

August 2005

“HOLD FAST MACLEOD”

by Ian B Macleod (NSW) for his son Guy.

Hold Fast Macleod, Hold Fast
‘Till all your dreams come true.
Your fears will slip into the past
When true love come to you.

Hold Fast MacLeod, Hold Fast
And when the dark is gone,
You’ll sleep the dreams that babies do
And see the morning sun.

Hold Fast MacLeod, Hold Fast
To all that you hold dear,
A loving wife and baby child,
And hard work, year by year.

Hold Fast MacLeod, Hold Fast.
You’ve greatness in your heart.
With love for those around you,
You’ll never be apart.

Hold Fast MacLeod, Hold Fast
T’is on the family shield
We’re proud and leaders all.
MacLeods will never yield.

Hold Fast Macleod, Hold Fast
Hold Fast to life alone
And when the journey’s over
The Lord will bring us home

They said it..

RISE UP CLANSMEN! HOLD FAST! THERE IS A STRUGGLE AGAINST THE MCNIHILISTS,
MACMEDIOCRITYS, MCANARCHYS AND MCAPATHYS. *Alex McLeod CMSSA Secretary 2006*

“HIGH UP ON THE PARAPET
A SCOTTISH PIPER STANDS ALONE
AND HIGH ON THE WIND
THE HIGHLAND DRUMS BEGIN TO ROLL
AND SOMETHING FROM THE PAST JUST COMES
AND STARES INTO MY SOUL..”

Mark Knopfler, singer (Dire Straits)

Meanwhile in Adelaide for the 50th Clan MacLeod Society celebrations

I have dedicated the 50th anniversary to the re-naming of our local major events.

The Adelaide "Roary More 500", V8 Supercar race.

Womacleod world music festival.

The Adelaide "Hold Fast" Cup Horseracing Carnival, (special bareback event).

Raasay Fringe Festival

Clan MacLeod Heritage Trust Christmas Pageant. (Father Christmas will wear Raasay red tartan)

MacLeod's Kilts "Tour Down Under" Cycling event

The Lewes "I shine not burn" International Solar vehicle Challenge.

December 2009 Newsletter

What does one say in opening words of the final issue of the year?

This welcome is fare well.

This beginning is the end

My greeting is my blessing

Until hello and welcome, are

An outstretched hand again.

Clan MacLeod SA proudly

presents this quality gift item.

It is Jeweler crafter solid silver with Coober Pedy Opal inserts on the belt.

A beautiful decoration as a brooch, jacket/cap badge, The size is about the same as an Aust. 50c piece. Orders will be taken for \$250 + \$10 p&h (in Aust.)

TARTAN DAY (City March July 2007)....

Alex McLeod

I've got the bagpipe ear;

but know no tune from the rest

and got some tartan gear;

but feet marching east and west.

Highland band is leading the way

I swagger 'neath the banner proud .

Kilts, tassles and sporrans sway

Skirl o' the pipes cleaves the crowd.

Watchers, standing mute in awe

As 'pipes off towers echo loud,

Flash cameras and run before

The flags and colours of MacLeod.



(Offered a challenge for readers to complete 2 last lines of the poem; but)

Finishing the Poem was a non-competition, so I went to the zoo and gave a typewriter and paper to the Chimpanzees. The law of Probability say that they could eventually write the works of Shakespeare, but I couldn't wait that long and settled for the last 2 lines as above, done before lunch on the 3rd day, which gave them the afternoon off to play golf.



A man in Scotland calls his son in London the day before Christmas Eve and says, 'I hate to ruin your day, but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing; forty-five years of misery is enough'.

'Dad, what are you talking about?' the son screams.

'We can't stand the sight of each other any longer,' the father says. 'We're sick of each other, and I'm sick of talking about this, so you call your sister in Leeds and tell her.'

Frantic, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. 'Like hell they're getting divorced,' she shouts, 'I'll take care of this,'

She calls Scotland immediately, and screams at her father, 'You are NOT getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back, and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?' and hangs up.

The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife. 'Okay,' he says, 'They're coming for Christmas - and they're paying their own way.'

December 2009

**Clan MacLeod SA proudly presents this quality gift item.
It is Jeweler crafter solid silver with Coober Pedy Opal inserts on the belt.
A beautiful decoration as a brooch, jacket/cap badge, The size is about the same as an Aust. 50c
piece. Orders will be taken for \$250 + \$10 p&h (in Aust.)**



What could upstage Donald Trump's hairstyle ?

Ivanka Trump, daughter of Donald Trump, modeled a Harris Tweed design of MacLeod of Lewis. The tartan was selected by Ivanka because it was her grandmother's tartan - she was Mary MacLeod from the Isle of Lewis, Scotland. The designer Sandra Murrey is originally from Lewis and her maiden name is also MacLeod.



DECEMBER DIARY Alex McLeod 2009

Our words and wrinkles mark the days;
A year, of seasons is almost done.
dedicated by our acts and plays:
Are as temporal summer rays,
languid cicada autumn haze,
and squalls of winter sprays;
Forever gone.

So, in the year's fading light
we close the books, at last,
as if to prepare for night
Offer prayers that we might
to the new year's fight;
arise:- not fall from sight;
In hope, Hold Fast.

**Clan Torquille Chief's family trail;
To mark the occasion - a bit of oration.
Toasts were spoken, and wine seals broken,
As the skirl of the pipes filled the Vale.**

A Clan Blessing - Alex McLeod 2011

**To our jolly President,
The committee, eminent;
and helpers on any day;
to members who just say "G'day";
"May your feet be tough
and stockings full of other stuff.
May your bellies wobble with laughter,
and ne'er be stinted ever after."**

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES Kenneth MacLeod

A far croonin' is pullin' me away

As take I wi' my cromack to the road.

The far Coolins 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 Coolins are puttin' love on me

As step I wi' my cromack 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 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 Lewis

Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

***My neighbour knocked on my door at 2:30 this morning.
Can you believe that ? At 2:30am !!!
Luckily for him, I was still up playing my bagpipes***



What th' barnacle Batman?

EDITOR'S ECLOGUE

I felt guilty recommending TV and movies, so penned this satire to purge perceived idleness. –Alex 2013

2D view

There were wild horizons over the sea,
Now viewed through my feet, on TV.

Border controls and Gin at the bazaar;
here, remote controls and PIN for bizarre.
The world is a doco and it comes to me,
All the stuff I didn't know, on Pay TV.

Life is becalmed, drifting in the doldrums,
living in the past; waiting for the re-runs.
Where's the gadget? It's TV day,
pressing the buttons: "Bother!" pause /replay.

Saturday already! Where'd that week go?

It was a great series, I got every show.
As time passes, we'll watch that again.
"Oliver whatisname ? He looked younger then."

I wont go to a show, I suppose that's sad;
but I prefer to know if it's good or bad.
I'll read reviews, thrice watch the dvd.
No parking hassles and I can pause for a pee.

But, here's no buzz, no cafe, or after show drinks.
Gone is the glam, the pulse, the nods and winks.
Has someone got remote control of my mind?
Buuurrr! I am fast-forward/>>wind!

Just re-living old dreams and past glories;
nothing new, just repeating the same stories.
Years fly by, and I'm truly not on 'hold'.
My gears are in neutral; but my engine's old.

It's time to trade the 'gun' for a bit of fun.
Forego the ads; for advice on the run.
Pack a bag, old son and catch a train,
Buy a sweet, pull a face, and live again.

Let's walk the mile and play the day,
everyone's smile and hand will lead the way. ■