

THE SCOTS CANADIAN

Issue VIII

Newsletter of the Scottish Studies Society: ISSN No. 1491-2759

Winter 2000-01

Kathie Macmillan named Scot of the Year 2001

Top Canadian business executive Kathie Macmillan has been named Scot of the Year 2001 by the Board of Directors of the Scottish Studies Society.

The award will be presented at the Society's annual Tartan Day Dinner which will take place at the Old Mill Restaurant in Toronto on Wednesday, April 11 (cocktails at 6:30 p.m., dinner at 7:30 p.m.). Tickets are \$150 per person and more information can be obtained from Robert Stewart at (905) 294-4389 or e-mail at rstewart@pathcom.com.

Kathie, whose ancestors hail from the Island of Skye on Scotland's west coast, graduated from the University of Western Ontario in 1979 with an Honours Degree in Business Administration. Since September 1st, 2000 she has been President and CEO of Goldfarb Consultants, one of the largest global marketing research companies with its head office in Toronto and consulting offices

located throughout Europe, the UK and the Americas. In her role as President, Kathie is responsible for overall business strategy, client development as well as day-to-day operations.

Key activities have included the completion of Goldfarb's first strategic plan, implementation of new financial reporting processes and procedures, stabilization and growth of existing client base, business growth and the completion of a targeted new business development plan.

Kathie has had extensive corporate experience in marketing, sales and general business management and has served in executive positions with a major North American financial institution as well as various multinational food and consumer products businesses in Canada, the USA, Latin America and the UK. Working with clients all over the world, she has developed strategies associated with branding, customer communications, corporate advertising as well as customer and employee loyalty and retention.

Specifically, Kathie spent 13 years with the diversified health care company Warner Lambert working out of Toronto, New Jersey, Latin America and the UK. Kathie then moved on to the Campbell Soup Company as General Manager and VP of Marketing. During her tenure at Campbell's, Kathie was involved in a major plant rationalization process, a strategic re-focus of Campbell's core business and improved portfolio management of key businesses as well as being part of a dynamic new management team.

Immediately prior to joining Goldfarb Consultants in November of 1998, Kathie spent more than four years with the Bank of Montreal as Vice President of Corporate Marketing. While at the Bank, Kathie was involved in business strategy development and corporate communications not only at the Bank of Montreal, but at Nesbitt Burns



Kathie Macmillan, Scot of the Year 2001

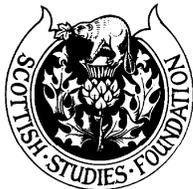
and the Harris Bank in Chicago. The bulk of her time was associated with overall bank branding, advertising and sponsorship initiatives, retail bank products, services and strategies, the mbanx launch and operations but she was also responsible for all bank research with both customers and employees.

But in addition to her business pursuits, Kathie has always found time to be active within the community at large. Dedicated to the objectives of MADD (mothers against drunk driving), she is currently Vice Chair of its board as well as the Chair of its Finance and Resources Committee. Kathie also chairs the Gender Portrayal Panel for Advertising Standards Canada. Before that was chair of the Association of Canadian Advertisers and was Chair and Treasurer of the Print Measurement Bureau. She is also a member of the Marketing Committee for the United Way of Greater Toronto.

Kathie's interests include telling a good joke, enjoying fine wines, exploring the parks of Toronto with two dogs, and a keen passion for golf - anytime, anywhere!

Scots Wha Hae

*a desire to nurture and preserve
their heritage in Canada
are invited to join*



**THE SCOTTISH STUDIES
FOUNDATION**

*a charitable organization
dedicated to actively supporting the
Scottish Studies Program
at
The University of Guelph*

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Website: <http://www.scottishstudies.ca>

Letter from the Chair



Dear Fellow Members,

During this past summer, while preparing some remarks about the Foundation for a gathering of the Clan Macleod, I thought that it would be appropriate to include a brief history of our organization and of the University of Guelph to which it is so inextricably linked. Having carried out that assignment, it occurred to me that, with so many new members having joined our ranks over the last two to three years, some type of explanation as to when, why and how both the Foundation and Scottish Studies at Guelph came into being might also be of interest to many of you.

Now, having reviewed the material available, I've come to the conclusion that this exercise is best carried out in two parts. I'm going to use this letter to members to outline a brief history of the University of Guelph and the beginnings of Scottish Studies at that institution. Then, in the next edition of the newsletter we shall feature an article by Harry Ferguson, the first Chairman of the Foundation, on the circumstances under which the organization was founded and its several accomplishments over the years.

The University of Guelph and Scottish Studies

The University of Guelph was created in 1964 on the foundation of three institutions with long histories of involvement in higher education in Ontario. They were The Ontario Veterinary College, which was

founded as a private institution in Toronto in 1864, taken over by the Provincial Government in 1922; The Ontario Agricultural College founded as a branch of the Provincial Department of Agriculture in Guelph in 1874; and the MacDonal Institute, founded as a school of Domestic Science, on the Guelph site in 1903. Thus, by the 1920's, the Government had assembled on a single campus those elements of teaching and research that were thought to be essential in support of Ontario's agricultural community. Through the next four decades, while related to and funded by the Provincial Government, all graduates of university level programs at the three "colleges" were granted degrees by the University of Toronto.

By the early 1960's, however, Ontario was entering what many were calling a crisis in higher education, as demand for university places, by secondary school graduates began to increase at an unprecedented rate. Forecasts indicated that new places, at the rate of 10,000 a year, for each year of the 60s and into the 1970s, would have to be created. This meant that existing universities would have to be created and some institutions of higher learning, which did not then have university status, would have to expand both programs and facilities to become full-fledged universities.

Not surprisingly, the Federated Colleges at Guelph, as they were briefly called, were at the top of the list, in the latter category. Thus in 1964, the University of Guelph was born. The major attention to the Guelph program was in the area of Arts and Science. Originally organized under the banner of Wellington College, the new faculty obviously required not only new facilities on campus but also the recruitment of qualified staff to teach the newly established courses.

Among those who joined Guelph in those early days was Dr. Stanford Reid. A Scots Canadian, who came to Guelph from McGill University where, as a Professor of History, he had over a number of years, taught courses in Scottish Studies.

Thus for a number of reasons, it seemed appropriate that he should transfer his interest and his expertise and share it with Guelph students. After all, the "new" university sat on a site which was part of a settlement and planned town with strong Scottish roots, founded by John Galt in 1827. Further, one did not have to look far to see that the Scottish connection remained strong on campus with, at that time, a university President named MacLaughlin, a Dean of

Arts named MacKinnon, and a Chief Librarian named MacRae, and a dozen or more Scottish names filling out the roster of the faculty.

But Reid soon learned that there were other, more pragmatic reasons, to promote Scottish Studies at Guelph. At McGill, his major involvement in the field had been with graduate students and quite naturally he looked forward to continuing to work at this level in his new posting. But it quickly became apparent that the established universities, while happy to have the new institutions share the load at the undergraduate level, felt that the graduate studies should be left to them. The only concession they were willing to make was that they would not object if Guelph were to specialize in a field not already available in Ontario. To this, Reid responded (to himself), in an expression he was oft happy to repeat, "I've got you, boys!" Thus did Scottish Studies become a new and important program, for both graduates and undergraduates at the University of Guelph. Stanford Reid was to remain on the faculty of the University from 1966 to 1978 and was, without question, the driving force behind the continued expansion of Scottish Studies.

Fortunately for the program, following his retirement, the University and Scottish Studies were able to recruit another dynamic individual in Dr. Ted Cowan from the University of Edinburgh. He was to give both voice and impetus to the program. But as Cowan viewed the overall situation he began to develop concerns that, with university funding becoming tighter and tighter and the realization that within the university's overall curriculum, "Fashions" could change, he became convinced that something could and should be done, not only to give Scottish Studies additional support on an ongoing basis, but to provide an assured future as well.

Endowing a Chair of Scottish Studies, it was suggested, could provide the latter, and towards this end he began discussions with people like Harry Ferguson. It was out of those discussions that, in 1986, the Scottish Studies Foundation was born (and, as previously noted, we'll have Harry Ferguson, pick up the story at this point, in our next newsletter).

I hope that this type of background information is of interest to all of you. Wishing you all the best in the year 2001.

Sincerely
Ed Stewart

Black diamonds and family gold

by George Hutchison

Mitchell Blake George Hutchison lives in London, Ontario. He shares a playhouse with his older sister Erin, overlooking a backyard in-ground swimming pool. He has his own bedroom, a bike, a wagon, computer games and a limitless future. He is five years old.

His father is Blake George Sidney Hutchison. He and his wife Sherry are a hardworking couple who live in London, Ontario in a two-storey house with three television sets, a sauna, an aquarium and microwave oven. Their transportation is a van with a CD stereo player and, of course, air conditioning. Blake George Sidney Hutchison is 35.

His father is George Preston Hutchison. That's me. My wife Elaine and I live in easy comfort in a two-bedroom condo in downtown Toronto. We subscribe to theatre, ballet and the Toronto Symphony. We both work, because we want to. We also play a lot. I am 60.

My father was George Hutchison. He would have been 100 years old this year, had he lived, which was never in the cards. His was a losing hand. He arrived at the wrong end of the century.

Born into a penniless family in Fife at the end of the Victorian era, Dad's past was black and his future bleak. The son of a coal miner. The grandson of a coal miner.

His only lucky childhood break was surviving the periodic outbreaks of scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles or diphtheria that ravaged the tiny primary school at Hill of Beath.

According to a village history ... "due to the poverty some endured, many children did not have boots or proper protective clothing, and therefore could not attend school if the weather was particularly bad."

Housing was rudimentary. Rows of two-room barracks were built by the Fife Coal Company to accommodate their chattels, who, until the 1800s, lived in virtual servitude.

The village historian tells us that ... "water was provided by means of outdoor wells

Hill of Beath is a former mining village in Beath Parish, West Fife, situated between Cowdenbeath and Crossgates. It lies at the foot of Hill of Beath which rises to 786 ft. (242 m). Mining was developed there by the Fife Coal Company which acquired an existing local colliery in 1887.

spaced at intervals in the main street and in the mining rows. The main streets were laid with packed ashes. There were no pavements. Roadways through the rows were similarly laid. On rainy days they were a morass of mud. The houses for the most part were cockroach ridden and bug infested. Miners' wives used their husband's mining carbide lamps to kill pests in the walls."

My father was born at 2 Pond Row on March 27, 1900, the son of George Hutchison, coal miner, and Isabella McPherson, jute mill worker.

Most will know Fife as the pie-shaped kingdom along the north shore of the Firth of Forth. On the crust side, by the North Sea, is St. Andrews, where rich kids play golf. St. Andrews is the birthplace of the game. Hill of Beath is near the pointy end, not far from Dunfermline.

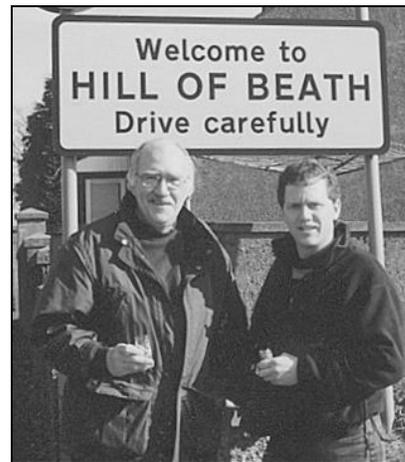
Dunfermline was, with some irony, the birthplace of Andrew Carnegie, who would become the richest man in the world forging steel in the United States. He left many libraries and monuments bearing his name, including the famed Carnegie Concert Hall in New York City. His philanthropy, late in life, probably sprung from the hardship borne by his childhood kin.

Historians say they have been mining coal in this part of Scotland since the 12th century. I suspect the Hutchisons have been miners for at least a few of the intervening centuries. I wouldn't be surprised if the family takes its name from the hutchies used to haul the coal from the depths for the Fife Coal Company.

Dad was born in Hill of Beath as the century dawned. His village of today is a pleasant bedroom community for breadwinners who commute to nearby farms, to factories in Dunfermline, or offices in Edinburgh across the new Forth Road Bridge. A century ago, belching collieries dominated the grubby little village, where men, women and children were sacrificed to power the industrial revolution and heat the homes of the more fortunate.

The magnificent old Forth Bridge continues to carry rail traffic across the mile-wide firth to this day. The rust-red cantilevered span was an engineering marvel, the world's first major steel bridge, opened in 1890, partly to speed the extraction and delivery of "black diamonds" from Fife, the kingdom of coal, to Edinburgh and markets to the south.

The children of Hill of Beath frequently missed classes. Poorly clothed. Poorly fed. Often orphaned. One official school break was laughingly called the "potato holiday," because kids were given a break from the pits, a "week off," they called it, to help with the harvest. For hundreds of coal-town families in Fife, the nights were black and



George Hutchison and son Blake toasting the past, present and future at Hill of Beath, March 27, 2000

the days blacker. Boys followed men to the mines at dawn, emerging at sunset to their two-room rowhouses, soiled and sore; sometimes injured.

Dad was a year old when seven men died of "white damp" -- carbon monoxide poisoning -- in the Engine Pit at Hill of Beath. Hundreds were maimed or killed across Scotland, England and Wales every year. The toll was not recorded so much in human lives as lost assets to the coal companies who owned the miners.

Only the deft and lucky ones survived. A contemporary writer explained that ... "the first lesson the young miner learns is that of self defense."

"When on haulage roads," he wrote, "he is taught to run to manholes when hutchies are coming toward him. If at the foot of a wheel brae, he learns to clear away when hutchies are running, lest a chain break and the hutchies run back on top of him. If he is working on the wheels, he learns how to manipulate the chain without allowing his fingers to be hauled in. If at the coal-face, he

Writer George Hutchinson was born in Toronto of Scottish parents. A former reporter with the Chatham Daily News and the London Free Press, Hutchinson is the winner of two National Newspaper Awards, numerous Western Ontario Newspaper Awards, a Southam Fellowship, a B'nai Brith Award and a Mitchener Award for meritorious public service through journalism. In 1977, he authored the book *Grassy Narrows*, an account of the impact of mercury pollution in Ontario. Hutchinson is returning to his writing desk after almost 20 years in the Ontario Public Service. There he served as Press Secretary to former Premier David Peterson, Director of Public Affairs at Ontario House in London, England, Director of Communications in the Ontario Ministries of Economic Development Trade and Tourism, and Natural Resources.



George with his father in 1943

is taught how to support the roof, the difference between a good roof and a bad one, and the best method of preventing coal from falling on him."

"He very soon grows accustomed to the dangers around him. He becomes adept at skipping over and between hutches, and has pleasure in baffling the dangers that beset him. Bye-and-bye, he never talks of danger, and laughs when friends

talk of the evils of the pit."

Even when danger appears in its worst form, if nothing serious happens, he makes fun of it; only the older hands think of the might have been.'

"Small accidents are too trifling to have any notice taken of them. If a knock on the head only makes a man dazed for a few minutes, the incident serves for a bit of fun. Only serious flesh wounds are bandaged: ugly cuts on the hands, arms, or even the face, don't trouble the miner."

"A curse, or a tight remark, depending on the sentiment of the man, and he is at it again. He can't afford to lose time on such trifles. Blood soaking from such wounds is soon stopped by coal dust."

I can't recall Dad ever painting such a fanciful picture of his life in the mines. A dour man, with a wry sense of humour, he was like an emotionally bruised, embattled war veteran, declining comment on what he has seen and experienced.

Dad entered the pits at age 14 for less than two shillings a day. He was one of those young miners who didn't learn self-defense very well. By 18, both of his legs had been broken, twice, by careening hutches. A report in the Dunfermline Journal was typical of the day, recording that 15-year-old Mathew Hutchison, a cousin perhaps, had been injured in the Dalbeath Colliery. While in the act of pushing a hutch on the rails, Hutchison became jammed between it and another hutch, which came up behind and knocked him down. Suffering from a fractured right leg, Hutchison was conveyed to Dunfermline & West Fife Hospital."

In my dad's case, he was forever crippled by his years in the mines. His legs were bowed and lungs scarred. He should have been six feet tall, but due to his shattered legs never grew beyond five-five. His long arm span, however, revealed that he was a tall man, stunted. He walked with a slight waddle. He died in Toronto in 1955.

This millennium year -- the centenary of my father's birth -- seemed a fitting time make a pilgrimage back to Fife. The invitation to my son, Blake George Sidney Hutchison, father of Mitchell Blake George Hutchison, was readily accepted. Happily, my daughter's husband, Ted Augustynowicz, agreed to join us. Tracey and Ted are parents of other Hutchison progeny, my grandchildren Melissa, Cathryn and Lucas George Stanley Augustynowicz.

The trip would ostensibly be made to play golf at St. Andrews, but also to pay homage to Dad and search for traces of our mining forebears. The plan was to be in Hill of Beath on March 27, 2000, precisely a hundred years to the day of Dad's birth.

Friends suggested we might first wish to pay a visit to the new Scottish Mining Museum at Newtongrange, nine miles southeast of Edinburgh, where the remnants of the Lady Victoria Colliery have been transformed into a time-capsule on the history of mining of Scotland's black diamonds.

The enormous Victorian engine in the giant wheelhouse illustrated the scope and size of 19th century operations. Helmeted and wired for audio, we boarded clanging elevators to visit the coalface. Artifacts recalled the dark days of Scottish mining, when women and children crawled under the burden of heavy sacks strapped to their backs.

An actor's voice gave life to an exhibit showing a miner on his knees washing up, grateful that as the eldest family member he was first to bathe in the rationed hot water. Photographs captured blackened, sweating bodies crammed into narrow creases, hacking with picks at the precious seams of coal.

"Gawd!" said Ted. "How could they live like that?"

A bearded guide, who appeared too young to be a retired miner, suggested that we drop by the Gothenburg when we got to Hill of Beath. It was the first one in Scotland, he said -- a licensed public house where the miners could forget their worries at the expense of their meagre savings. The locals called it "The White Elephant."

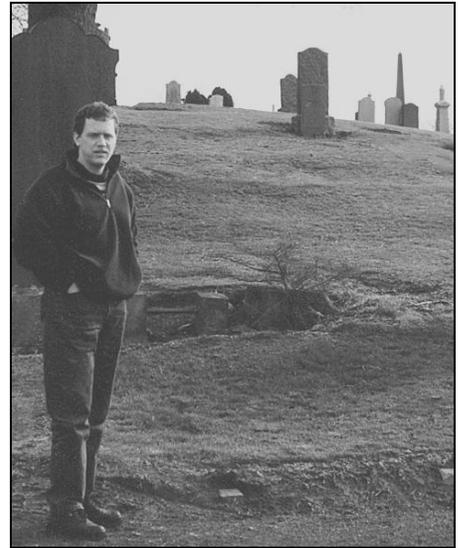
March 27, 2000. It was a beautiful spring day in Hill of Beath. The heather-dappled mound that gives the village its name reflected a rainbow of colour under the morning sun. Two boys strolled across the football pitch near the primary school as cars and coaches jostled for space on the main street. Happy youngsters scurried away from their grandfather, taunting him to chase them. Shoppers passed.

We stopped by the old church, built in 1901 by the coal company to accommodate the community's prayers for a better life. The war memorial outside the village hall bore wreaths to lost heroes.

We searched unsuccessfully for evidence of the White Elephant, where earlier Hutchisons must surely have imbibed. Sadly, it had given way to a modern housing block just a few years ago.

No evidence either of the street and house of my father's birth: 2 Pond Row. Gone!

Nor the bings, where villagers once risked arrest scavenging coal from amid the



Blake at his great grandfather's gravesite in Beath Cemetery

discarded stone, dross and rubble.

"P.C. Wilson relished his job," an old-timer recalled in the village history. On occasions, he would disguise himself in an old coat and bonnet, then spring out suddenly and grab an unwary man or woman. Many were caught. On other occasions he would appear in uniform and call out a man or woman's name, and this person would stand petrified with fear until P.C. Wilson jotted down the details. More often than not he would empty the poor wretch's coal on the ground."

If there were signs of the Hutchisons' passing, they were not in the village. So we headed for the nearby Beath Cemetery, just in time to encounter two workers arriving to prepare for yet another permanent guest at the crowded graveyard. A single hanging bulb illuminated the dusty ledgers in the register office as one of the kindly gravediggers scrolled down the columns of entries...1914...1915...1916...

Scores of names. "Are we keeping you from your work?" I asked. "Do you want me to do the search? Don't worry," he said. "We'll find it." Hundreds of names ... many of them infants ... "Are you sure?" said I. "We'll find it," said he. Name after name, including a few Hutchisons ... and then that of my grandfather: George Hutchison, died

May 17, 1920; age 45 years. Buried at a depth of five feet in Plot EW4.

We found the grave on a hilly slope of Beath Cemetery, sparsely populated by old trees and older, moss-covered headstones. One of the workers kicked the toe of his boot into the soft soil and said, "It should be around here." A small stone marker with the number 4 was revealed as he peeled back a patch of sod. "Here it is."

Before leaving the village, I presented Blake with a flask of Scotch. The Scotch came from Cameron Brig, the only remaining distillery in Fife. I had the flask inscribed "George Hutchison, Hill of Beath, Fife, Scotland; 1900 -- March 27, 2000." For Ted, a pewter quaich, inscribed Hutchison - Augustynowicz, 1900 - 2000."

I told them they were to be used to commemorate significant family events to come. But first, from Scottish crystal dram glasses etched with the Hutchison name, we toasted our past, present and future.

And later, we cried...

I realize now that my father had managed to escape bondage in Hill of Beath, by whatever means, only after his own father's death in 1920. He moved to Canada just before the Great Depression and literally scraped out a living as a scrap collector, a janitor, a cloakroom attendant, then elevator operator at the Ontario Legislature.

In 1949, with rents rising in east-end Toronto, he and my mother decided to build

their own home in Scarborough with help from friends and family. It was a long and arduous project. For a time we lived in the basement as construction continued.

He hung sheets and blankets to separate the bedrooms. They lent some privacy, but could only muffle the sad mutterings on warm winter nights as snow melted and puddles overhead seeped through seams in the tarpaper roof to flood the basement floor. It was particularly bad at Christmas. On the night of Hurricane Hazel, a section of roof peeled back as thunder echoed, lightning flashed and rain drenched everything.

Dad didn't live long enough to fully enjoy the home he worked so hard for. The walls finally went up on the main floor. The roof went on. The partitions were plastered. But the flooring was never laid; the trim never applied. The mantle-less fireplace was only faced in paint. The chimney rose just half its prescribed height.

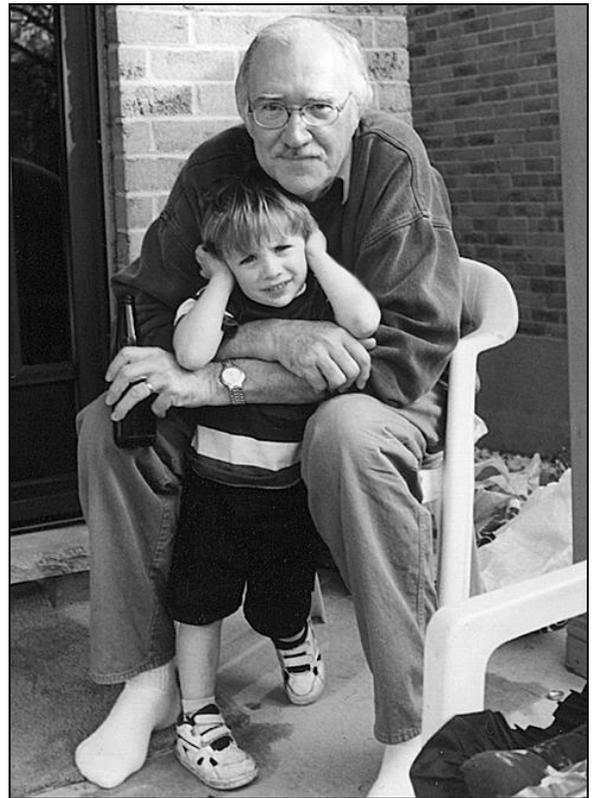
Still, a log could be thrown on the fire and Dad could sit in his armchair, the Ogden's Fine Cut Tobacco tin propped between his bowed legs, rolling his own for the next day, each cigarette taking him closer to his destiny.

He died before dawn on February 12, 1955, a week after entering Toronto General Hospital suffering from emphysema and chest pains. Later, in his locker at Queen's Park, they found heat lamps and other paraphernalia he had been using to try to cure himself.

The family he left behind has grown and prospered -- in no small measure due to his remarkable indomitability. It counts among its numbers teachers, soldiers and police officers; clerks, salespersons and executives; musicians, printers and athletes -- even an aging journalist.

The family is not as close as it used to be. Its branches now spread as far west as Vancouver and east to Montreal, with solid limbs in Toronto, Kingston, Trenton, Windsor and London.

And it continues to grow, amidst the background noise of scores of privileged offspring who have little knowledge of their heritage and what it took to get them here, who happily chatter on about hockey



George with his grandson Mitchell Blake George Sidney --the next generation of Hutchinsons

practices, dance lessons, movies and computer games.

The youngest, George Hutchison, is quite an inquisitive five-year-old, a precocious little gadfly whose questions exceed answers. His is a century of great promise. I am hoping he will someday take up the search into our Scottish roots. At the moment, however, he is struggling with the concept of grandfathers and great-grandfathers, let alone ancestors.

I showed Mitchell a cherished photograph of my father holding me in his arms when I was slightly younger than he is now. I pointed to my dad and asked, "Who's that?" He said, "I don't know." That's your great-grandfather," I said. "He's my daddy. His name is George Hutchison"

I pointed to the blond tyke in the photograph. "Who's that?" "I don't know." "That's me. Pappa. I'm George Hutchison." "Who's that," I said, pointing to Blake. "Daddy." "That's right," I said. "And he's George Hutchison."

"Who are you?" I asked, pointing at Mitchell Blake George Hutchison. "Mitchell," he boasted with much certainty, and I said, "that's right, and you are George Hutchison."

His brow furrowed...but his eyes twinkled ever so slightly. ■



Mitchell Blake George Sidney Hutchinson, age 5

From our Readers

Scottish Praise

In June I received an email from my nephew Don Edwards about an article he had read in the *Guelph Alumnus* describing the Scottish records available in the University of Guelph archives.

I am 25-percent Scottish – my father's father, James, was born in Scotland and came to Ontario in his late teens – and I have known about Guelph's Scottish Collection for several years. I have referred to it on at least two or three occasions in newsletters that I produce for an audience interested in genealogy. The article by Mary Dickieson, with photos by Dean Palmer, is a fine introduction to the collection.

I was happy to see Stanford Reid mentioned in the article. As head of the history department when the University of Guelph was newly established, he strengthened ties with the city of Guelph, which was founded by a Scotsman, John Galt. I remember Stanford as a member of the Guelph Wellington Men's Club.

You might be interested to know that the July/August 2000 issue of the *Family*

Scottish Studies Spring Colloquium to be held on March 17, 2001

This year's Spring Colloquium will be held in conjunction with *College Royal* -- the University of Guelph's open house aimed at showcasing the achievements of its students.

In the case of Scottish Studies, a presentation of the best research papers submitted throughout the year will highlight the achievements of undergraduate and graduate students. For the students, it is an honour to be invited.

Also at the event there will be demonstrations of web-based Scottish Links and Resources as well as face painting and glad-handing for the youngsters. Foundation members are encouraged to attend, as it will be a good chance to meet the students and see the Scottish Studies Program in action.

For more information please contact the Scottish Studies Office at the University of Guelph, McKinnon Building, Room 253, Guelph, Ontario, N1G 2W1, telephone 519-824-4120 ext 3209 or email: scottish@arts.uoguelph.ca

Chronicle has an article on Scottish genealogy by Beth Gay that contains almost a full column devoted to "Scottish genealogical treasures" in Guelph. In her opening paragraph, she says: "Guelph's Scottish Collection is one of the finest in the world and is the very best on the North American continent."

George Taylor
Guelph, Ontario

Ed: This letter originally appeared in the Fall 2000 issue of the *Guelph Alumnus* magazine.

Scottish Art

I would be interested to learn if there are any plans to establish a collection of Scottish visual art works in Canada

Allan C. Fleming
La Have, Nova Scotia

Ed: OK. We'll pass you question on to our readers. Does anyone out there know of such a collection?

Scots or Irish?

As I just discovered my unread copy of the Beaver I became aware of the Foundation and have enclosed my application to join. Can you help me with my birth name (for I was an orphan boy) which is Kenneth Sheldon Kechnie. I have never been able to track this name down other than with the prefix Mc. or Mac. I hope it turns out to be Scottish as my hair stands on end every time I hear the bagpipes!

Kenneth E. Wentworth
Kitchener, Ontario

Ed: My guess is that it is indeed Scottish, perhaps going back to the old Scots-Irish kingdom of Dalriada. As you may know, the prefix Mac or Mc means "the son of" and the name McKechnie (or MacEacharna) is associated with the Scottish Clan MacDonald of Clanranald. However, a Mr. George Taylor of Guelph tells an interesting story about a Kechnie family which was originally German. Early records in Perth County spell the name Kuehne or Kiene. The name was usually pronounced Keeny or Keena into the twentieth century, but the name is now spelled Kechnie. But Kenneth I'm sure the fact that your hair stands on end at the sound of the pipes clinches your Scots heritage for you!

Auld Alliance

I was very glad to hear of the existence of the Scottish Studies Foundation and of its support of Scottish Studies at the University of Guelph. I have been following CBC's TV series on the history of Canada with keen interest and was impressed at the involvement of the Scots in building this country. My grandfather who was originally from Dundee in Scotland often told me about the "Auld Alliance" between Scotland and

France. It was his firm belief that the bond between the Scots and French was instrumental in the two founding (European) nations being able to work together in a practical way. Please keep up the good work in keeping our heritage alive.

Margaret Fulton
Victoria, BC

Lochaber

In the last issue of the Newsletter you printed an excerpt from Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped* which mentioned the song *Lochaber no More*.

I remember the name Lochaber in the song entitled *The Road to the Isles* which mentions Loch Tummel, Loch Rannoch and Loch Aber. I know there is a Loch Tummel and a Loch Rannoch but here's my question: is Loch Aber actually a loch? I don't ever recall seeing it on a map. Can you enlighten me?

Douglas Prentice
Kamloops, BC

Ed: No wonder you couldn't find a loch of that name on the map! Lochaber is actually an area in the West highlands of Scotland extending roughly from Fort William on the east to the Atlantic on the west. It includes Ben Nevis, the UK's highest mountain and Loch Morar, the deepest loch. Just out of interest, here are the words of the song:

The Road to the Isles

The far Cuillins are pullin' me away,
As take I wi' my crummack to the road.
The far Cuillins are puttin' love on me,
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Chorus:
*Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and
Lochaber I will go
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles.
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart, the
braggart's in my step,
You've never smelled the tangle o' the Isles.*

Oh the far Cuillins are puttin' love on me,
As step I wi' my crummack to the Isles.
It's by Shiel water the track is to the west,
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea.
The cool cresses I am thinkin' of for pluck,
And bracken for a wink on Mother's knee.

Chorus:

The blue islands are pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame;
The blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

Glossary

*Cuillins: mountains on the island of Skye
crummack: shepherd's crook
braggart: someone who boasts
tangle: kelp (seaweed)
Shiel, Aillort, Morar, Skerries, Lews: place names*

Trout Hollow: John Muir's Canadian Home

John Muir was America's most famous and influential naturalist and conservationist. As a wilderness explorer, he is renowned for his lone excursions in California's Sierra Nevada, among Alaska's glaciers, and worldwide travels in search of nature's beauty. As a writer, he taught the people of his time and ours the importance of experiencing and protecting our natural heritage. John Muir was the first President of the Sierra Club, and he remains an inspiration for environmental activists everywhere. However it is not well known that in the 1860s he spent some time in Canada. A group called the Canadian Friends of John Muir has kept the legacy of his stay here alive. This article by Bruce Cox tells the story.

On June 13, 1998 more than two hundred people assembled to walk a seven kilometer stretch of the Big Head River leading into Meaford, Ontario. The event was organized by a group of history, nature and conservation enthusiasts who called themselves the Canadian Friends of John Muir. The focal point of the walk was some ruins, the scant remains of a mill and cabin where John Muir, explorer, naturalist, author and first President of the Sierra Club, had lived and worked from 1864 to 1866.

Trout Hollow, as the site is called, is different now. The old-growth forest has been cut down. The riverbank bears the scars of many attempts to harness the waterpower in order to saw lumber, grind grain or produce electricity. But at this date the river has shouldered its way through all the obstacles and found its natural course again, as it sweeps through the Algonquin beach gravels toward Georgian Bay. No



The Canadian Friends of John Muir.

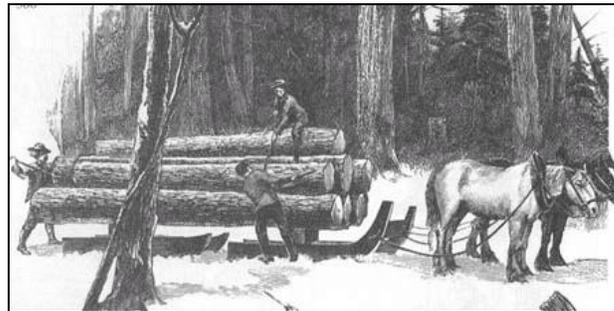
roads reach the Hollow now, and the place as much as ever is a world apart from the farms and rural concessions. It remains essentially an oasis of natural beauty, evocative of the memory of John Muir and of the enterprise of the pioneers.

The walkers gathered in groups by the ruins while the leaders explained the natural history of the area and what was known of the mill and its origins, and of the Trout and Jay partners who were the first Canadian friends of John Muir. In the afternoon the walkers returned to the Meaford Opera House to learn about John Muir, his sojourn in Meaford, and why this long neglected period of his life was important to Muir scholars.

Muir was born in Dunbar, Scotland in 1838 and came out to Wisconsin with his family at the age of eleven. He was recognized as a talented inventor. He was the creator of intricate hand-made devices, such as the alarm clock bed that dumped its occupant at the prescribed hour, and the desk that automatically changed the text for the student sitting in front of it. Muir attended the University of Wisconsin where his scientific interest developed, especially in the study of botany.

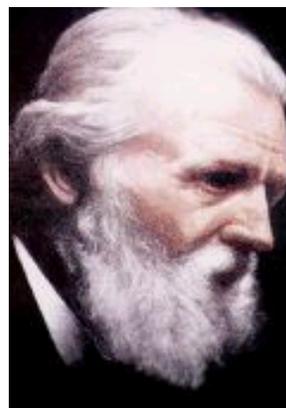
He left the United States during the Civil War and made his way to Canada. He arrived in Trout Hollow knowing that the host family, like his own, were members of the Disciples of Christ congregation. This sect, formed during a religious revival, reflected in its non-conformity the democratic spirit of the frontier. Like the Quaker Church, members generally took a stand against military service. It is therefore probable that Muir left the U.S. to avoid the draft. Muir was able to settle comfortably with the Trout family, joining them for work and worship.

The Trouts in their turn were captivated by Muir's wit and intelligence. William H. Trout,



Logging at Trout Hollow in the 1860s

author of the Trout Family History, remembered that in John Muir's presence... "our log house in the mill hollow might modestly claim the same dignity as a university." Later the Trouts had other reasons to be impressed by the celebrity of the man who had worked with them in humble circumstances. John Muir became an advisor to President Theodore Roosevelt, a friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and an activist for American wilderness preservation.



John Muir, 1834 - 1914

For nearly two years John Muir worked alongside the Trouts as their employee and family friend. He helped the hard-pressed family to make their mill more productive and John in this task won plaudits for his technical innovations. Thus began a lifetime of correspondence and contact between Muir and the Trout family.

On exhibit for the first time in Meaford in June were five Muir letters discovered in the Meaford Museum, earlier donated by Harriet Trout's grand-daughter Marion (Dow) Dean, and published for this occasion. These letters addressed to Trout family members and friends fill a gap in the correspondence already in the possession of the Muir Center in Stockton, California. They help to complete the picture of Muir's development during this period shortly before his commitment to a lifetime of exploration and discovery.

"John Muir and his Canadian Friends" is about the Trout family, John Muir, the mill and Meaford. It begins with the mill under construction in 1855 and ends with the consequences of the disastrous fire on February 21, 1866. The mill in Trout Hollow was not alone among mills serving the needs of settlers in the pioneer environment, but the presence of John Muir and the records of his involvement there, in the words of Professor James Butler, "provide an important historic footprint". ■

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