



The Saltyre

January 2021

Message From The President

Hello,

After nearly a year of dealing with all the joy that is COVID, social unrest, and an intense election year, Burns season is upon us. It's unfortunate that we cannot get together as usual. There are a few offering online Burns events.

Here are a couple links to online events:

<https://www.eventbrite.com/e/saint-andrews-virtual-burns-night-supper-2021-tickets-134915878023>

<http://www.scotsinhawaii.org/2021/Burns/>



In an effort to stay positive and hopeful, I have reserved January 22, 2022 for our next Burns Supper and it will be at North Ridge Country Club again. Please let me know if you have a suggestion for a better local venue. In March I will start soliciting for auction donations, entertainment, and a committee of people to support the event.

At this time it appears that the Spring Tea and Dining in/AGM are off the table as face to face events. I am looking forward to the possibility of a casual "Halfway to Burns Day" outdoor event in late June or July. I am considering Fair Oaks Brew Pub again and North Ridge. If you have suggestions for a different venue please send them over to me, as something in Sacramento would be more central. Oh, using the big room at Fox & Goose requires paying for a fire marshal to be on site during the event because the room is not earthquake certified.

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.

Happy new year, and all the best,

Bruce Locken



Robert Burns

Robert Burns, (born January 25, 1759, Alloway, Ayrshire, Scotland—died July 21, 1796, Dumfries, Dumfriesshire), national poet of Scotland, who wrote lyrics and songs in Scots and in English. He was also famous for his amours and his rebellion against orthodox religion and morality.

Burns's father had come to Ayrshire from Kincardineshire in an endeavor to improve his fortunes, but, though he worked immensely hard first on the farm of Mount Oliphant, which he leased in 1766, and then on that of Lochlea, which he took in 1777, ill luck dogged him, and he died in 1784, worn out and bankrupt. It was watching his father being thus beaten down that helped to make Robert both a rebel against the social order of his day and a bitter satirist of all forms of religious and political thought that condoned or perpetuated inhumanity. He received some formal schooling from a teacher as well as sporadically from other sources. He acquired a superficial reading knowledge of French and a bare smattering of Latin, and he read most of the important 18th-century English writers as well as Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden. His knowledge of Scottish Literature was confined in his childhood to orally transmitted folk songs and folk tales together with a modernization of the late 15th-century poem "Wallace." His religion throughout his adult life seems to have been a humanitarian Deism.



Alloway: birthplace of Robert Burns

Birthplace of Robert Burns, Alloway, South Ayrshire, Scotland.

John McLeish



Proud, restless, and full of a nameless ambition, the young Burns did his share of hard work on the farm. His father's death made him tenant of the farm of Mossgiel to which the family moved and freed him to seek male and female companionship where he would. He took sides against the dominant extreme Calvinist wing of the church in Ayrshire and championed a local gentleman, Gavin Hamilton, who had got into trouble with the kirk session (a church court) for Sabbath breaking. He had an affair with a servant girl at the farm, Elizabeth Paton, who in 1785 bore his first child, and on the child's birth he welcomed it with a lively poem.

Burns developed rapidly throughout 1784 and 1785 as an "occasional" poet who more and more turned to verse to express his emotions of love, friendship, or amusement or his Ironical contemplation of the social scene. But these were not spontaneous effusions by an almost illiterate peasant. Burns was a conscious craftsman; his entries in the commonplace book that he had begun in 1783 reveal that from the beginning he was interested in the technical problems of versification.

Though he wrote poetry for his own amusement and that of his friends, Burns remained restless and dissatisfied. He won the reputation of being a dangerous rebel against orthodox religion, and, when in 1786 he fell in love with Jean Armour, her father refused to allow her to marry Burns even though a child was on the way and under Scots Law mutual consent followed by consummation constituted a legal marriage. Jean was persuaded by her father to go back on her promise. Robert, hurt and enraged, took up with another woman, Mary Campbell, who died soon after. On September 3 Jean bore him twins out of wedlock.

Meanwhile, the farm was not prospering, and Burns, harassed by insoluble problems, thought of emigrating. But he first wanted to show his country what he could do. In the midst of his troubles he went ahead with his plans for publishing a volume of his poems at the nearby town of Kilmarnock. It was entitled *Poems, chiefly In The Scottish Dialect* and appeared on July 31, 1786. Its success was immediate and overwhelming. Simple country folk and sophisticated Edinburgh critics alike hailed it, and the upshot was that Burns set out for Edinburgh on November 27, 1786, to be lionized, patronized, and showered with well-meant but dangerous advice.

The Kilmarnock volume was a remarkable mixture. It included a handful of first-rate Scots poems: "The Twa Dogs," "Scotch Drink," "The Holy Fair," "An Address to the Deil," "The Death and Dying Words of Poor Maillie," "To a Mouse," "To a Louse," and some others, including a number of verse letters addressed to various friends. There were also a few Scots poems in which he was unable to sustain his inspiration or that are spoiled by a confused purpose. In addition, there were six gloomy and histrionic poems in English, four songs, of which only one, "It Was Upon a Lammas Night," showed promise of his future greatness as a song writer, and what to contemporary reviewers seemed the stars of the volume, "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "To a Mountain Daisy."



Burns selected his Kilmarnock poems with care: he was anxious to impress a genteel Edinburgh audience. In his preface he played up to contemporary sentimental views about the “natural man” and the “noble peasant,” exaggerated his lack of education, pretended to a lack of natural resources, and in general acted a part. The trouble was that he was only half acting. He was uncertain enough about the genteel tradition to accept much of it at its face value, and though, to his ultimate glory, he kept returning to what his own instincts told him was the true path for him to follow, far too many of his poems are marred by a naïve and sentimental moralizing.

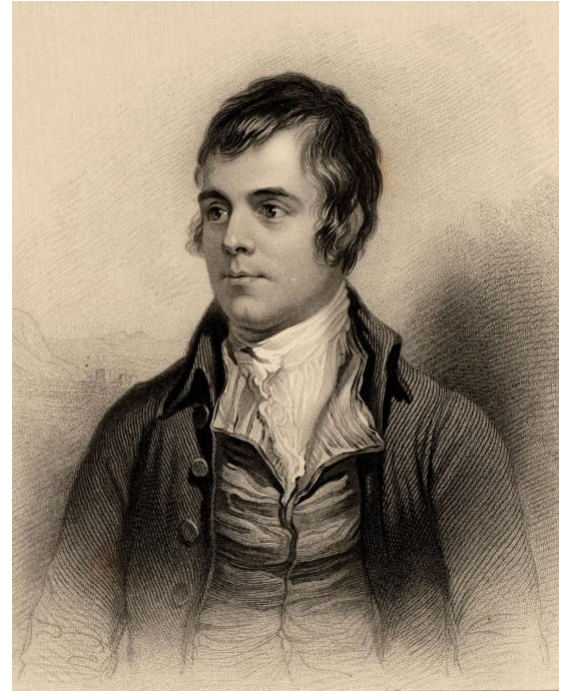
Edinburgh unsettled Burns, and, after a number of amorous and other adventures there and several trips to other parts of Scotland, he settled in the summer of 1788 at a farm in Ellisland, Dumfriesshire. At Edinburgh, too, he arranged for a new and enlarged edition (1787) of his Poems, but little of significance was added to the Kilmarnock selection. He found farming at Ellisland difficult, though he was helped by Jean Armour, with whom he had been reconciled and whom he finally married in 1788.

In Edinburgh Burns had met James Johnson, a keen collector of Scottish songs who was bringing out a series of volumes of songs with the music and who enlisted Burns’s help in finding, editing, improving, and rewriting items. Burns was enthusiastic and soon became virtual editor of Johnson’s *The Scots Musical Museum*. Later he became involved with a similar project for George Thomson, but Thomson was a more consciously genteel person than Johnson, and Burns had to fight with him to prevent him from “refining” words and music and so ruining their character. Johnson’s *The Scots Musical Museum* (1787–1803) and the first five volumes of Thomson’s *A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice* (1793–1818) contain the bulk of Burns’s songs. Burns spent the latter part of his life in assiduously collecting and writing songs to provide words for traditional Scottish airs. He regarded his work as service to Scotland and quixotically refused payment. The only poem he wrote after his Edinburgh visit that showed a hitherto unsuspected side of his poetic genius was *Tam O’Shanter* (1791), a spirited narrative poem in brilliantly handled eight-syllable couplets based on a folk legend.

Meanwhile, Burns corresponded with and visited on terms of equality a great variety of literary and other people who were considerably “above” him socially. He was an admirable letter writer and a brilliant talker, and he could hold his own in any company. At the same time, he was still a struggling tenant farmer, and the attempt to keep himself going in two different social and intellectual capacities was wearing him down. After trying for a long time, he finally obtained a post in the excise service in 1789 and moved to Dumfries in 1791, where he lived until his death. His life at Dumfries was active. He wrote numerous “occasional” poems and did an immense amount of work for the two song collections, in addition to carrying out his duties as exciseman. The outbreak of the French Revolution excited him, and some indiscreet outbursts nearly lost him his job, but his reputation as a good exciseman and a politic but humiliating recantation saved him.



Burns was a man of great intellectual energy and force of character who, in a class-ridden society, never found an environment in which he could fully exercise his personality. It may be argued that Scottish culture in his day was incapable of providing an intellectual background that could replace the Calvinism that Burns rejected, or that Burns's talent was squandered on an Edinburgh literati that, according to English critics, were second-raters. Yet he lived during the cultural and intellectual tumult known as the Scottish Enlightenment, and the problem was ultimately more than one of personalities. The only substitute for the rejected Calvinism seemed to be, for Burns, a sentimental Deism, a facile belief in the good heart as all, and this was arguably not a creed rich or complex enough to nourish great poetry. That Burns in spite of this produced so much fine poetry shows the strength of his unique genius, and that he has become the Scottish national poet is a tribute to his hold on the popular imagination.



Burns perhaps exhibited his greatest poetic powers in his satires. There is also a remarkable craftsmanship in his verse letters, which display a most adroit counterpointing of the colloquial and the formal. But it is by his songs that Burns is best known, and it is his songs that have carried his reputation round the world.

Burns wrote all his songs to known tunes, sometimes writing several sets of words to the same air in an endeavour to find the most apt poem for a given melody. Many songs which, it is clear from a variety of evidence, must have been substantially written by Burns he never claimed as his. He never claimed "Auld Lang Syne" for example, which he described simply as an old fragment he had discovered, but the song we have is almost certainly his, though the chorus and probably the first stanza are old. (Burns wrote it for a simple and moving old air that is not the tune to which it is now sung, as Thomson set it to another tune.) The full extent of Burns's work on Scottish song will probably never be known. It is positively miraculous that Burns was able to enter into the spirit of older folk song and re-create, out of an old chorus, such songs as "I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet," "Green Grow the Rashens, O," and a host of others. It is this uncanny ability to speak with the great anonymous voice of the Scottish people that explains the special feeling that Burns arouses, feelings that manifest themselves in the "Burns cult."



What Is Burns Night ?

Held throughout the world on Burns Night (or on an evening close to it) a traditional Burns supper is an evening event that celebrates Robert Burns' life and work. The first Burns supper was held in July 1801 when nine of Burns' close friends got together to mark the fifth anniversary of their friend's death. Taking place at Burns Cottage in Alloway, the night included a tasty meal (haggis, of course!), performances of Burns' work and a speech in honor of the great Bard (now known as the Immortal Memory). The night was such a resounding success they decided to hold it again (this time in honor of Rabbie's birthday), beginning the tradition we still enjoy to this day.

Everyone enjoys a hearty feast (which includes haggis, neeps and tatties, rounded off with drams of whisky), some of Burns' poems and songs are recited and tributes are made to the great Bard.

Each Burns supper is individual, but the running order normally goes something like this:

1. **To start** – everyone gathers, the host says a few words, everyone sits and the *Selkirk Grace* is said.
2. **The meal** – the starter is served, the haggis is piped in, the host performs *Address to a Haggis*, everyone toasts the haggis and the main meal is served, followed by dessert.
3. **After the meal** – the first Burns recital is performed, the *Immortal Memory* (the main tribute speech to Burns) is given, the second Burns recital is performed, then there's a *Toast to the Lassies*, followed by a *Reply to the Toast to the Lassies*, before the final Burns recital is performed.
4. **To end the night** – the host gives a vote of thanks, everyone stands and sings *Auld Lang Syne*, crossing their arms and joining hands at the line 'And there's a hand, my trusty fere!'.

But remember – if you hold your own, you can follow as much or as little of this running order as you like. You could even make your own additions – hold a quiz, play an epic Scottish tune list, add a ceilidh, include a treasure hunt – we don't think Robert Burns would mind at all, as long as you're having fun!



Burns Poetry

The Selkirk Grace

"Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it:
But we hae meat and we can eat
And sae the Lord be thankit".

Address To A Haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o need,
While thro your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An cut you up wi ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an strive:
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
The auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
'Bethankit' hums.

Address To A Haggis Translation

Good luck to you and your honest, plump
face,
Great chieftain of the sausage race!
Above them all you take your place,
Stomach, tripe, or intestines:
Well are you worthy of a grace
As long as my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
Your buttocks like a distant hill,
Your pin would help to mend a mill
In time of need,
While through your pores the dews distill
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour wipe,
And cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like any ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm steaming, rich!

Then spoon for spoon, the stretch and
strive:
Devil take the hindmost, on they drive,
Till all their well swollen bellies by-and-by
Are bent like drums;
Then old head of the table, most like to
burst,
'The grace!' hums.



Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi perfect scunner,
Looks down wi sneering, scornfu view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll make it whistle;
An legs an arms, an heads will sned,
Like taps o thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies:
But, if ye wish her gratefu prayer,
Gie her a Haggis

Is there that over his French ragout,
Or olio that would sicken a sow,
Or fricassee would make her vomit
With perfect disgust,
Looks down with sneering, scornful view
On such a dinner?

Poor devil! see him over his trash,
As feeble as a withered rush,
His thin legs a good whip-lash,
His fist a nut;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit.

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his ample fist a blade,
He'll make it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will cut off
Like the heads of thistles.

You Powers who look after mankind,
And dish out his bill of fare,
Old Scotland wants no watery, wimpy stuff
That splashes about in little wooden bowls!
But, if You will grant her a grateful prayer,
Give her (Scotland) a Haggis!



Ae Fond Kiss

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy;
For to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Highland Mary

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last Fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early! -
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly -
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary



A Man's A Man For A' that

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave-we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that.
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abon his might,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,

Auld Lang Syne

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and auld lang syne?

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

And surely you'll buy your pint cup !
and surely I'll buy mine!
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

Chorus

We two have run about the hills,
and picked the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot,
Since auld lang syne.

Chorus

we two have paddled in the stream,
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us broad have roared,
Since auld lang syne.

Chorus

And there's a hand my trusty friend!
And give me a hand o' thine!
And we'll take a right good-will draught,
for auld lang syne.

Chorus



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.

Good morning – madainn math – mawteen vah

Good afternoon/evening – feasgar math – fesker maw

How are you ? – Ciamar tha sibh – Kimmer uh ha shiv

I'm well – Tha gu math – ha goo maw

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

Potato – Buntata or Totty

Whisky – Uisge Beatha – ooh isga bay ha

Haggis – Tagais – tag A ice

Link to one minute Gaelic language videos

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d1lv1wnP1ns&list=PLwX3o6xqc_Jgu2Uwhli6ArQawyw_uwm2Os



Clan Gregor, The MacGregors

By Ed Moore III

The “Sons of the Wolf”, “Children of the Mist”, and the “Clan With No Name” – these are but some of the names applied to the Clan Gregor (or MacGregors). How this came about is complicated (as they say) so let us endeavor to be brief. The Clan Gregor is traditionally descended from Grigor, a son (or brother) of Kenneth MacAlpin, first King of the Scots, hence their clan motto, “S Rioghal Mo Dhream” (“Royal is my race”). The MacGregors are one of the Siol Alpin families of Scottish clans traditionally claiming descent from Alpin, father of King Kenneth. The other clans are Clan Grant, Clan MacAulay, Clan MacFie, Clan MacKinnon, Clan MacQuarrie, and Clan MacNab (considered the most senior due to being a generation closer to the throne than MacGregor).

The MacGregors’ earliest lands were in Glenorchy, as far back as the reign of King Malcolm

Canmore (1058-93). In 1292, John MacGregor of Glenorchy was chief, and in 1296 the English captured him. His successor, Malcolm, fought for the Bruce at Bannockburn and afterwards accompanied the Bruce’s brother Edward to Ireland, where he was wounded at the Battle of Dundalk. He was known thereafter as the “Lame Lord.” Most modern historians agree that the first recognized clan chief was Gregor “of the Golden Bridles”. His son was Iain Camm “One Eye”, who succeeded as the second chief sometime before 1390.



The clan came to hold numerous possessions, their early seat being Glenorchy, but they had estates at Glenstrae, Glenlyon, Glengyle, Glenloch and Balquhiddy, most of which passed into Campbell ownership in the same way as a good deal of MacDonald territory did. In early times, ownership of land was by Coir a’ Chladheamh or “the Right of Sword” by those had who had lived and worked it for generations. Later, charters and pieces of paper would replace such rights.

In time, the MacGregors were the most powerful clan in Breadalbane, but their chief resided at Glen Strae, in Argyll. The chiefs of the Clan Gregor became feudal vassals of the Campbell Earls of Argyll (by charter of King David II in the mid 14th century) and held their lands from him, as did the Campbells of Glenorchy.



In the 14th century, Robert the Bruce had granted the MacGregor lands surrounding Loch Awe to the Campbells. By the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, the MacGregors were mainly restricted to Glenstrae, at the northeast end of the loch. They had held their lands for centuries yet the Campbells had acquired much territory by charter and their government connections. It was at this time, that a series of terrible events took place and a great feud erupted between the MacGregors and Campbells, which echoes down to the present day. This story is told in an unpublished historical fiction novel, which the author still hopes to get published. Hence, the lack of details provided.

In February of 1603 to avenge the death of two of their own, 200 members of Clan Gregor, with the help of some Camerons and MacFarlanes, attacked 700 members of the Clan Colquhoun aided by Buchanans at Glen Fruin. Outnumbered almost three to one the MacGregors killed over 140. Their wives and family members are said to have protested to the king, waving the bloody shirts of the slain Colquhouns by spear point. Even though the Clan Gregor won the battle, they lost the war.



In direct response, King James VI and his Privy Council issued an edict: the very name MacGregor was banned when he placed a proscription on the clan, which was not fully lifted until 1774. In these early years, King James granted certain Scottish lairds the right to pursue members of the clan with a guarantee that they would not be tried for murdering any MacGregors; indeed they would be rewarded with their possessions. Rewards were offered for MacGregor heads and anyone sheltering a MacGregor would be heavily fined. They were pursued with the Campbell “choin dubh” or black dogs. Captured women were branded on their faces and forced to parade through the streets. Women seen talking to a MacGregor were treated with shame. Ministers were forbidden to baptize children as MacGregors. Survivors were obliged to adopt aliases. That is why the clan has more septs than any other clan due to this obligation. With no standing before the law, many of the clan became “broken men” or outlaws.

The most famous MacGregor was Rob Roy MacGregor, born in 1671. He had Jacobite sympathies, and plundered and robbed at will. His story is romanticized in Sir Walter Scott's novel *Rob Roy*, which turned him into a folk hero. Rob Roy MacGregor died in 1734 and is buried in Balquidder churchyard in the Loch Lomond and the Trossachs National Park, where his grave can still be visited.

There are four main MacGregor tartans, including the MacGregor Red and Black, first mentioned in about 1818. There is also a Dance tartan, which, can only be used for Highland dancers. The tartan of the Essex and Kent Scottish Regiment of the Royal Canadian Infantry Corps is based on the MacGregor Tartan.



Clan Gregor Castles

The main castle linked with Clan MacGregor is Meggernie Castle. This castle is located just north of Loch Tay in central Scotland, it was built and belonged to the clan in the early days when the land on both sides of Glen Lyon was theirs. About 1380 King Robert 2nd (a Stewart King) gave this to his illegitimate son. It is said to be the oldest MacGregor castle still standing.

Prior to the construction of Meggernie Castle, there is evidence that a thatched keep of some sort was erected on the site. The exact date of the erection of Meggernie Castle has not been determined, although some sources claim that it was John Campbell of Glenlyon who built it around 1585. However, there is a document known as the "Register of the Great Seal," in which King James VI grants to the Campbell family the ownership of land in the area to form the



Barony of Glenlyon. The chief of this Barony is said to reside in "the Tower named Meggernie" and since this bequest is dated 4 March 1603, this evidence ties in loosely with the construction date of 1585. The thatched keep had a slated roof added to it initially by Robert Campbell of Glenlyon and additions were also made in later years.

Several ghost stories surround Meggernie Castle. Most ghost sightings have involved guests staying at the castle who claim to have seen the upper part of a woman's body floating through the air. One visitor to the castle claims to have been awakened one night by the feeling of a red hot kiss on his cheek. When he sat up in bed, he saw the ghostly form of a woman's torso moving away from his bed towards the wall, before passing through into the next room.

During restoration work at the castle in the mid 19th century, workmen are said to have unearthed skeletal remains of the upper half of a woman's body. These were removed for burial, but sightings of her ghost were reported after this occurred. Claims have also been made that the buried lower half of the body haunts the nearby churchyard.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Meggernie_Castle

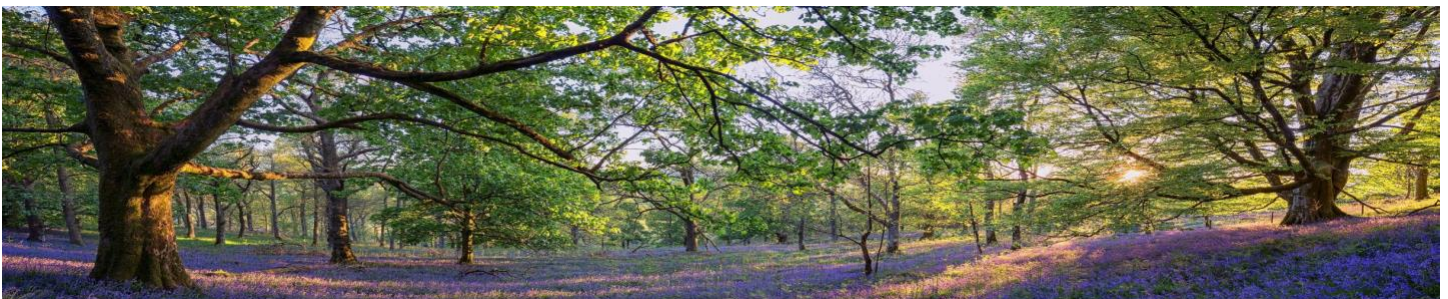


Flowers of the Forest

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

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>Society Board</u>	<u>Calendar</u>	<u>Society Finances</u>
<u>President</u> <u>Bruce Locken</u> <u>Vice President</u> <u>Travis Chatters</u> <u>Treasurer</u> <u>Thomas Melton</u> <u>Secretary</u> <u>Chuck Jamison</u> <u>Directors of the Board</u> <u>Chuck Meng</u> <u>Doug Walters</u> <u>Ed Moore</u> <u>James Morgan</u>	<p>*****</p> <p>ALL EVENTS AFTER THE BBQ ARE TENTATIVE DUE TO COVID-19</p> <p>*****</p> <p>Investiture postponed Arden Hilton, West</p> <p>Christmas Party postponed</p> <p>Burns Supper 2021 postponed</p> <p>Spring Tea postponed</p> <p>Dining In/AGM, TBD</p> <p>Halfway to Burns Day July TBA</p> <p>Board meetings temporarily being handled online.</p> <p>8890 Roediger Lane, Fair Oaks, 7pm</p>	<p>Through Dec. 31, 2020</p> <p>Checking - \$4,811.12</p> <p>Savings - \$39,763.55</p> <p>Scholarship - \$2,628.29</p> <p>Total - \$47,202.96</p>

<https://saintandrewssocietyofsacramento.wildapricot.org>

St Andrews Society of Sacramento,
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