posterity, had the author James McCarthy not discovered the diary of William McEwan in the Glasgow headquarters of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

It had lain there undisturbed for more than half a century after being rescued by a relative from being made into waste paper during the Second World War. McEwan, a young civil engineer from Glasgow, helped build the Stevenson Road, one of the most ambitious projects on the continent of Africa.

However, his name has been overshadowed – until now – by the “good and the great”, a hiccup in history Mr McCarthy hopes to rectify with the publication of McEwan’s diary by Malawi University with help from Glasgow University.

Mr McCarthy said: “At a time when there is a growing interest in the history of the British Empire, which high quality television programmes are making popular, it is worth remembering the quite disproportionate part played by Scots at every level, from governors to foot soldiers.

“The limelight is often given to the ‘good and the great’, but McEwan represents that essential middle-class professional class who provided the back-bone of Empire in every capacity, and who have been too rarely recognised.

“I hope that the forthcoming publication of this diary by the University of Malawi, generously sponsored by Glasgow University to make it accessible to students of African history, will go some way to rectify that.”

McEwan was hired by James Stevenson to help build the road in 1884 in a land of “whitening skulls which told the too common tragedy of Africa, of a fair and smiling country turned at one fell swoop to a grave and a ruin by the grasping avarice of some fiend in human shape”.

Civilising plans

Inspired by David Livingstone’s call to civilise Africa through Christianity and legitimate commerce, Stevenson, a wealthy Glasgow industrialist, was particularly

enthusiastic about developing trade to displace the notorious slave trade, then rife in Nyasaland, now modern day Malawi.

He had a vision of linking the great waterways of central Africa by steamer and road transport, and in particular, establishing a route between Lake Nyasa, in what is now Malawi, and Lake Tanganyika to the north which would create a trade route of more than 2,500 miles in the heart of Africa, connecting with the Indian Ocean via the Zambesi. From his own pocket, he provided the then considerable sum of £4,000 to start building the road which was to bear his name.

It was started by the engineer James Stewart, but, like many others in Africa, he succumbed to an early death from disease. Despite the murder of 19 of Stewart's workers by tribesmen, Stevenson was determined to carry on and recruited McEwan in 1884 to complete the project.

Mr McCarthy has now transcribed much of the diary and included explanatory notes, and an extended preface on McEwan's work which lasted about 18 months before he too died an early death from the notorious blackwater fever in 1885 at the age of 22.

He was one of a legion of Scots – missionaries, teachers, engineers, doctors and others – who were to give their lives to central Africa and its development, particularly in Malawi.

However, few of these pioneers wrote such an intimate and detailed description of their daily lives as McEwan as he struggled to overcome the considerable physical and psychological challenges of building a road through hostile territory. His life there was a constant battle against disease – in the 1880s malaria was still thought to emanate from the “miasma” of the lake swamps.

“Arrived at Marindenny at 5.30pm. Got all my luggage carried into grass house – crawled up myself and got to bed at once.

“I couldn't stand more than three minutes at a timetook quinine and saline today and although I have very little fever I am only able to shuffle a few steps and keep to my bed most of the day.”

He also faced other battles: the rapaciousness of local chiefs, desertions of his work-force, and predatory animals.

“Munro came in a great hurry to say that the lions had turned up again and had killed some goats so off we went again – a big party but without getting them.”

McEwan died, mourned by 80 natives. Now Mr McCarthy hopes the long and winding road he built and its story will finally lead to greater recognition.

(With full acknowledgement to Cameron Simpson, The Herald)

THE CRUITHNI FIND THEIR HOME

BACK GARDEN FIND COULD BE PICTS' CAPITAL

Archaeologists digging in a back garden in a village in the north-east coast of Scotland, believe they may have discovered the ancient capital of the Picts.

Professor Ian Ralston and colleagues from Edinburgh University unearthed a Pictish rampart in Burghead, in the Moray Firth.

The area is already home to a large Pictish fort site, but experts believe the newly discovered fortification may pre-date the original settlement.

Professor Ralston said the find could shed more light on the origins of the people dubbed Pictii, or Painted, by the Romans.

He said; "We were digging in people's gardens to try and find old lines of ditches and ramparts and, after this discovery, we now know that they have survived despite the large amount of construction that took place in the village in the 1800s.

"The rampart could be older than the fort, dating from the pre-Roman Iron Age. Unfortunately, there were no objects or charcoal to give a specific date. It could definitely be older than the fort, making it the grandest Pictish settlement of its time, and it was certainly a very important Pictish settlement.

"We know there was a series of fortified sites in the dark ages in places such as Stirling Castle and Edinburgh Castle, but Burghead is the biggest. This also ties in with the archaeological record of the area.

"A number of fine objects, including Pictish metalwork, were found in the nineteenth century and have now been lost. The recent find would seem to confirm that this was a very important place."

Burghead's street plan evolved during the "planned village" scheme which held sway in Scotland between 1745 and 1845. The old fisher village of Burghead was demolished at the beginning of the nineteenth century, along with the major part of its antiquities.

However, Professor Ralston believes more evidence may be awaiting discovery and his team still hopes to find objects or wood that can be analysed by radiocarbon dating.

He said: "The site may date back even earlier, to pre-Roman times, and it is heartening that, despite the rebuilding work in the 1800s, the archaeological evidence still survives."

Burghead's location, its accessibility by sea and sheltered anchorage, may have tempted the Picts to settle there in large numbers. Excavations at the fort in the nineteenth century recorded a wall eight metres high, with a foundation of large boulders.

The construction of these massive walls, which evidence suggests were erected around 400AD, would have required a large labour force to collect timber, stone and iron from the surrounding countryside.

Professor Ralston and his team carried out the dig on behalf of the Burghead Headland Trust, custodian of the fort, which is protected as an ancient monument.

Ken Millar, of the Trust, said: "It was a very exciting find and emphasises the importance of the area at that time. It would have been good if they had also found some artefacts that could have been dated. We opened a visitor centre in June and we have already had about 2,200 visitors.

"Hopefully, this will heighten the importance of the site and we may attract even more visitors."

Villagers in Burghead still celebrate the annual ceremony of Burning the Clavie, on the day of the Pagan New Year, January 11, which is believed to date back to the time of the Picts and fire worship.

LEGENDARY TRIBE

Romans called these pre-Celtic people Pictii, or Painted. They were known as Cruithni to the Scots.

According to legend, Rome's Ninth Legion was never heard of again after facing them in battle.

From the sixth century onwards, they came under pressure from Dalriadan Scots in the west and Vikings in the east. They defeated Dalriada, but intermarried with the royal house of Dalriada until, in AD843 Kenneth MacAlpine became king.

Gaelic culture gradually supplanted their own.

(With full acknowledgement to Stephen Stewart, The Herald.)

SALE OF CLAN MERCHANDISE

ITEM	PRICE GB £
Badge – clan Reviresco, gold coloured, small	4.50
Badge – clan, Reviresco, felt	7.00
Badge – clan, Reviresco, small, cloth	2.20
Baseball caps – Scotland, navy (4), blue (4), green(2), tartan (5)	2.80
Book – Collins Clans & Tartan Handbooks	3.50
Book – History of Clan Ewen by R.S.T. MacEwen (tartan cloth cover)	25.00
Book Marks – leather, Scottish motif	1.20
Bow Ties – adult, tartan, ancient(1), modern(1)	3.00
Bow Ties – boys, tartan, ancient	2.00
Boxer Shorts – adult, small, mixed tartans	2.50
Brooch Cairngorms – 5 amber stone, 2.5"	16.50
Brooch – pewter, stoned	8.00
Caps – men's, tartan, modern (2), ancient(1)	7.00
Chopping Board – fishing flies	5.20
Chopping Boards – clan, Reviresco	10.00
Coasters – fishing flies, square (set of 6)	7.00
Cufflinks (pair) - clan, Reviresco	8.00
Cufflinks (pair) - tartan	4.50
Fridge Magnets – clan, Reviresco	1.50
Fridge Magnets – metal, saltire, Scotland	1.00
Fridge Magnets – metal, thistle, Scotland	1.00
Handbag – ladies, velour	32.00
Ink Stamps – clan, Reviresco, with ink pads	5.50
Key Fobs – clan, Reviresco, clear	1.20
Key Fobs – metal, lion rampant, Scotland	2.20
Key Fobs – metal, thistle, Scotland	2.20
Kilt Pins – clan	7.00
Kilt Pins – pewter, stoned	8.00
Napkins, Damask (set of 4)	28.00
Notepaper & Envelopes – clan, tartan	2.00
Paper Weight – clan, Reviresco	3.50
Pens – ballpoint, misc. tartans	1.00
Photo Frame – small, silver, 2"x3" (CRM design)	9.00

Photo Frame – small, silver, 2”x3”	2.00
Photo Frame/album – large, silver, 72 prints (Charles Rennie MacIntosh design)	13.20
Post Cards – (pack of 10)	0.50
Sgian Dubh - silver, clan, Reviresco, decorative	13.50
Sgian Dubh - silver, clan, Reviresco, decorative, imperfect	5.00
Sgian Dubh – gold colour	20.00
Socks/Kilt Hose – green (1), white (2)	4.50
Table Mats – clan, Reviresco (set of 6)	21.00
Table Mats – fishing flies (set of 6)	14.00
Tammy – ancient	7.00
Tartan Material – ancient, double/metre	11.00
Teaspoon – clan, Reviresco	2.20
Teddy Bears – soft, Scottish, 8”	5.00
Teddy Bears – soft, Scottish, with bagpipes, 6”	4.00
Tie – modern tartan	4.00
Ties – navy, clan, Reviresco	10.50
Waistcoats – ancient tartan	27.50
Whisky miniatures – clan label	2.50

ARTICLE SUBMITTED BY JILL YOUNG

Dear Sir/Madam

My father is a genealogist and cartographer who has created a map of Scotland showing the clans and place names as they were in 1314, the time of Bannockburn.

The map is based on genealogical records of the period and pre-dates the earliest existing maps of Scotland by hundreds of years. The map shows over 600 place names and 170 clan names in their earliest forms.

The map can be viewed at this url; <http://www.gwp.enta.net/scotmap.htm>. If the making of this map is something which you feel may be of interest to members of your clan in the form of an article and/or images of the maps in your newsletter then please let me know.

Best wishes

Chris Williams, 68 Ellesmere Road, Shrewsbury, SY1 2QP

LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND

The Pipes are Calling

Undaunted by age Hamilton N.Z.'s 70+ Highlanders Pipe Band are full of the noise of life.

Q. How do you get two pipers to play in unison?

A. Shoot one.

If you want to make a lot of noise without disturbing anyone, the best place is near the Caledonian Hall right next to the Railway lines in Hamilton, and the best time is Friday mornings. Around 10am after a short Canter practice a "have we time for a story" and "has anyone put on the kettle", the 70+ Hamilton Highlanders start to blow. It is not a place for tender ears.

In a small enclosed space 15 pipers and 10 drummers are an easy match for any passing Train.

They claim there are just two qualifications for membership of the band being grey or bald. But this is not quite true. This is an exclusive group, membership is by invitation only. The main qualification, however, is musical ability. Many members have known each other for many years or have played together in Bands in Hamilton or other centres. Many members had not played for decades but felt withdrawal symptoms and a wish to be part of a musical social group with ethnic connections. Cameron McEwing (Of the Ewen Society) took up Bagpipes when he was twelve and played in his Secondary School Band and The Timaru Pipe Band throughout the Second World War. At the age of eighteen travel and other interests intervened and he joined the 70's+ aged 74.

Q. Why do Pipers usually walk when they play?

A. Moving targets are harder to hit.

There are many jokers in this Band but only one was foolish enough to call them "one of Hamilton's premier culture groups." Mind you, you're too deaf to argue after about an hour. The day the "Times" called into the Caledonian Hall, the session started with Scotland the Brave. It's the drummers who usually start off, the big Bass drum the Snare drum and tenor drums fill out the sound, we're always waiting for the pipers. "They're very temperamental" says Margery Cagney, who defies the rule and has brown hair. The Bass drummer is mesmerising with very complicated crossover routines. Sitting watching is Sid. Worster 87years old - a piper from way back. When Italy surrendered in W.W11 Sid. led the victory parade down Hamilton's Main St. He no longer plays but comes along to listen now and again. I cry sometimes when it gets in your blood you don't lose it. The band has played at many Tattoos and holds Concerts but mainly are "On" the Rest Home Circuit.

Ken Morris says, laughing, "There's no Alzheimer's here. It's something useful to do when you retire. It slows down ageing. Everybody contributes to the

group; it's a joyful place on a Friday and, for some, the highlight of the week".

Q. What's the definition of a gentleman?

A. Someone who knows how to play the Bagpipes and doesn't!

Hope this is of interest.

Cameron McEwen, New Zealand

FROM THE USA

Please note there will be a gathering here at Marquette, Michigan the weekend of July 24th. The meeting will be held at the Econo Lodge Lakeside, Saturday night, beginning at 7.00pm EST. there will be a short meeting to discuss the organization of local/regional branches all through N America, with an informal party after, from 9.00pm till 2.00am if we should so wish. We especially would like to see our Canadian cousins make a strong showing, as well as those from all over the USA.

We also invite any of those from all over the globe who may have the chance to come and join us. Please see our web site at: www.clanewensociety.org.

Marquette, Michigan, is on the shores of Lake Superior in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and is straight north of Chicago, a 6 hour drive from there. It is about an 11 hour drive from Ottawa, Canada, and about 7 hours from Detroit, 7 hours from Minneapolis, Minnesota. There are flights coming to Sawyer International Airport (MQT is the airport code) from all over, for those who may wish to fly.

The telephone number for the Econo Lodge is – 906 225 1305, Fax 906 228 7342.

There are lots of other hotels etc in the area in case it becomes full.

Lynn

LETTER FROM TEXAS

Greetings are sent to you from deep south Texas. My name is Nicholas Andrew Ewen, I live in McAllen, Texas – but I am originally from the mountains of Wyoming where most of my family continues to live. My family of Ewens first settled in an area called the Big Horn Basin sometime between 1890 and 1900 – when Wyoming first became a state. I don't know of anyone in my immediate family who is a member of this society, and I myself have not become a paid member yet. I have, however, continued to learn about my family's rich history

through this website for a few years. It's hard for me to express how meaningful it has been to learn of the people of my clan. I am writing this letter to share a poem that I've written about our motto 'Reviresco'. I hope that through this poem, and this letter, you and the leaders of Clan Ewen will understand that this is more than just my clan motto – it has become my personal motto as well. I thank you for your time, and thank you for the work you do for our family all over the world.



REVIRESCO

Writhing dead arms, the limbs of a stump,
Futilely grasping its killer, the earth.
Forever unable to stand, walk or jump;
The only real change is death after birth.
Standing beside him, his friends too will die;
With no way to show them, no way to alert –
While striving for decades to reach the sky –
That all they'll have left to hold on to is dirt.
Through summer to fall then winter to spring
There's no work of might or effort will fix;
Stump simply sits; sad – tired – dead thing;
Pile up the weeds, dry leaves and old sticks.

Time has passed 'til time is naught,
When out of naught a new thought lives.
Death provides what life forgot,
And life survives by what rot gives.
A seed is freed in spring and grows,
Ignores the loss the stump has seen.
A sprig will live by what it knows –
"It's by faith that I grow green".

EDITOR'S LETTER

I hope you have found the Bulletin both enjoyable and stimulating. My thanks must go to all contributors, but especially to Charlie and Mat Ewen, Murdo and Duncan for articles and Betty and David, with Rachel and Murdo all working on processing the Bulletin. The Chairman, Vice-Chairman and Secretary also give their unstinting support. For it is most certainly a team effort.

It only remains for me to say, that in order to continue to produce the Bulletin, we need contributors. Information and general interest articles, sent into us in any media format, either by post or e-mail. As well as financially contributing by subscription and Society funding. I have been asked to return as Bulletin Editor. So I am asking all those members or ex-members of the Society who wish to renew their subscription, please do, following this issue. The membership numbers have gone down recently and ties are lost. To all family members and tracers of family history these are tragic losses, as links to generation lines as yet unknown are damaged. But as the 21st century informs us, as research continues, somewhere, someone walks around this world with much the same DNA as you and me - and that link is never broken.

*Editor
Colin*

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