



Crest Badge of a
Member of Clan Hunter

Hunters' Halloo

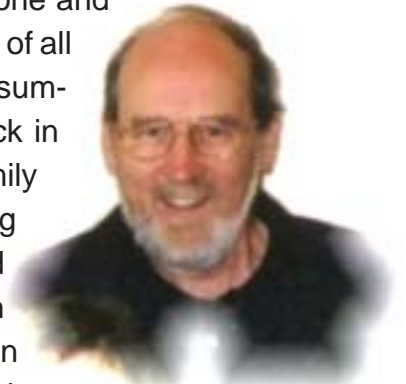
Newsletter of the Clan Hunter Association, Canada

Oct 2011 Vol 6,9

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Hello Folks, well the summer has gone and now it's time to clean the eavstroughs of all those pesky leaves, but what a grand summer it was. Christine and I were back in Scotland again this year visiting family (something we love to do). No touring around just visiting and swapping old stories. We were able to have lunch with Bill Hunter, the castle tour guide in West Kilbride and later spend a little time with his wife Janet. We still managed to host a tent at Georgetown, Maxville, Montreal and Fergus. Fergus this year was a special treat for us as we were able to welcome the new Clan Officer for Australia, Richard Hunter and his wife Lindy to our company for the whole weekend. It was a delight to meet this lovely couple who joined in everything we offered them. (see photos on page 4, 11 & 12) Once again the Gaels sang and Crissy Ball danced as part of the after dinner entertainment.



Port Rowan was the site of another wonderful celebration this September as Bob and Aldene Hunter celebrated their joint 80th Birthdays. Christine and I were happy to be there to join in the fun. (photos on page 9)

Thoughts are now turning to the Clan Gathering at Hunterston next year. If you are hoping to go you should be making your plans now. There is a booking form included in this newsletter on page 10. It would be nice to have a strong Canadian content at the gathering as we have had in the past. The dates are 20-23 July, 2012. If you plan to attend I would appreciate if you could let me know just for information only.

Thank you to Robert Hunter, UK newsletter editor for permission to use the very humorous grouse shooting story on Page 6, Lizz Thibodeau for her Connections Corner piece, Christine Hunter for her Membership update and to Richard Hunter Clan Officer for Australia for the collage of photos on pages 11-12

Tom

Membership Report October 2011

What to say, what to say, what to say!

We have had a very good year for memberships this past yearbut I've already told you about that!

We need everybody to pay their dues so that we can continue to support the programmes we like to be a part of.....but I am always saying that too!

What to say, what to say, **what to say!**

Well

First of all, - I would like to welcome to the Association:

Curt Ivan Hunter from Richmond BC. , who lists himself as a filmmaker. Curt is interested in genealogy and is interested in researching our Hunter Clan website.

Linda Florence Walker from Victoria BC, who is also very involved in genealogy. Linda's family originally came from Millport on Great Cumbrae – very

close to Hunterston. That sounds like a very interesting family tree.

John Byrne Hunter also from Richmond BC. John heard about our Association from a friend who was already a member. We're so glad that friends are telling friends about the Hunter Clan.

Join me in welcoming these three new members.

Second of all - congratulations to our west coast friends. They have done an awesome job this year of recruiting new members. Out of 9 new members in the past year, 6 are from the west coast and 3 from Ontario. I think this is a wonderful affirmation for Lianne and John Hunter who set up a Hunter Clan tent this past May in Victoria BC – for the first time, on their own. Tom and I assisted them last year.

Dare I challenge our east coast friends to try to beat that.....or our Ontario friends?

Third of all – I would like to say that although Tom and I were in

Scotland for a large part of the summer, we still managed to spend time at four highland games – and we really enjoyed catching up with some of the clan members who braved the heat and the crowds to be there too. That's what the Clan Association means to Tom and I – meeting people and comparing notes on our Scottish Heritage.

Fourth and last of all - we really do need to see more people paying their yearly dues. We thank those who support us year by year, but to keep the newsletter coming and to help support 'all things Scottish', it would be nice to be acknowledging lots more dues payments this year. Think about it and then send a check for \$30.00 to our treasurer Don Hunter at 138 Sweeney Drive, Toronto. M4A 1T9. (And that is the correct address this time – with apologies for the confusion I cause in the last newsletter)!

Christine Hunter
Membership Secretary.

Below Always time for a chat with the folks at the Maxville Highland Games



Above: Time for a coffee break at the Clan tent at Maxville.

Connections Corner



Lizz Thibodeau

lizzt@rogers.com

One of the most fundamental places to look for information when doing genealogy is on gravestones. Sometimes you get a simple “John Hunter, was born & died”, but often you are blessed with at least the dates, sometimes the name & dates of other family members, sometimes even a place name. On a very rare occasion, you get a story. There is a stone in the graveyard at my aunt’s church in Scotland which tells of a poor unfortunate man who was “barbarously murdered by four Highlanders”! Those are the kinds of things that make strolling through a graveyard fun, even if you don’t find what you’re looking for.

all  **We are Family, I’ve got my cousins with me!**

However, in many cases, strolling through the desired graveyard is not possible due to distances so here are some resources to help out in Canadian searches.

I’ve spoken many times in the past about the Ontario Cemetery Finding Aid (www.islandnet.com/ocfa/homepage.html). I will mention it again for any new members or anyone who had no interest when I spoke of it before, but has since discovered that they DO have relatives in Ontario! Obviously, it is only useful if you are looking for a gravestone in Ontario. It does not provide any information about what is on the gravestone (other than the name) but it tells you what cemetery that name is in and you can then contact the cemetery to get transcriptions.

In Alberta, I have found the Alberta Family Histories Society (<http://www.afhs.ab.ca/data/cemeteries/index.shtml>) which has a searchable database of cemetery inscriptions in and

around Calgary. The AFHS has several other resources, many but not all of which are centered around Calgary. Another possibly invaluable resource is that you can do a surname search and find members of the AFHS who are also doing research on that name and then contact them by email. I have had some luck in Nova Scotia using <http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~pictou/chancem.htm>. Don’t be fooled by the “Pictou” in the address; it has information for a lot more than just Pictou County. This is a Church & Cemetery website.

I’ve also got <http://www.idreamof.com/canada/cemetery.html> as one of my saved pages. It has links to cemeteries throughout Canada. Unfortunately, it doesn’t have anything for Quebec, Manitoba, Nunavut, Yukon or Northwest Territories and the BC link doesn’t work, but it does have resources for all of the Maritimes, Ontario, Alberta and Saskatchewan. So if you’re looking for someone who died somewhere in Canada, hopefully that’s a start for you. And if you use a resource that I’ve missed, please let me know!!!

Send your submissions for the newsletter to Tom Hunter
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WEB www.clanhuntercanada.com

Right: Well that seems to be a bit of a puzzlement girls! This photo doesn't quite tell us what was so intriguing on the table at Maxville





Above: On Parade at the Fergus Highland Games



Above: Crissy Ball dances with "The Gaels" as after dinner entertainment at the AGM in Guelph.



Above: Jack Ross and friend Ursula with a special presentation on Tam O' Shanter at the AGM Fergus



Above: Australian Clan Officer, Richard Hunter with his wife Lindy with Canadian Clan Officer Tom Hunter and his wife Christine at Fergus



Above: Clan Hunter folks make a happy crowd as they wait for the Clan parade to begin at Fergus



Above: Tom chats with "unseen" visitor outside of the clan tent at the Fergus Games



Above: Celtic music from a Scottish fiddle group. What could be better than that?



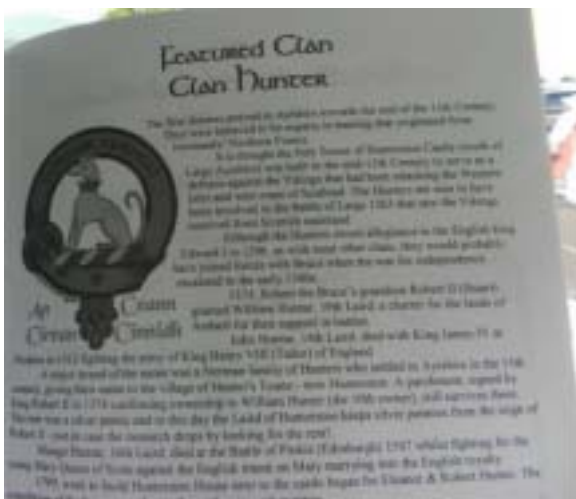
Above: Lynn and Christine anxiously watch the Highland dancers



Above: 3 yrs old Isla looks confused as to why she should hold it above her head when it rolls so beautifully



Above: Make way for the band.



Above: We were the Featured Clan at Montreal... How about that?



Above: Wonderful sunny day at the clan tent



*A true story by
M.D. Hunter*

It all started in my father-in-law's front room discussing all things in life, while my wife and mother-in-law were preparing lunch, he was a big man, a very good mathematician, a John Wayne type but intelligent, who enjoyed respect from all. The subject lurched towards game shooting; he was brought up to the gun with his Father being a Game keeper most of his life, a strict regime of rules and etiquette to be followed to the letter, and a dress code to show all that you represent, a country code and practice of the big estates. He loved his days shooting, not even the weather would put him off or the rising cost of the sport.

My misplaced and misinformed comments of how could you miss the poor bird with a weapon that has a big spread of shot? Rather than use a rifle that sports a single bullet? My father-in-law jumped to his feet and to my relief ran out the room muttering expletives as he went. Not knowing what was to come, I sat wondering what my fate would be, having attacked the very sport he was brought up with, and loved so much, I was soon left in no doubt as to what my punishment would be, his growling voice all the more shocking from a usually quiet spoken man had me shaking in my boots, "come here boy," as I approached the foot of the stairs and looked up to this big man, twelve bore shotgun come careering towards me, followed by a cartridge bag and a suit of tweeds, "you're going shooting" he said. The challenge was cast, how difficult could it be to shoot large birds being driven towards you by a shouting mob of people waving sticks and sending all potential game to flight over the waiting guns, little did I know and was soon to find out the hard way.

Once home I decided to see what it was like to fire a twelve bore, a small sheet of paper pinned to the side of my shed seemed a good way to start, from twenty paces away I raised the barrels first making sure no one was watching and squeezed the trigger, to my amazement the paper was still unmolested, not a mark within two feet of the designated target, unperturbed I pulled the other trigger only to confirm a devastating miss. After using up a whole box of cartridges and yet to hit a target, cap in hand I sought my father-in-law's guidance, the reply was short and deliberate, I would need to find a gunsmith to have the gun fitted to me, this was all new to me but I understood that it was impossible to hit a barn door unless something was done, he said also to engage the services of a shooting school, so I spent the day under the tuition of the European clay shooting champion at Mid Norfolk Shooting School that was good fun. My gun wrapped in rag and under my arm, trudging through the very busy streets of Norwich, I became aware of the awkward glances from the people as they gave me a very wide berth, a little nervous I was pleased to reach the sporting gun shop at last. The gentleman assured me I would hit the target after the correctional alterations to the gunstock. Having acquired a gun sleeve so not to alarm the shoppers I returned home, again I placed my sheet of paper on the shed wall, stood back about twenty paces and fired, to my relief the paper was peppered with the main concentration in the centre, but the shed was looking a little worse for it.

Now unrepentantly I was ready to show the gentry and shooting fraternity that it can't be that hard to

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down a few game birds. Now father-in-law was equally determined to put me to the test, giving me a breakdown on the formalities of the shoot, I had to turn up on time to the gamekeeper's cottage on the big South Norfolk estate, wearing the tweed plus fours, plenty of cartridges and gun.

The lord of the manor addresses the shooters and advises them of any additional rules he has for the days shoot, there will be certain birds with a fine attached if you shoot them. Next you draw your peg number that gives you your position in the shooting line. It may or may not have been considered lucky to draw the next number to my father-in-law, listening to everything said to avoid making an even bigger fool of myself than I already looked in my tweeds, we set out in the estate vehicles to the first drive of the day.

We are positioned in a clearing of the local woods, with my father-in-law on my right side, remember the birds you're not to shoot he said as I looked up to the small opening in the tree tops, it just dawned on me that we have to recognise and select those not to be shot while raising the gun with the prospect of downing the target while the bird flies over an opening of fifteen feet at speed. Having fired twice and missed twice, I was informed with a surly voice, it was a good job you missed them, if I hit them the fine would be twenty pounds each, ouch. This knocked what little confidence I had at this point, the weather matched my feelings at this stage with intermittent rain and very cold. Having botched the first drive, I was hoping the next would show me in a better light.

Again we were shown a clearing in the woods, I was determined to do better this time, my fingers were losing what feeling I had in them, so I donned the knitted gloves that were given to me to help keep me warm, to my disbelief the Lord and Lady of the manor decided to come and see for themselves what the new gun was like, standing to the rear at a safe distance quietly watching my performance, this didn't do anything for my confidence but I had to show my worthiness to own a gun, a nervous glance from father-in-law showed he was a bit worried that I might let the side down. The shout went up, birds coming over in my direction, in anticipation I raised the gun ready to fire, as I did the knitted gloves hooked in the mechanism preventing me from firing, all birds flew over unmolested, it took a while to untangle the glove from the mechanism by which time the drive was over, the Lord and Lady not to be seen.

Father-in-law was not impressed and didn't hide it, by now I was ready to come home, completely demoralised, wet and cold. The next drive was in a valley with good distance views, this time I was standing on my own some yards behind and to one side of the next gun, father-in-law took it upon himself to come over and instruct me, shoot only what comes directly towards you but not the birds that are heading towards another gun, feeling quite disinterested at this point I acknowledged his instructions and settled down to wait for the drive to begin. Upon the start of the next I noticed all the game was flying towards the gun to my left, this chap was having great fun while blowing holes in the sky, not once did he hit anything, I stood quite silent watching him as I was off the flight line.

The Lord of the manor, of course was watching all from the sidelines and noticed the novice hadn't fired a shot, father-in-law took it upon himself to come over and rebuke me, in my defence I said the birds



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were flying to one side to the other gun, the reply was swift and to the point, shoot them anyway. With two more drives to go before dinner at the big house, I was beginning to wish this day hadn't happened. The mood in the estate transport was very glum as we ventured to our next drive. When we arrived instead of me being directed to my spot in the line of guns, the Lord of the Manor took me to one side and said he had a special spot for me, and to follow him to the bottom of the hill, I was now so far from the other guns they looked like ants in the distance, to me this was the last straw to be singled out and sent to the farthest point from the line of guns, my instructions were to shoot any birds turned back by the other guns, the day was lost as far as I was concerned, wet and cold, upset on my demotion to the fringes of the estate, I saw a way of letting off steam, as the Lord of the manor moved away a pigeon flew over, without any thought I raised the gun and fired, although I missed the bird I felt better for letting off some steam, I was unaware at this point that the Lord of the manor had taken drastic action, and was face down in the mud, without comment he brushed himself down and stalked off, I think his impression of me just hit a new low, but I felt slightly better for it. This drive passed without any game coming my way, when the guns fell silent I strolled back up the hill and on to the last drive of the day, in the absence of the Lord of the manor we all took our positions on the final drive, father-in-law wasn't saying much at this point, just stood in silence waiting for the drive to start, in front of us was a line of edges and trees, the only way to tell if a bird was about to come in to view was to listen for the rattle of its wings.

Not many birds in this drive and most were too high to reach, father-in-law shot one of the lower birds as the last high bird of the day come over just below cloud level, having lost any thought of salvaging the day, I raised my twin barrels as father-in-law shouts "leave, too high," my gun fires and the bird fell dead, at this point I arrived on a different planet, everybody congratulated me on the highest bird of the day and getting a clean kill. On arriving at the manor house I was mobbed by the other guns, and to my astonishment the Lord of the manor patted me on the back saying I didn't know you could shoot like that, I didn't either but I wasn't about to tell him that, I just aid "you didn't ask."

Suddenly the day had changed for the better, all that had gone before was forgotten. I'm not sure what my father-in-law as thinking, probably lucky, very lucky. To my amazement I was invited back to do some loft shooting on the Lord of the manor estate, he probably drew from our previous experiences, and thought I would be happier shooting pigeon, I must admit loft shooting doesn't have the same air of grandeur or ceremonial presences as a well organized game shoot on a big estate, therefore the tweeds hit the back of the cupboard, on went he wax jacket and jeans with an ammunition belt around he waist, I looked like some bandit from South America, but felt more comfortable and less conspicuous. Father-law drove us to the shooting site, as we arrived we became aware of many guns firing on the other side of the wood just out of sight, it sounded like the third world war had broken out We crossed a field and reached the edge of the wood. You go there he said and carried on a further thirty yards with his dog by his side.

Although the world war was still engaged, we had yet to see a bird. I stood in complete silence as a grey

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squirrel danced above me in the trees, they are regarded as vermin but I chose to leave him unmolested as a shot from me would possibly deter a pigeon from landing, just then a fallow deer trotted into the wood and casually walked up to within three foot of me, "bleating" as he strolled all round me, I was amazed he didn't see me as a threat, this was nature at it's best, then all the stillness erupted into bedlam as father-in-law's gun burst into action, all the wildlife disappeared quicker than it arrived, I was still getting over the sudden burst of gunfire when pigeons started to land in the trees above me.



Disregarding the cramp from standing still for so long, I raised my gun and felled two birds, while waiting for more to arrive I retrieved my prey. The woods fell into silence, you could hear the foliage moving in the light breeze as the sun began to disappear over the horizon, just as I was thinking it was too dark, the birds suddenly arrived, my first shot brought the bird down in the field beside the wood but was quickly picked up by father-in-law's dog and returned my bird to him, I muttered "cheeky devil" to myself and carried on to bring down one more bird, a grand total of four pigeons. Father-in-law brought the shoot to an end by calling me out of the wood, I kept my birds on his blindside and asked, "how many did you get?" looking over to see my number he announced "two birds," whereupon I turned round to show my quarry of three birds, being a very competitive man he abruptly called the dog to heel and stalked off towards the car, as we arrived the other guns turned up for a chat, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry as the world war three was being carried out by the Lord of the manor and his solicitor friend, and their total kill for that shoot was one bird between them. I felt totally exonerated and very pleased with myself although the ride home; was a bit quiet.



$80 + 80 = 160^{\text{th}}$
Birthday Celebrations



Bob and Aldene Hunter of Port Rowan, long time members of Clan Hunter, celebrated their 80th birthdays with a joint party held in the local community centre. The lovely meal was greatly enhanced by some fine celtic music presented on guitar, flute and harp. Congratulations from all of us in Clan Hunter



Booking Form for Clan Hunter International Gathering 2012

All payments to be made to 'The Hunter Clan' in Sterling (£UK) and sent to:

Madam Pauline Hunter of Hunterston
Plovers Ridge
Lon Crecrist
Treaddur Bay
Anglesey LL65 2AZ
UK

EVENTS

Friday 20th July 2012

Storytelling in the afternoon

Saturday 21st July

Re-enacting Group Mary Queen of Scots ALL DAY

Saturday Evening

Entertainment at the Masonic Hall

Sunday 22nd July

Isle of Cumbrae RBLS Pipe Band

	Price	Number	£ Total
Each Adult	£30.00		
Children under 16 –Meals only	0.00		

Meals per person Friday, Saturday & Sunday

Friday Evening Buffet £ 7.00

Saturday Lunch Buffet £ 6.00

Optional extra-Baked Potato £ 0.50

Saturday Evening Dinner £ 9.00

At the Masonic Hall West Kilbride

Sunday Lunch £11.50.

Monday 23rd July

Coach trip round Arran price per person £20.00

Meals not included

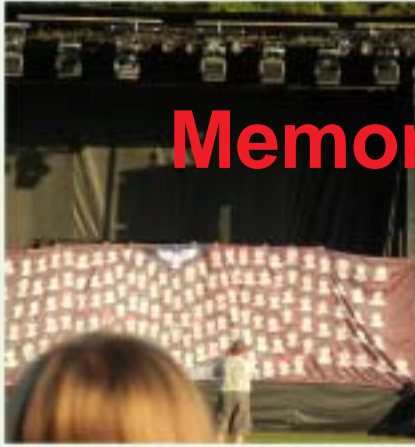
Grand Total

Name: _____

Address: _____

Clan Hunter Canada

Memories of Fergus 2011





Memories of Fergus 2011

