



The Leod Voice



Clan MacLeod Societies of Canada
National Council Newsletter #75
Fall 2021



FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

Armstrong, Barbara Ann “Barb”

December 5, 1935 – August 24, 2021

Barbara Armstrong (nee MacLeod) passed away peacefully at home, surrounded by family and with her very loyal cat Ghillie by her side. Dearly loved wife and best friend of the late Bob Armstrong (2009). Family was everything to Barb. She will be missed terribly by her children Alan (Michelle Courchesne) of Gatineau, Ian (Silvia Arno-Armstrong) of Thunder Bay, Alison Doherty (Tim) of London and Peter of Ottawa, and



by her brothers Jim MacLeod (Heather) and John MacLeod (Marion). A very special Grandma who loved and was so proud of the fine young people her grandchildren have grown up to be; she will be missed by Isabelle (Félix Rousseau) and Jérémy Armstrong, Emily (Joseph Jocks) and Hannah Armstrong, Erin and Calum Doherty. Survived by treasured sisters-in-law Carolyn Walton (Ross) and Marydel Fraser (Ian). A much-loved aunt and cousin to the Armstrong and MacLeod/Clark families. Barb grew up in Toronto, then on the family farm in Dunvegan, Ontario. Following Bob's forestry career moves, they lived in Ottawa, "Swisha", Nepean, Sudbury and then retired to Pakenham. After Bob's passing, Barb moved to Almonte, then to Orchard View by the Mississippi. She made an immediate and positive impact on the community every time! Barb was a dedicated teacher in Rolphton and Sudbury and very enthusiastic and long-time music teacher and choir director in the Carleton Board of Education (Briargreen and Greenbank.) She retired on the same day as Bob in December 1995. Barb was a devoted and active member of the congregation and choir at Parkdale United Church (Ottawa) and Deep River Presbyterian Church (Deep River), as well as choir and music director at Bells Corners United Church (Nepean), St. Andrews United Church (Sudbury) and St. Andrews United Church (Pakenham.) Barb was an enthusiastic member and principal in the Ottawa Savoy Society and member of the Arnprior Community Choir,

and was very happy to join the Women's Institute when moving to Pakenham. Barb was also an avid supporter of Bob in his many musical and outdoor activities, and encouraged and followed closely her children and grandchildren in their many activities and adventures. Born (and always) a MacLeod, Barb was a dedicated member and Past President of the Clan MacLeod Society of Canada. She was a superb organizer of church and community activities and events, and was well-known and loved for being a wonderful cook and baker – for 2 or 200! The family would like to thank the staff at Orchard View for their gentle care of Barb over the past month. The family very much regrets to say that due to COVID-19 protocols, Barb's "Celebration of Life" was invitation-only; however it was streamed live on Saturday September 18 at 2:00 pm – starting a "wee bit late" as per Barb's request: (www.youtube.com/channel/UC0uJq3qYEp_VWGGQojq0m81w).

Our most sincere sympathies to the family and friends of Barbara Armstrong. Δ

MY TRIBUTE TO BARB

by Judy Tipple

Deepest condolences to all member of Barb's dear family, known to so many of the members of Clan MacLeod Societies across Canada and around the world.

Barb was such a vital part of our organization for many years and along with Bob, shared their music and many talents at so many Clan Gatherings.

Barb was an inspiration and model to me from the first time I met her, about 1976 when she organized the MacLeod Dinner and Dance in Cornwall with her father and so began the North American Gatherings.

I was grateful that Bob had relatives on the west coast and so Barb came out to visit several times and we would have a wonderful gathering of our members on the deck of our Richmond home. Barb loved to shop and I'll not forget one very productive trip to Vancouver malls that I had with her.

May many other members of the clan rise in their societies to fill the large void left by her passing. Δ

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Carol MacCrimmon

It is a great honour to accept the position as President of the Clan MacLeod Societies of Canada.

My father, Dr Hugh MacCrimmon of Guelph was CMSC President from 1988-1994. He would be pleased with my continued interest and involvement with Clan MacLeod and Scottish cultural activities.

Firstly, I would like to thank Judy Tipple for her incredible contributions to the CMSC, not only as President from 2016 – 2021, but as editor of *The Leod Voice* for 75, yes 75, printed editions! Judy has led our clan membership to welcome new members and get them involved in Clan activities. It will be a challenge to follow in her footsteps. She has willingly (I believe!) offered to be my mentor.



Secondly, my sincere thanks go to Beth Macleod as she steps away from her position as Treasurer of CMSC after many years of service. Our finances have indeed been in excellent hands.

Please welcome returning and new members of the CMSC executive:

Past President – Judy Tipple

President – Carol MacCrimmon

Vice-President – Malcolm MacLeod

Treasurer – Karen MacLeod

Secretary – Karen Mcleod McCrimmon

Membership Registrar – Diana MacLeod

Webmaster – Neil F. McLeod

Honourary Past President – Jim MacLeod

With the pandemic restrictions slowly lifting, I hope that “in-person” meetings and events such as the Clan Parliament in Dunvegan, North American Gatherings, local society ceilidhs, and Scottish gatherings will soon resume.

I am eagerly looking forward to meeting fellow clans-persons across Canada and beyond.

Hold Fast and Shine Brightly Δ

PAST PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Judy Tipple

It has been an honour and my pleasure to have served as President of CMSC as I greet you now as your Immediate Past President. At last I have been able to transfer the Chain of Office to Carol MacCrimmon when she visited BC in September this year.



You will see the list of CMSC Executive in her President's Report. We welcome to the executive Malcolm and Karen MacLeod from Duncan, BC. Many of you will have met them at NAG 2016 in Merritt where they worked long hours to make the gathering happen.

All regional Clan MacLeod Society Presidents are also included in the Council and it is hoped that they will be willing to involve themselves in the decision making and activities of CMSC by attending the virtual meeting November 18 to discuss any changes needed as we update the CMSC constitution.

Karen MacLeod replaces Beth Macleod as our Treasurer of the past many years; Beth diligently kept us on the right fiscal path and had wanted to retire from the Council for some time. Thank you Beth for continuing your expert service until Karen could be persuaded to take it on. I know that Beth's valuable assistance will be received gratefully by Karen.

Malcolm MacLeod fills the position of Vice President and will be able to put his imagination and resourcefulness into planning for the next two terms.

Jim MacLeod has been designated as Honourary Past President as the knowledge and expertise he brought to the CMSC Council during my presidency was most valuable and will serve our new President well. I will also happily mentor Carol to help her become comfortable in her new position. She has deep roots in CMSC; her vitality and resourcefulness will bring new vision and skills to the organization.

During each executive term of at least four years each new recruit has been able to benefit from the experience of former executive members who have been very willing to act as mentors. This has been very important during the difficult time of the COVID pandemic when we haven't been able to gather together in person. I feel that we have learned much by holding virtual meetings and events and I think that we can make the Internet of even greater use in the future. It has been great to hear the voice of friends but seeing their faces is even more welcome.

Being a part of a Clan MacLeod Society, whether as a leader or simply a participating member, broadens the field of Scottish interest, knowledge and friendships for each of us. Participation is key. That has been my experience over the nearly half century of my involvement. Many of you have memories of your involvement from even further back and I honour you.

May we all continue to HOLD FAST and SHINE BRIGHTLY. Δ

GLENGARRY GOLFERS

On a bright sunny day:

Jack Sutter,

Kate MacDonald,

John MacLeod and

Rowan McPherson



CMS GLENGARRY NEWS

by Helen MacLeod, CMS Glengarry

Our golf event on Sunday September 19 was a beautiful summer day under full sun. We had 30 golfers out to enjoy the Glengarry Golf Club. It was wonderful to see some of the teams with inter-generations being represented. John MacLeod's foursome had great success on Hole 4 with scoring an Eagle (which means 2 points under the par.) After the game we gathered on the patio for some refreshments, meals and visits with friends. Thanks to everyone who made our day such a success. Looking forward to next year's event. HOLD FAST. Δ



Ray & Helen MacLeod,

Below:

Doreen Macleod

Howes,

Mary MacLeod,

Diane Riley, and

Judy MacLeod

*enjoy lunch after their
golf round*





*GOLFERS IN
GLENGARRY
TOURNAMENT*

*Kenny McDonell,
Sandra Macleod
McDonell, Janice &
Ian McLeod*

AND MORE GOLFERS

*Bill MacLeod, Dougal
MacLeod, Rachel Fraser,
Carol MacLeod*

*Below: Floyd McRae,
Joanne, Pauline annd Bill
Beauchamp*



VICTORIA HIGHLAND GAMES 2021

by Malcolm MacLeod, CMS BC Vancouver Island



On September 4 and 5 the annual Highland Games were held, the 158th and the longest running Games in Canada. This year's celebration was a scaled back version due to COVID, held on the grounds of Craigflower Manor. We were allowed a maximum of 5000 people on the field and most wore masks. We normally have our games at Topaz Park in Victoria where a crowd of 10,000 would gather each day and it is hoped to be able to hold them there again next year.

This year's event featured Highland and Irish dancing, Celtic bands, Heavy Events, Whisky tasting, a Beer Concession, a Lions Club Food Court, several other vendors, a Clan tent area as well as guided tours of the Manor house itself.

Present at our communal Clan Tent Area were the Clans MacLeod, Murray, Stewart, Leslie and MacAulay with Chief Joan McAulay from Saskatoon being the Chieftain of the Games. Joan and her husband Doug have been attending the Victoria Games for several years; they also attend games all across Canada but the Victoria Games are their favorite. Doug couldn't get time off work this year, and was much missed.

One fellow I met at the Games was Iain MacLeod who is from Mallaig, Scotland and used to fish in the Sound of Sleat and around the Islands of Canna, Rum, Eigg, and Muck. I regret not being able to talk with him



Clockwise: Malcolm doing what he loves most explaining the map; Opening ceremonies with Jim Maxwell; Brian Bowmman; Jim and Donna Maxwell; Joan MacAulay; Troy More; Karen and Malcolm MacLeod at the clan tent



Joan McAulay and Malcolm relaxing at dinner after the Games



longer as I was leading tours of the Manor house and had to go. I am going to contact him again and bring him into Clan MacLeod and learn more about his life there around Skye and the other Islands.

The Hudson Bay Company hired Kenneth MacKenzie in 1852 to come to Fort Victoria to manage a farm to supply provisions to the Fort and the Naval Base at Esquimalt. MacKenzie had four daughters and two sons when they came to Victoria and two more sons were born here. Also in his company were 27 laborers and their families. When they arrived on the ship *Norman Morrison*, there was nothing ready for them and they had to sleep communally on the floor of a storage shed until they were able to build accommodations for themselves. Since everything else had to be built first, (sawmill, bakery, smithy, brick kiln, dairy, school, etcetera) the Manor house wasn't ready for occupation until 39 months after their arrival. Today the building is in very good condition because of the fact that it is built on a stone foundation and it is very representative of the period. Many original artifacts, books and personal effects are displayed in Craigflower Manor, hence it is a very popular heritage house to tour.

The new community centre will be located on the grounds of Craigflower Manor and construction is coming along nicely. It can be viewed on the web site Craigflower Community Center.

Donations can be made to help the project along. Δ



Artist's concept of the Centre located on the grounds of the historic Craigflower Manor overlooking the Gorge Waterway.

VICTORIA SCOTTISH COMMUNITY CENTRE SOCIETY

Exerpts from a commentary on a site visit by Ian Booth (President)

The Victoria Scottish Community Centre Society continues to be amazed with the pace of construction on the new centre being built at Craigflower Manor. All exterior walls are framed up and the steel columns for the large glue-laminated beams for the ceiling are expected to arrive on site in the first week of November, well ahead of schedule. This means that the roof will be on before the end of the month.

If you wish more details on these, please visit the website which is available at: www.victoriasscottishcommunitycentre.ca. Δ



NOTHING SAYS “SCOTLAND” LIKE A THISTLE

MY LIFE AS A YOUNGSTER DURING WWII

by John MacLeod, CMS BC Van Island

During WWII, I lived with my Grandmother and two of my aunts in Cartierville, Quebec. My mother was away in a war job and my father was in the Army. My older brother was serving in the Merchant Navy. As a result at six years old I was the man of the house or I should say the only man in the house.

My family was from Alberta, as a result our relatives who were on active service and going overseas would look us up on their way.

Of the MacLeods, Alex was the first to sign up with the RCAF in 1941 and was on his way overseas. Jack MacLeod, Alex's brother saw us on his way overseas in 1942. Jack was a private in the South Saskatchewan Regiment. As we both had the same name, my aunt had a lot of fun teasing us. Jack was a wonderful story-teller; he entertained me and my friends with stories of the wild west. Leaving us that night on his way overseas, he promised to write to us.

The war years seemed to last forever and bad news came frequently. My aunt was married to a Scotsman who was a marine engineer in the Merchant Navy. As a result most of their friends were in the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. Two of the Merchant Navy friends were lost at sea and one of their Navy friends was a prisoner of war of the Italians in the Mediterranean.

My mother's two brothers were on active service in Britain, one in the RAF was killed and one in the Army was missing in action. My grandmother had lost her husband in WWI and now her sons; she was never the same.

I went to a French speaking school and was taught by nuns. The nuns were strict but fair; time seemed to fly by. I enjoyed school, the order and discipline gave me a sense of belonging. In 1945 my grandmother had a stroke and died. My mother left her war job suffering from cordite poisoning and returned home.

Then we had the news that President Roosevelt died, then Germany surrendered and the war in Europe was over.

My older brother came home on leave from the Merchant Navy and my mother took advantage of his presence to help us move to BC. I said good bye to my friends in Quebec and we got on the CNR train from Montreal heading to Vancouver. The train was made up of the old fashioned colonist cars. It was full of walking wounded Army and Navy, so all the berths were reserved for the wounded. The result was that we slept in our seats all the way to Vancouver.

My brother sat with my mother as she was still quite ill; as a result I was able to roam the train at will. There were some soldiers from the South Saskatchewan Regiment and I asked them if they knew my cousin Jack MacLeod. One of the soldiers was a MacLeod and he knew all the MacLeods as they would get one another's mail but he wasn't familiar with Jack.

When we got to Toronto a few children and teenagers came on board; as a result I made friends with a brother and sister travelling with their aunt and going to Calgary.

Their aunt was in her early twenties and already a widow as her husband was killed while serving in the RCAF. Her maiden name was MacLeod so she was pleased to learn we were also MacLeods. I made friends with her niece who was my age and a real tomboy. Her name was Grace but she was known as Gracie. She liked to wear boys clothes and boots. Her brother Tom was younger and a real book worm who stayed with my mother and his aunt reading, leaving his sister and me to roam the train, checking out all the nooks and crannies.

We made friends with some of the younger soldiers who were still teenagers or a bit older. Gracie could roll dice and shuffle a deck of cards with the best of them. We made a lot of friends and when we got to Calgary all my friends left the train including Tom and Gracie.

My mother had made friends with a Navy Wren who was travelling with her nephew who was my age and going to Victoria. His name was Angus, his father had been killed early in the war and his mother had remarried. Angus did not get along well with his stepfather so it was decided he would live with his aunt and uncle in Victoria. Angus' aunt had to report to the Navy office in Vancouver so it was decided that Angus would stay with us until we got to Victoria. Angus was very quiet and more like an adult. He was seventeen and got along very well with my brother and my mother. Angus' aunt was looking forward to seeing her new husband who was in the Army but still overseas.

Finally we arrived in Vancouver, stayed overnight in a hotel and took the *Princess Joan* the next morning to Victoria. Angus and I roamed the ship with my brother explaining everything from the life boats to the 20 mm Horlekon anti-aircraft guns on the wings of the bridge.

We arrived in Victoria and as it was still summer there seemed to be flowers everywhere; the future seemed bright and there were rumours that the war with Japan would be over soon.

My brother returned to the Merchant Navy and my mother got a job with room and board so I would be staying with Angus' aunt and uncle until we could get settled. Angus' uncle was an Army Recruiting Sergeant and a WWI veteran. It was a happy time for me; the war would soon be over and all the servicemen and women would be coming home.

Finally the war was over and all the MacLeods had survived the war or so I thought. I found out by accident that Jack and Alex had been killed in the war and their father was living on Vancouver Island, so I was able to find out how they died.

Alex MacLeod joined the RCAF on February 12, 1941 in Calgary, Alberta. He was killed in action October 13, 1942, age 20, while serving with the 185 Squadron in Malta. The little Island of Malta was a crucial base for the Allied Forces and underwent severe bombing raids. It is recognized as the most heavily bombed place on earth during WW II.

Alex received several honours including the Citations 1939-45 Star, Air Crew-Europe Star, Africa Star, Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and Clasp and the War Medal for 1939-45. He was posthumously awarded RCAF Operational Wings in recognition of gallant service in action against the enemy October 25, 1946. At the time of his death, Alex was a Flight Sergeant but has no grave as his body was never found. His name is on the Malta War Memorial in Malta, on Panel 5, Column 2.

When I last saw my cousin John MacLeod, he was in the South Saskatchewan Regiment and when he arrived in England he was drafted into the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada.

John MacLeod joined the Army June 6, 1942. He was killed in action December 26, 1943 during a fierce battle at Ortona, Italy. He received the Citations 1939-45 Star, Italy Star, Defence Medal, Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and Clasp. At the time of his death, Jack was 19 years of age. The fighting at Ortona was severe and costly. Jack's body was found buried beneath the rubble of a building on the night of December 25-26 and was buried in the Moro River Canadian War Cemetery in Italy in Plot 8, Row G, Grave 7.

I didn't discover that Jack and Alex had died until 2007 as their father and my parents had died by then and I had no one else who had knowledge of their Service Records until I tracked them down online. Δ

HONEYMOON IN NOVA SCOTIA 1967

by Donald C. McLeod, editor of *The Carolina Piper*

After being married in Chapel Hill in 1967, Priscilla Hager McLeod and I headed for a driving trip through New England to Nova Scotia. I had become interested in my Highland roots and, I must confess, dragged my new bride along. She asked where is Nova Scotia? Canada Maritimes. Why there? It is filled with Scots. Lots of Macs just like the Sandhills of NC. Did you forget I am of German descent? No, but we cannot afford Germany. And a kilt is more charming than lederhosen!

The matter settled, we were soon at the harbor in Halifax enjoying azure skies and a great maritime scene. I struck up a conversation with a local who was a McLaurin. He said his ancestors, during the American Revolution, left NC from an area now named Laurinburg. They were Loyalists to the British Crown, and life had become so difficult with pillaging rebels that they left for New Brunswick and later Nova Scotia.

McLaurin's biography is not unusual. About 100,000 Loyalists fled the former 13 colonies for a new start in Canada, Jamaica, West Indies, Florida (Spanish territory), Britain or west of the Appalachians. Numbers are a guess, but probably at least 2000 Highlanders left NC. Those with British military service often received land in Canada and some with confiscated businesses or plantations received partial compensation from the Crown. The case of Alexander McLeod of Glendale, Isle of Skye, is interesting. He immigrated to NC in 1774 and settled in present-day Moore County near Carthage. He was brother to Col. Donald McLeod who led the Loyalist charge and was killed at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge. Alexander was married to Ann, the daughter of Allan and Flora MacDonald. He was a 22-year veteran of the British Army having served in India, the Philippines and Canada in the French and Indian War. He escaped Moore's Creek and joined British forces in New York. His estate and property were seized and an award offered for the capture of his family. After a lengthy examination after the hostility ended, Alexander received partial restitution from the Crown for his NC losses, and he and Ann returned to Skye. Δ

ST. ANDREW'S DAY

by Larry Scott editor of the *Scottish Newsletter*

On the last day of this month, somebody might say “Happy St. Andrew’s Day” to you, but I doubt it. People get much more excited about that other icon of Scottish identity, Robert Burns, whose namesake day is on January 25. The latter is celebrated with poetry, haggis, bagpipes and scotch. In contrast, St. Andrew’s Day is celebrated with minimal fanfare.

St. Andrew’s Day (Scottish Gaelic: Là Naomh Anndrais), was proclaimed as Scotland’s official national day and designated a bank holiday by the Scottish Parliament in 2006. While people of Scottish descent associate St. Andrew with Scotland, he is also the patron saint of Cyprus, Romania, Russia, the Ukraine, Bulgaria, the Ecumenical Patriarchate of Constantinople, San Andres Island in Colombia and Saint Andrew Parish in Barbados. I doubt that those places utilize bagpipes and kilts as part of their celebrations!

St. Andrew is a saint in the Catholic calendar and his feast day is therefore potentially observed in Catholic churches. Where Scots have immigrated in the English speaking world, there might be a touch of tartan or even a Scottish hymn added to the liturgy; however, in most countries St. Andrew is more generic and often is associated with the national identity of that country.

Prior to the COVID pandemic, St. Aidan’s United Church in Victoria hosted a Kirkin’ of the Tartans Service in April, but this event was related to Tartan Day, not St. Andrew’s Day. Scottish-born and retired Anglican Bishop Logan McMenamie has commented, tongue in cheek, “I like St. Andrew because he’s the only saint with a Scottish name!” For Canadians generally, the last Sunday of November is significant not because it is the closest Sunday to our St. Andrew’s Day (November 30), but because it is often Grey Cup Sunday! (This year the latter sports festival is taking place on December 12 in Hamilton.) For church attenders, it is also the case that November 28 happens to be the First Sunday of Advent. And Hanukkuh falls this year on November 29. On November 30, St. Andrew’s Day often jostles for position with both religious and sports festivals that take up our calendar.

St. Andrew’s Day is a bigger deal in Scotland than in Canada. Scotland is somewhat pragmatic about the timing, which is automatically moved to the next Monday if St. Andrew’s Day falls on a weekend. It is a matter of individual company policy if the employers actually give their

employees a day off on that bank holiday, even for banks!

Most places fly the Saltire instead of the Union flag on Saint Andrew's Day. Apparently historic Edinburgh Castle is an exception because it is controlled by the British Army and therefore it follows British Army protocol in flying only the Union flag. On a less official level, people celebrate the day with Scottish food, music and dance. There is a giant ceilidh held in Glasgow City Centre at night, on St. Andrew's Day.

How traditions get started is rather an interesting question. People who concern themselves with popular history believe that the celebration of St. Andrew's Day as a Scottish national festival probably goes back to the time of Malcolm III (1034-1093.)



The choice of the disciple Andrew as a patron saint for Scotland arises because Saint Andrew is believed to have died on a diagonally transversed cross which the Romans sometimes used for executions and which therefore came to be called a St. Andrew's Cross. There is a tradition that the disciple Andrew became an early missionary to the Black Sea area, and descendants of those Scythian believers are thought to have travelled to Fife in Scotland as early missionaries. If so, they would have brought the St. Andrew's Cross with them.

This is a belief that is not historically verifiable, but traditions have a life of their own in shaping national identities.

The heraldic symbol for the St. Andrew's Cross is called the Saltire, (white diagonal cross on blue back-ground.) It became the flag of Scotland in the 15th century. The St. Andrew's Cross is a constituent of the Union Jack, adopted as the flag of the United Kingdom, in 1801. Info for above article was excerpted from sources in the public domain and from: www.scotland.org



Other sources attribute Oengus II, King of the Picts, made St Andrew the Patron Saint of Scotland in the middle of the 10th Century, and this day has been celebrated in Scotland ever since. Δ

HAPPY TARTAN DAY APRIL 6

by Ian C MacLeod, CMS Greater Vancouver

April 6, is officially recognized as Tartan Day in Canada, the USA and Argentina. Along with Robbie Burns Day (January 25) and St Andrew's Day (November 30), Tartan Day is a day on which Scots, and those with Scottish ancestry, remember and celebrate their heritage.

First, a bit of history. Following the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his followers at Culloden on April 16, 1746, the victorious British (mostly English) went on a killing frenzy against the Scots Highlanders. The English also tried to destroy the Highland Clan system. That included the *Act of Proscription*, which banned the wearing of Highland dress (which included tartan.) They also effectively banned the bagpipes ("instruments of war"!) That *Act of Proscription* was repealed on July 1, 1782.

April 6 was chosen as it commemorates the signing of *The Declaration of Arbroath*, the declaration of Scottish independence, made on April 6, 1320, following Robert the Bruce's victory at Bannockburn, near Stirling, on June 24, 1314 – remember the closing battle in Braveheart! (In Australia and New Zealand, Tartan Day is celebrated on July 1, as the anniversary of the repeal, as above, of the *Act of Proscription*.)

There are about 6 million Scots in Scotland, and between 28 and 40 million people of Scots descent around the world. About 5 million (or 15%) of Canadians claim Scottish ancestry.

There are perhaps 11,000 tartans registered with "The Scottish Register of Tartans" (effectively a copyright office for tartans.)

There are at least 33 (30 registered) with the MacLeod name, but the three most commonly worn are the MacLeod of MacLeod/Harris (green/blue), MacLeod of Lewis (yellow/black) and MacLeod of Raasay (red/black.)

I have also designed and registered a tartan for the Clan MacLeod in Canada. (See my summary of all of those tartans on the Clan MacLeod Societies of Canada web page, at <https://www.clanmacleod-canada.com/tartans-crests.html>.)

The Maple Leaf Tartan was approved as an official symbol of Canada on March 9, 2011.

So, on April 6, we wear our tartans and we remember our proud and storied heritage and maybe even hoist a wee dram – of single malt "no e" whisky, of course! Δ

ASSOCIATED CLAN MACLEOD SOCIETIES (ACMS)

Has everyone explored the revamped website? www.clanmacleod.org
For those who perhaps did not know of the composition of ACMS, here is some general information.

The ACMS represents MacLeod Clan Societies in Scotland, England, Canada, USA, Australia, New Zealand, France, Switzerland, Germany, South Africa, with interest from Sweden also.

It also has representation from the three active Chiefs of the Clan (Chief Hugh MacLeod of MacLeod, Chief Torquil Donald MacLeod of the Lewes and Chief John MacLeod of Raasay.)

The ACMS President is currently Peter Macleod (NSW).

The Management Council meets twice per year via Skype. It oversees project committees (current head in brackets) such as:

Honorary Vice President (Al McLeod);

Honorary Treasurer (David MacLeod);

Honorary Secretary (Dorna Caskie);

Young MacLeods (Bron McLeod);

Dame Flora Communications (Peter Macleod);

Editor, Clan MacLeod Magazine (Kevin Tolmie);

Internet Editor (Emma Halford Forbes);

Business Manager (Tamie Vawter dealing with merchandise);

Corresponding Secretary (Ruth MacLeod);

Coordinating Genealogist (Andrew MacLeod);

Rory Mor Fund (John N. MacLeod dealing with Fundraising and Finance);

Alasdair Crotach Project Development (vacant at present, dealing with cultural projects and archives);

and the National Societies Presidents or representatives who are elected by each National Society in their own way.

Elections for the Council Offices are held at Clan Parliament (a week long Gathering of diverse activities) every four years.

The Associated Societies have equal representation, not proportional. Australia does not have a constituted national body but has three regional constituted Societies, which through their committees, elect a National Coordinator/Representative to be on ACMS Council. Alex McLeod (SA) is currently that officer.

Current National Presidents or representative are:

Scotland, Rory MacLeod

England, David MacLeod
Canada, Carol MacCrimmon
USA, John W. McLeod
Australia, Alex N. McLeod
New Zealand, Laurence McLeod (ex-president)
France, Michel Maclot (Alain MacLeod for communications in English)
Switzerland, Erwin Theiler
Germany, Regina Lochel
South Africa, Brenda Morris (ex-secretary) Leonard McLeod (ex-president) Δ

SOME TIPS FOR ENHANCED LIVING DURING A COVID PANDEMIC

by Alex McLeod in the South Australia Clan MacLeod News

Milk your books for every intrigue and inspiration they hold. I love old *National Geographic* magazines for the naivety of the world of past decades.

Play your music, and dance a little, when no-one is watching.

Relish morsels of very delicious food.

Know friends are at the end of a phone, or pen and keyboard.

Scrapbook your life and pass it down to other generations.

Write and illustrate a Journal of Love;- your hopes, joys, a life well lived. Select 20 photos and write a story about each one, so you have treasures to share even when the mind is feeble.

Enjoy a common cultural experience, and social occasions, virtually or in small groups.

We understand that our opportunities have been very limited, but when an event can be attended it must be relished. Our committees in their planning for events also need to feel confident that they will be supported. Δ



THE BRIDGE BUILDER

An old man going a lone highway
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fear for 'im
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim, near,
“You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again will pass this way;
You’ve crossed the chasm, deep and wide
Why build you this bridge at the evening tide?”
The builder lifted his old gray head:
“Good friend, in the path I have come,” he said,
“There followeth after me today,
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim; good friend,
I am building this bridge for him.”
by Will Allen Dromgoole, circa 1900 Δ



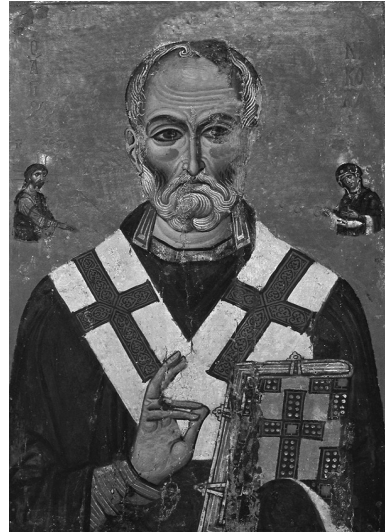
Double Scotch on the Rocks

THOUGHTS ON HANGING CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

[Ed. I lost track of where I got this article; I apologize to it's author.]

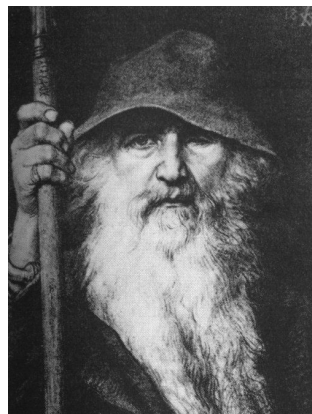
It is hard to pin down precisely when people started hanging Christmas stockings – either by the fire or at the end of their beds (like I do) – but we are able to say with certainty that the tradition must have been in full swing by 1823. We can assert this as, Clement Clarke Moore's *A visit from St. Nicholas*, was published that year. We all probably know the poem better as "Twas the night before Christmas", anyway this poem says in its opening stanza "The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there" which clearly shows that it was a well-known tradition at the time. I know this doesn't give us an exact date for the origin of this tradition but it at least points to it having been established for at least two centuries.

So much for the when, let's have a look at the much more interesting why. Clearly the tradition of hanging stockings has a lot to do with the story of St. Nicholas who was a real historic figure. St. Nicholas was a 4th century bishop in Myra, Turkey, born to wealthy parents who died when he was young, leaving him a great fortune. Nicholas used this wealth to help those less fortunate than himself, this trait led to the popular origin of the stocking tradition. The story is that St. Nicholas heard about a poor merchant whose three daughters would not be able to marry as a result of the father's poverty. In those days it was expected that the father of the bride would provide a dowry to the groom, being unable to do so would leave the girls with few options. In order to save the girls from lives of servitude or prostitution, St. Nicholas sneaked into their house at night and placed money into the girls' stockings that were drying by the fire. The girls, upon waking, were over the moon as they could now get married. News of this spread and eventually it became a tradition across Europe from where it moved to the USA and beyond.



Saint Nicholas

An alternate origin story is that the modern stocking comes from an ancient Norse tradition. It was commonly held that Odin led the Wild Hunt – a large group of ghostly or other-worldly horse riders in the sky. Odin famously rode a grey horse called Sleipnir and children would leave carrots, straw, oats, sugar cubes etc. in their shoes outside the house for the horse to eat. In return for the kindness the children had shown to his horse, Odin would leave sweets and money in the children’s shoes. Δ



Odin

THE HISTORY OF HOGMANAY

from [www.https://www.historic-uk.com/HistoryUK/HistoryofScotland/The-History-of-Hogmanay/](https://www.historic-uk.com/HistoryUK/HistoryofScotland/The-History-of-Hogmanay/)

Only one nation in the world can celebrate the New Year or Hogmanay with such revelry and passion – the Scots! But what are the actual origins of Hogmanay, and why should a tall dark stranger be a welcome visitor after midnight?

It is believed that many of the traditional Hogmanay celebrations were originally brought to Scotland by the invading Vikings in the early 8th and 9th centuries. These Norsemen, or men from an even more northerly latitude than Scotland, paid particular attention to the arrival of the Winter Solstice or the shortest day, and fully intended to celebrate its passing with some serious partying.

In Shetland, where the Viking influence remains strongest, New Year is still called Yules, deriving from the Scandinavian word for the midwinter festival of Yule.

It may surprise many people to note that Christmas was not celebrated as a festival and virtually banned in Scotland for around 400 years, from the end of the 17th century to the 1950s. The reason for this dates back to the years of the Protestant Reformation, when the straight-laced Kirk proclaimed Christmas as a Popish or Catholic feast and as such needed banning.

And so it was, right up until the 1950s that many Scots worked over Christmas and celebrated their winter solstice holiday at New Year when family and friends would gather for a party and to exchange

presents which came to be known as hogmanays.

There are several traditions and superstitions that should be taken care of before midnight on the 31st December: these include cleaning the house and taking out the ashes from the fire, there is also the requirement to clear all your debts before “the bells” sound midnight, the underlying message being to clear out the remains of the old year, have a clean break and welcome in a young New Year on a happy note.

Immediately after midnight it is traditional to sing Robert Burns’ “Auld Lang Syne”. Burns published his version of this popular little ditty in 1788, although the tune was in print over 80 years before this.

“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.”

An integral part of the Hogmanay party, which is continued with equal enthusiasm today, is to welcome friends and strangers with warm hospitality and of course lots of enforced kissing for all.

“First footing” (or the “first foot” in the house after midnight) is still common across Scotland. To ensure good luck for the house the first visitor should be a dark male, and he should bring with him symbolic pieces of coal, shortbread, salt, black bun and a wee dram of whisky. The dark male bit is believed to be a throwback to the Viking days, when a big blonde stranger arriving on your door step with a big axe meant big trouble, and probably not a very happy New Year!

The firework displays and torchlight processions now enjoyed throughout many cities in Scotland are reminders of the ancient pagan parties from those Viking days of long ago.

The traditional New Year ceremony would involve people dressing up in the hides of cattle and running around the village whilst being hit by sticks. The festivities would also include the lighting of bonfires and tossing torches. Animal hide wrapped around sticks and ignited produced a smoke that was believed to be very effective in warding off evil spirits: this smoking stick was also known as a Hogmanay.

Many of these customs continue today, especially in the older communities of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. On the Isle of Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides, the young men and boys form themselves into opposing bands; the leader of each wears a sheep skin, while

another member carries a sack. The bands move through the village from house to house reciting a Gaelic rhyme. The boys are given bannocks (fruit buns) for their sack before moving on to the next house.

One of the most spectacular fire ceremonies takes place in Stonehaven, south of Aberdeen on the northern east coast. Giant fireballs are swung around on long metal poles each requiring many men to carry them as they are paraded up and down the High Street. Again the origin is believed to be linked to the Winter Solstice with the swinging fireballs signifying the power of the sun, purifying the world by consuming evil spirits.

For visitors to Scotland it is worth remembering that January 2nd is also a national holiday in Scotland, this extra day being barely enough time to recover from a week of intense revelry and merry-making. All of which helps to form part of Scotland's cultural legacy of ancient customs and traditions that surround the pagan festival of Hogmanay.

CLANS AND SCOTTISH SOCIETIES OF CANADA (CASSOC)

Founded in 1976, CASSOC's purpose is:

- To advance Scottish Cultural Heritage in Canada, such Scottish culture be defined to include, but not be restricted to, traditional Highland, Island and Lowland cultures, whether in Scotland, Canada or wherever Scottish Culture may be expressed;
- To foster the organization of and co-operation and communication between Scottish federations, clans, societies or groups through the initiation and co-ordination of projects and undertakings;

Membership in CASSOC is open to any and all organizations which promote or encourage some aspect of Scottish tradition or culture, represent a link between the Scottish people and their descendants and relations in Canada, or seek to develop an understanding of the role Scotland and its culture has played in the development of Canada and its history.

AN DROCHAID - The Bridge is the newsletter of CASSOC and is published in March, June, September and December. Clan MacLeod is a member of CASSOC and so all members can receive the newsletter. www.cassoc.ca/androchaid.htm Δ

EDITOR'S PAGE

Communication is the sharing of thoughts, feelings and knowledge as well as the discussing of ideas.

I want to thank Helen, Malcolm, John and Ian — MacLeods all — for their news, photos and articles included in this issue of *The Leod Voice*. There is more real CMS news in this issue than in several previous issues and I am very grateful; still many items in this issue come from the newsletters received and from the Internet.



It is my dream that the vacuum which I hope will occur by my retiring as editor will encourage someone to take on the challenge to create a CMSC newsletter of their own design and that each Society will make a concerted effort to put together some items of news, history, personal stories or interesting views to be ready to send to the future editor.

My appeal to each CMS member is to take some time to think of a story that you could tell or an article you would like to share or review of a book that you found delightful; length is not important. The important thing is to share.

Don't put the responsibility to create a report for your Society in this time of no events or gatherings on the shoulders of your executive.

It may not be all that soon that we can again come together at Highland Games and Clan Gatherings. Parliament 2023 will hopefully be our next opportunity to meet face to face in clanship with long time friends.

My best wishes to all for an enjoyable Holiday Season. May your Hogmanay bring joy along with a sense of peace, good health and comfort.

Hold Fast to your Scottish heritage and Shine Brightly! Δ

My address:

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Renew your membership to your Clan Society early so that your contact person can send the list to CMSC Membership Registrar **Diana MacLeod** at:

cmscmembership@gmail.com by **March 1** and **September 1**.

CMSC Newsletter
c/o Judy Tipple
PO Box 111
Saturna Island, BC
Canada V0N 2Y0



- Canadian
National and
Provincial tartans**
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 6. Quebec
 7. Ontario
 8. Manitoba
 9. Saskatchewan
 10. Alberta
 11. British Columbia
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