



Clan Matheson Society

NEWSLETTER NO 37 AUG 1983

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Chief of the Clan:

Major Sir Torquhil Matheson of Matheson,
Baronet of Lochalsh

Price to non-members £1.00 or \$2 (Canadian)

THE CHIEF'S MESSAGE

Standerwick, August 1983

The publication of this newsletter is timed to the opening of the Gathering – so, 'Welcome to the Cape Breton Gathering of 1983'! None of us, who attended the Gathering of 1979, will forget the tremendous family spirit and sense of purpose which we experienced. Judge Lewis Matheson and his energetic assistants have again organised a full and varied programme. To them and our Canadian secretary, Rand

Matheson, who has also contributed a lot of hard work, our grateful thanks.

Those of you who are unable to travel to Cape Breton will not be forgotten, and we will raise our glasses and drink to your health and happiness. We shall be thinking particularly of our Australian kith and kin who suffered so disastrously in the forest fires earlier this year.

'Slainte math' to you all!

Torquhil Matheson of Matheson

KEEPING IN TOUCH - AND ITS REWARDS

by David W. Matheson, Lochmaben

The summer of 1968 found my wife and myself driving to Rome for a special purpose. Not only were we looking forward to seeing some of the great treasures of Italy; we had an assignation with the United States' Ambassador and his wife at their residential palace. What had we done to merit such a privilege? The reason is simple – the Ambassador's grandmother and mine were sisters!

It happened thiswise: my paternal grandmother, née Margaret Cameron, and her sister Charlotte, were born in the parish of Knockbain in the Black Isle about 1850. Margaret married one Murdoch Matheson, then a blacksmith's assistant, and they moved south to Coatbridge where Murdoch took a job as pattern maker in the iron works. They had six children, one of whom was to be my father, who studied medicine and spent the rest of his life in medical practice at Wigan in Lancashire.

Meanwhile, the younger sister Charlotte had become engaged to a young engineer named McKenzie, who sailed for America about 1870 to make his fortune. He got work as an engineer, and the great day came when he 'sent for' Charlotte to join him. With great courage, and alone, Charlotte set forth on a sailing ship from the Clyde, bound for New York and a new life. There was no going back, and no second thoughts in those days.

On land, the eager young McKenzie, rushing from Virginia to meet his sweetheart, was knocked down by a horse-drawn cab in New York and taken to hospital unconscious. Some time elapsed before he came-to, to see a visitor at his



Charlotte Cameron aged about eighteen, circa 1870.

bedside, a casual acquaintance from the time of the accident. Remembering his mission, he beseeched the visitor to rush to the docks and meet Miss Cameron and tell her what had happened.



Margaret Matheson née Cameron circa 1915

All was well. Immigrants *had* to be met by their contact or they could not be allowed to enter the country. The tearful girl was just about to be taken back to Scotland again, when the breathless chap arrived to claim her. She was re-united with her lover, and when he recovered they were married and had nine children, brought up in Michigan. One of their daughters married in Kalamazoo and had four children, one of whom, Gardner Ackley, was an outstanding student and had a distinguished career as professor of economics, finally being asked by President Kennedy to be his Chairman of Economic Advisors.

Gardner accepted the killing but fascinating job, and held it

until Kennedy's assassination, carrying on to serve President Johnson in the same capacity. When Johnson was replaced, Gardner resigned, and was rewarded for his service to the nation by the appointment as Ambassador to Italy.

It was at this point in Gardner's sparkling career that we arrived in Rome to meet him and his wife for the first time. We were received like Royalty at the Embassy and bemused by the sumptuous Villa Pariola, the official residence, with its private grounds and swimming pool. Dinner conversation was, by our choosing, largely about Gardner's Washington years, of doings behind the scenes in the Capitol building, private crises in the White House, of the tumult at the time of the Cuban crisis and later the Vietnam war. Captains and Kings were part of Gardner's daily duties and he was on nodding terms with famous personalities throughout the world. The Ambassador, and his 'Ambassatrice' were thoroughly enjoying the much less demanding role they were playing in Italy, although still moving in very elevated circles. They showed us many treasures, including a unique bronze head of President Kennedy inscribed 'From John F., to his friend Gardner' of which they are very proud.

Our rapturous welcome, however, was because we represented their Scottish roots, of which they were terribly proud. We spoke of Charlotte and her brave voyage of a century ago, and heard one or two more details about it, and then Bonnie commented, 'We surely bless all our Matheson cousins' (meaning my grandmother, my parents and latterly myself), 'for keeping contact by mail over a hundred years!'

We agreed that without that, none of us would have known what happened to Charlotte's line, and we wouldn't have known anything about her grandson, who was living, in 1968, next door to ex-King Constantine of Greece and his Queen ('Such a friendly couple, poor dears' says Bonnie).

Gardner has now returned to the quieter tenor of university life in Michigan. They came to see us last year in Scotland, and we had a letter from them this Christmas. They were about to take over the New York Hilton Hotel for the annual conference of the American Economic Association, of which Gardner is President . . .

The contact is still going well. Wouldn't Charlotte have been proud!

A NORTH AMERICAN ADVENTURE 1983

by Bella Matheson of Matheson

An early start on 29 March and I was away for my great adventure across the Atlantic Ocean. Fiona, the friend I was due to tour with, was already in Canada having been ski-ing near Lake Louise and we had arranged to meet, eight weeks earlier, at a certain motel in Calgary. So it was with a great deal of relief that we were united, both fit and rearing to go. I

must admit to a certain amount of partying with various friends that night to celebrate my third visit to Alberta, but we had no difficulty in rising the next morning to catch the train to Vancouver. Of the twenty-one hours it took to reach our destination I really only enjoyed the first six, since I was able to persuade the engine drivers to let us ride with them on the footplate from Banff right across the Rockies into B.C. to Field through the Spiral Tunnel and The Kicking Horse Pass. It was the first highlight of the holiday and had the added attractions of my being allowed to hoot the horn at the road crossings and a snowball fight with Fiona during the blizzard when we stopped at Lake Louise.

However, some 650 miles later in Vancouver, I was less enamoured with Canada's slow and stately rail system and my inability to take advantage of the reclining seats, i.e. I barely slept the whole trip. By now I was fifty hours out of Britain and thoroughly over-tired.

Undeterred, we stored our luggage in lock-ups and set off to 'do' the City of Vancouver and Stanley Gardens in a day before meeting up and spending the night with some Canadian ex-school friends of Fiona's. More socializing and less sleep!

Amid the Vancouver rain we left the mainland the next day, and set sail for Vancouver Island and Victoria, where we rang up some friends of a friend of mine who invited us to stay with them near Brentwood Bay. However, we took so long in finding their house they more-or-less gave us up, deciding we were part of an elaborate April Fool played by their daughter. Luckily we materialised before they cancelled dinner and thus we enjoyed more Canadian hospitality. Fiona and I drew lots for the bed and the sofa. I got the short straw, but as everyone was sitting on the sofa and my body had decided it was time now for a snooze, I curled up on the floor amidst a rowdy game of monopoly and went to sleep. In due course, when they managed to wake me, I was directed to the bedroom! Poor Fiona.

However, it was a good investment, and the next day I awoke in a much better frame of mind, de-jet-lagged and able to tackle Victoria in the morning and a spot of fishing later. Sadly the fish were otherwise engaged as we never got a nibble, perhaps they didn't enjoy my rendering of the 'Eton Boating Song' and 'Rule Britannia'. Once we had mastered the boat and baited our rods we settled down in the sun to enjoy a late lunch, until it rained. We then abandoned the fishing for the cabin and wrote a message for the now empty wine bottle and tossed it overboard. Then it was back to the Wynns' minus our allotted four salmon (the maximum we were allowed to catch) for Easter Dinner. Luckily, Jackie had not been depending on our dexterity with a fishing rod as a meal provider! After supper we had a tremendous Easter Egg Hunt with clues that left Fiona and I completely bewildered as to the whereabouts of our eggs!

Easter Day arrived, and it was time to move on. We left

Victoria on a ferry for Port Angeles (and our first visit to the States) followed by a coach trip to Winslow to catch the ferry to Seattle. A marvellous experience sailing up to all those fabulous highrises with a cloudless blue sky as a back-drop.

After we had checked into our hotel we celebrated Easter with an expensive Chinese supper, during which I had a bitter fight with my first American telephone when ringing Janet Matheson Dorn to announce our imminent arrival with her. We loved Seattle, but sadly lacked the time to really explore, and after a late breakfast the next day at the Fish Market, we took a taxi back to the Greyhound Station. The driver rightly realised we were tourists and everytime he approached a green light he slowed right down until it had changed, thus extracting the maximum fare from us.

Back on the road again, and after an all too brief stop at Portland, another beautiful city, we reached Janet and her daughter, Jennifer, at Eugene in time for supper. Poor Janet,



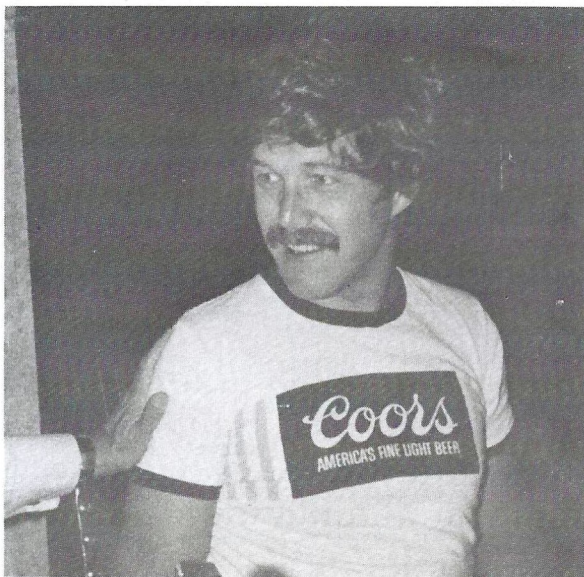
Bella and Janet

Fiona and I were both so exhausted we fell asleep soon after; but the next day we were able to catch up on all the Matheson gossip and genealogies as well as touring Eugene

and its surrounding area in Janet's enormous Cadillac. Another glorious day, the first they'd had for months and I bought a T-shirt saying 'People don't tan in the summer in Oregon, they rust' to remind me that it didn't rain at all whilst we were there.

After supper it was, guess what, time for the bus again, for fifteen hours, and we arrived rather dishevelled in San Francisco after lunch the next day. In spite of having slept well on the trip we were both the worse for wear when we met Bob Matheson in his Pacific Telephone Office later – and that took some finding since I had lost his room number, and Pacific Telephone seem to own a lot of buildings in New Montgomery Street.

However, I was extremely impressed to find him wearing his Matheson Tartan tie (amongst other things of course) and he showed us around his studios before taking us to Redwood City where he lived. We went out for some 'fast food' for supper, and I am ashamed to say I was unable to do justice to the Dairy Queen Visit I had been three years dreaming about, and could only get a quarter of the way through my Chocolate Brownie Delight.



Bob Matheson

Bob took us to San Francisco each morning – at the crack of dawn – and back each evening, always it seemed by a different and delightful route, so in the week that followed we got to know the city quite well and almost mastered the bus system. Idyllic days – lunches on Fisherman's Wharf, visits to Chinatown, bay cruises and a hilarious expedition up the Nappa Valley for a wine tour, where our fellow tourists

were, like us, only there for the wine sampling and not too concerned how distilleries function. We all got quite good at avoiding these particular tours and moved straight in to the tasting ceremonies, palate fatigue or not!

However, with Bob, weekends took on a new dimension. Saturday brunch – champagne and blueberry pancakes made by his own fair hands. Duly impressed, Fiona and I set out to cook a typically English dinner that night. After a transatlantic telephone call to consult the Chief and his Lady for ideas we agreed upon a menu.

We then had to tackle the shopping – I say tackle because it would seem even the most basic of ingredients either had a different name or pronunciation, or both and thus we had a slight communication breakdown, but much amusement in preparing the meal, especially since we weren't entirely sure of the recipes. Nevertheless, everyone seemed to enjoy our creations, with no noticeable ill-effects and on the spur of the moment after supper we found ourselves whisked away to Half Moon Bay and a first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean.

We spent the night at Montara – Fiona and I were lent an enormous water bed – (panic, I didn't have my seasick pills with me!) and the next morning we joined a demonstration by the local residents, complaining that a landslide three months earlier blocking the road to San Francisco was still uncleared. We all ended up on the television that night, on the news. Fame at last. We then went down on to the beach and whilst we were attempting to build a sand castle, we spotted two or three whales basking in the sun and spouting water just 100 yards offshore. We were incredibly lucky to witness such an unusual event as it was totally out of season.

On our last day in San Francisco (never Frisco) we took Bart underneath the Bay Bridge to Rockridge for lunch with some cousins of Fiona and they drove us around and up Berkeley Hill where all the 'undesirables' hang out. Being Jazz Musicians they also serenaded us, before we left, with / *Left My Heart in San Francisco*. Rarely have truer words been spoken.

And so all there was time for was a final visit to Bud's Ice Cream Parlour which left me totally defeated by an Orange Sherbet; I left it in Bob's deep freeze to eat later – I wonder if it is still there?

So it was good-bye San Francisco, hello Los Angeles. What a comedown. The bus depot was indescribably foul and after being propositioned by a dozen unsavoury characters we bolted for the first hotel we came to. A mistake, we should have taken a taxi as after we'd checked in we found we'd been followed. I shall not dwell on our experiences, suffice to say we fled to our bedroom, barricaded ourselves in and held a council of war. Two days was all we reckoned we could stand before moving on to Loretta Matheson in Arizona. No supper that night – we were too scared to leave our rooms, bugs and all, and we turned up the

television full blast to drown the police sirens. Sadly we missed seeing Bill Mathieson as he was off to Las Vegas the next day, but he did advise us where to find a better hotel.

The next morning we were up very early and checked out of the Hotel Cecil. We decided to be extravagant, do L.A. in style and checked into a really decent hotel. After a bath and some clean clothes we felt civilised again and set off for Santa Monica for a lunch date. Peggy drove us all around Sunset Blvd where we saw all the millionaire dream houses and went film star spotting at the Farmer's Market. Later we sat on the beach, in the sun by the now non-existent pier and wrote postcards. However, we were still being bothered and two flashers later we went back to our hotel.

The next day we took a tour to Disneyland. What impressed me most here was the efficient way they organised the lengthy queues in such a small area and the total lack of litter. Maybe we were just anti-L.A., but neither of us thought a lot of Disneyland. It was just too over-dramatised and theatrical, but we did particularly enjoy a couple of rides.

Back on the buses again, and away from the cities into deepest Arizona, Cacti forests and Loretta. Wow! She kept us pleasantly exhausted from the moment we arrived until we left. What a fun-packed week. We barbecued with her son Lee, wife Billie-Jean and sons Jim and Jason, and took a fabulous trip to Mexico. We drove down to Nogales via the scenic route, only I slept most of the way, visited Old Tucson where they were filming *September Gun*, the Sonora Desert Museum which had a fascinating array of Desert Fauna and Flora and the beautiful San Xavier Mission.

Another day we went hiking into the Suspicion Mountains – the Bermuda Triangle of Arizona – and climbed 1,000ft avoiding snakes, etc., to Weaver's Needle. What a spectacular view!

We also had the opportunity to be turned into 'Gun-toting Mamas' and were allowed to fire a Ringer .357 Magnum in the desert. Fiona proved to be a crack shot (having had some experience) unlike myself who had never fired a gun before. What excitement when I finally hit the three Coors beer cans piled up – even if it was from quite close range. John Wayne, eat your heart out!

Our final day was spent Western riding in the desert which was quite hilarious as we had been provided with some really lazy beasts. The cowboy who had hired them to us said they were fairly wild, so maybe it was just too hot. We were in no danger of getting lost. Every time we turned in the direction of home their pace quickened quite considerably!

In between all this action, pizzas, ice creams, barbecues, swimming and slumming we did manage to get quite satisfactorily sunburnt and when we regretfully parted from Loretta on a flight for Edmonton we both had a healthy glow about us.

Here Fiona and I parted, she to cousins and I to an old friend.

Well, I had been complaining to Fiona that I had lacked mental stimulus on the buses and the next day I found myself adding up dressage scores at an Edmonton Horse Show. My brain would hardly function – far too full of good living, I fear!

On to Red Deer, to the farm where I had spent a memorable and happy summer in 1979, and it was here that I collected my best souvenir of the trip. I managed to part company from a large and clumsy horse called Gollum rather ignominiously cantering round a field. As there were no witnesses to the incident, I shall maintain he did something absolutely diabolical to dislodge me, but I guess I shall never know. Anyway, every part of my body ached, as I got thoroughly kicked and when I finally decided to stop being a hero and get my ankle X-rayed it was found to be chipped. I became the proud owner of a plaster cast on my right ankle. Curses! It somewhat curtailed my activities and still, at the time of writing, is. However, it served to prevent any more stable cleaning, etc., but I was fortunate to be present when a certain lady named Coffee gave birth to a lovely little colt foal one evening.

Well, all good things have to come to an end and having attended the Christening of my godson Mathew John Baumann, I boarded the 'plane for Britain and back to sanity. I think it must have rained every day in my absence; after a week in Arizona, and two weeks in Alberta, England was like a film set from the 'Day of the Triffids'!

So watch out all you Mathesons abroad, your Chief's youngest daughter is planning another foray across the seas. You will be unable to resist my pathetic phone call 'I am at the Greyhound bus depot and I should love to see you' (i.e. I am in your city, I have nowhere to stay and haven't had a decent meal since the last Matheson fed me). I will invade your privacy, abuse your hospitality and enjoy being shown around, you have been warned. What a marvellous way to meet more Mathesons.

Long Live Clan Matheson!

CLAN MATHESON'S KIRKIN' O' THE TARTAN

*by Rand H. Matheson,
Hon Sec, Canada Branch*

The Clan Matheson Church Service at Little Narrows, Cape Breton, on 18 August will include a modified version of the Kirkin' o' the Tartan. The 'Kirkin' of a single tartan is the exception rather than the rule. It will also be somewhat unique in that the tartan flags are emblazoned with the Matheson heraldic lion. The flag bearers will be representatives of the various branches or sections of the Clan Society including Canada, the United States and Cape Breton.

The 'New World' origin of the ceremony is attributed to the late Reverend Peter Marshall of the New York Avenue

Presbyterian Church, Washington, D.C., and was first held under the auspices of the St Andrew's Society of that city on 27 April 1941.

Since 1954 the ceremony has been an annual event at the Washington National Cathedral. From its beginning forty-two years ago, the 'Kirkin' has spread to Clan and Scottish gatherings or events throughout the United States and Canada.

The first 'Kirkin' in Canada was held about the mid-seventies in Glengarry County, Ontario, and since 1976 it has been held in Toronto every two years under the auspices of Clans and Scottish Societies of Canada (CASSOC).

There is no fixed ritual to the 'Kirkin'. It is adjustable to the facilities and personnel available whether the ceremonies are held inside or outside the church. However, protocol is necessary where national, provincial or regimental flags, standards or colours are involved.

Whatever authenticity there may be to the Scottish folklore of secret blessings to bits of tartan during the repressive years following the 1746 Act proscribing the kilt and tartans, the fact remains that there has emerged those family symbols, represented by the tartans, that inspire kinship and pride in the family concept which is flourishing throughout the world wherever Scottish roots exist.

The spread of the 'Kirkin' ceremony bespeaks the recognition of its solemnity, its heritage aspects and the names that Scottish descendants wish to perpetuate.

*See also 'Kirkin o' the Tartan' by Janet Matheson Dorn in Newsletter No 30. Editor.

3RD MATHESON CLAN PARLIAMENT 1983 AGENDA

1. Minutes of last Parliament. A resumé can be found on page 5 of Newsletter 34.
2. Matters arising.
3. Ratify Constitution. To be issued at the Gathering.
4. Treasurer's Report.
5. Subscriptions for next five years.
 - a. Life.
 - b. Annual.

Note. The main expense is our lifeline – the Newsletter, without which we would lose touch, and we would cease to be a Clan Society.

The current charges from U.K. are—

- a. Two issues printed £440. (note 700 copies per issue)
- b. Two issues posted within U.K. 25p (131 copies per issue)
- c. Two issues posted to Europe 36p (4 copies per issue)
- d. Two issues posted to S. Africa, AIR 48p (5 copies ")
- e. Two issues posted to Antipodes, AIR 50p (44 copies ")

- f. One packet of 125 copies, Canada, AIR £7.6p* Twice Yearly
- g. One packet of 175 copies, U.S.A., AIR £8.42p* Twice Yearly

*This does not take into consideration further postage distributing individual copies within Canada and the USA.

6. Clan Gatherings.
 - a. International ... how often, where?
 - b. Local ... as required, funded by participants.
7. Future of the Clan Newsletter.
 - a. Format.
 - b. Frequency.
 - c. Contributions.
 - d. Correspondents.
8. Any other business.

This agenda is inserted for the benefit of those unable to attend.

THE MATHESON ILLUSTRATION – McIAN PRINTS

The principal figure in the illustration of this clan is a female who wears that antique and now disused garment called an Arisaid, the same in which Margaret Matheson effected the escape of her second husband, Angus Macleod of Assynt from her house in Lochalsh when it was fired by John



Matheson elder son of her first husband Alastair MacRuari, when he returned to claim his patrimony c.1450. It is white, striped with yellow, but the pattern varied according to the taste of the wearer. Martin describes the Hebridean ladies in this dress which was 'made of sufficient length to reach from the neck to the ankles, and being nicely plaited all round, was fastened about the waist with a belt, and secured on the breast by a large brooch. The belt was of leather and several pieces of silver intermixed, giving it the semblance of a chain, and at the lower end was a piece of plate about eight inches long and three broad, curiously engraven, and ingeniously adorned with fine stones, or pieces of red coral.' They wore sleeves of scarlet cloth like those of the men, laced with gold or silver, and adorned with buttons of plate set with precious stones*. The hair was plaited on each side, the ends being tastefully fastened with ribbons.

The boy wears a doublet and feilebeag of the appropriate tartan, with deer-skin cuarans high up the leg.

*Scottish Gael, i.264

CONGRATULATIONS

★ To Alan Keith Matheson on his recent marriage to Dr Susan Mary Helm at Perivale, Middlesex.

★ To Colin Angus Matheson of Edinburgh University on being awarded a scholarship to study at the University of Massachusetts.

★ To Captain Alexander Matheson, Coldstream Guards, on his forthcoming marriage to Miss Katharine Oswald.

★ To Dr Ann Matheson, daughter of the late Alexander Matheson of Dornie, on her appointment as a Keeper of Printed Books in the National Library of Scotland.

★ To John and Karen Monroe, son in law and daughter of Janet Dorn, on the births of their daughters Sara Anne on 20 August 1981, and Christina Michelle on 6 December 1982.

CORRESPONDENTS

★ A horrific picture of the devastation of the bush fires, which swept the state of Victoria, was painted in a letter from Betty Salathiel of Melbourne. Hardly anyone escaped knowing of friends or kinsfolk affected.

★ Another letter from Jeff and Gail Matheson in Brisbane provided newspaper cuttings and photographs which complemented Betty's letter. People, who have not experienced the terror and utter destruction of a fire-storm, find it hard to believe the complete obliteration of homes, livestock, crops, and woodlands . . . in fact, everything.

GENEALOGY

Sadly our hardworking genealogist, Janet Dorn, will be unable to attend the gathering as she recently missed her

footing on her stairs and experienced a painful tumble, which has incapacitated her somewhat. We wish her a quick recovery. Nevertheless, she has been active with her researches and has forwarded some twenty folders and further entries to previous work.

One particular folder, that of Malcolm Matheson of Stockton, California, caught the Editor's eye, for Malcolm's grandfather, Malcolm, is shown as a master shoemaker in Stornoway, where he died in 1887. In the extracts from the Lewis Rent Roll of 1870-71 which appeared in Newsletter 36, he appears under entry 1031.

Malcolm 'Shoemaker' does not appear in the 1880 Roll, but there is a Malcolm 'Ropemaker' under entry 419. Can Malcolm 'Stockton' throw any light on this matter?

Members are asked to send any fresh evidence on their family history, which may come to light from time to time, to Janet who will process it and distribute it to those who hold copy files.

OBITUARIES

We regret to announce the following deaths, and wish to express our sincere sympathy to their relatives.

★ Mr Andrew Matheson, Kyle of Lochalsh, January 1983, aged 51 years. Andrew was the son of the late George Matheson, plumber, of Kyle. He served with 20th Field Regiment, R.A. in Korea 1952-54. He is survived by his wife Catherine, daughters Mhari, Marjory, Annabel and Alison, and son George Duncan; also brothers Ian and Hamish, and sisters Tina (Mrs Madden) and Daisy (Mrs Main).

★ The Rev James Ure Stewart, Seaforth, Ontario, on 8 November 1982, aged 100 years and 5 months. Readers will recall the appreciation of him which appeared in Newsletter 35 on the occasion of his 100th birthday. He is survived by his wife Laura, his son and two daughters.

★ Mr William Matheson, Kyle of Lochalsh, June 1983, aged 74 years. Willie was a guard for British Rail for 36 years. He is survived by his wife Christina, two sons and daughters, a sister and two brothers, one of whom is Farquhar (Fachie), who looks after Mathesons visiting Lochalsh from afar.

★ Commander Patrick Matheson, R.N., died on Christmas Eve 1982 at Ormiston, Hawick. He was the second son of Hugh Matheson of Little Scatwell. A Signals specialist, he served for many years between the wars on the China Station. During the last war he served in the Atlantic and in Canada. In 1943 he married Jean Grant of Rothiemurchus, the widow of his younger brother Ian who was killed in action in the Scots Guards in 1940, who survives him. They had a son, Hugh, an Olympic oarsman and winner of the Diamond Sculls, and two daughters, Catriona and Margaret, who is currently making a documentary television film about the Kennedy family.

CRIOMAGAN

★ Kay Matheson of Inverasdale, Wester Ross, contested the new constituency of Ross, Cromarty and Skye in the recent United Kingdom General Election on behalf of the Scottish Nationalist Party, but was beaten to the post by the Social Democratic candidate. Kay is well known on both sides of the Atlantic for her championship of all matters, Highland and Gaelic.

★ Mrs Christina Matheson, Kyle of Lochalsh, recently retired as a clerk and telephone operator in the Kyle exchange and received a number of presentations. Sadly, one week later, her husband William died, an obituary notice appears elsewhere. We offer her deep sympathy.

★ The Clan Tartan Centre at Aviemore has been revising the contents of clan certificates which its computer produces. The Chief, with the assistance of Mr Malcolm Pringle, has rewritten the Matheson text, eliminating a number of confusions, and bringing it up to date, emphasising the global spread of the clan.

★ It is always a great pleasure when a cousin comes to light! On this occasion, the grandson of my grand uncle Donald Matheson, brother of Sir Alexander, 1st Baronet. He is William W. Wannamaker, Jr, of Orangeburg, South Carolina. He is also a cousin of Duncan Eaves who has frequently visited us. Chief.

HOW TO JOIN THE SOCIETY

Membership of the Society is restricted to persons spelling their name Matheson or Mathieson or whose parents or one set of grandparents spelled their name similarly. Persons who spell their name Matheison, Mathison or Matthewson will be considered for membership if they can establish the Highland origin of their family.

For members living in the UK or overseas (excluding North America) the annual subscription is £1 or £10 for life membership: applications for membership should be sent to the Hon Treasurer at Dunkeld with the appropriate sterling cheque. Annual members are requested to amend their banker's order from the old rate of 50p to £1 forthwith.

Applications for membership from persons living in Canada or the USA should be made to the Hon Secretary in the country in which they live. The subscription rates are \$5 for annual membership and \$50 for life membership in both currencies concerned.

Annual subscriptions will become due on the first of January each year but members joining after 30 June in any year will not become liable for a further subscription until the end of the following year.

Any person whose annual subscription is eighteen months in arrears will be deemed to have resigned from the Society. If he or she wishes to rejoin, application for membership will have to be made afresh.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

Convener and Hon Secretary, Edmond J. M. Matheson, 1 Braehead Drive, Carnoustie DD7 7SX.

Hon Treasurer, Norman S. Matheson, 15 Atholl Gardens, Dunkeld PH8 0AY.

Hon Secretary (Canada), Rand H. Matheson, 200 Elgar Park, Apt 306, Nun's Island, Montreal, Quebec H3E 1C8.

Hon Secretary (USA), Leslie Matheson, 3850 Laurel Glen Drive, Broadview Heights, Ohio, 44147.

Clan Genealogist, Mrs Janet Matheson Dorn, 4437 Apt 2, Fox Hollow Rd., Eugene, Oregon, 97405. (Members are invited to send their family histories to Janet with any queries they may have.)

Hon Secretary Emeritus, Mrs Jean Matheson Fries, 11 West Guyer Lane, St Louis, Missouri, 63131.

Editor, the Chief, Standerwick Court, Frome, Somerset BA11 2PP.

Clan Pipers, Duncan Matheson, Brora and Mrs Linda Matheson Munroe, Cape Breton.