



Reviresco

We will rise again

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Clan MacEwen Society Bulletin

Commander's Message

Sir John MacEwen



"When the site of Castle MacEwen was excavated in 1968 the most important object to be recovered from the earth was a 12th-century crucifix, made from copper alloy, possibly in Belgium. The arms of the figure are bent upwards - to aid concealment maybe - so that the hands appear to be clasped above the head. This delightful artefact, not at present on public display, is a reminder as might seem appropriate to the season that we were and remain Christian at heart. Although the MacEwen Clan is now international and, presumably, multi-denominational, with Clansfolk belonging to every religion and none, we began as Christians on the shore of Loch Fyne; and the words of that obscure wanderer/story-teller/healer from the ancient Middle East are still relevant to us as they were to our ancestors. Christians grumble often, about other religions and other Christians, about the parts of their church's teaching with which they disagree (like this Catholic), but we all look to the words of Christ and his immediate followers for everyday wisdom and guidance. 'God is love' (1 John 4:8, 16), for example: the simplest notion and yet the most profound. Perhaps we will one day discover that those words are the very truth. Happy Christmas, Clansfolk. *Reviresco!*"

Chairman's Message

Sean McCuin

Greetings from Kilfinan!

Hello to all the members of the Clan MacEwen Society around the world. As we wind the year 2021 to a close, I want to thank all of you for your dedicated support to our great organization. Without you, we would not be able to accomplish the goals set before us. This year we were able to hold a smaller gathering for the AGM in Kilfinan and an additional new gathering celebrating the Ancient Cowal Clans and I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible in the future here in the homeland. Our Country Commissioners have gone the extra mile bringing our Clan to many Highland Games this year. Their dedication to the Clan and Society is absolutely superb. Our membership has grown steadily throughout the year and I am excited to see how far we will go next year.



2022 is shaping up to be an exciting year for the Clan. I know that the planned schedule for the attended events throughout the world is the biggest it has ever been and I am looking forward to seeing what is around the corner.

I wish you all a Happy Holidays and Happy Hogmanay from my family to yours
Reviresco! Co'mhla!

From the Editors

Ewan and Pauline Rowland

Despite us not having a physical get together we have at least been able to meet through the ether. Nothing stands still regardless of the pandemic, and we've all been busy to bring you together via the 'Bulletin' and internet. If you can't come to us, then we can bring to you the best of what the 'Homeland' has to offer. It's another bumper edition with a selection of items to help you get in the mood for key celebrations taking us into the New Year. It's also good to point out that the Clan is doing its bit to counter climate change by planting trees. It's so important to get behind this project and mobilise your family members, neighbours and friends to do their bit and send us photographs to share with the Clan. We haven't needed a recent world conference to inspire us, **we just get on and do it.**



We would like to wish you all the very best for the end of year celebrations and look forward to a New Year where we can enjoy each other's company at Kilfinan 2022!

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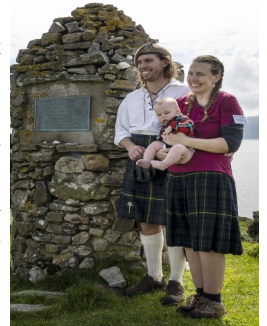
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www.clanmacewen.com

AUSTRALIA

Chris McEwan Commissioner of Oceania



Once again it has been a very quiet quarter for us in the Oceania Branch of the Clan. The ongoing Pandemic and related travel restrictions and Public Health Orders have meant that practically all Highland Games and Celtic Festivals have once again been cancelled for the remainder of this year. We remain hopeful for something to mark St Andrews Day later this month however at the time of writing this report no information has been received in regards to events that may be going ahead. Nevertheless, we look forward to what will come in 2022. With multiple states now reaching the vaccination targets set for reopening we are hopeful that some level of normalcy will return and we may be able to once more represent our Clan and share our Highland Culture at many events throughout the year. Nollaig Cridheil agus bliadhna mhath ùr gu a h-uile duine! ("Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone").



CANADA

Maggie McEwan Canada Commissioner



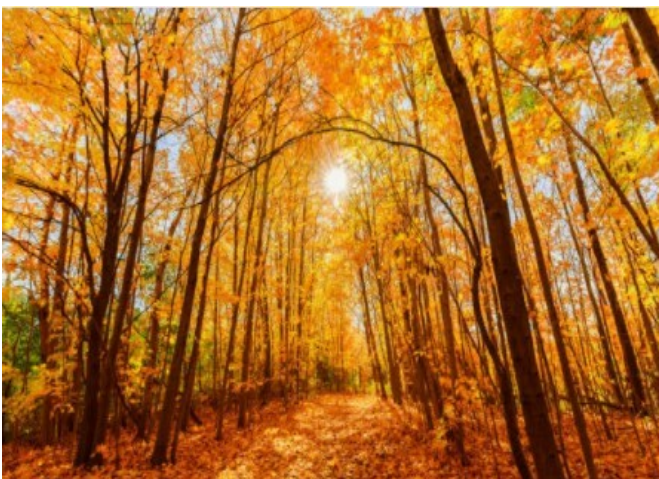
Greetings from Canada to fellow Clan's people.

We enjoyed a lovely display of our autumn colours...red and gold among the evergreens this year and in southern Ontario we have now experienced our first snowfall of winter 2021-2022.

Cobourg, Ontario and Canmore, Alberta were the only Highland Games in Canada that were brought to our attention. If you know of others, I'd appreciate hearing about them. Although Clan MacEwen was unable to attend either Games I understand that Cobourg was a happy experience for everyone

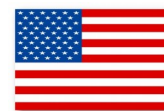


I wish all Clan's people and their families a safe and happy Christmas, Hogmanay and a wonderful 2022,
Maggie



USA

Bob and Carol Owens USA Commissioners



Clan MacEwen in the USA

Robert L. Owens, Commissioner USA

With calendar year 2021 winding down, most highland games and festivals in the United States are now behind us. Several planned events at which Clan MacEwen was to have a tent (St. Louis and Indiana as examples) were canceled due to increased covid-19 numbers. However, that did not keep Clan MacEwen from making our presence known throughout the land! In addition to Grandfather Mountain (NC) and Stone Mountain (GA), both of which were well attended, the Clan was again represented at the Middle Tennessee (TN) and Broken Arrow (OK) games, as well as three new events in Maine, New Hampshire and Connecticut were convened by Northeast Regional Convener, Jim McEwen. U.S.

Along with increasing membership numbers, we have grand plans for additional expansion in 2022, including tentative Clan representation at events as follows: Florida Keys (Jan - FL), Central FL (Jan - FL), Mount Dora (Feb - FL), SE Florida (Mar - FL), Dunedin (Apr - FL) Loch Norman (April - NC), St. Louis (May - MO), Savannah (May - GA), Greenville (May - SC), Grandfather Mountain (July - NC), Maine (Aug - ME), New Hampshire (Sept - NH), Broken Arrow (Sept - OK), Smoky Mountains (Sept - TN), Middle Tennessee (Sept - TN), Indianapolis (Oct - IN), Scotland County (Oct - CT), Stone Mountain (Oct - GA), Middle Tennessee (date TBD), and Charleston (Nov - SC) to name but a few.

As the newly appointed Southeast Regional Convener, longtime Clan member Bing Ewen will continue to convene both Grandfather Mountain and Stone Mountain, and along with Northeast Regional Convener, Jim McEwen, and myself will be happy to assist any Society members interested in assisting at existing events or convening new events throughout the country.

Please contact me at owens@rebelscreek.com if you are already representing Clan MacEwen at events in your geographic areas or if you are interested in doing so. We will be happy to share resource materials, award winning tent ideas, and things we have learned over the years to make your events fun and rewarding!

State of the Clan MacEwen Society Membership

Carol B. Owens, Membership Secretary

True to our motto, “*Reviresco*,” Clan MacEwen continues to “grow strong again!” As of mid-November, we have nearly two hundred paid Society members, with more joining every day. These members are scattered widely, with many in the United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, and the United States, and with others as far flung as France, Germany, Gibraltar, the Netherlands, New Zealand, and South Africa. A simplified online membership process allows new members to quickly and securely join the Society, and an automated PayPal renewal process ensures old and new members will be able to quickly and easily update and renew existing memberships. As we grow, our reputation amongst the Scottish Clan families grows stronger also, and through your vote during our Annual General Meeting (AGM), your Society membership has a direct line of communication to Clan leadership on special interests and important issue.

HOLIDAY 2021 New Member Drawing: With the holidays just ahead, a Clan MacEwen membership is the perfect gift for family and friends alike. New members joining, or current members giving a new Society Membership as a gift, between December 1 and December 25, 2021, will be entered into a special “New Member Drawing.” Check out our Facebook page or visit www.clanmacewen.com for more information.

If you have questions about your membership, please feel free to contact me at carolmarieowens@gmail.com or at owens@rebelscreek.com, and I will be happy to assist you.



Whisky and Scottishness

By JRH MacEwen

Scottish people, known to be a bit touchy on occasion, sometimes wonder if that customary attitude of jocular condescension displayed towards their country by, in particular, the nearest neighbours, does not disguise something like envy.

A touch of envy might be thought forgivable: as a brand, Scotland has all the trimmings: the scenery is fabulous in what Alex Salmond liked to call “the undisputed home of golf”, the beef and raspberries first-rate, the knitwear coveted around the globe. And, as for delightful cultural inessentials, what other country of comparable or of any size can boast such a collection of instantly-recognizable and *authentic* national signifiers? The Royal Mile hawkers do their best to turn tartan to tat and to make muzak out of the old, old music but, when faced with the real thing, the massed pipes and drums marching past in full fig, who can resist? Likewise the ceilidh: anyone able to walk can dance “The Dashing White Sergeant” but neither granny nor toddler can dance it and leave the floor glum; everyone is smiling, the ceilidh cannot fail.

And cannot fail to be a genuine expression of the spirit of the place, the *duende* as the Spanish playwright Lorca called it, originally a goblin but defined by him as, “These dark sounds of the mystery ... from which we get what is real in art ... the mysterious power which everyone senses and no philosopher explains”. For several reasons – geological, meteorological, historical - the *duende* of Scotland is that bit more tangible – and tangy – than that of, say, England. Expressions of Scotland tend to burn or bristle with Scottishness; expressions of England can be so unassuming, or are so at ease with themselves, that their nationality goes unremarked.

Alcohol - that most exquisite and precise utterance of a country’s “mysterious power” - in England characteristically inhabits a pint of warm bitter, in Scotland a dram of single malt whisky. While each drink cannot but insist on its origin, the whisky’s sense of place is urgent and unignorable, the very essence of the experience of drinking it. Even if you have never been to Skye, or Speyside, or to lovely, gentle Islay (“The Queen of the Hebrides”), images of those landscapes will begin to form in your deepest being as you smell, sip, savour Talisker, Glenfiddich, Bowmore. The produce of any distillery is so intimate with its immediate surroundings – the water, the malted barley, the smoke, the patient processes and the three years and one day (at least) that any Scotch whisky must spend maturing in oak casks in Scotland to warrant the name – that the sense you get that this is it, you are drinking Scotland, is no mere trick of the fancy.

Whisky and Scottishness

Continued

It was presumably an accident by an exploratory ancient Celt which led to the discovery of whisky and then another accident which showed the benefits of long storage in oak: however, it happened, at some remote point in Celtic history this remarkable and contemplative people, forever being pushed to the fringes, inclined to defiance rather than conquest, hit on the drink which proved the perfect fit. And named it *uisge-beatha*, the water of life, because so it must have seemed – taste this, brother, and rejoice!

Whether or not national characteristics actually exist, nationalities certainly believe they do and therefore, up to a point, they do exist. Whisky - which seems to promote both conviviality and clarity of thought, to oppose hypocrisy and privilege, to make us love the land but frees us from materialism (“Freedom an’ whisky gang thegither”, as Robert Burns said) – whisky suits Scotland’s sense of herself so well that one might ask to what extent that self-image derives from the impact whisky had on it.

That being said, the instant success of World Whisky Day has emphasized that whisky (or whiskey) is made outwith Scotland too: Kentucky, Tennessee, Ireland, Japan, Canada and New Zealand are the other main centres but, to be fair, Scotch whisky remains the global bench-mark, and easily outsells the rest (three times more than American whiskey, its nearest rival). In economic terms, Scotch is a roaring success. Exports are worth well over £2 billion per annum and account not only for one quarter of all Scottish exports but one quarter of all U.K. food & drink exports.

Although only one fifth of this whisky is made by companies based in Scotland (Diageo owns two fifths), and it’s reckoned that just two per cent of the global retail sales value remains in Scotland, all the marketing material, and all the politicians, continue to emphasise the nationality of the product and its association with supposedly Scottish qualities.

Glenfarclas which, most unusually, is still family-owned (having been in the Grant family since 1865), calls itself with justice “The Spirit of Independence” but, otherwise, its publicity focuses on the buzz-words – purity, tradition, simplicity (of ingredients), uniqueness, quality, reliability, patience, complexity (of taste) – which recur whenever someone is trying to persuade you to drink malt whisky.

Whisky and Scottishness

Continued

These words are entirely appropriate: whisky is all it's cracked up to be and to drink it properly is to toast civilization and culture, pay tribute to the land and nature, and do honour to the greatness and wonder of all humanity. Whisky-drinking can feel like a virtuous act.

Just one wee problem: whisky is not always drunk properly. Partly because it is such a very, very good drink and some people (ahem) do not know when to stop, and partly because it is simply one more form that alcohol takes, whisky can lie behind some fairly capernoity conduct, and worse. However, the only reference in all the marketing and packaging to the problems that can accompany whisky-drinking is the now-obligatory, gentle plea, "Please drink responsibly". As if we wouldn't!

The reticence is justified. People's personal difficulties are not the fault of the products they cling to and the fact that Scotland has a bit of a drink problem need not be connected with her 108 licensed distilleries. (Scots drink twice as much vodka as the English.) On the other hand, both the urge to oblivion and the sublime liquid expression of Scotland's bounty show genuine aspects of Scotland's *duende*. This is the complicated and not always enviable Scotland which must be addressed as further constitutional upheaval looms – fiercely proud yet somehow humble, she is blazingly patriotic but not necessarily nationalist: she takes her time and is concerned, perhaps above all, with matters of the mind. *Slàinte mhath!*



Glasgow to Heathrow - Part 2

By

Lynne Shuman

In Part 1, we saw Lynne and her travelling companion coming to terms with driving a hire car on what must have seemed to her, as driving on the “wrong side” of the road in an unfamiliar city. They eventually located their lodgings in an area of the city with well adored and impressive houses built for Glasgow’s merchant class of a bygone time.

Although the door was old, the round, brass Yale lock was new. The key fit readily and we entered our home for the evening, eagerly. Our first room in the ancestral homeland was lovely. Neither spacious nor cramped, it was comfortable and bright. Another huge bay window allowed in much daylight (although outside, the weather today was less than vibrant). The curtains covering the window were ceiling to floor white sheers. The walls were papered with a pastel mille fleur pattern on a white background. It was quite a contrast to the dark exterior of the building and the dark woodwork in the stairway.

There were comfortable twin beds with a night stand and lamp in between and a reasonable-sized tiled bathroom. (Our experience in Europe had mostly seen bathrooms the size of a telephone booth.) Also in the room was a large, ornate armoire. We were only staying one night, so we didn’t put anything into the armoire, but, instead, positioned our luggage on the window seat where we could reach it easily.

Then we took a few minutes, to explore the rest of the house. After all, it WAS our first Scottish Manor. Our curiosity *must* be satisfied. Our breakfast room was across the landing on the same level as our bedroom. (Did each bedroom have its own breakfast room? In a house of this size, how many bedrooms were available to tourists?) How many more rooms were only for the family? We went back down the regal staircase and opened the dark wooden door across from the entrance.

Eagerly, we stepped into a large, comfortably furnished common room, beyond which we could see the fairly modern kitchen. Finding no one to talk with, we ventured outside into the lovely back garden where we encountered an elderly gentleman relaxing in a canvas lounge chair. We could not determine from his conversation whether he was the owner, the manager, or another visitor. But, we sure heard a lot about his political views of his beloved Scotland vs nasty, old England and the comparison of today’s inept government vs the glorious government of his youthful years...

After more than enough conversation, in which we were mostly listeners, we went back to our room and took a much needed nap.

When we awoke it was time for lunch... by somebody’s time ... time to explore Glasgow some... time to find out how to use a pay phone to call my son in Kaiserslautern, Germany...

Glasgow to Heathrow

Continued

Now, let me tell you about using British pay telephones. First of all, they take 1 pound coins and they eat them like Necco Wafers. Secondly, they are equipped with dialed analog counters that, rather distractingly, click away the minutes being used as you talk. There are some pay phones available inside restaurants, but the most prevalent and easiest to find are those big iconic red phone booths on the streets.

My first attempt to talk to my son wasn't very successful. The phone number I had in my pocket-sized address book was his work number, but when I called, he was not on site. After a brief discussion, his co-worker suggested I call back at 1700 or 5:00 PM... He would see to it Jay was at their telephone at 1700 or 5:00 PM. We conducted a time check to be sure we both would be in place at the same time.

Then Margaret and I engaged in a late afternoon pub crawl in pursuit of good Scottish fare and a pint of McEwan's Ale.

At that time, smoking while drinking was a natural and national pastime. Now, I was once a smoker... my car would not pull away from the curb without a lighted Chesterfield King Size between my fingers... but even that did not prepare me for what we were about to encounter. The first pub we entered the smoke was so thick, I lost Margaret.

Just down the sidewalk from the red phone booth was a rather nondescript looking building with the neon signs that indicated it was a public house. We entered from the daylight on the street into a dark and very smoke-filled room. As my eyes adjusted, my lungs became filled with secondary smoke and I found it difficult to breathe. Thinking that this was only a temporary situation and that, if I ventured further on, the smoke would thin out and a room would appear where tables and chairs, and people enjoying a pint and a ploughman lunch could be readily seen. But, that was not to be. The further into the room I went, the worse the smoke became until it was like a solid wall of cotton batting. As I looked around, I could no longer read the lighted advertisement signs above the bar, I could no longer see Margaret, *and* I could not see the door from the sidewalk that I had entered through. The best route I could see to get back outside was to maneuver further forward, around a curving bar whose stools were occupied by hyperactive smokers and head for a shaft of light that I hoped would be the window in a door through which I could escape.... and perhaps be able to breathe again. Holding my breath for what seemed an eternity, I mustered enough strength to open the heavy oaken door with the thick, frosted glass window and sprinted back out onto the sidewalk.... Margaret was on her own. A few minutes later, when my eyes stopped watering, and my lungs were once again taking in fresh air, I realized Margaret was already out on the sidewalk. Quicker to assess the situation than I was, she had taken less than a half dozen steps inside the smoke-filled building when she turned on her heels and bolted out the same door through which she had entered. Then, she simply waited to see how long it would take me to do the same.

We spoke no words of explanation... we had been friends long enough and had travelled together long enough that the looks on our faces were enough to tell the story.

Glasgow to Heathrow

Continued

With a wry smile she finally said, “Shall we try someplace else?”

We did find another restaurant down the street... a restaurant where we could actually see through the spacious front windows... past the heavy wooden tables and benches and the individual beverage bottles behind the bar... all the way to the back wall and the sign to the Ladies Room. We didn’t even care what the food would taste like... we went inside.

Actually, the food was good. I had a steak and kidney pie with a thick, rich, deep flavored sauce and fluffy mashed potatoes with toasted edges. Pretty yummy. Margaret had good old fish and chips. Oh yes, and a pint. It wasn’t McEwan’s, but it sure tasted good. When I paid my bill I asked for the change in 1 pound coins.

Just before 5 O’clock, Margaret and I pooled all of our 1 pound coins and headed for the bright red, street corner phone box. According to the counter in the earlier phone booth, I had enough coins for 7 minutes. Jay answered the phone when it rang in Kaiserslautern, Germany.

We spoke very efficiently as I fed coin after coin into the box and watched the timer tick down.

Jay would get a Military Airlift Command flight from Ramstein Air base in Germany, into Mildenhall Air Base, near Ely, England. He would then take the train north to Waverley station in Edinburgh. (I even spelled the word Edinburgh for him, since he would see it in print and it wasn’t pronounced the same way it was spelled. Edinburgh is not pronounced Edinburg, it is pronounced Edinburrow. If you want to sound like a native, say it so it sounds like Ed&bura and you also have to roll the rrrr).

I told him that I didn’t know just what time we would get there, but certainly, we should be there by 6:00 PM and would meet him at the “I” (the information center) in Waverley Station. ... If we got there early, we would wait... and if he got there early, he would wait. But 6:00 was our target time.

We were both a bit distracted by how quickly the coins were running out... The phone call cost a pound a minute... I put in the final coin... The last question Jay asked was, “Is Edinburgh north of London?” And, as the time ran out, I yelled “Scotland!” And the phone went dead.

When I got back to the car I told Margaret we would just have to hope for the best. We drove back to our Gothic B & B and decided it must be bedtime somewhere, so we took turns in the loo and didn’t even argue over which flowered chintz bed we would choose. I think we both slept well that night.

May you always keep healthy and hearty until you’re old enough to die.

May you always be just as happy as we wish you now to be.

A Visit to the Homelands

By

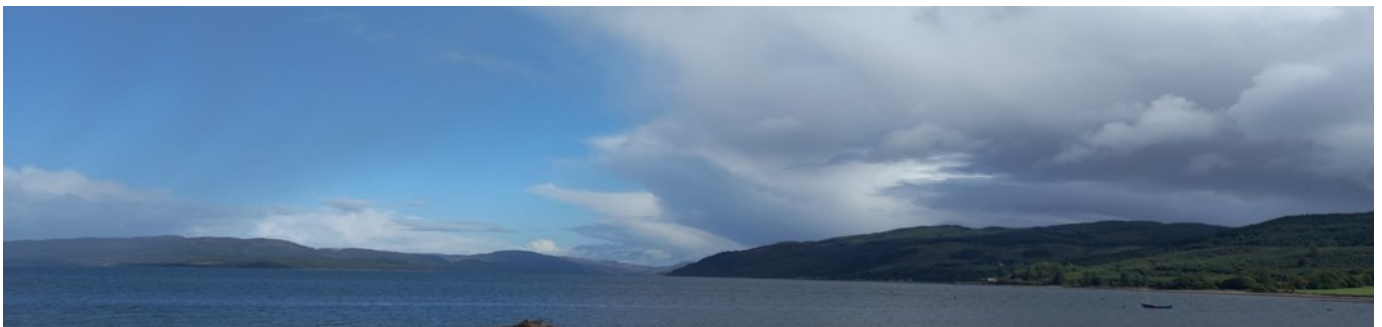
Herma Goosens

Fàilte gu Kilfinan



This year I was able to set foot on Scottish soil again after 2.5 years of absence. The effects of coronavirus made me experience it all just a little differently but also gave me the possibility to explore our homelands more thoroughly. This time no roaming around Scotland but straight to the Cowal peninsula. When I arrived in Kilfinan, I was immediately embraced into the McCuin family for the next three weeks. It was nice to experience everything at my leisure. During my stay my dear friends Sandra & Sean McCuin organised a number of walks on the peninsula and they were as always quite stunning.

Otter Ferry, Ballimore Estate and the MacEwen Motte



We went to Otter ferry first to explore the estate and the former MacEwen motte. My dear friend Madelon, who lives on the Ballimore estate itself, took the lead. She knows this terrain like no other and showed us the hidden gems on the estate. The scenery is stunning, you easily imagine yourself in the Mediterranean. The area is surrounded by a beautiful beach and of course its famous land spit.

The holiday lodges, with the beach at their doorstep and the woods as a good neighbour, are a hidden gem even when the weather is poor. The views are magnificent at any time. Ballimore house is set as a marker in the landscape of the estate, a grand house you cannot miss, built by the Campbell's. When you pass the house and follow the path, you end up next to a beautiful little waterfall before you enter, on your left, into the woods for a climb up the hill towards our former fortification.

Hidden in a lush green environment, we found our way up. When you get to the top and turn the corner, you will be rewarded with a breath-taking view. Nowadays the area is surrounded by a lot of trees and through the trees the loch is visible in all its splendour! In the old days this would have been a magnificent site, overlooking the loch in all its full splendour without any trees blocking the view. Nowadays our former fortification is used as a final resting place for the Campbell's of Otter.



A Visit to the Homelands

continued



Unlike the past, it now exudes serene calm. A very peaceful place where any human being could sit for hours taking it all in. When you follow the path downhill again into the woodland, you end up at a former boat house with a wide-ranging beach in front. Our ancestors really knew how to pick the best spot!

Ach Na Ha a Neolithic cairn 2.000 BC

After exploring Otter Ferry, we went to *Ach Na Ha*, a Neolithic burial chamber. To get there, we had to overcome rough and steep terrain. All the trees had been felled and this created an uneven terrain with deep gullies and lots of debris. We went uphill with Madelon in the lead and tried to find our way up to the burial chamber. After conquering the treacherous terrain we ended up at the Neolithic site. It reminded me of the Dutch '*Hunebed*', also a prehistoric



burial chamber. The principal was the same. These places were never chosen randomly, but are always situated on an energetic site, as is this one. This was not only a place of burial but also a place of worship in the past. A place where priests came together and worshipped the gods and mother nature. I do believe there is a correlation between the other standing stones on the Cowal peninsula.

One of the stones is marked with a cross. A mark of Christianity on a sacred pagan spot, either to mark it as holy in the sense of Christianity or out of superstition to ward off something that scared them. In any case, you still feel the importance of the place itself and that is, at the present time, marked by a rowan tree, which grows next to it. The Tree of Life which symbolises courage, wisdom and protection....

A Visit to the Homelands

continued



The MacEwen cairn from above.

I had already visited the MacEwen cairn at Kilfinan, in the first week of my stay. It is always a hazardous undertaking due to the terrain, but once you are there it is so worth it. Today Sean would show me the cairn from a different angle. The remarkable walk started on a drizzly afternoon. The weather had been changeable during my stay but it had not been that bad this week as they had forecasted. Just as today, we drove towards Otter Ferry and stopped half way at the entrance of a loggers trail. We followed the trail uphill surrounded by beautiful woodland and rocky parts when suddenly Kilfinan Bay stretched itself out in its full glory. What a magnificent view! You could see the inner bay of the Otter Ferry estate and the hills in the distance. The sun was shining at the far end of the loch and played hide and seek with the loch itself and the land. I was stunned by the beauty of it. But if I thought that this view was the climax of our trip, I was wrong. The best was yet to come. We walked up hill again, a stone pit came into view on the right. The chopping marks were visible in the stonewall, the chisel marks created a whimsical stone painting. We turned the corner and were surrounded by woodland again.



Still going uphill we turned another corner and again, astonishing scenery came into sight. The cairn became visible in the distance as a small dot, with the loch stretching out in front of it, as an endless water.

Even the salt house was visible from up here. You could really see how strategically our fortification had been chosen in the past. I knew the loch was big but to see the infinity of all that water from up here was quite something. After lingering for a while to take it all in, we took off for the next leg of our walk.

We followed the path uphill and downhill again and turned another corner and another part of the loch came into view.

Another breath-taking view unfolded before my eyes. A hilly deserted landscape that ended in a pebble beach with again the dominant lake in the forefront. Again I was in awe, even when the weather was playing tricks.



I wondered what it would be like to take this walk when the sun is high in the sky and its rays touch the loch...

A Visit to the Homelands

continued



The curling pond and a hilarious trip to Dun Mhor, the brown fortress



We planned a walk to a former curling pond behind Lindsaig farm and then up into the woodlands to have a look at Dun Mhor, the brown fortress. A former fortification covered by nature.

The trip started up hill behind Lindsaig farm. When we were on top of the hill and turned around we had a stunning



view over Kilfinan Bay and our cairn hidden in the oak trees.

We opened the fence and on the right hand site you could see the outlines of the former curling pond. It was cleaned in the past, but as always when it is not cleaned up in time, nature takes over again. The views from the curling pond were really breath-taking and I really wondered whether the game had experienced this fantastic view in the past!

A Visit to the Homelands

continued

The next leg of our walk became a bit of a hilarious undertaking and the nightmare of 2.5 years ago when we were stuck in a very treacherous situation, came up in my mind. Normally Sean takes the route behind his house to Dun Mhor but due to the fact we went to the curling pond first we had to make a diversion and this got us into a hilarious situation. We went off road and the lush green carpet made it difficult to put one foot in front of the



other. It felt like a blind person scanning the terrain with the walking stick for the next step, hoping to keep solid ground under our feet. We were slowly moving forward. In the meantime I was muttering to myself! The nightmare of two and a half years ago slowly surfaced again. At that time we had been stuck for hours on a very treacherous hill. After a walk of seven hours we finally made it home again. I did not like this terrain at all. Due to an accident, my legs are not able to do everything just like that. This terrain was an assault on my poor legs but I knew we just had to go on. Sean indicated that he had not expected it to be so rough on this site. His usual route to Dun Mhor was on normal terrain. He always jokes that I'm not a real hiker and that's true but no matter how

challenging some walks are, I do walk them. To be honest I wouldn't want to walk them with anyone else, as he is a good leader and always takes very good care of me in a very treacherous boggy landscape with very deep holes and hidden brooks.



Who doesn't want to go hiking with a former marine!

We slowly went downhill and a stream came into view. It was too deep to cross here and Sean went in search of a better passage. We crossed the stream and had to climb a steep hill to go up again. He indicated that from there the terrain would be easier to access. When we arrived at the top, we were stopped by a very large fence. "I didn't know there was a fence here", was Sean's dry comment. We had expected to be on more normal terrain by now, but alas...



There was still another hurdle to be taken. Sean went to look for an entrance. Following the fence and an old stone wall, he continued his search. He disappeared around the corner. I stayed put, waiting for new instructions. A shout made clear he had found an entrance. I followed in his tracks and ended up between the stone wall and the fence. There was an entrance but we had to climb a wooden fence first and then another. That was the only possibility. He felt sorry for me. But climbing fences was not an issue for me, to get to the wooden fence was more of an issue.

A Visit to the Homelands

continued

I tried to walk on top of the stone wall, but it was not steady at all. Braving the uneven terrain again I finally made it to the wooden fence. I climbed the two fences and finally we made it into the woodlands. I was glad to be able to see my feet again with every step I took. Easy-peasy from here, we thought. In the meantime I spotted a bullet sleeve in the woodlands and wondered if the hunting season was already opened. I could see it all, searching our way in the dark and a hunter mistaking us for game.... When we came out of the forest and saw the open area, our noses stuck against another fence. We looked at each other and wondered how many fences we had to cross to finally get to Dun Mhor. Sean tried to find a passage and he found one close by. Finally, we came to normal open terrain. Another climb up hill into the woods but this time surrounded by remnants of some sort of settlement. The atmosphere changed and then suddenly a rugged open clearing with a mound covered by nature.

The serenity that emanates from this place is immense. It seems as if the world stands still here. Surrounded by a deep abyss on one side and a rocky ledge on the other side, I really could understand why a fortification was situated here. We seated ourselves on the rocky ledge and took it all in. We took our time to indulge in this serene environment. Every step I took today was worth it, to be able to sit here and experience the beauty of this rugged environment.



The way back was less complicated and did not take long at all, we just followed the path downhill with Jocks lodge's special trees in our sight.....

It has been a real joy to be back again after such a long time. I really hope that wherever you are, you get the opportunity to visit the homelands someday soon!

Herma Goosens



What's in a Name?

by Ewan Rowland

The one thing we all have in common is a name. We are given it at birth, and it remains with us (except if we change it by deed poll) until we shuffle off this mortal coil. All the important things in life revolve around our name. Technically we don't exist without a name on a birth certificate. There is a whole host of other official aspects of our lives that need our names such as a marriage certificate, qualification certificates, driving licence, bank accounts, our email address, etc., etc., and finally our death certificate. Names carry deep personal, cultural, familial, and historical connections. Our name is a sense of who we are, the communities in which we belong and our place in the world. Last names or surnames are unique and interesting since each one has a history and a story behind it. When we meet someone for the first time, we exchange our names. It's the first thing we learn about someone, from which we rapidly form judgements. It can either lean you in a positive or negative direction. Our names mean so much to us. We readily correct people when it is mispronounced or misspelt.

Fun Fact

Famous people who have changed their names include Charlie Sheen who was Carlos Irwin Esteves; Elton John was Reginald Kenneth Dwight; Maurice Joseph Micklewhite became Michael Cain and Whoopi Goldberg used to be Coryn Elaine Johnson.

"A name is a grouping of several letters of an alphabet, or other symbols which represent the identification of a person or an object". (*Kabalarian Philosophy*). William Shakespeare thought names were arbitrary labels as shown by his now famous lines from *Romeo and Juliet*, "What's in a name?" "A rose by any other name would smell so sweet". (*idioms.com*). Names are markers along the history timeline. For example, most people, now of a certain age, can remember what they were doing when President John Kennedy was shot dead in Dallas in 1963. We can use names to get a fix on how far we as a human race have travelled. From the list of names below, we can construct our own timeline. They are in random order but are all well-known. How good are you at placing them in the correct time sequence and the era in which they lived? The answers are provided at the bottom of this page.

- | | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Sojourner Troth | 2. Archemedies | 3. Isaac Newton | 4. Anne Frank |
| 5. Billie Jean King | 6. Charles Drawin | 7. Lucile Ball | 8. Jane Austen |
| 9. Nelson Mandela | 10. Robert the Bruce | | |

Fun Fact

We tend to pick letters more than 50% of the time when they appear in our name. (bigthink.com)

It is common practice in some cultures round the world, that when a woman marries, she takes her husband's surname. However, this custom has come out of a vestige a law dating back to the 11th Century and a deeply patriarchal society. It was the Normans who introduced the idea of "coverture". Under English common law "coverture" asserted that once married, a woman's identity was "covered" by her husband. Under this law women could not own property or enter a contract on their own. According to Sharon Brandwein in her article "Why Do Women Typically Take Their Husband's Last Name?" (22/3/2021), this law has not expired but merely faded away due to the efforts of the suffrage movement in the 19th Century and beyond.

Answers:

- | | | | | |
|--------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|----------------|
| 1) 1797-1883 | 2) 287-212 BC | 3) 1643-1727 | 4) 1929-1945 | 5) 1943 |
| 6) 1809-1882 | 7) 1911-1989 | 8) 1775-1817 | 9) 1918-2013 | 10) 12-74-1329 |

What's in a Name

continued

Fun Fact

Prior to the 1970s, women could not get passports, drivers' licences, or register to vote unless they adopted their husband's last name. In the USA around 70% of women adopt their husband's family name when they marry. For British women it's around 90%. However, in Spain and Iceland women tend to keep their birth name when marrying. In Greece it is a legal requirement for wives to retain their names for life. (BBC – The Life Project - 2016 survey)

Even before this period humans wanted to let others know that they were there. The only means by which this could be done was by blowing a red paste, made with water and ground up red rock, and stencilling an outline of their hand on a rock faces.

Pottery shards, believed to date from 6600 and 6200 BC, discovered in China show the mark of the potter. These marks, called Jiahu symbols, are not part of a written language but personally invented symbols scratched into the pottery clay to mark ownership by a specific individual. In other words, a name.



Example of Jiahu Symbols (Wikipedia)

It wasn't until the Normans arrived in England in 1066 that surnames were introduced. Until then you were known by where you lived e.g., John of Naseby. As the population grew, more ways to identify a person were required, so trade nicknames based on a father's occupation were used e.g., Smith, Cartwright, Shepherd etc. Most Saxon and early Celtic personal names e.g., Osulf, Oswald, Oswain (Os meaning God) disappeared after 1066. By 1400 most English families and those from Lowland Scotland had adopted the use of hereditary names. After 1400 more names were introduced brought in by migrants.

Many Irish and Highland Scottish names were derived from Gaelic personal names, but standard spelling didn't really arrive until the 19 Century



Hands at the Cuevas de las Manos upon Río Pinturas, (circa 7300 BC) near the town of Perito Moreno in Santa Cruz Province, Argentina. (CC BY-SA 3.0)

Fun Fact

The arts gave us names such as Painter, Piper, Fiddler, Harper and Player.

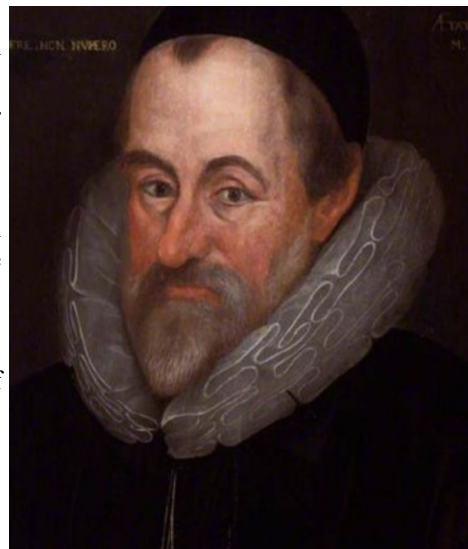
(bbc.co.uk/history)

What's in a Name

continued

In 1605 Camden, an important antiquarian and historian, saw the surname as an important component of the name. He said surnames were “especially respected as whereon the glory of credit of men is grounded and by which the same is conveyed to the knowledge of prosperity”. (*Why Should Women Change Their Names On Getting Married?* – BBC1/11/2014)

Names can be grouped or segregated according to the place where you came from or lived (habitation or topographical); your father's name (patronymic) in Scotland, would be commonly preceded by Mc or Mac meaning “son of”; the trade your family undertook (occupational) such as MacIntyre (mac-an-t-Saoir, son of the carpenter; or whether it was based on descriptive and ethnic origins. Scottish patronymic names are prevalent where a person bears their father's name or that of the male ancestor's name. They also signify the Clan name of influential Scottish families that once ruled over a territory. In many cases families that lived on lands of the powerful e.g., Campbells, Gordons, MacDonald and MacKenzies, adopted the names of their new lords. In some cases, the names of a clan may be identical to the surname of another family, yet there is no historical connection between the different families. For example, the surname derived from a patronym such as MacDonald could be used by numerous unconnected families descended from a different man named Donald.



Camden 1605—National Portrait

Fun Fact

British hereditary names are only about 1000 years old.

In the 1603 the Clan name of the Mcgregors were outlawed by King James IV after members of the MacGregor Clan attacked and killed 140 members of the Coquhoun Clan at Glen Fruin near Loch Lomond. King James IV stated that “Their deeds were barbarous and horrible” with this “wicked and unhappy” race to “exteminate and ruttit out”. Mac Gregors could be killed without impunity, so MacGregors were forced to assume other names. Aliases included Grant, Stewart and Ramsay. The famous outlaw Rob Roy MacGregor (born 1671) took his mother's maiden name Campbell. When eventually the ban was lifted, some of the clan resumed using forms of the MacGregors, but apparently not all. (*The Scotsman News Paper* 2/2/2017)

Fun Fact

***Campbell comes from the Gaelic root. It signifies the “Cam” meaning “crooked” and “beul” meaning “mouth or canshròin meaning crooked nose.”**

***MacDonald is a common name meaning “ruler of the world”.**

***Ross originates from a Gaelic word “Ros” and is a toponymic surname for Ross's people hailing in Scotland and living on a headland.”**

***Burn(s) is a unique Scottish name signifying the toponymic name for someone who resides by a stream. (familyeducation.com)**

What's in a Name

continued

Family Name History Mc Ewen

The Scottish surname McEwen is patronymic in origin, belonging to that group of surnames derived from the forename or Christian name of the original bearer's father. In this case, the surname is the anglicized form of the Scots Gaelic name Mac Eoghainn and simply means the "son of Eoghainn" or the "son of Ewen". The surname is also found in the variants MacEwan, MacEuen and MacEwing, and in further anglicizations of Ewenson, Ewanson, Eunson and Evinson. The forename itself is the Gaelic form of the English John which comes from the Hebrew *Johannan*, meaning "God has favoured". Occasionally the forename appears in medieval documents in the Latinized form of *Eugenius*. The surname is recorded as early as the twelfth century when one Malcolm Mac Ewen is known to have been a witness to a charter by the Earl of Atholl to St. Andrews in the year 1174. In 1219 one Gilpatrik Mac Ewen was one of the perambulators of the Lands of Kynblathmund and he is noted in the Registers of the Abbey of Aberbrothoc. In 1331 one Patrick McEwyn was the Provost of Wigtown, while in 1355 one Johannes M' Eogan was cited to give evidence regarding the Lands of Glassre in Argyll. Other early records of the surname give the variants Makewin and Makevin. In Galloway the McEwens are a branch of the Clan MacLachlan, their neighbours on the banks of Loch Fyne. Tradition holds that the eponymous Ewen and Lachlan were brothers who were related to the ancient Kings of Ireland by descent through Somerled, Lord of the Isles. In Perthshire the McEwens are part of the Clan MacDougall, also ancestors of Somerled through a different line.



Extracts taken from 'Our McEwen Heritage—
The James McEwen Family in America Since
1736 (2001 Edition)

What's in a Name

continued

Naming usually followed a strict pattern as shown below.

1 st son	named after the	father's father
2 nd son	ditto	mother's father
3 rd son	ditto	father
1 st daughter	ditto	mother's mother
2 nd daughter	ditto	father's mother
3 rd daughter	ditto	mother

Fun Fact

Duncan, a Gaelic name, comes from one of the ancient Scottish and Irish surnames, a royal Scotsman, King Duncan who was killed by MacBeth. The account was used by Shakespeare in his play of the same name.

However, not all surnames that began with Mac are truly derived from patronyms. This can be illustrated by the names MacBeth and MacRae, which are derived from the Gaelic personal names “Mac – bethad” and “Mac – raith”, the prefix means “pupil”, “devotee” or “disciple”.

So, what's in the Ewen name? According to Wikipedia, it is a male given name and is the anglicised version of the Scottish Gaelic name Eòghann and is possibly a derivative of the Pictish name Vuen (“Wen”) born of the mountain. The name Ewen was first found in Argyllshire on the West Coast of Scotland and corresponds roughly with the ancient kingdom of Dál Riata. Ewen comes from the Latin name Eugenius, meaning well born.

The Ewen family was established in Scotland well before the Norman Conquest in 1066. The name Euing appears in the Domesday book of 1086 and may have been derived from Eawa's son who was the brother of Penda, King of Mercia. Another source claims there was a “descendant of Ewen (warrior)” according to *House of Names*. Ewen also has its roots in Hebrew and means “God is gracious; born of yew; youth. The Clan Ewen website provides more detail about the origin of the Clan. When Swene MacEwen resigned his title to the Barony of Otter (where the chiefs lived), the MacEwen's took on another name, that of “children of the mist.” At this time, many moved away from Loch Fyne, their ancestral home, to seek allegiances with other Clans such as the Lamonts and MacClachlans and perhaps taking on their names.

Fun Fact

Research has shown that we can hear our name spoken across a crowded and noisy room. (bigthink.com)

What's in a Name

continued

Today however, the MacEwen diaspora has thrown up a wide range of spellings and versions of the name MacEwen. This may be due in part to immigration officers taking down names incorrectly and using phonic spellings or archaïse spellings of the name or other derivations.

A long list of names which are included as variants of the clan name MacEwen is given below. Some of these variants are archaic spellings of the name. Some others, whilst they might sometimes be derived from the clan name, might also have other derivations.

Aine Ane Cowan Cowen Cuen Cuin Cuins Cune Cunn Eoghain Eoghan
 Eouin Eowen Euan Euans Euanson Euenson Eugein Eugen Eughann
 Eunson Evenson Ewan Ewen Ewenson Ewin Ewins Ewine Ewing Ewing
 Ewings Ewne Ewon Ewyne Guin Keon Keown Kewan Kewans Kewen
 Kewens Kewin Kewins Kowan Kowen MacAine MacAne MacCeun
 MacCoan MacCoin MacCoon MacCoun MacCuan MacCuen MacCuidhean
 MacCuin MacCuithan MacCuithean MacCune MacCunn MacEoghan
 MacEowen MacEroune MacEuan MacEunson MacEwan MacEwans
 MacEwen MacEwin MacEwine MacEwing MacEwne MacGoon MacGruen
 MacGuin MacKeon MacKeowan MacKeowen MacKeowin MacKeown
 MacKewan MacKewen MacKewin MacKewn MacKhone MacKowan
 MacKowen MacKown MacKuen MacKuין MacKune MacOunn MacOwan
 MacOwans MacOwen MacOwens MacOwin MacOwins MacQn MacQuin
 MacQuinn MacQuone MacQuowen MacQuowens Macwen MaGoon
 Makevin Makewin Makewn McAine McAne McCeun McCoan McCoin
 McCoon McCoun McCuan McCuen McCuidhean McCown
 McCowan McCowen McCuin McCuithan McCuithean McCune McCunn
 McEoghan McEowen McEroune McEuan McEunson McEwan McEwen
 McEwin McEwine McEwing McEwne McEwyne McGoon McGruen McGuin
 McKeon McKeowan McKeowen McKeowin McKeown McKewan McKewen
 McKewin McKewn McKhone McKowan McKowen McKown McKuen
 McKuin McKune McOunn McOwan McOwans McOwen McOwens McOwin
 McOwins McQn McQuin McQuinn McQuone McQuowen McQuowens
 M'Eouin M'Eun M'Ewine M'Ewyne M'Kevin M'Yowin Owan Owein Owen
 Owens Qn Quin Quinn VcQuhewin

Names taken from Clan MacEwen Website

So, however your name is spelt it comes with an interesting, significant, and illustrious story. It bands us together as a Clan, a family that stretches not just through time but around the world. "Taint the way you spell it, it's how you pronounce it". (*quotation of an unnamed Scottish author*) The name MacEwen is soon to take us into another chapter when Sir John MacEwen becomes the long-awaited Chief of Clan MacEwen.

Reviresco!!

Winter Celebrations

with

Robert Burns



For Celts, the last day of October was when the air separating the living from the dead grew thin. (*BBC—Danny O'Rourke*). Traditionally, the festival of Halloween as celebrated in Scotland appeared in print in 1556. It's a Scottish word and has Scottish connections with Robert Burns in his long poem of 28 verses from 1785. Dr. Oliver Tearle explains that the poem focusses on the various practices and traditions associated with the festival, for example the cutting of the apple and winnowing of the corn that's been harvested in Autumn. It also covers more familiar aspects of the season, for example fairies and mischief making. Although the poem refers to frights it also emphasises the fun and joy of the occasion as an excuse for the family to get together and engage in games, pranks, story telling and dancing (*interesting literature.com*).

Halloween

Verses 1 and 2

Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove,
Among the rocks and streams
To sport that night;

Among the bonie winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear;
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear;
Some merry, friendly, countra-folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night.

Halloween

Last Verse

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes
Their sports were cheap an' cheery:
Till butter'd sowens, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night.



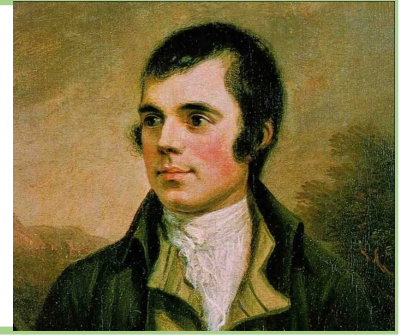
H A L L O W E E N .

Some merry friendly country folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween.

Winter Celebrations

with

Robert Burns



‘**Auld Lang Syne**’ appeared in Scottish song as early as 1588 but it was Burns who took this early folk song and made it into one of his poems.

In 1778 Burns said, “The following song, an old song, of olden times, has never been in print, nor even in manuscript until I took it down from an old man.” Burns embellished it and added lines about drinking, for example, “we’ll take a cup of kindness yet” and “we’ll take a right good-will draught”. As Scots emigrated around the world they took the song with them.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne.

Chorus:

For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne,

And surely ye’ll be your pint-stowp!
And surely I’ll be mine!
And we’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu’d the gowans fine;
But we’ve wander’d mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

Chorus

We twa hae paidl’d i’ the burn,
Frae mornin’ sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar’d
Sin auld lang syne.

Chorus

And there’s a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie’s a hand o’ thine!
And we’ll tak a right guid willy waught,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And long, long ago.

Chorus

And for long, long ago, my dear
For long, long ago,
We’ll take a cup of kindness yet,
For long, long ago
And surely youll buy your pint-jug!
And surely I’ll buy mine!
And we’ll take a cup of kindness yet,
For long, long ago.

Chorus

We two have run about the hills
And pulled the daisies fine;
But we’ve wandered manys the weary foot
Since long, long ago.

Chorus

We two have paddled in the stream,
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us broad have roared
Since long, long ago.

Chorus

And there’s a hand, my trusty friend!
And give us a hand of yours!
And we’ll take a deep draught of good-will
For long, long ago.

Chorus



An Unknown Soldier

By Herma Goosens



Every year close to the Armistice celebrations the Clan pays tribute to those who served in both World Wars. By doing this we recognise the sacrifice men and women gave from around the world in the fight against tyranny and injustice.



www.missinasoldiersintheNetherlands40-45

In this article, I would like to pay tribute to the Unknown soldier.

A man who gave his life in action and was laid to rest in a nameless grave. Somewhere far from home. Leaving his family behind with so many questions. In total 1.680 commonwealth servicemen of WWII are buried in the cemetery at Oosterbeek. There are also 73 Polish, 3 Dutch and 3 non-war, former CWGC employees, graves in the cemetery. 245 of the burials are unidentified.

I often wondered why so many people are still missing during the Battle of Arnhem-Oosterbeek.

There are several reasons for this.

Identification Disc failure



WWII Vulcanized rubber ID disc.
(Ref. Dog tag WWII Wikipedia.)

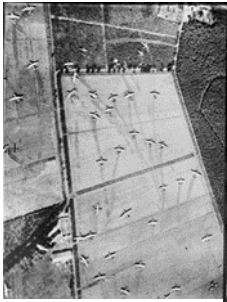
In 1907 the British Army started using ID discs. All soldiers should wear a single metal tag, with name, rank, number, regiment and religion stamped on it. On 21st August 1914 it was decided to move away from a metal tag to a single compressed vulcanized rubber one which was red in colour. In the field regulations of October 1914 it stated that "Anyone concerned with burying a soldier, or finding a body after an action, will remove the identity disc and pay book". The destructive power of weapons in WWI, caused deficiencies in the directives and therefore caused gaps in the administration of casualties. By removing the two key forms of identification from a body, the possibility of misidentification of the dead became more likely. On 24th September 1916, a second disc was introduced and so a soldier now had to wear two compressed fibre discs, one red and one green. Both discs contained the same information but a change in the rules covering the handling of bodies said that the green octagonal disc should remain with the body. Some soldiers didn't rely on the fact that these compressed discs would survive some battle field conditions. Some privates made some stainless steel ID tags for themselves already.

This didn't seem to work in a number of cases during the Battle of Arnhem, due to various reasons.

- Some ID discs were taken from the body, and handed over to Officers who in some cases were killed themselves, and as such they got lost.
- In one case they were handed over to a Dutch Doctor, who lost them during the evacuation.
- From 23-09-1944, the Germans ordered the evacuation of Arnhem, and later also surrounding places like, Oosterbeek, Wolfheze, Renkum, Heelsum. It would be some 7 months later that the first people were able to return. In the meantime only a few soldiers were buried and added to the casualty register. This meant that some casualties that have been left unburied had lost their ID discs due to them decomposing in the elements.
- It seems that some German soldiers who received ID discs and other forms of identification threw them away, or even didn't bother to hand them over to the Red Cross.
- On one body of a dead German soldier near Elst an ID disc was found of a British soldier who was killed.
- For whatever reason, some men had an ID disc on them which belonged to other soldiers and were buried as such. In time it turned out that the "dead" man had in fact survived, the grave was changed to that of an unknown soldier.

An Unknown Soldier

continued



Landing zone Wolfheze 17
September 1944 (Wikipedia)

During this war the fighting took place in a wide area (Arnhem bridge area – Oosterbeek) it was fierce but relatively short-lived. The wounded were spread around the area and were tended to and later many died of their wounds. Some were brought in without any forms of identification, others were stripped so they could be operated on and if they died they could not be named when nobody was around to identify them.

Due to the heavy fighting, casualties could not be buried immediately and therefore these bodies were often stacked up in or outside with or without any clothing or any form of ID. When 1st Airborne Division evacuated the area, these bodies were left behind to be buried by the Germans, or in most cases, the Red-cross volunteers or by members of the local population who were ordered by the Germans to do so.

The house of the family Ter Horst became a refuge for the growing numbers of wounded British soldiers during the heavy fighting in September 1944. Although Kate ter Horst was taking care of 5 children of her own, she helped the doctors and comforted those who were dying and encouraged the other wounded, and in the evenings she made the rounds reading psalms from an English bible. She earned the title *The Angel of Arnhem*. Jan and Kate ter Horst were decorated for their deeds with the Honorary Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in 1944 by the British Ambassador in Holland, Sir John Taylor. The house is still standing next to the old church which was an important defence position.

Sadly some men will never be found or identified due to the fact that their bodies are “blown to pieces” by enemy fire or by “friendly fire.” The story goes that near the old church at Oosterbeek a soldier accidentally walked in front of a 75mm Howitzer just as it was fired. Later on in the war when the area finally was liberated there was much fighting and shelling. Marked graves at the end of September may have been lost during the subsequent fighting in 1945.

In some cases, bodies were identified by army pay books, or other forms of ID found on them shortly after the battle, or in some cases after the war. One body was found in a glider, and it was identified by the documents in the battledress. Later it appeared that the POW had swapped places with the soldier who was killed and unintentionally left his battledress on his original seat. Another soldier was identified by the dog tags in his gasmask bag, but these turned out to belong to a different soldier who was a POW.



Grave in Kate ter Horst garden
used as First Aid post.
(Gelders Archief FA367-474)



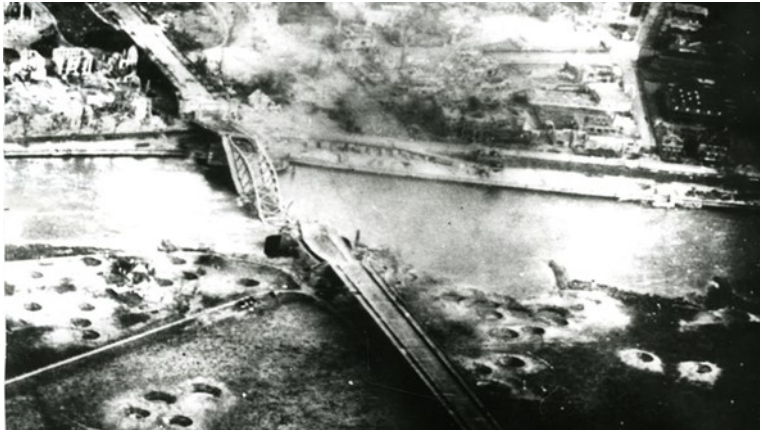
House of Kate ter Horst / Nicknamed *The Angel of Arnhem* by the soldiers.
(pict. Traces of war)

An Unknown Soldier

continued

On several occasions it seemed that found items could not be traced to soldiers of a unit in Arnhem. For example, a button stick was found near Nijmegen, which belonged to the Irish Guards who never went overseas....

The Germans started to set fire to the gliders immediately after the landings. Some gliders still contained the bodies of dead men. Some bodies were already burned, others found a grave next to the place of impact or were buried with the wreckage because their bodies were too damaged for identification.



Arnhem Bridge after bombing Okt 1944 by US Airforce (Gelders Airchief)

After the Battle, the Germans gave priority to bury their own casualties first only later did they bother with the allied death. Civilians and also prisoners were forced into burial parties. The Red Cross and Air Raid Wardens formed burial parties as well. Often identification found on the allied bodies were handed over to the Germans, but it is also known that civilians kept, documents or jewelry from the Germans and handed it over to Allied soldiers on their return in 1945.

Many graves around Arnhem Bridge were lost when the US Airforce bombed the Bridge on 6th and 7th October, causing great damage and fire in the buildings and surrounding area.

Men, who were captured at Arnhem, were killed by bombing raids on German POW camps. The missing, who had been a prisoners at that time, might have been the victims of these bombing raids and as a result became unknown.

Also Civilians who returned home after the evacuation, took rifles or helmets from a field grave, not realising that the grave might get lost. A Dutch photographer drove around the area with a white War Grave Cross and helmet and took photographs at several locations, which gave the false impression of a field grave location. Unfortunately people didn't realise the importance of personal belongings or other forms of identification should stay with the remains when handed over to the Police or War Grave Unit even years after the war. The unidentified, do deserve our attention even more. They paid the highest price. As for their families who were left behind, they never did get an answer to that one pressing question! Where are you?

Herma Goosens



A "staged" photograph, taken by the photographer who went around with the cross and the helmet Arnhem 1944 the missing ones (www.missingsoldiersinthenetherlands40-45.com)

This article is based on the original text of Mr Philip Reinders/ ©Philip Reinders, 2016

Mr. Philip Reinders has granted me permission on 3/8/2021 to publish this article.

www.missingsoldiersinthenetherlands40-45.com

www.tracesofwar.com

Wikipedia: www.arnhem1944themissingones.com

“Food Glorious Food”

Vegan Haggis

Sandra McCuin

Ingredients:

- 20 g plant-based butter or margarine
- 1 large onion, peeled and finely chopped
- 1 large carrot, peeled and grated
- 2 portobello/flat cap mushrooms, finely diced
- 1x 400 g tin black beluga lentils, drained (you could also use cooked brown, green, or Puy lentils)
- 1 level teaspoon white pepper
- 1 level teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 250 g pinhead oats (it's important to use pinhead or 'steel-cut' oats, see notes below for gluten-free option)
- 1½ tablespoons Marmite (or other yeast extract if GF)
- 400 ml veg stock (plus more water if needed)
- 30 g sunflower seeds, chopped

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Heat the butter in a pan. Add the onion and carrot and cook for 5-6 minutes.
2. Add in the finely diced mushrooms and cook for another 3-4 minutes.
3. Add the lentils, white pepper, and nutmeg and stir through for a couple of minutes. Preheat the oven to 180°C (360°F).
4. To the pan, add the pinhead oats, Marmite, and veg stock. Cook for 15 minutes on low heat, stirring regularly. The mix should become quite thick but add a splash more water if it seems too thick.
5. After 15 minutes, turn off the heat and stir through the chopped sunflower seeds.
6. Spoon the mix into a greased loaf tin and bake in the oven for approx. 30 minutes. To make the outside extra crispy, turn up the heat slightly towards the end.
7. Once cooked, remove from the oven and allow to stand for five minutes. Serve with neeps, tatties, cabbage or kale, and [vegan whisky cream sauce](#).

If you have any leftovers, why not treat yourself to a [vegan haggis toastie](#), [haggis fritter](#), or [haggis quesadilla](#)?

Neeps & tatties: Haggis is traditionally served alongside neeps (mashed swede or turnip) and tatties (mashed potatoes), as well as greens such as cabbage or kale. The neeps and tatties are both very easy to veganise – simply use plant-based butter and plant-based milk when mashing.

If you want to take your spud game up a level or two, I'd recommend checking out these [Ultimate Vegan Mashed Potatoes](#). The post contains a comprehensive list of tips, tricks, and variations for the perfect vegan mash.

“Food Glorious Food”

Vegan Haggis

by Sandra McCuin

Quantity: This mix will fill a 1lb baking tin. If you don't have a 1lb tin, you can simply use a larger one or divide the mix between smaller vessels. If making larger quantities of the haggis, make sure you have large enough tins/dishes to bake it in the oven.

Lentils: I'd highly recommend the black beluga lentils if you can find them (I got mine from a local wholefood shop). Tinned or pre-cooked brown, green, or Puy lentils would also work. If using dried lentils, these will need to be soaked and/or cooked in advance. Check out my [Beginner's Guide to Pulses](#) for more info.

Oats: It's important to use pinhead or 'steel-cut' oats for this (I got mine from a local wholefood shop). I played around with several versions that used normal rolled porridge oats, but this resulted in a completely different texture.

Gluten-free: Oats are a gluten-free ingredient, however they are sometimes processed in environments where there's a risk of cross-contamination. If you're wanting to ensure that this recipe is 100% gluten-free, use pinhead oats, a yeast extract, and a vegan stock that are certified gluten-free.

Variations/tips: If you want a meatier texture, try adding some plant-based mince. You can buy this frozen, fresh, or in a dried form that's easy to re-hydrate. You could also swap out some of the oats for cooked pearl barley.

Sauce: I personally like this dish without any sauce, but feel free to add gravy or vegan whisky cream sauce. Some people also like to pour a dram of straight whisky over their haggis, but I'll leave that decision entirely up to you...

Storage: You can store this haggis in the fridge for up to four days, or in the freezer for up to six months.

Sandra McCuin



“Food Glorious Food”

Cloutie Pudding

Cloutie dumpling is the traditional Scottish pudding and is closely associated with Christmas and Hogmanay. It is a spiced pudding studded with dried fruits and the mixture wrapped in a cloth and simmered in water for a lengthy time. The name Cloutie comes from the cloth it's boiled in, clout being Scots for cloth.

Ingredients

500g plain flour
200g beef suet
250g raisins
250g sultanas
1 tsp ground cinnamon
1 tsp ground ginger
1/4 tsp freshly grated nutmeg
3 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp salt
2 large eggs
1 bramley apple, peeled and grated
3 tsp black treacle
100ml whole milk
Extra plain flour for dusting

(From a National Trust Scotland recipe)

- Sift the flour into a bowl and stir in the suet and dried fruit and grated apple.
- Mix in the treacle with eggs and some of the milk to give a soft mixture
- Lay out the muslin and sprinkle 25g flour onto the muslin to make a circle of about 30 cm diameter.
- Spoon on the mixture and tie up the muslin tightly with string leaving some room for expansion.
- Place the pudding into a large container/pan but place a trivet in the bottom to keep the pudding off direct heat. Cover the pudding with water and a lid and simmer for 3-4 hours. Top up the water if required.
- Preheat the oven to 160/180C. Lift the pudding out of the pan and dip in briefly in cold water. Remove the cloth and place on an oven proof dish.
- Leave it in the oven for 15 mins to dry off.
- Serve with clotted or custard and if required, a tot of whisky.

(From a BBC recipe)



“Food Glorious Food”

Dutch Finger Food

by Herma Goosens

Croquettes are breaded sausage-shaped snacks with a ragout centre. There are endless varieties of croquettes, but the most popular include beef, veal, shrimp, chicken, cheese or pulled pork. You can use any meat, spice it with fresh and dried herbs and mix it with a roux. Shape it into a sausage, bread it and deep-fry it until golden brown. You add mustard (or any sauce you like) on the side or the Dutch way, stuffed inside a soft bread roll or a *bun* for lunch.

The ‘*bitterbal*’ is the smaller version of the croquette and served as finger food at parties and in bars to accompany an alcoholic beverages. They were originally meant to be served with a small glass of Dutch gin, a so called ‘*bittertje*.’ You can use the recipe below but you make small meatball instead.

Stock:

500 g beef coulotte or beef brisket
1 carrot, in pieces
1 onion, in pieces (with peel)
1 leek, coarsely chopped
1 bunch of parsley
1 bay leaf
½ tbsp. peppercorns
1 vegetable stock cube (optional)

Cut the meat into large pieces and fry briefly. Add 1 litre of cold water. Gently bring to the boil and skim off the grey foam. Add the vegetables and herbs and leave to simmer on a very low heat without a lid for at least 3 hours, pref. 6 hours. Strain the broth and put the meat aside. Cut the meat into very tiny pieces. Let it cool down first and put it in the refrigerator. Let the stock cool down and scoop off the fat the next day.

Ragout:

60 g butter (preferably clarified)
60 g sifted flour
½ onion, finely chopped
½ litre of the cold stock
the sliced pieces of meat
chopped parsley (to the liking)
dash of Worcestershire sauce (optional)
Grounded spices:
nutmeg (mandatory)
mace
four-season pepper
cinnamon (little!)
salt (to the liking)
(Feel free to make your own spice blend)

Place the butter pieces in a heavy saucepan, cook over low heat until the butter is melted, stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon. Add the finely chopped onion and let it simmer very gently. Keep stirring and adjusting the flame so that the onions cook, but do not let them brown. Add the flour and stir (roux). Let it cook for 3 minutes, stirring from time to time. Take the pan off the stove and add the cold stock while whisking. Put it back on the stove and let it reduce to a thick (not runny), brownish sauce, stirring regularly. Add the spices and the small pieces of meat and let the ragout simmer for 4 minutes. Finally add the chopped parsley. If necessary, season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Spoon the ragout into a low, wide dish (for example a roasting tin) and allow to cool. Cover the top with cling film and place in the refrigerator and leave to cool and stiffen for at least 4 hours.

Make croquettes:

2 eggs
150 g (home ground) breadcrumbs in 2 varieties: fine and coarse

For the best result use 2 types of breadcrumbs. The fine breadcrumbs ensure that the ragout remains nicely enclosed, the coarse breadcrumbs provide crunchy pieces. Put the breadcrumbs in two deep plates. Beat the eggs in a third plate. Divide the ragout with an ice cream scoop into portions. Roll between your hands into a meatball. Roll it through the fine breadcrumbs. Then place the ball on the counter top and roll it gently out into a bar. With your left hand, dip it in the egg mixture and then dip it in the coarse breadcrumbs. With your (clean) right hand, spoon coarse breadcrumbs over it on all sides until it is completely covered. Put side by side on a plate and leave to set in the fridge for another 2 hours.

The coating process is the most crucial part of making the croquettes. When the coating is not done properly, the croquette will burst during frying. There is an option to lightly coat the croquette with flour first, then dip into the egg mixture before you roll them into the breadcrumb mixture.

At this stage you can put a batch into the freezer for later use.

Tip: Always defrost frozen croquettes before you fry them.

They only need 4 minutes instead of 8 and you run less risk of burning the breadcrumbs.

Frying:

Heat (preferably liquid) frying fat to 180 degrees Celsius.

Fry them for about 4 minutes, no more than 3 at a time in the frying pan.



“Food Glorious Food”

Millionaires Bars

continued

Millionaire Bars are layers of shortbread, caramel and chocolate. Many say that these delicious bars originated from Scotland, but nothing is confirmed. In this recipe, I added whisky, but you can leave it out and enjoy a wee dram with the bars.

Shortbread recipe: preheat oven to 350F

4 cups	Gluten Free Flour (can use 3 cups all-purpose and 1 cup rice flour)
1 cup	Icing Sugar (also known as powdered sugar)
1 lb	Salted Butter, room temp
1 tsp	Vanilla Extract
6 tsps	Whisky (Optional)

1. In a mixer; beat sugar and butter together until light and fluffy
2. Add vanilla extract then scrape down the bowl
3. Add flour then mix until incorporated
4. Line with parchment and grease a 9x13” pan. Put the shortbread mixture into the bottom of the pan and press it down

Bake for 15-20 mins until firm and slightly brown

Caramel layer: While shortbread is baking

½ lb	Butter
1 cup	Brown sugar
¼ cup	Corn Syrup
14 ozs	Sweetened Condensed Milk
¼ tsp	Salt
1 tbsp	Vanilla extract
6 tsps	Whiskey (optional)

“Food Glorious Food”

Millionaires Bars

By Michelle McEwan

1. Bring butter, sugar, corn syrup and sweetened condensed milk to 230F. Do this on medium low heat and stir frequently. It takes about 30 minutes. Don't rush this!
 2. You will know you are getting close when the caramel becomes slightly darker brown, thickens and pulls away from the sides of the pan.
 3. When the caramel is ready; remove it from the heat and add in the vanilla and whisky, stirring vigorously.
 4. Immediately pour the caramel over the done shortbread
- Either let sit out in a cool room or refrigerate until the caramel has set.

Chocolate Topping:

- ½ cup Heavy Cream
- 1 ½ cups Semi-sweet Chocolate Chips
- ½ tsp Vanilla Extract

1. In a small pot bring the heavy cream just to a boil
 2. In a bowl have your chocolate chips and pour hot cream over it
 3. Then whisk in the vanilla extract
 4. Pour over the set caramel layer and let it all set up in the refrigerator.
- When it's all set you cut it into bars and serve.



Photograph BBC

Diary Date!!



Watch for details on the website: www.clanmacewen.com

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Reviresco!