



## The Saltyre

April 2021

### Message From The President

Hello,

It's election time again at the Society. By now you should have received the announcement for nominations via email. If you haven't seen it, check your spam/junk folder.

The Board is hoping to have the option for a face to face meeting this month. If we are able to it will very likely be at the VFW Post on Kruitof Way, off of Hazel avenue in Fair Oaks. Tentative meeting date and time are April 19, at 7pm. I hope that as this year progresses, we can get back to live meetings.

We don't know when large scale indoor or outdoor events will be allowed, but there is a chance we will have an online AGM since our election season for officers is almost upon us. If COVID restrictions lighten significantly we may be able to hold a casual Halfway to Burns Day event in late June or mid-July. The Board has tentative plans for an outdoor BBQ event late this summer.

In an effort to stay positive and hopeful, I have reserved **January 15, 2022** for our next **Burns Supper**. We are looking into the Arden Hilton as a possible alternative to North Ridge Country Club. Every month between now and January I will be recruiting help for the Burns supper and making specific requests of those willing to participate.

Please don't forget the Society when you're shopping online. You can do this by signing up at **smile.amazon.com**. Pick Sacramento St Andrews Society as your charity of choice. One half of one percent of your purchase will be donated to the Society.

Here's to a better year than last, and all the best,

Bruce Locken





## **The Massacre of Glencoe**

***The Massacre of Glencoe took place 329 years ago, on 13 February 1692. David C. Weinczok takes a look at historical consequences and significance of one of the most infamous massacres in Scottish history.***

In the long and often sorrow-stained history of the Highlands, nowhere does the echo of tragedy resound so clearly as in Glencoe. For those who know what happened here, merely evoking its name brings a heaviness to the heart; to enter the glen with this knowledge is altogether more moving. In the frigid dark of the morning of 13 February 1692, a wound was struck here whose scars remain tender over three centuries later. By the time the winter sun rose on the glen, some thirty-eight men, women and children lay dead, with a further unknown number succumbing to the cold in their attempt to flee. Every year, we remember the Massacre of Glencoe.



Archaeologists from the National Trust for Scotland have excavated parts of the "lost village" of Achtriochtan at Glencoe in the Scottish Highlands, the scene of an infamous massacre in 1692. (Image credit: National Trust for Scotland)





## **Heartland of Jacobite support**

In 1688 William of Orange, the Protestant champion of the Dutch Republic, crossed the English Channel with some 30,000 men and ousted King James VII of the Stewart dynasty henceforth known by his supporters as the 'king over the water' from the throne. After defeating the first Jacobite Rising of 1688-89, William sought to consolidate his deeply fractured domain. He issued an ultimatum to the chieftains of the Highlands, the heartland of Jacobite support, that if they did not swear their allegiance to him by 1 January, 1692 they would be declared outlaws and enemies of the state.

Oaths came pouring in for fear of the wrath of the crown, yet some in William's upper echelons openly expressed their desire to make a brutal example of the clans as a deterrent against future resistance. The opportunity to do so landed in their laps in the form of MacIain, chieftain of the MacDonalds of Glencoe. In the midst of a harsh winter which plugged the Highland passes with snow, MacIain set out to give his oath to royal representatives.

Arriving in Fort William, he was informed that the necessary official was in fact in Inveraray, some sixty miles to the south, and that his oath could not be accepted in their absence. Desperately he raced towards Inveraray only to be arrested for twenty-four hours en route. He arrived five days after King William's deadline, sealing his clan's fate.

On 1 February 1692 some 130 soldiers marched into Glencoe and dispersed amongst the communities of Invercoe, Inveriggan and Achnacon. Seven hundred more were meant to join them, but like MacIain they were held up by the wintery conditions and would not arrive until the deed was already underway. Obligated to respect the ancient Highland custom of guest rite, the civilians of Clan MacDonald gave food, drink and shelter to the soldiers for eleven nights, with uncertainty and unease about their purpose simmering all the while. Their future murderers made themselves at home, playing cards with their hosts and undoubtedly sharing many small, human moments with them throughout the long dark of the early February days.

## **Longstanding blood feud between clans MacDonald and Campbell**

The killing began at five o'clock in the morning on 13 February, while the MacDonalds lay sleeping in their beds. Awoken by a clamor, MacIain arose and was shot in the back at close range. His elderly wife clung to his body in grief, only to be stripped by the redcoats who, it is said, pried the rings from her fingers with their teeth. As the men, women and children of Glencoe fled their homes

in little but their night clothes many were caught, bound, and systematically executed. One account relays how one of the soldiers, who was born and raised near Glencoe, refused to carry out a killing upon hearing a mother sing a familiar Gaelic lullaby to her baby. A Lieutenant Farquhar and Lieutenant Kennedy are named as having broken their swords



rather than partake, and for this act they were arrested and imprisoned. Others who hesitated were reassured with what we now call the Nuremberg Defence: “All the blame be on such as gave the Orders; we are free, being bound to obey our Officers.”

If most people know one thing about the Massacre of Glencoe, it is that it was a flashpoint in the longstanding blood feud between clans MacDonald and Campbell. Indeed, there were plenty of causes for animosity between the two, as the growth of the opportunistic Clan Campbell came at the explicit expense of clans including the MacDonalds and many others. There is a good reason why the Clachaig Inn in Glencoe bears a sign to this day that they permit “no hawkers or Campbells”, to be taken in jest only at the risk of great offense. And yet the narrative wound around the Massacre that it was merely the most egregious example of the interminable warring of Highland clans serves a purpose – to conceal the true, bejewelled hands behind it.

Leading the soldiers who perpetrated the Massacre was Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, an ageing drunkard with plenty of personal animosity towards the

MacDonalds and specifically MacIain. A useful scapegoat, he descended upon the glen on the explicit written order of none other than King William himself, stoked further by bloody-minded words from some of the highest authorities in the land. John Dalrymple, Lord Advocate of Scotland and an ardent agent of the king, mused for instance “that this [the dead of winter] is the proper season to maul them in the cold long nights”, and furthermore that it would be a “great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable sect ... God knows whether the 12,000 [pounds] sterling had been better employed to settle the Highlands or to ravage them.”

### **Lasting legacy**

The formal order to carry out the Massacre read as follows:

“You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the McDonalds of Glencoe, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have special care that the old Fox [MacIain] and his sons do upon no account escape your hands, you are to secure all the avenues that no man may escape. This you are to put in execution at five o’clock precisely ... This is by the King’s special command, for the good & safety of the Country, that these miscreants be cut off root and branch.”

For their Majesties’ service

[signed] Robert Duncanson

To Capt. Robert Campbell of Glenlyon

After the Massacre, Robert Campbell could be found in the ale houses of Edinburgh loudly showing off a copy of these orders, straight from King William, to any who wished to see them. His command may have directly ended the lives of the people of Glencoe on that bitter February morning, yet it was the stroke of the king’s pen that bade him to give it.



The Massacre of Glencoe left a lasting legacy in politics, art, and popular culture. A desire to avenge the fallen inspired many to take up arms as Jacobites in the Risings of 1715, 1719, and most famously 1745-46 which ended with that other infamous day, the Battle of Culloden. Both events were taken by factions opposed to the total political union between Scotland and England of 1707 as a dire warning of things to come, while Victorian artists such as James Hamilton painted heart-wrenching, if dramatized, scenes from the Massacre which fostered widespread sympathy and collective guilt in the public imagination. Most recently, George R. R. Martin used the Massacre of Glencoe as the basis for the Red Wedding in *Game of Thrones*.

Visitor numbers at Glencoe, which is now cared for by the National Trust for Scotland, are at an all-time high, though many come for the scenery unaware of what transpired here. Regardless, the Massacre of Glencoe immediately and enduringly made a mark upon the story and psyche of Scotland to a nearly singular extent. It is our duty to remember it, and to part convenient myths from unsettling truths when recalling how it came to pass.

**The Scottish Banner • February 2020, pg 14**







## Scottish Clans

### **Clan MacDonald The MacDonalds of Glen Coe**

BADGE: Fraoch gorm (erica vulgaris) common heather  
 PIBROCH: Mort Ghlinne Comhann (Masscre of Glencoe,  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TXmF5Kadk9g> )

One of the wildest and grandest of the glens of Scotland, and at the same time, by reason of its tragic memories, one of the best known, is that which runs westward from the south shore of Loch Leven into the heart of the highest mountains of Argyll. The stream which brawls through its lonely recesses remains famous in Ossianic poetry under the name of Cona, and high in the face of one of its mountain precipices is to be seen the opening of a cavern said by tradition to have been a retreat of the poet Ossian himself. In the twelfth century, along with the Isles and a vast extent of the western mainland of Scotland, Glencoe appears to have been a possession of the great Somerled, Lord of the Isles, from whom it seems to have passed, along with the northern mainland possessions of the great lordship, to his eldest son, Dugal, ancestor of the MacDougals of Lorne and Argyll.



*Per mare per terras*  
 By sea and land

In the Wars of Succession at the beginning of the fourteenth century the two great houses descended from Somerled's sons took opposite sides. While the MacDougals took the side of Baliol and Comyn, the MacDonalds, descended from Somerled's second son, Reginald, took the side of Bruce, and Angus Og. Reginald's great-grandson, having distinguished himself with his clan at Bannockburn, paved the way for his family's rise again to the position of chief consequence in the West of Scotland. As an immediate reward, Angus Og is said to have obtained from Bruce's grandson, King Robert II., the lands of Morvern, Ardnamurchan, and Lochaber, forfeited by the MacDougals for the part they had taken against Bruce. While Angus Og's eldest son, John, succeeded as Lord of the Isles, a younger son, Iain Fraoch, appears to have settled in Glencoe, to which he further secured the right by marrying a daughter of a certain Dugal MacEanreug. From Iain Fraoch this sept of the MacDonalds took its common name of the Maclans of Glencoe, and from the fact that one of its chiefs after the fashion of those early times, was fostered by a family in Lochaber, it frequently received the appellation of Abarach. The race is not to be confused with that of Maclain of Ardnamurchan, which claimed descent from Iain Sprangaech, a son, not of Angus Og, but of his father, Angus Mor.



While the heads of the great house of MacDonald, the four successive Lords of the Isles, themselves, by their successive marriages and revolts engaged in undertakings which again and again threatened the stability of the Scottish throne itself, the chieftains of the lesser tribes of the name, like Maclain of Glencoe and Maclain of Ardnamurchan, showed a disposition to engage in lawless warlike undertakings which were only less dangerous because indulged in on a smaller scale. In the days of James VI. Maclain of Ardnamurchan bade open defiance to the powers of law and order, and, breaking out into actual piracy, became a terror to much of the west coast of Scotland. The story is told of him that on his plundering excursions, which took him up the narrow waters of Loch Linnhe, he



**Clan Donald has approximately 40 associated tartans**

followed the device of painting one side of his galley white and the other black, so that those who noticed him sailing up the loch to plunder and burn should not recognise him and waylay him as he sailed down the loch again with his spoils on board.

Though the Maclans of Glencoe disavowed any connexion with these piratical expeditions of their kinsmen, it is to be feared their own record was not less open to question. As time went on, and the virile house of Campbell rose more and more into power at the expense of their older rivals the MacDonalds, these Maclans of Glencoe played their own part in that struggle of Montagues and Capulets. The struggle came to a height in the seventeenth century, when the Campbells at last felt themselves strong enough to deal their MacDonald rivals a knockout blow. In the time of the civil wars of Charles I., when that King's general, the Marquess of Montrose, had been defeated at Philiphaugh, and the Marquess of Argyll, Chief of the Campbells, found himself at the head of the government of Scotland and in possession of despotic power, the latter seized the opportunity to send the armies of the Covenant to demolish the last strongholds of the MacDonalds and MacDougals, burning the forts of the latter at Gylen and Dunnollie near Oban, and massacring the garrison of three hundred MacDonalds in their Castle of Dunavertie at the south end of Kintyre.

In these events may be found the reason for the raids made by the MacDonalds of Glencoe during the half century which followed into the lands of their Campbell enemies which lay to the westward. For geographical reasons the lands which suffered most from these incursions were those of the younger branch of the Argyll family, the Campbells of Glenurchy, whose head in the days of Charles II. became Earl of Breadalbane and Holland. On one occasion, while a marriage feast was going on at Glenurchy's stronghold of Finlarig on Loch Tay, word was suddenly brought that the MacDonalds were driving the cattle of the





Campbells out of the glen, and the wedding guests almost instantly found themselves engaged in a bloody affray with the invaders. Again, on their way home from playing a victorious part under King James's general, Viscount Dundee, at the battle of Killiecrankie, the MacDonalds of Glencoe seized the opportunity to sweep Glenlyon of its whole cattle and valuables, and left Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, Breadalbane's henchman, absolutely a ruined man.



This feud and these events were the immediate reason for the occurrence which remains the most outstanding event in the history of the M'Ian MacDonalds, and is remembered in history as the Massacre of Glencoe. The importance which that massacre has assumed on the historic page is altogether out of proportion to the actual size of the occurrence and to the number of those who lost their lives on the occasion. As a matter of fact, only thirty-eight of the MacDonalds were actually slain, and, though others may have perished among the snowdrifts in the high glens through which they tried to escape, the total is far less than that of those who fell in scores of old clan onsets and surprises, and cannot of course be compared with other massacres of clans obnoxious to the Campbells, like those of the 300 MacDonalds at Dunaverty and the 200 Lamonts at Dunoon. The circumstances of the case have given an outstanding interest and notoriety to the Massacre of Glencoe—the treachery which was used, the individuals who were concerned, and the matchless mountain theatre in which the tragic drama was set. Not a little of the notoriety of the event is also owed to the fact that it has been singled out for special description by such masters of the literary art as Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay.

The event is too well known to call for minute description here. The prime mover in the undertaking, as has already been suggested, was obviously Campbell of Glenurchy, Earl of Breadalbane, and he had a ready tool to his hand in the person of Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, who, as we have seen, had motives of his own for seeking reprisals on the MacDonalds. The days were over when it was safe for a Highland chief like Breadalbane to muster his clan openly and fall upon and destroy an obnoxious neighbour by force of arms on his own authority. Breadalbane was astute enough so to manage affairs that in the attack upon the MacDonalds of Glencoe he should be acting with Government authority and ostensibly in the interest of law and order. In the hands of the cunning old fox of Loch Tayside the other and higher individuals to whom a stigma is attached for their part in directing and authorising the massacre—King William II. and III. and Sir John Dalrymple first Earl of Stair—were little more than pawns in the game.





After the dispersal of Dundee's forces following the fall of King James's general at Killiecrankie, it was represented to King William's Government as desirable that the chiefs of clans should be required to swear allegiance to the new Government, and it was arranged that if they laid down their arms and took the oath before 1st January, 1692, they should receive an indemnity for all previous offences. Breadalbane was the intermediary, and he took care to manage matters very astutely in his own interest. In the previous July, this noble had been trusted with the task of arranging matters with the Jacobite Highland Chiefs, and when they met him at his castle of Achalader, Glencoe, who was of a stately and venerable presence, and whose courage and sagacity gave him much influence with his neighboring chieftains, is said to have taxed Breadalbane with the design of retaining for his own use part of the money which Government had placed in his hands for securing the good will of the chiefs. The Earl had retorted by charging Glencoe with the theft of cattle from his lands, and, in the altercation, old feuds were recalled and an evil spirit was excited which promised ill for the weaker party. Maclain was repeatedly heard to say that he feared mischief from no man so much as from Breadalbane. Breadalbane as a matter of fact seems to have taken pains to direct the special attention of the Master of Stair, as Secretary of State, to the MacDonalds of Glencoe as the most suitable clan of whom to make a terrifying example to the Highlands. In a letter of 3rd December, the Secretary intimated the intention of Government to destroy utterly some of the clans in order to terrify the others, and expressed the hope that the MacDonalds of Glencoe would afford the opportunity of action against them by refusing to take the oath.

Unfortunately Maclain was foolish enough to allow the days of grace almost to run out before taking the oath. Then, when he went to do so at Fort William, he was startled to find that Colonel Hill, the Governor there, not being a civil officer, had no power to accept it. It was necessary to go to Inveraray and take the oath there before the Sheriff of Argyll. The roads were almost impassable with snowdrifts, and, though the unhappy chieftain put forth his best efforts, the first of January was past before he reached Inveraray. The Sheriff was Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas. In the circumstances, seeing that Glencoe had really tendered the oath in time, though to the wrong officer, he administered the oath and informed the Privy Council of the special circumstances. Maclain returned home believing that all was right, but as a matter of fact his doom was sealed. Already in advance a warrant had been procured from King William for military execution against him. The Sheriff's letter was never produced before the Privy Council, and the certificate of Maclain's having taken the oath was blotted out from the record. It seems probable that the fact of the Chief's submission was never brought to the King's knowledge.

Events then moved relentlessly forward. Before the end of January, a detachment of Argyll's regiment under Campbell of Glenlyon entered Glencoe. On Maclain's sons with a body of clansmen meeting them and demanding their errand, Glenlyon replied that they came as friends to take quarters in the glen in order to relieve the overcrowded garrison at Fort William. They were accordingly hospitably received, and entertained for fifteen days by the unsuspecting chief and his people. On 12th December the order came to put to the sword



every MacDonald in the glen under 70 years of age, to close all avenues of escape, and to take a special care that "the old fox and his cubs" should be put to death.

As if to fill the cup of treachery Glenlyon continued to enjoy the hospitality of the unsuspecting clansmen. He took his morning draught as usual that day at the house of one of the sons of the chief, Alastair MacDonald, who was married to his niece. He and two of his officers accepted an invitation to dine next day with Maclain himself; and he sat late that night in his own quarters playing cards with the chief's sons. He even reassured these young men, who had come to him alarmed at finding the sentries doubled and the soldiers preparing their arms, by telling them he was about to set out against some of Glengarry's men, and he ended "If anything evil had been intended would I not have told Alastair and my niece."

At four o'clock in the morning a single shot rang out, and the bloody work began. Lindsay, one of the officers who had promised to dine with the chief, came with a party to Maclain's door and knocked for admittance, and as Glencoe was getting out of bed and giving orders for refreshments to be provided for his visitors, they shot him dead. His aged wife was then stripped and ill-treated, the savage soldiery even tearing the gold rings from her fingers with their teeth, so that she died next day.

While this was being done the chief's two sons were roused from bed by an old domestic, who bade them fly for their lives. "Is it a time to sleep," he said, "when your father is murdered on his own hearth?" As they came out the shrieks and musket shots on every hand confirmed the warning, and, taking to flight, the young men, by their perfect knowledge of the spot, managed to escape by the southern exit from the glen. Their example was followed by most of the other inhabitants, and as Major Duncanson, Glenlyon's superior officer, had been hindered by the snows from closing the outlets of Glencoe, most of them escaped. Many scenes of blood, however, were brutally enacted. A certain Captain Drummond in particular distinguished himself by his brutality, ordering a young lad of twenty who had been spared by the soldiers to be instantly shot, and himself with his dirk stabbing a boy of six as he clung to Glenlyon's knees, begging for mercy. At one house a party of soldiers fired on a group of nine MacDonalds sitting round their morning fire and killed four of them. The owner of the house, who was unhurt, asked to be allowed to die in the open air. Barbe, the sergeant in command of the party, answered, "For your bread which I have eaten I will grant the request," and MacDonald was allowed to come out. He was, however, an active man, and as the soldiers were taking aim he threw his plaid over their faces and vanished.

The clan then numbered about two hundred fighting men. Of these more than 160 escaped, and, with their wives and children, made their way through the deep snows for twelve miles to a place of safety. But their homes were utterly burned, and their means of subsistence, some twelve hundred head of cattle and horses, and a large number of sheep and goats, were driven off to Fort William for the use of the garrison.





It was three years before enquiry was made by Government into the dastardly business. The report of the Royal Commission then appointed fixed the whole blame upon the Master of Stair. Though his sole punishment seemed to be that he was driven for a time from public life, it was said when he died in 1707 that his end had come by his own hand. In the tradition of the Highlands the massacre was thought to have entailed a curse upon the house of Glenlyon. In a later campaign the head of that house was in command of a firing party appointed to carry out the execution of a soldier. It was arranged that the proceedings should be carried up to the firing point, and that only then the man should be reprieved. The signal for the soldiers to fire was to be the waving of a white handkerchief by Glenlyon. When the moment arrived the officer put his hand into his pocket to produce the reprieve, but unluckily brought the handkerchief with it. This was taken for the concerted signal, the soldiers fired and the man fell dead. At that Glenlyon is said to have struck his brow with his hand, exclaiming, "The curse of God and Glenlyon is here. I am an unfortunate ruined man !" and he forthwith retired from the service.

Another romantic sequel of the Massacre is narrated by Sir Walter Scott. When, during the Rising of 1745 the Highland army was approaching Edinburgh it was feared that the Glencoe men might seek to revenge themselves by, burning the house of Newliston, seat of Lord Stair, whose ancestor had been the chief mover in that crime, and it was arranged that a guard should be posted to protect the place. MacDonald of Glencoe heard of the resolution, and, deeming his honour involved, demanded that the guard should be supplied by the men of his own clan. The Prince agreed, and so it came about that "the MacDonalds guarded from the slightest injury the house of the cruel and crafty statesman who had devised and directed the massacre of their ancestors."

Glencoe is visited by thousands of people every year for it's historical significance and great beauty.

Septs of Clan MacDonald of Glencoe: Henderson, Johnson, Kean, Keene, MacHenry, MacIan, MacKean.

[https://www.electricscotland.com/webclans/m/macdonald/other\\_glencoe.htm](https://www.electricscotland.com/webclans/m/macdonald/other_glencoe.htm)

Here is a link to 36 Clan Donald tartans,

[https://clan.com/tartan/browse/filters/name-donald\\_908/page/1/perpage/60/](https://clan.com/tartan/browse/filters/name-donald_908/page/1/perpage/60/)



## **Highland Apparel**

### **Ancient Highland Dress ; The Belted Plaid - The Feileadh-mhor (feela more)**

The belted plaid or the breacan-an-feileadh (pr: BRE-kan an Feelay) the great kilt, appears to have been the characteristic dress of the Highlander from the late sixteenth century onwards and had probably been worn for quite some time before that over the saffron tunic - the main article of clothing worn by the Irish. It was a loose garment made up of around six ells (18 feet/5 metres) of double tartan - Highland looms could only weave a maximum width of 25 to 30 inches (65 - 75 cms) so two lengths had to be sewn together down their long edge to make the plaid (from 'pladger' - the Gaelic for blanket).



Historians have foisted onto us the idea that the Highlander laid this great expanse of fabric onto the ground and carefully folded it into pleats until its length was reduced to about 5 feet (1.5m). He then lay down on his back on top of it so that the bottom edge





almost reached to his knees and gathered it around himself, securing it round his waist by a leather belt. He would then stand up and arrange the unpleated top portion around his shoulders, tucking the corners into his belt to form ingenious pockets.

Whilst this is a very entertaining performance for modern observers which produces a quite spectacular result, one wonders just how many of us - in our modern homes - have an unencumbered 18 by 5 feet (5.4m x 1.5m) space in any of our rooms to lay out our plaid? The procedure may well have been normal in the larger homes of the 'upper classes' of the times, but hardly the norm for the average Highlander living in a tiny blackhouse, often shared with his cattle. Performing the procedure outdoors on lumpy heather, muddy yard or wet grass with half a gale blowing, must hammer the last coffin nail into the idea!

The practical truth, based on common sense and a reasonable amount of documented evidence, tells us that on the inside of the plaid there was a series of loops, through which was threaded a cord. Dressing in it only required the Highlander to grab it off its wooden peg, tie it tightly around his waist, buckle his broad leather belt around the outside and arrange the surplus above the waist as he wished.



**Sam Heughan, Outlander**

There is also evidence that as an alternative, some wearers had external loops for the broad leather belt which seems a much more sensible solution to a problem that possibly only existed in the minds of modern commentators! It's interesting that in the French illustration below, the broad belt is shown in position on the outside of the plaid, not irrefutable proof, but interesting!

It was reported that in very bad weather - high winds, frost or snow -the Highlander would dip his plaid in water and then lie down in it. We're told that wetting it like that made the wool swell so that the plaid would give better protection against the wind and cold air. In sub-zero temperatures, it's said that the dipping would result in a thin glaze of ice on the outside surface which would further insulate the occupant. Wrapped up like this with his head under the blanket, the Highlander's breath would then create a warm and moist atmosphere around him which would keep him cozy during the night! As you can imagine,



if the poorer Highlanders worked and slept in their plaids they must have been pretty smelly as reported in 1726 in a letter from Captain Burt, an English engineer. " . . . the plaid serves the ordinary people for a cloak by day and bedding at night . . . it imbibes so much perspiration that no-one can free it from the filthy smell . . ."

Highlanders were out in all sorts of weather, bare legged and frequently bare-footed and one of the names given to them was Redshankes - shanksis an old word for legs and the red legs were caused by exposure to the winds, rains and snows of the Highlands. In 1543 a Highland priest called John Elder wrote a fairly detailed letter on the subject to Henry VIII.

In 1688 the Governor of the Isle of Man wrote a description of Highlanders: "Their thighs are bare, with brawny muscles. . . a thin brogue on the foot, a short buskin of various colours on the legg, tied above the calf with a striped pair of garters. What should be concealed is hid with a large shot-pouch, on each side of which hangs a pistol and a dagger. A round target on their backs, a blew bonnet on their heads, and in one hand a broad sword and a musquet in the other."

As mentioned above, the spare fabric of the upper portion would be arranged in ingenious folds for pockets to hold provisions and other multifarious objects. In times of battle, we read that Highlanders would discard the cumbersome plaid leaving them stark naked from the waist down: many's the enemy who must have fled in terror before a Highland charge that displayed such awesome weaponry.

See a more detailed Belted Plaid article by Matt Newsome and also Jamie Scarlett's article on the myth surrounding the Belted Plaid

<http://www.tartansauthority.com/highland-dress/ancient/>







## **Scottish Flora**

### **Scots Pine**

As the largest and longest-lived tree in the Caledonian Forest, the Scots pine (*Pinus sylvestris*) is a keystone species in the ecosystem, forming the 'backbone' on which many other species depend.

In good situations on mainland Europe, Scots pine can grow to 36 metres (120 feet) in height, but in most of the pinewood remnants in Scotland today the largest trees are about 20 metres (65 feet) tall, with exceptional trees recorded up to 27 metres (90 feet). Maximum girth at breast height is usually up to 2.4 metres (8 feet), although some trees up to 3.6 metres (12 feet) have been recorded. Scots pine usually lives up to an age of 250-300 years in Scotland, although a tree in one of the western pinewood remnants was recently discovered to be over 520 years old!



Scots pine is unusual amongst conifers in having a number of different mature growth forms, ranging from tall and straight-trunked with few side branches, to broad, spreading trees with multiple trunks. Eleven different growth forms, or habit types, have been identified for Scots pine in Scotland, and many of these can easily be seen in the pinewood remnants. Young Scots pines display the characteristically conical shape of conifers, but as the trees mature, this gives way to the flat- or round-topped shapes which are typical of the pines in the ancient Caledonian Forest remnants.

The bark of the Scots pine is also quite variable, with the young bark on small branches being papery thin and often orange-red in colour. The bark on the trunk of a mature Scots pine can vary from grey to reddish-brown and forms layered plates or flakes up to 5 cm. thick, with deep fissures in between. Several species of lichen commonly grow on the bark.

The needles grow in pairs, are blue-green in colour and about 5 cm. (2 inches) in length. They normally remain on the trees for 2-3 years, with the old needles turning yellow in September or October before they are shed. Drops of sticky resin often cover the tree's buds, and also provide a natural preservative for the wood: if a Scots pine dies while it is still standing, the skeleton can persist for 50 or even 100 years before falling down, because the high resin content in the sap makes the wood very slow to decay.

### **Global Distribution**

Scots pine is the most widely distributed conifer in the world, with a natural range that stretches from beyond the Arctic Circle in Scandinavia to southern Spain and from western Scotland to the Okhotsk Sea in eastern Siberia. Within this range it grows at elevations from sea level to 2,400 meters (8,000 feet), with the elevation generally increasing from north to south. Despite this wide distribution, the Scots pine forests in Scotland are unique and distinct from those elsewhere because of the absence of any other native conifers



### Distribution in Scotland

After the end of the last Ice Age, approximately 10,000 years ago, Scots pine, like other trees, spread northwards again from continental Europe into Britain. As the climate continued to warm, it spread into much of northern Scotland, reaching a maximum distribution about 6,000 years ago, before declining about 4,000 years ago for reasons that are not entirely understood. Today the Scots pine has a natural range confined to the Highlands in Scotland, with the native pinewoods covering approximately 17,000 hectares in a number of separate, isolated remnants – just over 1% of the estimated 1,500,000 hectare original area. In many of the remnant areas, the pines are growing on north-facing slopes, but the exact reason for this is not clear – the generally-wetter conditions of such northerly aspects may have provided protection from fire, which was used to clear the forest in past centuries.

Within its present-day range in Scotland, there is considerable biochemical variation in the Scots pine, and this has led to the recognition of seven different groupings of native pinewoods, characterized by these differences.

The pinewood remnants which survive today occur in some situations as stands of pure pine and in others of mixed stands of pine and birch (*Betula pendula* and *Betula pubescens*). Because of its inability to regenerate under its own canopy, it is likely that the areas where pine predominates changed over time (eg perhaps every 2-3 centuries – the lifespan of a single generation of Scots pines), making our native pinewoods a dynamic, 'mobile' forest when viewed over the millennia.



Courtesy of Trees For Life





## **National Tartan Day**

April 6th honors the Scottish heritage flowing through the United States. From its early beginnings, Americans with Scottish ancestry endeavored for freedom as much as any American. It was in their blood. It was 400 years before the Scots declared, "For we fight not for glory, nor riches, nor honors, but for freedom alone which no good man gives up except for his life." - from the Declaration of Arbroath.

On March 20, 1998, the United States Senate passed Resolution 155, designating April 6th of each year as National Tartan Day. The day recognizes Scottish Americans and their achievements and contributions to the United States. The House passed Resolution 41 on March 9, 2005, and George W. Bush signed the Presidential Proclamation on April 4, 2008.

Surprisingly, of the 13 governors in the newly established United States, nine were Scots. There are 56 signatures on the Declaration of Independence. Some scholars suggest nearly a third of those signers were of Scottish descent. Not only can we point to the country's founding fathers, but of the 46 Presidents who have taken office, 34 have been of Scottish descent.

Those with Tartan blood were and are independent and resourceful. They are prolific inventors and writers. They are talented musicians and artists, experienced leaders, and scholars. In the United States today, over 11 million Americans claim Scottish or Scotch-Irish roots. That makes them the 8th largest ethnic group in the United States.

Some parts of the country hold parades, ceremonies, and events. Check local civic websites for any Tartan Day events. Learn more about Scots in America. Wear your tartan and use #NationalTartanDay to post on social media.

For more information, visit [www.americanscottishfoundation.com](http://www.americanscottishfoundation.com).

A few famous people with significant Scottish ancestry:

Alexander Graham Bell	Jackson Pollock	Philip Danforth Armour (meats)
David Dunbar Buick (cars)	Andrew Carnegie	Jennifer Aniston
Lucille Ball	Hillary Duff	David Duchovny
Tina Fey	Steve McQueen	Demi Moore
Creighton Abrams (military)	"Buzz" Aldrin	Neil Armstrong
Catherine McAlpine	Joan Baez	Jim Morrison
Gwen Stefani	Elvis Presley	Tom Petty
Alexander McGillivray( Creek Chief)	Terry "Hulk" Hogan	John Ross (Cherokee Chief)
Tommy Armour III	Robert Frost	Arnold Palmer
Helen Adam	Upton Sinclair	Garrison Keillor
Edgar Allen Poe		Mark Twain





Pictures from New York City Tartan Day parades





### **5 minutes with Scottish Gaelic**

**Scots Gaelic language**, also called **Scottish Gaelic**, Scots Gaelic **Gàidhlig**, a member of the Goidelic group of Celtic languages, spoken along the northwest coast of Scotland and in the Hebrides islands. Australia, the United States, and Canada (particularly Nova Scotia) are also home to Scots Gaelic communities. Scots Gaelic is a recent offshoot of the old Irish language.

Introduced into Scotland about AD 500 (displacing an earlier Celtic language), it had developed into a distinct dialect of Gaelic by the 13th century. A common Gaelic literary language was used in Ireland and Scotland until the 17th century. By that time spoken Scots Gaelic had developed enough to be considered a separate language from Irish. Manuscripts in a definitively Scots form of Gaelic began to appear in the 16th century, but the first Gaelic book printed, John Carswell's *Foirm na n-Urrnuidheadh*, published in Edinburgh in 1567, still adhered to the Classical Modern Irish norm.

Yes – Tha - Ha

No – Chan eil – Han Yell

Excuse me – Gabh mo leisgeul – Gob moe lishga

Where is the restroom – caite a bheil an taigh beag – kitecha bell on tie beck

Please – mas e ur toil e – mawsh A oor tulluh

Thank you – Tapadh leibh – topah leave

You're welcome – 's e ur behe – share bay ha

Goodbye (informal) – Mar sin leat – martian lawt

What's your name ? - de an t-ainm a tha' oirbh ? jay un tenem a herev?

Cheers – Slainte - slancha

I'm sorry – Tha mi duilich – ha me doolick

Link to one minute Gaelic language videos

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d1lv1wnP1ns&list=PLwX3o6xqc\\_Jgu2Uwhli6ArQawyw\\_uwm2Os](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d1lv1wnP1ns&list=PLwX3o6xqc_Jgu2Uwhli6ArQawyw_uwm2Os)





## **Bagpipe, The National Instrument**

Few people realize that most bagpipe tunes are about real people, places, and events. Even fewer people know that many bagpipe tunes have lyrics. Here are a couple examples.

### **Scotland The Brave, Cliff Hanley**

Hark when the night is falling,  
Hear! hear the pipes are calling,  
Loudly and proudly calling,  
Down thro' the glen.  
There where the hills are sleeping,  
Now feel the blood a-leaping,  
High as the spirits of the old Highland men.  
*Chorus*

Towering in gallant fame,  
Scotland my mountain hame,  
High may your proud standards gloriously wave,  
Land of my high endeavour,  
Land of the shining river,  
Land of my heart for ever,  
Scotland the brave.  
High in the misty Highlands  
Out by the purple islands,  
Brave are the hearts that beat  
Beneath Scottish skies.  
Wild are the winds to meet you,  
Staunch are the friends that greet you,  
Kind as the love that shines from fair maidens' eyes.  
*Chorus*

Far off in sunlit places  
Sad are the Scottish faces,  
Yearning to feel the kiss  
Of sweet Scottish rain.  
Where the tropics are beaming  
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,  
Longing and dreaming for the hameland again.  
*Chorus*

Link to the tune: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xqeYKf8tdsU>



## Coulters Candy

The "Coulters" in this song was Robert Coltart (Coulters) who sold his "candy" (sweeties in Scottish parlance) round the houses. His song would alert the children to beg for pennies from their parents to buy his wares (a bit like the music played by ice-cream vans going round the streets). There is no "translation" for the first line as it is just a meaningless set of words for a song meant for children.

### Coulters Candy

Ally, bally, ally bally bee,  
Sittin' on yer mommy's knee  
Greetin' for anither bawbee,  
Tae buy mair Coulters's candy.

Ally. bally, ally, bally bee,  
When you grow up you'll go to sea,  
Makin' pennies for your daddy and me,  
Tae buy mair Coulters's Candy.

Mommy gie me ma thrifty doon  
Here's auld Coulters comin' roon  
Wi' a basket on his croon  
Selling Coulters's Candy.

Little Annie's greetin' tae  
Sae whit can puir wee Mommy dae  
But gie them a penny atween them twae  
Tae buy mair Coulters's Candy.

Poor wee Jeannie's lookin' affa thin,  
A rickle o' banes covered ower wi' skin,  
Noo she's gettin' a double chin  
Wi' sookin' Coulters's Candy.

### Meaning of unusual words:

bawbee=Once a silver six penny coin, in the days of Scottish coinage, now only a half-penny.  
rickle=heap

Link to the tune: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gqnRMzXEDgk>

Credit: [http://www.rampantscotland.com/songs/blsongs\\_coulters.htm](http://www.rampantscotland.com/songs/blsongs_coulters.htm)



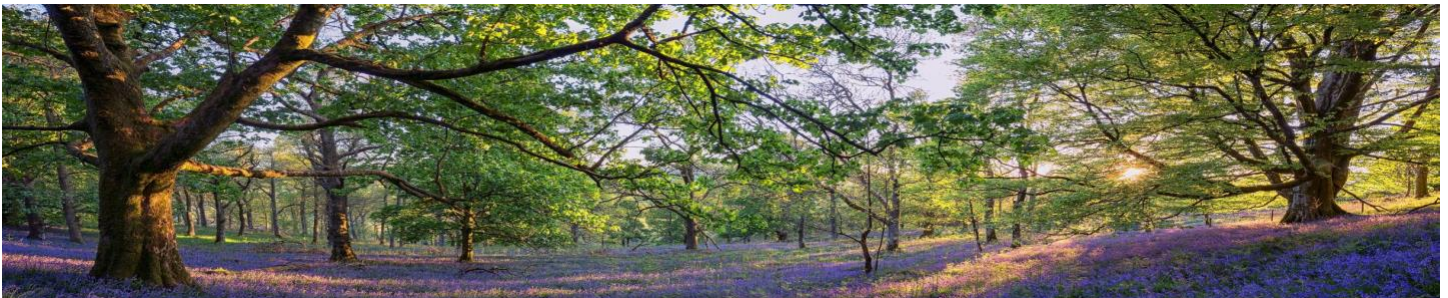


### Flowers of the Forest

<b>Herman Chambers</b> .....	1930-2020	<b>Felix D. Othon</b>	1929-2007
<b>Clyde Le Roy Scott</b>	1938-2019	<b>William Arnold Butler</b>	1943-2006
<b>Malcolm MacClenaghan.</b>	1924-2019	<b>George Santrizos</b>	1914-2005
<b>Alex Doig</b>	1938-2019	<b>Daniel Stephens</b>	1911-2003
<b>Gordon Scott</b>	1946-2019	<b>David F. McGeary</b>	1940-2002
<b>Alasdair Harding.</b>	2018	<b>Leroy Coulter Pierson</b>	1913-1999
<b>Walter (Skip) W. Hastings</b>	1945-2018	<b>Rev. J.P. Edwards III</b>	1925-1997
<b>Calvert Lawton Crawford</b>	1933-2018	<b>Watson Burns</b>	1996
<b>William Leroy Wilson</b>	1929-2017	<b>James McCracken</b>	1920-1994
<b>Gary D. Stevenson</b>	1949-2017	<b>Alexander W. McTavish</b>	1906-1992
<b>David Mercer</b>	1935-2016	<b>Rev. Howard Perry</b>	1921-1989
<b>Charles Preston Thomson</b>	1940-2015	<b>Wallace Gibson Holt</b>	1919-1989
<b>Donald Calavan-MacRae</b>	1932-2013	<b>James C. C. Wallace.</b>	1926-1989
<b>Edison Alva McFarland II –</b>	1925-2012	<b>Angus Murray</b>	1984
<b>Moton Bryant Holt</b>	1929-2012	<b>Robert Jeffreys</b>	
<b>James C "Jim" Richey</b>	1931-2009	<b>Alec Cowan</b>	
<b>George W. Burns</b>	1925-2008	<b>Tom Ross</b>	
<b>George Eric Martin</b>	1921-2008	<b>Bob MacDonald</b>	
<b>BG Harry McIvor Nicolson</b>	1920-2008	<b>Larry Cameron</b>	
		<b>Shakey Johnson</b>	
		<b>Frank M. Clark</b>	
		<b>Richard Russo</b>	

The Society plants trees in Scotland on behalf of departed brothers of the Society. This is done as a remembrance and contributes to the replanting of the Great Caledonian Forest. Any time you wish you may donate via this link:

<https://treesforlife.org.uk/plant-trees/grove/5067/>



Charitable giving may help you minimize taxes while supporting the causes that are meaningful to you. Please consider making a donation to the Society when estate planning.



<u><b>Society Board</b></u>	<u><b>Calendar</b></u>	<u><b>Society Finances</b></u>
<b><u>President</u></b> <u>Bruce Locken</u>	***** ALL EVENTS ARE TENTATIVE DUE TO COVID-19 *****	Through February, 2021
<b><u>Vice President</u></b> <u>Travis Chatters</u>		Checking - \$4,620.55
<b><u>Treasurer</u></b> <u>Thomas Melton</u>	<b>Spring Tea</b> postponed	Savings - \$39,764.53
<b><u>Secretary</u></b> <u>Chuck Jamison</u>	<b>AGM, online</b> <b>TBA</b>	Scholarship - \$2,628.29
<b><u>Directors of the Board</u></b> <u>Chuck Meng</u>	<b>½-Way to Burns Day, July</b> <b>TBA</b>	Total - \$47,013.37
<u>Doug Walters</u>	<b>BBQ.</b> <b>TBA</b>	
<u>Ed Moore</u>	<b>Investiture</b> <b>November</b> <b>TBA</b> Arden Hilton, West	
<u>James Morgan</u>	<b>Burns Supper</b> <b>Jan. 15, 2022</b> North Ridge Country Club	
	Board meetings temporarily being handled online.	
	Third Monday of the month, 7pm	

<https://saintandrewssocietyofsacramento.wildapricot.org>

St Andrews Society of Sacramento,  
5150 Fair Oaks Blvd, #101-167, Carmichael, CA 95608