

SCOT POURRI

Send us your inquiries on life's little question marks.

Ever wanted to know what happened to your old pal from home, how to make your favourite Scottish meal, or wondered about a certain bit of Scottish history?

A Skirmish with Clan Midge

We evaded them for several days, from Glasgow north to Nairn, then south to Edinburgh, but on the morning we were set to leave for Ireland, they stormed us.

A squad of unkilted scouts in ninja black led them, swooping out of the bushes beside the tour bus and swirling about our heads. They smirked at us, took a sample or two,

then gave the come-on to the battalion in waiting, a million black-clad assassins by my count, and now a million bloody pricks in the skin as they came at us

with sgian dubhs, Highland daggers, and claymores, and a few, I swear, beat us with cudgels and cricket bats while off to the side a tiny sombreroed piper played "El Degüello"—

so many of them I could barely see the giant bus near at hand. But into that strong sanctuary we leapt, and Harry slammed the door and sped us down the drive toward Ireland.

As we headed cross-country to the Belfast ferry, we scratched our little wounds, passing glad we didn't miss this pesky bit of Highland life,

and began to compose the fabulous stories we would tell our children and friends back home, how one July morning we endured an ambushade

in this roughhewn land we so love to love, and one of us thinking that there was even some crude justice in here somewhere,

not begrudging the hungry natives this return of a few dilute drops of the Scottish blood our forebears took from this land those many years ago.

David Black
Louisa, Virginia
USA

Where do you think you are?

I refer to the recent article in *the Scottish Banner* (Where do you think you are? March, 2018) where famous town have been related overseas by the early settlers. I grew up in Largs, Ayrshire where Sir Thompson Brisbane was born 23 July 1873 at Brisbane House. I also have fond memories of walking through the lovely Brisbane Glen where the grounds of Brisbane House sat.

Brisbane joined the army and serve under Duke of Wellington and was subsequently sent to Australia where He became the Governor General of New South Wales. He then assigned John Oxley in 1823 to find another site for the convicts as Botany Bay (Sydney) was becoming crowded. A new site was found on the river. In 1824 Brisbane came to inspect and it was decided to name the river and township Brisbane. When Brisbane retired from the army he returned to Scotland 1826. After his wife's death he moved back to Largs where he died on 27 January, 1860 and was buried in the family Brisbane vault.

Eileen Joyce
Australia

Calling all MacLellans

Any MacLellans out there? My Great Grand Daddy and Great Grandma immigrated to the US sometime in the late 1800s. My Grand Daddy was part of the kith in kin brought over. They settled near Birmingham, Alabama. They were naturalized as US citizens on 1 September 1914. Would love to hear from any MacLellans in the "ol country"!

Regards,
David W. McLellan
Georgia, USA
Email: dakotadave83@windstream.net

Having bags of fun

I have purchased a bag from the Scottish Banner, which my husband gave me for a gift for my birthday a few years ago. It is the Dialect Bag with some Scottish words and their meanings on it. It goes everywhere with me. I was in a local shopping centre one day when a man approached me and commented on the bag. He asked if he could get a photo of it, which I gave my consent. If I remember rightly he was Canadian.

Since then it has been photographed by a Maori, a Tahitian and a Tongan, and three Morman missionaries.

I have been reading *the Scottish Banner* for about 20 years now and thoroughly enjoy it. Thank you for keeping me informed about Scotland and the countries of the world.

Keep up the good work.

Name withheld
Jennings, NSW
Australia

Ed note: Thanks for the note and so happy to hear your bag is touching so many people!

Alexander (Sandy) Hain

I thank you for *the Scottish Banner* which you sent me under an envelope as well as your note. I was sorry to learn of the various difficulties which you are now faced with.

I will not cancel this years , but I will not be renewing it next year as the gentleman I subscribed for passed away at the end of March. His name was Alexander (Sandy) Hain and he was a former pipe major of the Black Watch, 2nd Battalion. He read *the Banner* from cover to cover. As he came to the US in 1958 and taught the bagpipes to many of us, he will be greatly missed by the entire piping community, not only in the U.S., but in Scotland also.

I wish you the best of luck with the new format and hope that *the Banner* will continue to have much success in the future.

Sincerely,
Linda Regnaudin,
Akron, Ohio
USA

Ed note: Thank you for your note Linda and please pass on our condolences to Mr Hair's family and also thanks for his contribution to the piping community.

St. Andrew's Society of Montreal wants documents, photos, memorabilia for its archives



If you own anything, such as documents, certificates, or photos, that may interest the St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, historian and genealogist Gillian Leitch, who is responsible for the organization's archives, would like to hear from you at info@standrews.qc.ca.

In her blog post, Archives as Miracles, 2018, Dr. Leitch writes, "I dream of moments when someone goes through the garage, files, attic or whatever of a family member and finds a piece of the society's past and offers it to us."

Founded in 1835 by influential Scottish men in Montreal, the non-profit society was established with the stated aims of "regulating charity in a systematic manner" and "to advance the cause and welfare of Scotsmen and their descendants." *The St. Andrew's Society of Montreal* 1195B Sherbrooke St. West Montreal, Quebec H3A 1H9, Canada Telephone (514) 842-2030 Fax (514) 842-9848 info@standrews.qc.ca

A Scotchman's visit to Anzac Day

In 1973 my parents visited me for the first time since I left Glasgow in 1964. Anzac Day occurred during that time and my Dad was very interested as he served 5 years in the RAF during WW2. He managed to get a lift down to Melbourne (we are 40 kms away) with a pipe player who was in the parade. My Dad actually marched in the parade—I'm a not exactly sure under which banner but it was either something that related to Scotland or the ex-RAF, he felt it was a great honour. He was very impressed by the Shrine of remembrance and the service there. After the service and having been separated from his 'lift', he just drifted along with the crowd and eventually he ended up at the Melbourne Cricket Ground for the annual battle between Collingwood (black and white) and Essendon (red and black) . Unfortunately he landed in the middle of a large contingent of Essendon supporters sporting his black and white airline bag! He told me later-yes he did survive-that it was like standing at the Celtic end of an 'Old Firm' Derby wearing a blue jersey—just not on. Anyway, as soon as he started talking—and he was very good at that—the atmosphere changed completely. They could not do enough for him—he was the most popular man in the group. They

bought him a drink, tried to explain the game to him, bought him a drink, wanted to know more about Scotland, bought him a drink etc. etc. He had a wonderful time and a great introduction to Australians and their 'culture'. Sometime after midnight he was finally 'dropped off' when I was just about to tear out the last shreds of my hair!! It was before the days of mobile phones, of course.

I told him the next day that I always enjoy the brief ceremony which occurs before the game. It is so well done. The toast, the bugle player, the NZ and Australian national anthems are great but the thing that really 'gets to me' is the one minute silence. I find it so uplifting and moving that, in a stadium with 90,000 plus people from two strongly opposing teams , all are upstanding and you could hear a pin drop. My dad agreed it was an emotional experience for him too.

In this day and age with all the awful stuff that goes on in this world, it actually inspires me to feel hope and hopefully peace and love for mankind.

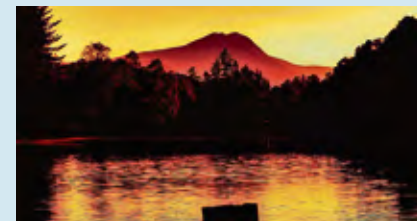
Anne Koomen
The Patch, Victoria
Australia

PS The 'lift' was my 'soon-to- be-'ex-husband who did not actually 'drop' himself off. Suffice to say that the only thing I missed when he left was the bagpipes!!

FROM OUR SOCIAL MEDIA

Send your photos or letters via social media

Golden Loch Ard



Golden Loch Ard.
Robert Gibb
Scotland

Buachaille Etive Mor



From my sunrise trip, taken about 530am, at Buachaille Etive Mor and River Coupall.
Carolynn Wilson
Ballachulish, Scotland

Ralston Memorial



Ralston Memorial, Glen Coe overlooking the Three Sisters.
GN Photography
Clydebank, Glasgow
Scotland