



# The Spectator

The Quarterly Newsletter of Saint Andrew's Society of Williamsburg

Fall 2010

## President's Message

Fall has finally arrived and we could not have asked for a more beautiful day for the Williamsburg Scottish Festival than we had on Saturday October 2. After a week of Scottish weather, the day was warm and sunny. A perfect day for walking around experiencing the music, dancing, food and shopping! I especially enjoyed visiting with our members and friends who stopped by the SAS tent on Clan Row and also meeting some potential new members. Our editor, Marshall Thomas, did a great job of getting photographs of the event and you can see them in this issue of the Spectator. Many thanks to Marshall, Jack and Nancy Kane, Byron Adams, Doug Burns, Joyce and Jim White and Anne and Arthur Korff who all worked hard to make our tent a welcome center and to provide lunch.

Also in this issue of the Spectator, you can see pictures and read about our Summer Luncheon at the Williamsburg Lodge. Forty members, family and friends were in attendance to enjoy a delicious meal and hear the adventures of Alex Andrews and his family in Africa. Thank you, Alex, for sharing a most unique and unusual vacation! The Korff's trip to Scotland, an article about Scottish Smallpipes and Burns' Club Atlantis are also in the Fall Spectator.

The next event for the Society is the Annual General Meeting on October 24<sup>th</sup> at the Windsor Forest Clubhouse. Rather than a sit down dinner, we will have a social time with light food. You are invited to come and bring a dish to share along with CDs of Scottish music and pictures of your Scottish travels! The doors open at 1:00 and the meeting will begin at 2:00. We will be electing four new members to the Board of Directors. The nominees are Jack Kane, Kathy Kasley, Bill Kennedy and Jim White. We hope you will join us for the afternoon.



The Fall Kirkin will be on November 28<sup>th</sup> at Williamsburg Presbyterian Church at the 11:00 Worship Service. Another date to keep in mind is the Christmas Luncheon on Saturday, December the 11<sup>th</sup> at the Williamsburg Lodge. And of course, you want to remember Burns' Nicht on January 29<sup>th</sup>. More information about these events will be sent out later.

Yours Aye,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jamie".

Jamie Alexander Griffin  
President  
Saint Andrew's Society  
Williamsburg, Virginia



## Summer Lunch 2010

On August 10 the Society celebrated our Scottish heritage with a fellowship Summer Luncheon at Williamsburg Lodge. The buffet was exceptionally good and fellow member Alex Andrews gave a spell-binding presentation on a true-life African adventure story that lived up to the title "In the Footsteps of Livingstone." Alex and his family are true adventurers, braving unexplored Congo jungles where nature's air conditioning has only one setting: hot and wet, and tracking wild gorillas despite the local witch doctor's orders not to do so. I was so fascinated by the story that I almost forget to take photos of the speaker! Forty members and friends attended. The Lodge is a first-class venue, and the roast beef was mouth-watering. If you missed this one you missed a good one. Here are a few pictures:



**President Jamie Griffin with former President Bob Davis**





**The ladies enjoy the buffet (top)  
Alex Andrews enthralls the crowd (below)**





**Iced tea for a hot Summer's day**



**Tartans, kilts and sporrans,  
Harold M & Marshall T**



**Kim, Clarissa and Jamie.**



## Williamsburg Scottish Festival 2010

On October 2 the Williamsburg Scottish Festival was held at Rockahock Campground. The weather was perfect, a cool sunny day with a cloudless sky, as hundreds of Scottish-Americans gathered to celebrate their heritage. This was probably the high point of the year for the local Scottish-American community, or at least it tied with Burns Night. The festival featured an opening ceremony with massed bands including the Ft. Lee army band, and later the parade of clans. There were sheep dog demonstrations, Scottish athletics, children's games, plenty of music and Scottish food, drink and vendors selling Scottish goods. Clan Hamilton was the honored clan and Capt. Oliver W. Hamilton II, USN retired was the honored guest. A special guest was Bonnie Rideout, an American recording artist who has mastered Scottish fiddling and is world-acclaimed. The Festival's Scot of the Year award was presented posthumously to David R Ross who dedicated his life to raising Scottish pride and nationalism.

It was tremendously satisfying to wander through the festival, surrounded by my own ancient tribe, thrilling to the bagpipes and pondering my heritage. I took a lot of photos, hung out at the St. Andrew's Society tent, and bought several Scottish items. It was fun! Some of the photos appear below. Please see [www.mstomas.com/SASG\\_10\\_ScotFest.html](http://www.mstomas.com/SASG_10_ScotFest.html) to view the Gallery where all the photos are posted.



**The massed bands**





**Above: The color guard. Below: Honored Guest Capt. Oliver Hamilton II (left), special guest Bonnie Rideout (center) and Randy Dedrickson, President of the Williamsburg Scottish Festival (right), on the reviewing stand.**







**Hanging out at the SAS tent.**







**Above: A couple of lovely lassies. The kilts may not be regulation length, but nobody was complaining. Below: Chatting in the tent.**



## **The Spirit and Spirits of Scotland in Summer** by Anne Korff, FSA Scot

My husband Arthur and I escorted 21 people from five different states to our beloved Scotland last August. It was hot and dry in the United States when we left and drizzly and chilly when we landed in Glasgow.

Andy Middleton-Cameron in her kilted skirt met our plane and offered us a guided tour of Glasgow. Andy is the friend who pronounced her wedding vows last November at the Glenfinnan Monument - also on a chilly, rainy day.

Most buildings and sites she pointed out were obscured by dark clouds and sometimes torrential rains - hardly an ideal start for a holiday. However fate and the Scottish skies eventually smiled on us. By mid-afternoon all was clear and crisp.

Arthur arranged a visit to the College of Piping for several tour group members who were pipers themselves. They were royally welcomed by the "veteran Pipers" (all over age 65) who staged an informal concert.

Meanwhile, others in our group enjoyed afternoon tea at the Willow Tea rooms, walked through Kelvingrove Museum or took a nap until time for a gourmet dinner at The Sisters boutique restaurant where the owners pride themselves on cooking only locally grown produce.

The next morning (Saturday) after a bountiful breakfast we headed south along the West Coast. Two of our travelers, SAS members Bill and Terry Kennedy, wore their clan attire as we were bound for Culzean Castle - a stronghold of Clan Kennedy.

Built in 1700s and expanded several times since then, Culzean Castle dominates the cliff above the Firth of Clyde. From its windows one can also catch a glimpse (in clear weather) of the Mull of Kintyre.



**Bill & Terry Kennedy outside Culzean Castle**



The expansive landscaping on the castle grounds, Victorian walled garden, surrounding country park (Scotland's first), brick archways, the tea shop and herb shop were added attractions. We could have stayed there the entire weekend but more West Coast landmarks called us onward.

Following lunch in Culzean's tea shop, we explored Robert Burns' cottage. Everyone speculated about the lifestyle inside that cottage where human occupants shared living space with the animals. The property itself was bordered on three sides by an ample vegetable garden. On the fourth side, blocks of wood carved into animal shapes were scattered about. The visitors center offered a video presentation of Burns' Legend Tarn O'Shanter and of course, a generous array of souvenir items.

We took a short walk from the visitors center to the BRIGO'DOON where as serendipity would have it, a local wedding party was in progress. None of us knew the bride and groom and none of us caught the bride's bouquet but we joined the applause for their nuptials all the same.

The next day we changed from a study of history into modern times with a ride on Falkirk Wheel, the engineering marvel that bridges the gap between two canals by use of a ferris wheel-style mechanism. It lifts gondolas and people so gradually one only realizes the movement by gazing down at the tops of trees, yet the energy it takes to do so is less than that of boiling two kettles for tea. The Falkirk Wheel is the only one of its kind in the world and is the result of Scottish engineers' skills.

Although Arthur and I planned this tour primarily to showcase the attractions of the West Coast, we made one important detour to the East. Monday morning we traveled to Edinburgh where the International, Fringe and Book Festivals were in full swing.



**Korff's granddaughter Erin  
At Burns Cottage**

The Royal Mile offered continuous free entertainment ranging from esoteric to exotic. Performers, music, food, drink and souvenir sales were everywhere. After a full day of this type of excitement we dined at The New Bell Restaurant and prepared ourselves for The Edinburgh Tattoo.

An orderly crowd filled stadium style-seats that evening as rain poured down. Our group shivered together with plastic garbage bags across our laps and hoods over our heads. Rain or no rain, the show had to go on and it did with massed bands, pipers,

acrobats, the imps in their little cars, highland dancers and one thrilling event after another.

It is hard to match the wonder of the Tattoo, but we tried to do so in the following days with a long stop in Oban which we used as a springboard for a day trip to Tobermory on the Isle of Mull. The much publicized rainbow-colored store fronts were still there although one merchant painted his storefront black in sharp contrast to the rest.

Thursday in Oban was the day for the Oban Highland Games otherwise called the Argyllshire Gathering. Everything started in town square directly outside our hotel. Pipers and drummers who had won awards in previous years formed a massed band and led the visitors (including us) down to the grounds of the Games.

Unlike American highland games, there were no clan tents in evidence. Instead, there was a heritage tent at the far end of the field showcasing genealogy and current attractions including generous samples of single malt whisky and haggis.

The field itself was crowded with competing pipers, dancers and athletes all at once. Food stands offering local cheeses and meat pies were set up along the perimeter of the field along with games for youngsters including one activity we had never seen before. It advertised that anyone weighing less than 12 stone could walk on water.

There was a large wading pool filled with water about knee high to most adults. Huge plastic balloons waited for children to step inside (one to a balloon) and be sealed in them along with adequate oxygen. The balloons were then rolled onto the wading pool water. It was hard to know who enjoyed the activity more - the youngsters who tried to stand upright as the balloons rolled across the water or the adults who watched from the sidelines.

My husband Arthur already walks on water (or so I am told) so he did not try it but instead joined a group of French boy scouts who sang Scotland The Brave for him with a gallic accent.

### **Arthur Korff with French boy scouts**





Our last day on the West Coast started in Ft. William where we boarded the steam train for Mallaig. This is the train used in Harry Potter movies and we traveled across the Glenfinnan aqueduct past the site where Andy's Middleton-Cameron's wedding was held last year.



**Above: Unknown artist's rendering of the steam train to Mallaig across the Glenfinnan viaduct. Below: Ann Korff at Mallaig Harbor.**



The sun shone brightly for us then and on the following day as we wound our way past Glen Coe and through awe-inspiring scenery to return to Glasgow for a "free" day before the trip home.

Without feeling rushed, we had managed to visit Glenturret and other distilleries, participate in a Gaelic language ceilidh in a Glasgow pub, meet locals in the Oban pubs, walk through the magnificently manicured Orummond gardens and wander through Duart and Inveraray castles as we journeyed along.

All in all, we had more sun than rain and no midges to bother us although we were well armed with Skin-so-Soft just in case. The group never seemed to tire of the sights and sounds of Scotland in Summer.

Next year, Arthur and I plan to escort another group along the East Coast but we admit that the glories of the West Coast will be hard to beat.

Editor's comment: Our thanks to Ann Korff for this interesting account.

### **Greetings to St. Andrew's Society of New York**



### ***The St. Andrew's Society of Williamsburg Williamsburg, Virginia***

*I am delighted to extend warm Saint Andrew's Day greetings to the members of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York from the officers, board of directors, and membership of the St. Andrew's Society of Williamsburg in Virginia's Historic Triangle. We join with you to honor our Patron Saint at your 254<sup>th</sup> banquet.*

*Yours aye,*

*Jamie Alexander Griffin  
President Saint Andrew's Society  
Williamsburg, Virginia*



## Smallpipes

Your editor was so impressed by Tracy Jenkins' performance on the smallpipes at our recent Ceilidh that I asked him if he had recorded any of his tunes. He said no, so I did the next best thing and sent away for some smallpipes audio CD's on the web. I had never even heard of smallpipes before Tracy introduced us so I wasn't sure what to order but I settled on "Scottish Smallpipe Meditations" and "Big Music for Northumbrian Smallpipes." The former features ancient smallpipe melodies accompanied by the sounds of nature (mostly rain), and the latter is by Dick Hensold. Both are well worth a listen. I use a company called CDBaby but there are plenty of sources of music on the web.

## Burns Club of Atlanta

Wayne Craigmiles writes: With the current heat, I am hoping the thought of a bit of snow will help you cope. Byron Adams' took this picture of the only replica of Burns home belonging to a Burns club in the United States. He was lucky enough to celebrate a ceilidh there when attending a World Federation meeting in Atlanta.



## Flowers of the Forest – Bo Barkley

From Bob Davis to all:

A friend of mine and a “Son of Scotland,” Bo Barkley, died recently. To all that knew him no other words are necessary, to those who didn’t his obituary and picture are below. His wife, Carolyn Barkley was the Saint Andrew’s Society of Williamsburg “Scot of the Year” in 1998. Bo Barkley was very active in the Scottish community in Norfolk and nationally. He wasn’t a member of our Society but was a good friend to us and the Williamsburg Scottish Festival.

From the Virginia Pilot: William Lacy Barkley

WINTERGREEN - William Lacy Barkley, better known as "Bo," passed away at age 61 July 14, 2010 at Augusta Health in Fishersville, Va. He was born July 14, 1949 in Virginia Beach, the son of the late William Lacy and Vera Elizabeth (Rowell) Barkley of Virginia Beach, and the grandson of the late William Charlton and Sally Rebecca (Stephenson) Barkley of North Carolina and the late David Oscar and Vera Mae (Wynne) Rowell of South Carolina. Bo was a veteran of the U.S. Army with two tours of duty in Vietnam. Prior to retirement, Bo was employed as a federal firefighter and lead fire inspector for the Norfolk Naval Base Fire Department. He was commissioner to the chief of Clan Barclay for North America, past president of Clan Barclay International, past president of the St. Andrew's Society of Tidewater and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, Scotland. In addition to his loving wife of 23 years, Carolyn L. Barkley, he leaves his son and daughter-in-law, Kelley and Kimberly Powell and grandchildren Megan Murray, Samantha Powell and Mackenzie Powell, all of Roanoke; sister and brother-in-law, Linda Jo and Richard Thomas of Gaines, Mich., nephews, Richard and Scott Thomas of Gaines and niece, Jennifer Dodds and her husband Lee of Livonia, Mich.; sister and brother-in-law, Brenda Ann and Wayne Boyd of Maple, N.C.; and niece, Suzanne Sibert and her sons Leon and Jesse, also of North Carolina. He was





predeceased by a brother, Richard C. Barkley. A celebration of life service will be held at 2 p.m. Sunday, July 18, at the Waynesboro Chapel of Reynolds Hamrick Funeral Homes, 618 W. MainSt., with Pastor Matthew Coiner officiating. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Wintergreen Rescue Squad, 2390 Wintergreen Drive, P.O. Box 711, Nellysford, VA 22958. Relatives and friends may share condolences and memories with the family online by visiting [www.reynoldshamrickfuneralhomes.com](http://www.reynoldshamrickfuneralhomes.com). Arrangements have been entrusted to Reynolds Hamrick Funeral Homes & Crematory.

From Bob Davis: Robert Burns wrote this epitaph for his friend William Muir in 1784. I feel it could have just as easily been written for Bo, 226 years later.

An honest man here lies at rest,  
 As e'er God with His image blest:  
 The friend of man, the friend of truth,  
 The friend of age, the guide of youth:  
 Few hearts like his - with virtue warm'd,  
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:  
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss;  
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

Yours Aye,

Bob Davis

Past President

July 19, 2010

### **Flowers of the Forest – Bill Millin**

From the Philadelphia Inquirer,  
 August 20, 2010

Bill Millin | Bagpiper in WWII, 86



Bill Millin, 86, the Scottish bagpiper who defied enemy fire as he led comrades into battle at the 1944 D-Day landings in Normandy, died Wednesday after a short illness, his family said.

Piper Bill, as he became known, saw his courageous action immortalized in the film *The Longest Day*. Despite being unarmed, and with friends falling around him, Mr.

Millin led British troops ashore on Sword Beach, continuing to play his "Highland Laddie" tune. His commanding officer had asked him to ignore rules banning the playing of bagpipes in battle and requested that he play to rally his comrades. Mr. Millin was 21 at the time.

"When you're young, you do things you wouldn't dream of doing when you're older," he said in a BBC interview in 2006. "I enjoyed playing the pipes, but I didn't notice I was being shot at."



**Piper courtesy [legirandiere.com](http://legirandiere.com)**





# Saint Andrew's Society of Williamsburg

## Application for Membership

Full Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Are you, applying as a new member  or as a Spouse  Son  Daughter  in the same household of a current member (check one)?

Member's Name if you are a spouse/son/daughter: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone(s): \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Date and Place of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Schools/Colleges: \_\_\_\_\_

Business or Profession: \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's Name (if not a member): \_\_\_\_\_

Names and Ages of Children: \_\_\_\_\_

Nature of Scottish Ancestry: \_\_\_\_\_

Scottish Interests – (History, Literature, Arts, Clan Affiliation etc):  
\_\_\_\_\_

Clan Affiliation or Membership: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature of Applicant: \_\_\_\_\_

To the best of our knowledge, the above applicant is of sound character, over the age of 21 years and is entirely suitable to membership in the Society. Applicant will actively participate in the functions of the Society as circumstances allow and will perform conscientiously any duties undertaken.

Sponsor: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Co-Sponsor: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

### Checklist for Membership:

Initial Individual Membership in a Household– Initiation (\$20.00) plus First Year's Dues (\$40.00). Total of \$60.00.

Additional Membership within same household – Initiation (\$20.00) plus First Year's Dues (\$20.00). Total of \$40.00.

Your check made out to: St. Andrews' Society of Williamsburg  
A Small Photograph of you suitable for digitization.

Completed Application with address, phone number and e-mail address included.

NOTE: All memberships are individual and only one applicant per application.