



December 2016– Issue 26

**FROM THE COMMISSIONER**

**I'm Scotch and I'm married**

By Will Fyffe (1885-1947)

I'm Scotch and I'm married, two things I can't help,

I'm married - but I have no wife -  
For she bolted and left me - but that's nothing new,  
It happens sae often in life.

So I journeyed tae London, for that's where she'd  
gone

With her lover to hide her disgrace.

And though London's a big town I swore I'd not rest  
Till I'd searched every street in the place.

And I tramped - how I tramped - weary mile upon  
mile

Till exhausted and ready ta drop.  
I would not give in, so I climbed on a bus,  
And took a front seat on the top.

We came to a halt in a brightly lit square

To my joy, there ma lassie I spied,  
Looking weary and worn, but thank heaven -  
ALONE  
From my heart -'Maggie - Maggie' I cried.

She gasped with delight as I rose from ma seat,

But a harrowing thought made me wince,  
I couldna get off - for I'd just paid ma fare,

AND I'VE NEVER CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER  
SINCE.

Hi everyone –

As this will be our last newsletter for the year, I would like to wish everyone, their families and friends, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy Hogmanay.

I would like to thank everyone for their support and assistance at events as we certainly could not have done it without your help. Your help in setting up and pulling down at both Scotland in the Park and Tartan Day was very much appreciated by all.

Our “Haggis Tent” at Tartan Day was a great success despite the rain and we look forward to doing it again next year. The “cooks” and the ladies did a great job.

To all our new members, I would like to welcome you to Clan Donald and look forward to catching up with you soon.

Judy, Malcolm and I took a quick trip to Sydney in November to help Clan Donald New South Wales celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. We had a great weekend in great company.

Our Christmas Lunch was held on the 10<sup>th</sup> December at the Homestead Hotel, Virginia. . What a great day. Thank to our special guests Lachie Macdonald, High Commissioner and his lovely wife Wilga for coming along and helping us celebrate another amazing year for Clan Donald Queensland.

To our members who are not in the best of health at the moment, I wish you all a speedy recovery

Until the New Year - **MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
A HAPPY HOGMANAY TO ALL.**

Until next time .....

**Moran Taing**

*Neil Macdonald*

## **NEW MEMBERS**

### **Welcome to Clan Donald**

Patricia Kregenbrink, Wondai  
Gail Lesley McDonald, Kallangur  
Sandra Rose McDonald, Labrador  
Ronald and Sandra Hass, Pittsworth  
Donald McDonald, Maryborough

## **DIARY DATES 2017**

BUNDANOON 1<sup>ST</sup> April 2017  
(Chieftain of the Day – Jimmy Barnes)  
GLEN INNES 6-7<sup>TH</sup> May 2017  
(Year of the Irish)  
Clydesdale Spectacular (Boonah) 17 June 2017  
Tartan Day – 15 July 2017  
Further events to be advised

## **CLAN DONALD MEETINGS 2017**

**11 MARCH 2017**  
**10 JUNE 2017**  
**9 SEPT 2017**  
**9 DEC 2017**

## **CLAN DONALD CHRISTMAS PARTY 2016**

**This toast was written by Judy for the day**

**TOAST TO CLAN DONALD**  
Written By: Judy Macdonald, Clan Donald Queensland  
Dec 2016

Some of us were born Macdonald  
And some of us were not.  
But no matter what your surname is  
There's a Macdonald in all of us.

To be a part of the great Clan Donald  
Is a joy that can't be told  
It stirs your blood  
And the feelings flood  
Through every vein in thee.

There is no joy without Clan Donald  
And this we all agree  
So let us stand  
And thank our host  
**Clan Donald.**

**ALL STAND - CLAN DONALD!**

## **Judy gave a talk on how we came to join Clan Donald**

Thank you all for coming today and helping us celebrate.

Clan Donald in Australia would not be what it is today without the dedication and hard work of people, to name a few, Malcolm and Val McDonald, Lachie and Wilga Macdonald, Norman and Jan Macdonald and many others who have worked so hard over the years to keep the spirit of Clan Donald alive and this has only been possible because all of you here today and all the members Australia wide are proud of their heritage.

Neil and I, like many of you here today, grew up with parents who were extremely proud of their Scottish heritage. As children we watched our parents write hundreds of letters to people in their quest for knowledge about our ancestors, waiting for the postman to come in the hope that he would bring an reply and fill in another slot on the family tree. Our mum's going off at every opportunity to the Archives and spending hours and hours going through their records and microfiche looking for that elusive clue that would lead to another relative - no such thing as computers then. They did it the hard way.

But then we grew up and went our own way in life and although we never forgot our parents "obsession" we had other things to think about, The Beach Boys, Beatles, Cliff Richards - drive in movies - surfing and just having fun. Then came the responsibility of holding down a job, husbands, children and four legged friends and so life went on.

It wasn't until one wet and miserable rainy day seven years ago when my father in law (daddy Jim) came to stay and he bought with him the Macdonald family tree that Neil's mum had done and we sat down on the floor and look at this huge piece of paper with all these names on it going back to this person called Somerled. I was intrigued by this wonderful tree and thought to myself, I wonder if we can find out more about the Macdonalds and the Dunbars.

Neil said to me, "I heard about a site on the internet called ancestry, let's try that". So we looked it up, joined up and started our search. We typed in, Neils 2nd great grandparents, Alexander



Macdonald, wife Meta Hussey, not ever thinking that we would find anyone with those names on their tree. We hit the search button and to our amazement up pops their name, on a family tree called the Denning Walton tree. We were absolutely amazed so Neil sent off a message to the owner, who are you why do you have these people on your tree..... That person was of course Heather and from that moment on our lives changed forever.

Heather said to join Clan Donald so we did, we and sent of our application and our \$30. And look where that got us .! Can I get a refund!!!!

As we continued our research we discovered that we were no longer just a family of two we were a family of hundreds. Gone were the lazy days of sitting out on the deck with a book reading it from cover to cover, meeting friends for coffee and enjoying our leisure time just lazing about. Our quest or should I say obsession to find out more consumed our days and nights. Lots of pizzas were consumed in place of burnt dinners as we discovered yet another relative. Our Macdonald Dunbar tree was growing by the day. Then we discovered that Neil and I are 20<sup>th</sup> cousins.

John, Lord of the Isles (Neils 17<sup>th</sup> g g father) son of Angus Og first married Amy MacRory from whom the Clanranalds descend. But then he made a very wise choice and married Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert II Stewart, King of Scotland. Her great grandmother was Cecelia Dunbar (my 17th g g aunt) so I like to think that (apart from you Clanranald lot) that there is just a wee bit of Dunbar fighting spirit and in all those who descend from John and Lady Margaret and their son Donald 2nd Lord of the Isles. What can I say - a match made in heaven. And they say that history repeats itself - and that is true - for in 1985 a Macdonald and a Dunbar once again said "I do" - maybe I should have said I don't!

We have had an amazing journey over these last seven years. We have learnt so much about both our ancestors, we have met so many wonderful people all over the world, and made many friendships that will last a lifetime not only within Clan Donald but other Clans as well.

My mum said to me a few months back, if I could turn back time to that wet and miserable day, would I change my mind and tell Neil not to not send that message to

Heather, go back to being a family of "two", reading my books, doing my jigsaw puzzles, just lazing about doing nothing. I didn't even have to think about how to answer that - NO - I would not change it for the world. I am so proud not only to be a Dunbar but to be part of the greatest Clan in the world - CLAN DONALD.

Thank you everyone for allowing us to be a part of your family.



# CLAN DONALD CASTLES

## Red Bay Castle

**Red Bay Castle** (Irish: *Caislen Camus Rhuaidh*) is situated in County Antrim, Northern Ireland, on a headland projecting into the sea north of Glenariff situated on the road to Cushendall.

### History

It was built by the Bissett family in the 13th century on the site of an earlier motte-and-bailey outpost of the Kingdom of Dál Riata. The Bissett family were forfeited of their lands in Scotland and fled for their lives to Ireland after Walter de Bisset was accused of the murder of Patrick, Earl of Atholl, at Haddington, East Lothian in 1242. King Henry III of England granted Bisset large possessions in the Barony of Glenarm, Ireland.

John Mor MacDonald 1st of Dunnyveg married Margery Bissett of the Glens of Antrim, and acquired as a result the castle of Red Bay. His descendants known as the MacDonnells of Antrim extended and rebuilt the castle in the 16th century. In 1565, the castle was burned to the ground by Shane O'Neill, chief of the O'Neills of Tyrone; it was rebuilt by Sorley Boy MacDonnell, however later fell into disrepair.

In 1604 the castle was restored and was later destroyed by Oliver Cromwell in 1652 during the Cromwellian conquest of Ireland.

Red Bay Castle lies on the headland north of the village of Glenariff, south of the village of Cushendall, on the Causeway Coastal Route, in County Antrim, in Northern Ireland.

The first Red Bay Castle was probably built by John and Walter Bisset in the 13th century on an Anglo-Norman motte. They came here after they were banished from Scotland in 1224 for the murder of their uncle. The present remains however are from a castle which is believed to have been built on this site by Sir James McDonnell around 1561.

During the 16th century the area was the scene of various battles and this led to Red Bay Castle being burned to the ground by Shane O'Neill in 1565. Though rebuilt by Sorley Boy McDonnell it later fell into disuse.

In 1604 the castle was restored only to be destroyed by Cromwell in 1652.

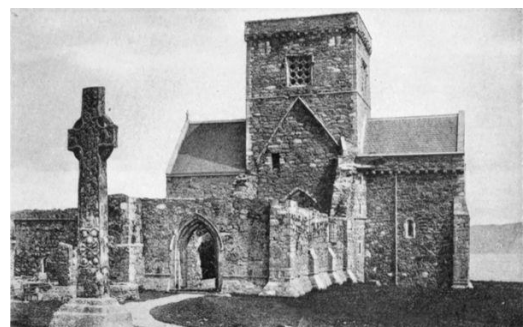
This is a small ruin, with little distinctive features but there are great views from the site of the great landscape around you. It seems to be on private farmland and I don't think that access is allowed.



Plate 9a. Red Bay Castle, near Cushendall, Co. Antrim (12). In the 16th century the stone castle was built on the late 12th—early 13th century earthen mound.



Plate 9b. Moyry Castle, Co. Armagh (23) : built by Lord Mountjoy in 1601 to guard the route north to Ulster.



OLD POSTCARD OF IONA

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## Étienne-Jacques-Joseph-Alexandre MacDonald, 1st Duc de Taranto



Lived from 17 November 1765 to 7 September 1840. He was a Marshal of France during the Napoleonic Wars. The wider picture in Scotland at the time is set out in our Historical Timeline.

Étienne MacDonald was born in Sedan, France in 1765. His father was Neil MacDonald of Howbeg, South Uist, a staunch Jacobite living in exile following the suppression of the 1745 Uprising, and a close relative of Flora MacDonald, who had helped Prince Charles Edward Stuart evade capture by government troops after the uprising.

In 1785, MacDonald joined the French army fighting against the Prussians in the Netherlands. After the outbreak of Revolution in France he sided with the Revolutionary army, perhaps because the woman who became his first wife came from a strongly revolutionary family. He distinguished himself in the Battle of Jemappes against the Austrians on 6 November 1792. The following year he was promoted to Colonel, later rising to General. In 1797 he was appointed Governor of Rome. He later added Naples to the French possessions in Italy, and successfully held up the Austrian and Russian Armies at the Battle of Trebia in Northern Italy in 1799. In 1800 he was appointed commander of the French Army in Switzerland.

In 1805 MacDonald fell out with Napoleon by appearing to support a potential rival, Jean Moreau, and he was relieved of his military command. But in 1809 Napoleon appointed him military adviser to Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy and commander of the French Army in Italy. On 5 & 6 July 1809 he led part of Napoleon's army in the French victory over the Austrians at the Battle of Wagram near Vienna. Napoleon immediately made him a Marshal of France and gave him the title of 1st Duc de Taranto.

MacDonald served in Spain in 1810, and in 1812 he commanded part of Napoleon's Grande Armée during the disastrous invasion of Russia. He remained loyal to Napoleon during the latter's subsequent defeat and abdication, though he then became a strong supporter of

the restored Bourbon Dynasty, remaining with them during Napoleon's "100 days" that culminated at the Battle of Waterloo. The Bourbons later made MacDonald Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and Major General of the Royal Bodyguard.

In 1823 MacDonald married a second time, to Mademoiselle de Bourgony. Their son, Alexander, succeeded to the title of Duc de Taranto on MacDonald's death in 1840.

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## THE GHOST WITH THE GOLDEN CASKET

(from Raising the Standard)

At the foot of a grove of pines, between the ruins of Caelaverock Castle and the banks of the River Nith stands the remains of a ruined cottage.

The granite blocks of its foundations, though overgrown, are still quite visible but present no attraction to passing strangers expect for one, who was to learn the story of "*The Ghost with the Golden Casket*".

The stranger came upon the cottage ruins on a summer's day in 1989. He sat on one of the granite blocks to rest and take in the view of the Solway, and an old man came by leading a cow to pasture. The cow naturally, attempted to eat the grass around the ruins but the old man pulled the cow away and set it to pasture on a grassy mound further on.

The old man sat down and called the stranger to come over and join him or back luck will befall him. He also went to say that he would not even let his cow eat from that area in case the milk would curdle. The old man began to relate his story.

The cottage belonged to a man by the name of Gilbert Gyrape, a fisherman who had lived at the same time as the father of the old man with the cow. The old man's father's home, and now his, stood on an adjoining small bay near the Solway.

One day the old man's father observes a storm brewing and by nightfall the sea had become quite agitated, the sky darkened, and clap after clap of thunder followed. In the flashes of lighting, a ship was observed quite obviously in trouble. Her sails were rent to shreds and most of her rigging was down. The passengers and crew clung to the broken masts and splintered beams. It appeared that the ship would be driven ashore right in front of the old man's father's cottage.

A flash of lighting revealed a figure of a lady clinging to a Golden Casket and a young lad. The old man's father quickly saddled a couple of his horses in the hope of assisting the survivors but the ship was swept around into the next bay where Gilbert Gyrape's cottage stood. The lady and the young lad were still visible, looking shoreward from the side of the vessel as it drifted helplessly along.

They were out of sight in a moment and the old man's father spurred his horse onwards round the headland to Gyrape's shoreline. As he galloped towards Gyrape's cottage, a terrible sight presented itself; the ship was no more, the shore was covered with wreckage and bodies. Not a living soul had survived, except for Richard Faulder (nothing is known about him).

The old man's father picked his way through the wreckage and spotted Gyrape emerging from his cottage drenched to the skin. He has Gilbert if he had managed to save anyone but his answer was to the contrary. Gyrape said that one boat had come close to the shore with a lady carrying a casket, but she had been swallowed up with the tidal surge. He had no sooner said this when a giant wave crashed to the shore, almost where they stood, and suddenly receded, leaving the corpse of the lady at their feet.

The old man's father lifted her up in his arms and was shocked to see red marks where her necklace had been and cuts where her rings had been torn off. The terrible sight was the red hand marks around her throat, as though it had been held with a fierce and deadly grip. The lady's body was buried in Caerlaverock's burial ground and thought the old man's father never openly accused Gyrape of murder he never spoke to him again.

Gyrape moved out of his humble cottage and proceeded to build a mansion called "Gyrape Hall" but no one wanted to work for him forcing him to bring in outside labour.

Exactly one year later the old man's father was out checking his nets. It was nearly midnight when he saw a long line of light dancing on the surface of the sea. It seems to ascend the shoreline and enter Gyrape's cottage. Within seconds there was a piercing scream and three men came running out of the doorway, running straight for the old man's father.

It turned out that the three men were smugglers and thought the old cottage would be a good place to hide their contraband. The gabbled about having seen a lady standing in the middle of an unearthly light with long hair, dripping and drenched, with a Golden Casket in on hand and guarding her throat with the other. They said that she seemed to be looking for something or someone. The story of the ghost with the golden casket flew around the countryside with many variations of course.

What happened to Gilbert Gyrape?? A series of tragic incidents seemed to befall him - one by one his lost his family - his wealth vanished and he was forced to roam the countryside broken and penniless. He was continually haunted by his past until one day, his mind completely gone, he was found on the ashore in front of his now dilapidated cottage - dead.

It is said that from that day, the Ghost with the Golden Casket was seen no more and only continues to be spoken around firesides of farmers and fisherman in that area.



## RESCUE IN THE BOER WAR Corporal William Thomas McDonald.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

P03491.004

Born on 16 June 1880 at Stawell, Victoria, McDonald later settled at Forest Lodge, NSW. He joined the NSW Scottish Rifles in 1897 and concurrently trained as a first aid officer with St John's Ambulance, serving with the Glebe Division, a role in which he remained active until his enlistment in 1914.

Being underage, McDonald required his father's permission to volunteer for service with the Australian Contingent in South Africa and served with distinction as a corporal with the 1st NSW Mounted Infantry, being mentioned in despatches for rescuing **Lieutenant Frederick Allan Dove, DSO** under fire at Mader's Farm on 26 February 1900. Upon his return to Australia after sixteen months service, McDonald rejoined the NSW

Scottish Regiment and continued to play an active role with St John's Ambulance.

He enlisted immediately on the outbreak of the First World War and was appointed honorary Lieutenant Quartermaster with 4 Battalion. He embarked from Sydney on 20 October 1914 on HMAT Euripides, and landed at Gallipoli on 25 August 1915, on which date his rank as lieutenant was confirmed in the field; and he was mentioned in despatches. He was wounded twice at Lone Pine on 6/7 August while leading his company in the capture of Sap C, after the death of both commanding officers, initially suffering a shrapnel wound and later a gunshot wound to his right shoulder necessitating his evacuation to Malta then London for further medical treatment.

For this action, he was again Mentioned in Despatches by Sir Ian Hamilton, the citation in part reading 'he held every portion of the trenches gained, repelling every counter attack and by his courage and the example he set his men enabled every portion of the trenches captured to be retained and strengthened.' (see Bean, vol II, p 513). After recovering from his wounds, he rejoined his unit at Tel-el-Kebir on 24 February 1916 and received his promotion to the rank of Captain on 12 March 1916. On 16 August 1916, four and a half months after the unit went to France, he was killed in action at Mouquet Farm. He was survived by his wife, Helen, and two children.

Captain William Thomas McDonald, an electrical employee (tramways) of Forest Lodge, NSW, joined the Army on 17 August 1914 aged 34. Prior to the War he was in the Militia and had served in South Africa. He embarked from Sydney on HMAT A14 Euripides on 20 October 1914 with the 4th Battalion. He took part in the Gallipoli landing on 25 April 1915 and was wounded at Lone Pine on 8 August 1915. He later fought in France and was killed in action at Mouquet Farm on 16 August 1916.

Letter of condolence, written on paper with a black border.]  
France 28th August 1916

Dear Mrs McDonald

I regret exceedingly to inform you that your husband Captain W. T. McDonald was killed in action on the afternoon of the 16th August 1916.

He was in command of an important section of our trench on the left of the 4th Battalion line in front of Mouquet Farm and while seated close to the side of the trench the fuse of a shell struck him in the chest and death was practically instantaneous

He was lifted into a shell hole & there buried by his men who also erected a small wooden cross on the grave to mark the spot.

The grave is near a culvert crossing the road from Pozieres to Thiepval and on the military maps the exact location would be – Map 57D, S.E. Square R33 A82.

It would be impossible for me to tell you how we miss your husband both personally & in the military sense and we, one & all, join in expressions of sincerest sympathy for you well knowing what his loss must be to you.

Your husband was one of the most trusted & most senior officers in the Battalion and was on all occasions a soldier every inch of him. It may soften your grief to know that he died a soldier's death in a way that he would have admired himself.

Your husband's work will leave its mark on the Battalion and its impression on all who know him for no memory of the 4th Battalion in the first two years of its history will be complete without his figure in it whether as Quartermaster in the early days or latterly as Commander of B. Coy.

Such of you husband's papers as were not wholly destroyed and his other personal effects have been secured by the Quartermaster & forwarded to the Base in the usual way and I hope that you will receive them in due course.

Once more let me tell you of the sense of loss which we all feel and assure you for myself & the rest of the Battalion that you have our very deep sympathy

Yours sincerely  
J. G. MacKay  
Lieut Colonel  
commanding 4th Battalion

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### SCOLD'S BRIDLE



A scold's bridle, having a hinged iron framework to enclose the head and a bit or gag to fit into the mouth and compress the tongue..



A **scold's bridle**, sometimes called a **brank's bridle** or simply **branks**, was an instrument of punishment used primarily on women, as a form of torture and public humiliation. The device was an iron muzzle in an iron framework that enclosed the head. A bridle-bit (or curb-plate), about 2 inches long and 1 inch broad, projected into the mouth and pressed down on top of the tongue.

The curb-plate was frequently studded with spikes, so that if the offender moved her tongue, it inflicted pain and made speaking impossible. Wives who were seen as witches, shrews and scolds, were forced to wear the branks, locked onto their head.

First recorded in Scotland in 1567, the branks were also used in England, where it may not have been formally legalized as a punishment. The kirk-sessions and barony courts in Scotland inflicted the contraption mostly on female transgressors and women considered to be rude or nags or common scolds.

Branking (in Scotland and the North of England) was designed as a mirror punishment for shrews or scolds; women of the lower classes whose speech was deemed "riotous" or "troublesome"; — often women suspected of witchcraft — by preventing such "gossips or scolds" from speaking. This also gives it its other name 'The Gossip's Bridle'

It was also used as corporal punishment for other offences, notably on female workhouse inmates. The person to be punished was placed in a public place for additional humiliation and sometimes beaten. The Lanark Burgh Records record a typical example of the punishment being used, " Iff evir the said Elizabeth salbe fund scolding or railing... scho salbe sett upone the trone in the brankis and be banishit the toun thaireftir" (1653 Lanark B. Rec. 151).

Though primarily used on women, the Burgh Records of Scotland's major towns reveal that the branks were at times used on men as well: "Patrick Pratt sall sit ... bound to the croce of this burgh, in the brankis lockit" (1591 Aberd. B Rec. II. 71) / "He shall be put in the branks be the space of xxiiij houres thairafter" (1559 (c 1650) Dundee B. Laws 19.)

When the branks was placed on the "gossiper's" head, they could be led through town to show that they had committed an offence or scolded too often. This was intended to humiliate them into "repenting" their "riotous" actions. A spike inside the gag prevented any talking since any movement of the mouth could cause a severe piercing of the tongue. When wearing the device, it was impossible for the woman either to eat or speak. Other branks included an adjustable gag with a sharp edge, causing any movement of the mouth to result in laceration of the tongue.

In Scotland, branks could also be permanently displayed in public by attaching them, for example, to the town cross, tron or tolbooth. Then, the ritual humiliation would take place, with the miscreant on public show. Displaying the branks in public was intended to remind the populace

of the consequences of any rash action or slander. Whether the person was paraded or simply taken to the point of punishment, the process of humiliation and expected repentance was the same. Time spent in the bridle was normally allocated by the kirk session, in Scotland, or a local magistrate.

Quaker women were sometimes punished with the branks for preaching their doctrine in public places.

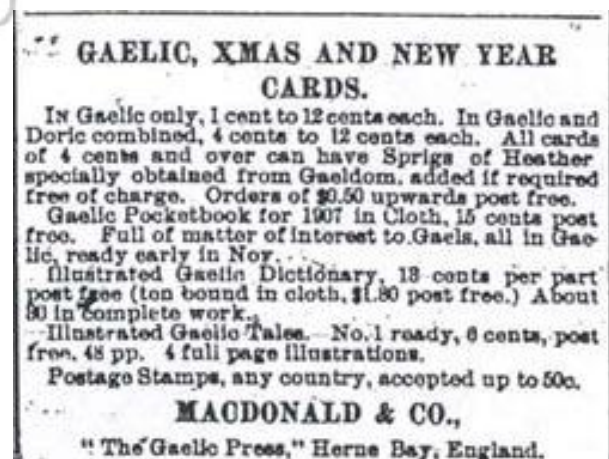
Jougs were similar in their purpose as a pillory, but did not restrain the sufferer from speaking. They were generally used in both England and Scotland in the 16th and 17th centuries.

During the 1500s it spread to some other European countries, including Germany. Some bridles even had a bell on top of them to draw more attention to the wearer, thus increasing their humiliation. It continued in use until the early 1800s as a punishment in German workhouses.

In 1567, Bessie Tailiefeir (pron. Telfer) slandered Baillie Thomas Hunter in Edinburgh, saying that he was using false measures. She was sentenced to be "brankit" and fixed to the cross for one hour.

Two bridles were purchased for use by the Walsall town authorities during the 17th century, but it is not clear what happened to them or even whether they were ever used. In Walton on Thames, in England, a scold's bridle, dated 1633, is displayed in the vestry of the church, with the inscription "Chester presents Walton with a bridle, To curb women's tongues that talk too idle." The story is that someone named Chester lost a fortune due to a woman's gossip, and presented the town with the instrument of torture out of anger and spite.

As late as 1856 it was in use at Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire.



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In Gaelic only, 1 cent to 12 cents each. In Gaelic and Doric combined, 4 cents to 12 cents each. All cards of 4 cents and over can have Sprigs of Heather specially obtained from Gaeldom, added if required free of charge. Orders of £0.50 upwards post free.

Gaelic Pocketbook for 1907 in Cloth, 15 cents post free. Full of matter of interest to Gaels, all in Gaelic, ready early in Nov.

Illustrated Gaelic Dictionary, 18 cents per part post free (ten bound in cloth, \$1.80 post free.) About 80 in complete work.

Illustrated Gaelic Tales. No. 1 ready, 6 cents, post free. 48 pp. 4 full page illustrations.

Postage Stamps, any country, accepted up to 50c.

**MACDONALD & CO.,**

"The Gaelic Press," Herne Bay, England.



## ***Traditional Scottish Recipes*** **- *Whisky-Mac Prawns***

*Whisky with green ginger is known as "Whisky-Mac" (see the [Cocktail](#) recipes) and the same ingredients can add an extra sparkle to prawn cocktail!*

### **Ingredients:**

2 fluid ounces of blended Scotch whisky  
2 fluid ounces green ginger wine  
1 tablespoon of honey  
A 1-inch square of peeled fresh ginger, chopped finely  
2 ripe avocados  
8 ounces prawns  
Lettuce leaves, lemon slices and possibly a whole prawn, for garnish.

### **Method:**

Mix the whisky, green ginger wine, honey, chopped ginger. Peel the avocados and remove the stone. Chop the avocados into bite-size pieces, place in a dish and soak them and the prawns in the whisky mixture for half-an-hour. Place lettuce leaves in six dishes and add the prawn mixture. Finish with a slice of lemon and a whole prawn (if you have one).

*Under the patronage of  
the High Council of the Chiefs of Clan Donald*

**High Commissioner Clan Donald Australia**  
Lachlan Macdonald

### **Commissioner**

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James Keith Macdonald  
Noel Denning  
Heather Denning  
Jim Mair  
Rod Macdonald  
Mark Allan

### **Honorary Piper:**

Alex McConnell

0417 783 740. [alexmc0z@gmail.com](mailto:alexmc0z@gmail.com)



***NOLLAIG CHRIDHEIL EVERYONE  
UNTIL 2017***

*"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never  
brought to mind?*

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot and auld lang  
syne*

*For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,  
We'll take a cup o kindness yet, for auld lang syne."*

### **Christmas Carol**

'Twas a cauld, cauld nicht i' the back o' the year;  
The snaw lay deep, and the starns shone clear;  
And Mary kent that her time was near,  
As she cam to Bethlehem.  
When Joseph saw the toon sae thrang,  
Quo' he: 'I houp I be na wrang,  
But I'm thinkin' we'll find a place ere lang';  
But there wasna nae room for them.

She quo', quo' she: 'O Joseph loon,  
Rale tired am I, and wad fain lie doon.  
Is there no a bed in the hail o' the toon?  
For farrer I canna gae.'  
At the ale-hoose door she keekit ben,  
But there was sic a steer o' fremmyt men,  
She thocht till hirsle': 'I dinna ken  
What me and my man can dae.'

And syne she spak: 'We'll hae to lie  
I' the byre this nicht amang the kye  
And the cattle beas', for a body maun try  
To thole what needs maun be,'  
And there amang the strae and the corn,  
While the owsen mooded, her bairnie was born.  
O, wasna that a maist joyous morn  
For sinners like you and me?

For the bairn that was born that nicht i' the sta'  
Cam doon frae Heaven to tak awa'  
Oor fecklessness, and bring us a'  
Safe hame in the hender-en'.  
Lord, at this Yule-tide send us licht,  
Hae mercy on us and herd us richt.  
For the sake o' the bairnie born that nicht,  
O, mak us better men!