



Vol. IV No. 9 *Beth's Newfangled Family Tree* Section B February 2011

Gatlinburg (TN) Scottish Highland Games celebrate 30th in May!

For the 30th consecutive year, Scottish clans will gather in the foothills of the Smoky Mountains for the Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games, scheduled May 13 and 14 at Mills Park. There is a small admission fee for the event. The weekend's festivities will begin with a parade down the Parkway in Gatlinburg on Friday evening in which all Scots are invited to participate.

The Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games will feature professional and amateur athletes competing in many different events including tossing the caber, High-



Continued on page 3



Be a part of Glasgow, KY's Armigerious Tartan Parade and program June 4, 2011!

Come celebrate the Glasgow Highland Games *Banner Year*! In 2011, the Glasgow Highland Games will be host to the first ever Armigerious Banner parade.

The Glasgow Highland Games are inviting everyone who has their own heraldic banner to send in a picture of their banner with a paragraph or two describing its meaning. These pictures and stories will be featured in our 2011 souvenir

Continued on page 3

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A wonderful story reprised

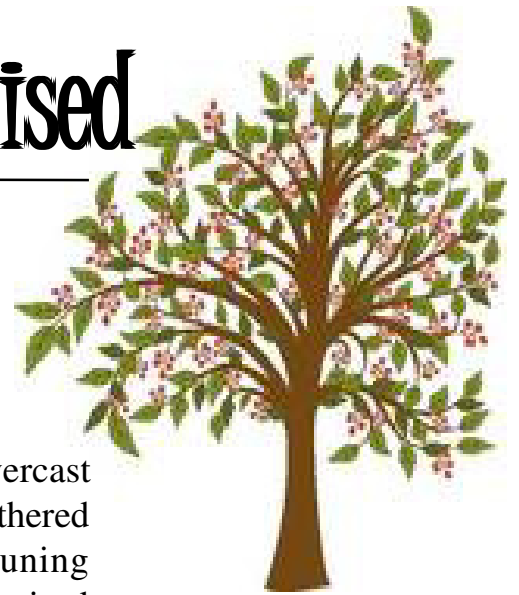
Carol Davidson Baird

This story was recently received from a childhood friend of mine. He's a spiritual person and told me a story to describe his feelings at this time in his life.

"On Saturday morning I looked outside my window and saw my large old apple tree and noticed the very terminal buds and tips were very slightly parted and just the slightest green of spring was showing. I heard the tree clear its voice and yell at me, "It's now or never."

Knowing that it was suppose to rain

and be overcast later, I gathered all my pruning tools, apologized to the tree that they were not the sharpest, and began to ask that the tree both forgive and guide me in doing this right. I cut off



Coatnined on page 25

Gatlinburg Games, continued from page 1

land wrestling, haggis hurling and the stone put.

Entertainment is also a key component of the popular two-day festival, which will feature a variety of acts as well as an assortment of Pipe and Drum Bands competing in individual and band events.

Dozens of Highland dancers from across the country will compete at the Games, and border collie demonstrations are a featured event. Scottish Clans will be on hand to assist visitors in finding their heritage and vendors will offer wares ranging from Scottish clothing to a sampling of Scottish foods.

For more information or the schedule of events for the Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games, visit www.gatlinburg-scottish-highland-games.org.



More about Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games on page 29

Tartan Parade, continued from page 1

program.
To honor you, the owners of the heraldic banners, we will have a special Armigerous Banner Parade on Saturday. The vibrant colors and pageantry will be unmatched.

Send your pictures and story by March 31st,

2011 to ghg@glasgow-ky.com or mail them to Glasgow Highland Games, 119 East Main Street, Glasgow, KY 42141. Feel free to call if you have any questions (270) 651-3141. Please join us June 2nd to June 5th, 2011 to be part of this wonderful celebration of Heraldry.

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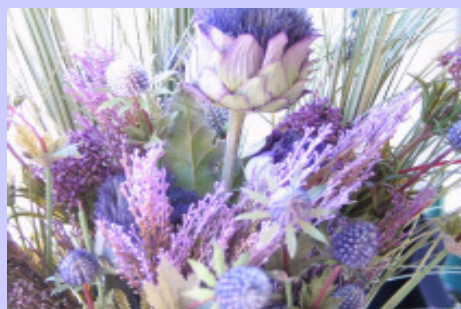
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The Scot in England John Herries McCulloch (1935)

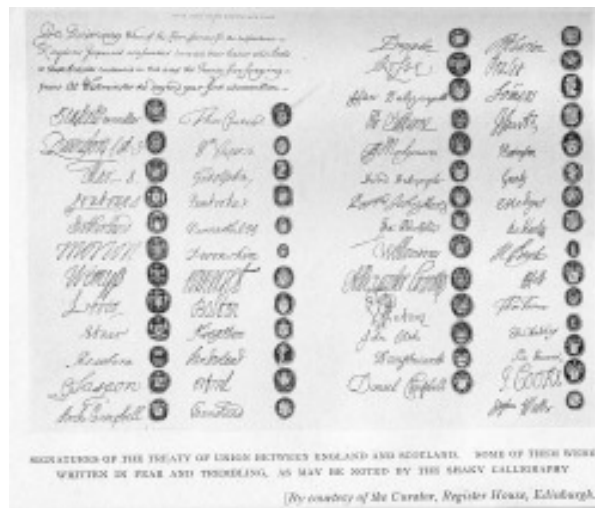
With thanks to Electric Scotland! Chapter I - An Unconquerable Breed

The history of the Scottish people is largely a history of Scotsmen who have emigrated from the land of their birth. The Fates decreed, apparently, that it was to be the dark lot of Caledonia to educate her sons and then send them to far places. All through the centuries this has been so, nor will we see it changed, for the practical genius of the Scot, and the more pleasing aspects of his nature, do not expand freely in Scotland. In order that he may grow, the Scot must be transplanted while young. Rooted in his native soil he remains hard, gnarled, and knotty, like a Scotch fir leaning stubbornly against the winds of a rocky headland.

During the past ten years, 391,903 Scots left their native land, reducing the population of the country from 4,882,497 to 4,842,980. Of the 391,903 emigrants, 328,000 sailed from these islands. What became of the remaining 60,000? There is only one answer—they trekked across the border and settled down in England. No other country in the world received such copious transfusions of vigorous blood at so little cost.

Yet Scotland, somehow, survives this perennial blood-letting. Indeed, in spite of her appalling losses of population, she has grown, slowly, like the oak, and, like the oak, hardening her texture in the tedious

Continued on page 6



Attention

Scottish Clans & groups!

If you are planning a Tartan Day celebration on or about April 6, 2011, please send me your press releases, information, photos, etc., NOW so that the information may appear in the March 2011 issue of *BNFT*!

Just send jpeg photos, press releases, etc., to **bethscribble@aol.com**

This is FREE, of course!

process. At the time of Parliamentary Union there were 1,093,000 people in Scotland ; it has taken more than two centuries to achieve an increase in population of 3,749,980. When we compare these population figures with those of England, for the same period, we begin to understand what has been called The Tragedy of Scotland. Only a hardy breed could survive the conditions that these figures connote.

The earliest Scots did not leave their country. On the contrary, they clung tenaciously to their barren acres and their primitive huts, fighting savagely against a succession of covetous invaders. They defended their dismal hinterland against the disciplined Roman legions, and with a degree of success that puzzled and irritated the military masters of Europe. Agricola, with all his skill as a military strategist, had a hard time battling his way



north to the Firth of Forth, and in that air he ran into the red-headed Caledonians. It was no use pitting Romans against these wild men from the Highlands, so, just as a precautionary measure, Agricola built his line of forts from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde. The Caledonians remained in their mountains till Agricola went back to Rome, then they pushed the forts over.

Rome, however, was too proud to overlook this sort of thing, and the Emperor Hadrian went north to take a look at things. He must have seen a good deal of the Caledonians, for he backed up and built his sod wall between the Tyne and the Solway. This soft barricade only aroused the curiosity of the Picts and the Scots of the Lowlands, and after inspecting it carefully they swarmed over it, invaded South Britain, did some kill-

Continued on page 7

The Official Clan Macfie Facebook page is up!

Glen Cathey has recently put up
The Official Clan Macfie Facebook page
and it is ready for you to join and participate.

You can see some Youtube of the Clan Parliament at Nethybridge. This is the link: <http://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Official-Clan-Macfie-Page/177565770680>

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ing, and headed home with booty. Another good Roman reputation was tarnished.

Lollius Urbicus was the next great Roman general to be sent against the tribesmen of North Britain. He followed Agricola's road to the Firth of Forth, and built another huge wall across the waspish waist of the country, naming it in honour of his emperor Antoninus. It was a fine achievement in military architecture, but it did not keep the redheaded raiders in their own territory, and Lollius had to admit that he was beaten. The Caledonians opposed his massed troops with guerilla tactics, and in this type of warfare, with cold steel to the fore, the men from the Highlands were, as they have always been since, unbeatable.

Something had to be done about them, however. The prestige of Roman arms was at stake. Ignoring his generals, the Emperor Severus took the problem in hand himself. With an immense army at his command, he marched into North Britain, and kept on marching till he was within sight of Lossiemouth. He had killed a number of Caledonians, but when he came to make a tally of his own army on the shores of the Moray Firth, he discovered that he had 50,000 fewer soldiers than when he started on his march. That settled Severus. He made a dignified but smartly executed retreat to the border, built a stone wall between the Tyne and the Solway, and sent his regrets to Rome. That was the last attempt made to keep the Picts and Scots out of England. Rome, with trouble piling up nearer home, was quite content to leave the tribes of North Britain [This term is still used to signify Scotland, and the English are blamed for perpetuating its use. As a matter of fact, the diminutive letters "N.B." are printed on the notepaper of most of the county families and successful tradespeople of Scotland to-day.] to their own devices.

In their turn, the Norsemen and the Danes had their fling at Caledonia. Sometimes they met with success ; often they were repulsed; always they were stubbornly resisted. They, too, left traces of their successive invasions, for many of them remained in the country to which they came to ravish, raising fair-haired, horse-faced, high-shouldered children. The blood of those vigorous pagans from across the seas flows strongly in the Orkneys to-day, and further south. Phlegmatic blood, but strong in courage and with the

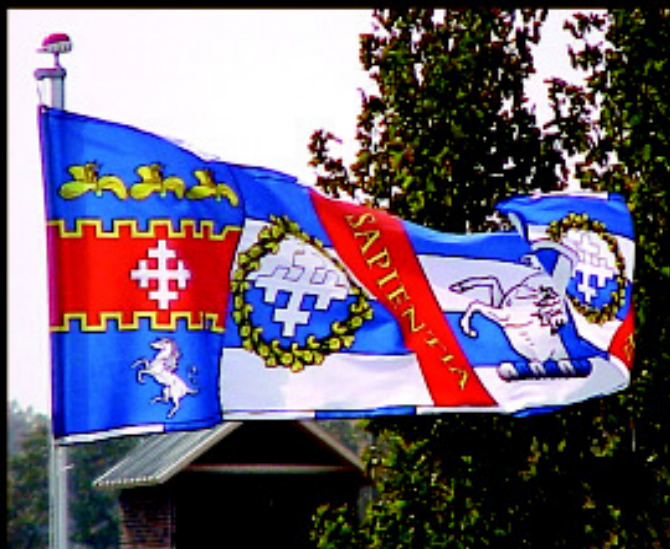
old love of questing in it. The pagan pirates came to North Britain to weaken and conquer it; they left it stronger, and unconquered, but facing the worst enemy it had yet encountered—England. The fibre of the northern tribesmen was to be tested and toughened by nearly five centuries of savage warfare with their southern neighbours.

The lot of the common people of Scotland at this period was one of perennial poverty, but the stately ruins which dot the countryside are mute evidence of the certainty that civilizing influences were at work. The records of the benign and enlightened ecclesiastical outposts that were established were swept away by the raging fires of war and religious bigotry; but there is not the slightest doubt that, nurtured by these centres of culture and learning, the long-repressed genius of the country flowered briefly in the twelfth century. [King David I of Scotland (1124-1153) made ecclesiastical history by his whole-souled support of the Church. He almost beggared the country by building such famous monasteries as Melrose, Dundrennan, Holyrood, Dryburgh, and Newbattle.]

We catch glimpses of this vague but interesting era in the ruins of beautiful monasteries, in convincing historical evidence that agriculture was on a diversified and progressive basis in the lowlands, and in the fact that scholars of wide renown came out of the coun-

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Flowers of the Forest

Karl Sinclair Franz, M.D., 65, passed away unexpectedly Sunday, January 16, 2011, at Tallahassee (FL) Memorial Hospital.

He was the son of Aleene Sinclair Franz and Karl Herman Franz, M.D., and graduated from Chipley (FL) High School with the class of 1963. He attended Chipola Junior College and graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Miami in 1968. He obtained a Doctor of Medicine degree from the University of Florida in 1972. He then completed his internship and residency in general surgery at Carolina's Medical Center in Charlotte, NC in 1977.

Dr. Franz practiced General Surgery and Primary Care in Marianna, Florida from 1977 until 2003. While there, he was chief of surgery, chief of medical staff, a member of Jackson Hospital Board of Trustees for two terms and a past Chairman of the Board of Trustees. He was a Fellow in the American College of Surgeons, a member of the Florida Medical Association, past member of the Panhandle Medical Society and most recently, a member of the Capital Medical Society in Tallahassee, Florida.

He moved to Tallahassee in 2003. He has spent his time as senior medical advisor for the Agency of Health Care Admin-

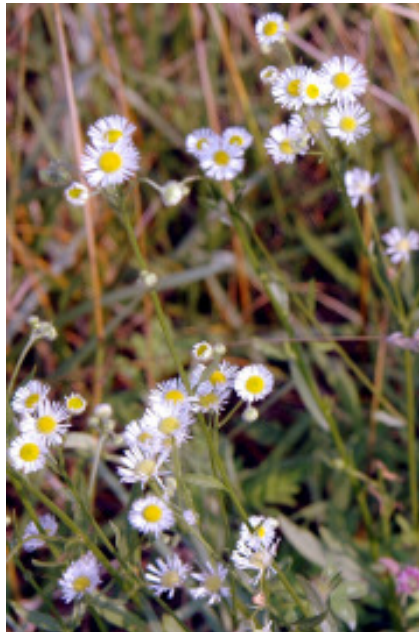
istration for Medicaid. He also was involved in coastal development and other real estate ventures. He enjoyed travel, hunting, fishing, training hunting dogs and spending time with family. He was an active member of the St. Andrew Society of Tallahassee - having served two years as president -

and was a member of the Sovereign Military Order of the Temple of Jerusalem (Knights Templar). He was a life member of Ducks Unlimited and the National Rifle Association and was a member of the First Presbyterian Church in Marianna, Florida.

He is survived by his wife, Angela Pettis Franz and children, Alexander Sinclair Franz, M.D., Aaron Joseph Franz, CPA, Adam Clayton Franz, USAF, Andrew Everett Franz, Jeffrey

Jason McCall and Meagan Elizabeth Munsee; three grandchildren, Derek Tyeson Franz, Sinclair Ellen Franz and Asher Claxton Franz; and sister, Corrine Ishler and brother, Cornell Franz.

Services for Dr. Franz were held at the First Presbyterian Church of Marianna. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Thornwell Home for Children, PO Box 60, Clinton, SC 29326 or First Presbyterian Church, 4437 Clinton St., Marianna, FL 32446-3436.



The Scot in England, *continued from page 7*

try. Michael Scot emerged from the mists to impress England and Europe with his learning :

A wizard of such dreaded fame, That when, in Salamanca's cave, Him listed his magic wand to wave, The bells would ring in Notre Dame.

It appears, also, that Michael studied medicine on the Continent, for he returned to Scotland with a reputation for the successful treatment of leprosy, gout, and dropsy, and he compounded a pill called "Pilulae Magistri Michaelis Scoti", which, like some of these modern pills that are wrapped in pretty boxes, was both popular and potent. Michael assured Scottish sufferers that it was "guaranteed to relieve headache, purge the humours wonderfully, produce joyfulness, brighten the intellect, improve the vision, sharpen hearing, preserve youth, and retard baldness". Had he lived to-day, this healer would undoubtedly have thought of many other diseases that would have yielded to his powerful concoction.

This mysterious character was born in 1175, and was probably the first Scot who studied at Oxford University. His passion for mathematics, astrology, and the



occult sciences took him to Paris and Rome, and his genius so impressed Europe that he was invited to join the glittering galaxy of savants that was a feature of the Court of Frederick II. While basking in the sunshine of that monarch's patronage, Michael translated Aristotle and wrote several books that dealt with astrology, alchemy, and his dark occult theories. He foretold Frederick's death in 1250, and hav-

ing guessed well in that instance, set the date of his own departure from this sphere, adding the interesting detail that he would be killed by a stone weighing less than two ounces. From that day onwards he wore an iron helmet. Fate, however, caught him with his hat off. He was in church one day, and at the Elevation of the Host re-

moved his helmet. Crack ! A small stone fell from the lofty roof of the church, killing him instantly but vindicating his reputation as a prophet of doom. Another faded vignette salvaged from that remote era shows that the Scots had already begun to take a kindly interest in the education of the English. It is surely a

Continued on page 11

Clan Davidson Society, USA, Inc.

www.clandavidsonusa.com



COME JOIN US! The Clan Davidson Society, USA, Inc. will be sponsoring an *International Gathering of Clan Davidson* on the 2nd weekend of June (**June 10, 11 & 12**), 2011. The event will be held in conjunction with the Kansas City Scottish Highland Games.

Richard Halliley, President
5650 Harmony Bend
Braselton, GA 30517
gahalliley@gmail.com

Dave Chagnon, Membership
7004 Barberry St.
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Clan Davidson Society, USA invites all Davidson's and Septs of the clan to membership:

Davey, Davie, Davis, Davison, Davisson, Daw, Dawson, Day, Dea(s), Dean, Deane, Deason, Dee, Desson, Devette, Dewis, Dey, Dow, Dye, Kay, Keay, Key, Keys, MacAdie, MacDaid, MacDavid, MacDavitt, MacKay, Slora, Slorach.

The Scot in England, *continued from page 10*

curious historical fact that Lady Devorguila, daughter of Alan, the last of the old Kings of Galloway, was the benefactress of Balliol College, Oxford. Following the death of her husband, John de Balliol, in 1269, this devout lady built a house in Horsemonger's Lane, in St. Mary Magdalene's Parish, on the site of the existing college, and in 1282 gave her scholars statutes under her seal.

Two years later she purchased a tenement known as Mary's Hall, which was "to be used as a perpetual settlement for the principal and scholars of the House of Balliol". This domicile was called New Balliol Hall. The revenues of the college in those days would not buy cigarettes for the brilliant lotus-eaters who stroll through their studies at Balliol to-day. They produced only one shilling and sixpence per week for each scholar. Lady Devorguila, however, made up the deficiencies by substantial gifts, and when she died the college was supported by her son, King Balliol of Scotland. The son's generosity, in fact, was so boundless that he ended up by handing Scotland over to the English, and we will catch a revealing glimpse of the conditions that produced the modern Scot as we pause a moment to see how Balliol was driven to the miserable extremity of bartering his country for his freedom.

When that incorrigible meddler, Edward I of England, bullied the Scottish barons into accepting John Balliol as their king on the 17th of November, 1292, the bloodiest chapter in Scotland's history opened. Balliol was a weakling. He tried to stand out against Edward, and by way of counteracting the latter's pressure, established the Franco-Scottish Alliance. The fight for Scottish independence was in earnest, and it proved to be the most gruelling test to which the tenacity of the race has ever been subjected. Edward led an army against the prosperous town of Berwick-on-Tweed, and to show the Scots that he was not a man to be treated lightly when coveted new territory, he razed the town and put its inhabitants—men, women, and children—to the sword. That slaughter

completed, he led his army north to Perth, and there celebrated his victories. It did look as if he had crushed the Scots completely, and a day or two later Balliol, stripped to his underwear, handed the Bishop of Durham the white wand of abject surrender.

Edward, however, made the same mistake that so many other would-be conquerors of Scotland made—he underestimated the unconquerable spirit of the common people. Balliol had surrendered the inde-

pendence of their country ; they had not. So, just when Edward's English satraps thought they had the country tamed, Sir William Wallace drew his sword in the town of Lanark, and he did not lay it aside until he met England's soldiers "beard to beard", and had swept the hated invaders back into their own country. The first great hero of the common people of Scotland was betrayed by the landed class, who should have been the last to desert him, and by their connivance he was hanged, castrated, and beheaded in London ; but he had



shown England what made the heart of Scotland beat strong and true—the courage of the common people. It was this courage of which Robert Bruce became the symbol after Wallace's dismembered body had been scattered throughout Scotland ; it was this courage which sustained the new King in his wanderings following his shabby coronation ; and it was this courage which, at Bannockburn, on the 24th of June, 1314, inflicted upon English arms the greatest defeat they have ever sustained in fair fighting.

England had learned, as Rome had learned, that she was dealing with a race that would not accept defeat. Well might Christopher Marlowe put these words into the mouth of Edward II:

And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our forrain warre,
Deserve no common place, nor meane reward:
Be you the generall of the levied troopes,
That now are readie to assaile the Scots.

The levied troops did not succeed, however.

Continued on page 15

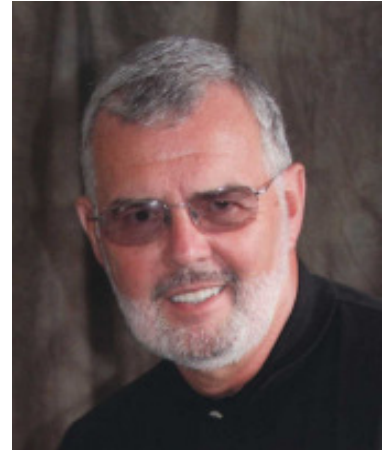


The Whisky Corner

Ray Pearson, Anaheim, CA

The Whiskymeister

A Most Extraordinary Whiskey Event



The angels over Scotland must surely be in a dither, waiting for their share of the heaven-bound bounty soon to be unleashed in Las Vegas. On March 18 and 19, 2011, whiskey companies from around the world, will offer some of their rarest, oldest, most coveted, and newest expressions at the Universal Whisky Experience at Encore at Wynn.



The event is the brainchild of Mahesh Patel. Patel is a successful entrepreneur from the Atlanta area, whose passion in life is whiskey, specifically Scotch. For this elite event, he has leveraged his well-respected relationships with a galaxy of whiskey superstars and industry leaders to offer the world's first luxury whisky enjoyment experience, with the superlative subtitle of the "Nth 2011 Show".

The \$525 ticket price provides guests with extraordinary sensory opportunities. In

addition to tasting once-in-a-life whiskies, there will be, among other stellar items, seminars (whisky paired with chocolate, women & whisky, mixology using whisky for cocktails), butler-passed hors d'oeuvres, a gourmet dinner reception, and Master Classes. What really puts the "luxure" into this luxury event, however, is the Super Pour. Each show ticket includes the guest's choice of one pour from a selection of ultra-premium whiskies, each valued at \$300 per pour and above. To date, the Super Pour list includes 16 rare Scotches, some 40 and 50 years old. Professor Adam Carmer (UNLV), will hold the inaugural forum of his new Spirits Tasting Method, designed to improve guests' ability to recognize the nuances of flavor, aroma, bouquet, and barrel influence.

Keeping those Scottish angels in mind, some of the whiskies to be experienced, either in the Master Classes or the Super Pour derive their exotic names from celestial happenings. Richard Paterson, Master Blender for The Dalmore, for instance, will present the 40 year old Astrum, Latin for constellation, and the 45 year old Aurora, named for the Northern Lights. Ian Millar,

Continued on page 13



A most extraordinary whiskey event, *continued from page 12*
 Global Ambassador for Glenfiddich, will present Snow Phoenix, a non-chill filtered malt created from casks rescued from a warehouse cave-in during the 2010 four-foot snows in Speyside. George Grant, sixth generation of the owners of Glenfarclas, will take guests on a tour entitled “Glenfarclas Forties”, presenting four different whiskies, each forty years old.

Patricia Richards, Master Mixologist at Wynn-Las Vegas, is designing cutting-edge drinks especially for this event, putting a new twist on whisky cocktails. Known for her creative and mouthwatering concoctions, along with a slew of awards from food, beverage, hospitality, and travel magazines, Patricia’s contributions to this event will be a delicious slam dunk.

While the Universal Whisky Experience will fulfill the hedonistic pleasure of its attendees, a portion of each ticket price will be contributed to two Las Vegas-based charities: The Autism Academy of

Cumorah, and the Hospitality School at UNLV.

Glencairn cut crystal tasting glasses will be included as part of the full ticket package, along with cigar samples, so guests will be able to remember their visit for a long time to come. No worries about the angels, they will get their share.

<http://www.universalwhiskyexperience.com>

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Soap Opera's have been around a long time....

The first soap opera: In 1930, Chicago radio station WGN started a fifteen-minute daily serialized drama set in the home of an Irish American widow and her young unmarried daughter.

The first television soap opera, a half-hour program, appeared in 1956 with the debut of *As the World Turns*. (My grandmother never missed watching!)

Before *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, Sarah Michelle Gellar played Kendall, the daughter of Susan Lucci's Erica Kane on *All My Children*.

Before he was Spock, Leonard Nimoy played Bernie the Pill Pusher on *General Hospital* in 1963.

On the eve of World War II, there were sixty-four daytime serials broadcast each week.

In the beginning, there were five major sponsors for the daytime serial programs. All of the sponsors included soap of one kind or another in their products that were advertised. Hence, "Soap Opera."

The Scot in England, *continued from page 11*

Scotland's independence had been fought for and won at terrible cost, and although the struggle against "the auld enemy" was to last for centuries, the country had been united by common sacrifice, its real strength had been revealed, and in the white heat of the endless war against a more powerful country the people were tempered to the hardness which was to make their descendants the wonder of the modern world.

Their determination to be free was immovable.

A curious proof of this almost fanatical resistance to England's attempted domination may be seen in the letter which the Barons of Scotland addressed to the Pope in April of 1320:

We know [they wrote in Latin], and from the chronicles and books of the ancients gather, that among other illustrious nations, ours, to wit the nation of the Scots, has been distinguished by many honours; which passing from the greater Scythia through the Mediterranean Sea and the Pillars of Hercules and sojourning in Spain among the most savage tribes through a long course of time, could nowhere be subjugated by any people however barbarous; and coming thence one thousand two hundred years after the outgoing of the people of Israel, they, had many victories and infinite toil, acquired for themselves the Possessions in the West which they now hold after expelling the Britons and completely destroying the Picts, and although very often assailed by the Norwegians, the Danes, and the English, always kept them free from all servitude, as the histories of the ancients testify.

The sins committed by the Edwards against Scotland are solemnly enumerated to the Most Holy Father at Rome; Robert Bruce is praised for delivering the country from the oppressors; but this ringing declaration, which carries a warning to the Scottish King, follows:

But if he were to desist from what he has begun,

wishing to subject us or our kingdom to the Kings of England or the English, we would immediately endeavour to expel him as our enemy and the subverter of his own rights and ours, and make another our king who should be able to defend us. For, as long as a hundred remain alive, we will never in any degree be subject to the dominion of the English. since not for Glory, Riches or Honours we fight, but for Liberty alone, which no good man loses but with his life.



Such was the spirit that sustained Scotland during the early part of the fourteenth century. In those dark days it could be kindled only in the hearts of a valiant and intelligent breed, and we are not surprised, therefore, to find the country giving promise of its future genius by producing, here and there, men who became eminent in the intellectual world. Even in those far-off days, these scholarly men found their way into England. One of the first of them was John de Duns, sometimes called Scotus. He was born at the end of the thirteenth century, and was the first of the long line of grim and learned Scots who have held Professorships at Oxford University.

John was almost too good to be true, if we are to swallow the following tribute to his genius, penned by a contemporary Cardinal:

Among all the scholastic doctors, I must regard John Duns Scotus as a splendid sun, obscuring all the stars of heaven by the piercing acuteness of his genius; by the subtlety and the depth of the most wide, the most hidden, the most wonderful learning, this most subtle doctor surpasses all others, and in my opinion, yields to no writer of any age. His productions, the admiration and despair even of the most learned among the learned, being of such extreme acuteness, that they exercise, excite, and sharpen even the brightest talents to a more sublime knowledge of divine objects, it is no wonder that the most profound writers join in

Continued on page 16

The Scot in England, *continued from page 15*

one voice, "that this Scot, beyond all controversy, surpasses not only the contemporary theologians, but even the greatest of ancient or modern times, in the sublimity of his genius and the immensity of his learning!"

It is perhaps advisable to add that the testimonial was not written by a Scot. It may seem to be a trifle lacking in scholarly reserve, and the cynic might point out that John left very little evidence of his sublime genius. Nevertheless, this most subtle doctor was an authentic character, for he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Oxford University in the year 1301. Only a hazy picture of him comes across the intervening centuries, but it is one, if we may judge by his writings, of a monkish, pragmatic pedant who specialized in turgid denunciations of unbelievers.

Three centuries were to pass before Scottish scholars were heard of again, for the weary struggle with England reduced the country to a state of poverty and ignorance. The clashes became more serious as the years rolled on. Hatred of England had been bred into the blood and bones of the Scots; from the end of the thirteenth century they hated their southern neighbours with a hatred that lay cold in their very vitals. Back in 1388, just before the bloody battle of Otterburn, the Earl of Douglas said to his French ally, De Vienne: "My friend, you shall see that our army shall not be idle, and as for our Scottish people, they will endure pillage, and they will endure famine, and every other extremity of war, but they will not endure English masters."

In view of the almost magical manner in which Scotsmen rise to positions of authority in England today, the last observation of the Douglas was prophetic.

War had become the normal condition in Scottish life. Armies moved back and forth across the bor-

Continued on page 17



The Shield of
Thomas Randolph
as Earl of Moray

Captured at Methven in the debacle that all but ended the reign of Robert the Bruce, the king's nephew Thomas Randolph was forced by his captors to track his king and the Army of Bruce. His heart still yearned for Scotland to be free, and at Loudoun Plain, he calmly turned his back to the English and rode across the battlefield to rejoin the Scots and stand against Edward's army.

Find out more about the epic story at....

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Treasurer: David Nathan McDuffie
678-557-9215 dnmcduffie@hotmail.com



der, leaving chaos and death behind them. Raiders rode at night through the debatable lands. There was no peace or security for anybody, and under these disturbed conditions of existence trade languished, agriculture became a lost art, and the people sank deeper and deeper into the mires of poverty and ignorance.

Aeneas Sylvius, afterwards Pius II, paid the country a visit in 1413, and he had this to say about it when he got back to Rome:

It is an island joined to England, stretching two hundred miles to the north, and about fifty broad, a cold country, fertile of few sorts of grain, and generally void of trees, but there is a sulphureous stone dug up which is used for firing. The towns are unwall'd, the houses commonly built without lime, and in villages roofed with turf, while a cow's hide supplies the place of a door. The commonalty are poor and uneducated, have abundance of flesh and fish, but eat bread as a dainty. The men are small in stature, but bold; the women fair and comely, and prone to the pleasures of love, kisses being esteemed of less consequence than pressing the hand is in Italy. Nothing gives the Scots more pleasure than to hear the English dispraised.

Much blood was to be spilled on both sides of the border before the ancient enmity was softened; but even so, it is possible to discern, in the turbulent reigns of the Stuart kings, a gradual but inevitable converging of the destinies of the two countries. Perhaps the feeling grows upon the student of history because the Stuarts, with all their faults, indicated that they had a larger conception of statesmanship than the great majority of the rowdy Scottish barons who surrounded them.

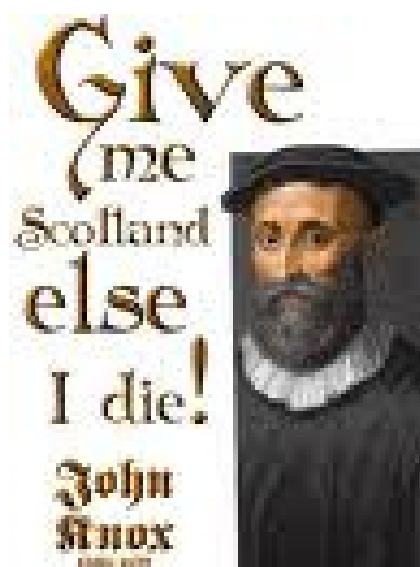
So, as we enter the sixteenth century, we see the dawn of peace glimmering dimly on the border. The darkness lifted when James IV of Scotland married Margaret Tudor in 1503. That talented man died at Flodden, and his son, James V, died at Solway Moss; but the very violence of the fighting which these tragic events connoted seemed to presage the end of it all, and the light still glimmered over the Pentland Hills.

Mary, the infant daughter of James V, succeeded to the throne, and the curtain rose slowly on the most poignant tragedy of Scottish history. Both countries drifted further into the angry waters of religious intolerance: And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic, Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Inflamed by the harsh eloquence of John Knox, Scotland rallied to the Reformation. In England the fanatics burned bishops at the stake, and Queen Elizabeth became head of the Anglican Church.

The drama of the century rushed to its climax. Mary came back from France, married the degenerate Darnley, fought her protracted duel with the implacable Knox, and at the end of the pathetic struggle abdicated the throne in favour of her infant son James. For Mary Stuart nothing remained but the insults of the Scottish rabble, the long years in English prisons, and the axe at Fotheringay. For her son James a great destiny loomed up, for on the night of 24th March, 1603, Sir Robert Carey, riding a jaded horse, arrived at Holyrood

Palace with the news that Queen Elizabeth was dead, and two days later another messenger brought the Scottish King word that the Privy Council of England had chosen him to succeed the Maiden Queen. ●



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Chief Steven MacTavish

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We Are Clan MacTavish!



For information about joining us email: clanmactavishUSA@gmail.com

Email: clanmactavishUSA@gmail.com

Flowers of the Forest

Martha (Collins) Letchworth, 79, entered into rest January 16, 2011, in Tallahassee. Martha was born July 6, 1931 in Albany, Georgia to Lewis and Ann Green.

Martha ("Marthee") received her Masters Degree at FSU, she was a charter member of Gamma Phi Beta sorority. She retired as a Reading Specialist from the Leon County School District. She married retired Lt. Colonel Rodney ("Rod") R. Letchworth on April 7, 1990. She and Rod are members of the St. Andrews Scottish Society of Tallahassee.

She was a long time member of Pisgah United Methodist Church, a current member of Saint Paul's United Methodist Church in Tallahassee, a member of the Tallahassee Newcomers Club and the Burley Law Sunday School Class. She and Rod lived in Highlands, NC and still summer there. She and Rod have been enthusiastic residents of the Westminster Oaks Retirement Community of Tallahassee. She was an art lover and traveler who lived life to the fullest.

She is survived by her beloved hus-

band Rodney Letchworth; her 3 children, Dr. Russell Collins (Rue), Ms. Debi Collins (Gary Coaker) and Mr. Hart Collins (Anita); 4 stepchildren, Terri Russell (Terry), Patti Day (Gary Newman), Rodney Letchworth, Jr. (Lissa), Chuck Letchworth (Leigh); her brother Baird Green of Odessa, Texas; and her dearly loved sister, Betsy Morgan of Tallahassee; several

nieces and nephews; 13 grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren. She will be sorely missed by her loving family and her many wonderful



friends.

The "Celebration of Life" memorial service for Martha was held at Westminster Oaks Maguire Lifelong Learning Center, 1221 Commencement Cove, Tallahassee; FL, Thursday January 20th, 2011.

In lieu of flowers, it would please Martha if you made a donation to either Big Bend Hospice, 1723 Mahan Center Blvd., Tallahassee, FL 32308; or the Second Harvest Food Bank, 110 Four Points Way, Tallahassee, FL 32305.

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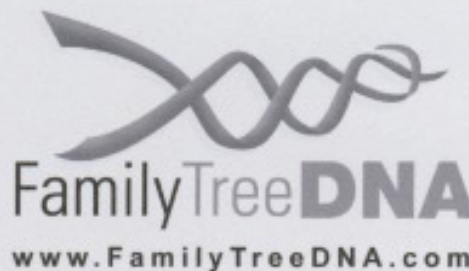
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We really hope to welcome you back here soon.

Isabella Macdonald

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December 2010



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Lennie	Mackibbon	Spittle
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Macausland	Macnuir	Weir
Macauslane	Macquat	Wuill
Macalman	Macquattie	Wool
Macalmon(t)	Macquattiey	Wule
Macammond	Macquyer	Yuille
Macasland	Macquinten	Yool
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Maccollman		Zuill



For membership information, contact:
102 Lakeside Drive
Walhalla, SC 29691 or bethscribble@aol.com

some of the older branches that had cracked, some that had competed for the same space or rubbed another in the wind. I did the best I knew how and put rubbing alcohol on all the cuts to prevent too much foreign bacteria from getting in.

I know that trees never heal their wounds, and this fact somehow seems unfair. Trees learn to live around their wounds. Trees see where they can now grow where they could not before. When I adjust my perspective a little and move from my wounds, I can see hope for pos-

sibilities of new growth. When I finished pruning the apple tree and saw the pile of branches on the ground, I hoped I had not taken too much off. And then I realized this has always been my thought and my experience - I never take enough..”

There are worse things in life than being too generous, but one should not neglect what he needs to make himself whole.

It is not coincidence that I deal with family trees.

Trees are trees.

The pruning experience can also say the same thing about our familial experi-

ences. Some families have just let the family grow without any real appreciation for the individuals in that family, taking them for granted or simply ignoring them.

Some people just tolerate their families and do not really nourish the family as a whole (a tree dies without fertilizer) with love, attention, aid or solace.

Some people do not prune their family tree enough and let relatives annoy them, causing bitterness. Many families simply ignore or tolerate the older branches in our families without realizing that their age is the one thing they have to offer - wisdom, knowledge, and great stories they acquired during their time on earth.



We must lovingly nurture the family tree so the family WANTS to be together for the benefit of all.

You, as the family genealogist, have a special function because you know all the members and their relation to each other. Use that quality to keep your family together so that they eagerly anticipate the next family reunion or holiday dinner.

I was thrilled recently when I was able to bring warring factions of my mother's family back to the dining table by playing the loving and attentive mediator, and using

Continued on page 30

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You're invited to visit The Clan Colquhoun "Blogspot" at:

<http://clancolquhoun.blogspot.com/>



What month is it? In Gaelic!

Here are the Gaelic months of the year,

with a phonetic version;

January - **Am Faoilleach** pronounced “um Feul-yoch”

February - **An Gearran** pronounced “un G-yarran”

March - **Am Mart** pronounced “um Marsht”

April - **An Giblean** pronounced “ung G-yarran”

May - **An Ceitean** pronounced “ung K-yaetchan”

June - **An t-Og-mhios** pronounced “un Tawg-viss”

July - **An t-Luchar** pronounced “un tchoochee”

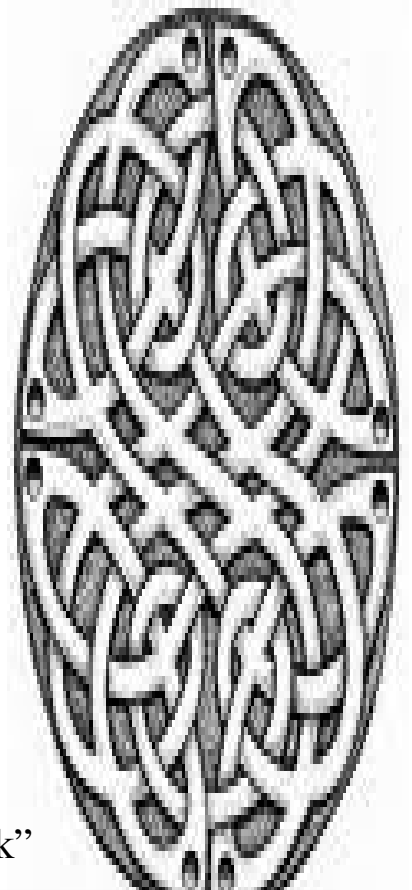
August - **An Lunasdal** pronounced “un loonuss-dull”

September - **An t-Sultain** pronounced “an tool-teen”

October - **An Damhair** pronounced “un dah-vir”

November - **An t-Samhainn** pronounced “un taveen”

December - **An Dubhlachd** pronounced “un doo-lochk”



Great genealogical quote:
“You can ask whether everyone in the
Western world is descended from
Charlemagne, and the answer is yes,
we’re all descended from Charlemagne.
But can you prove it?
That’s the game of genealogy.”

Useful and surprising scanning & copying tips

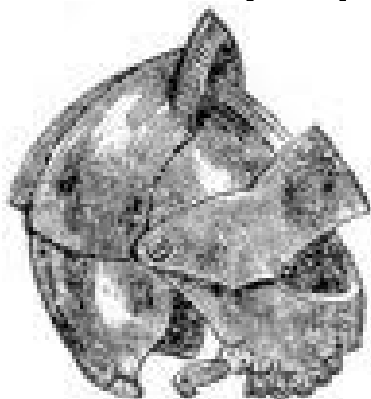
For scanning, since the use of a bright white or too smooth surface can cause reflections, glare and color washout, use a medium to light grey background to provide better contrast with light-colored objects and a “soft” surface instead of “hard.” (Construction paper will work.)

To avoid color bleed-through when scanning

paper (or copying for that matter) with printing or writing on both sides of the paper, place a sheet of paper the same color as the writing over the back of the page being scanned. The back will seem to be a uniform color and the print or writing from the back will nearly always disappear.

Both of these suggestions really work!

Clan Home Society (International)



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Contact **Ronald John McCord,**

Presidentnt/Chief

1805 Mews Drive

Wilmington, NC 28405

Ph. 919-256-3798 or rmnccord@ec.rr.com



House of Lumsden Association



Terry L. Mosley,

North Carolina

Commissioner

3912 Blakeford Drive

Durham, NC 27713

919-489-8592

mosgen@earthlink.net

The Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games

proudly welcome you back for our 30th year!

To quote Mark Twain, "The rumors of my demise have been greatly exaggerated." After the vote and decision to hijack the games - a 29 year tradition - and move them from Gatlinburg, it must have seemed there would no longer be a Scottish festival in Sevier County. Gatlinburg and the surrounding community stand as committed today to our Scottish heritage and tradition as we did in 1981 when the games were first held here. A commitment to our Celtic ancestry and a promise to continuing the education of our Celtic legacy to our current and future generations.

So, contrary to the rumours of our untimely demise, a new, creative, and revitalized group of passionate people joined in the common cause to perpetuate this event - just like we have for the last 29 years in the same town and at the same site, with our arms open to our Scottish brothers. Ready once again to welcome you to our area and celebrate the traditions we both stand for.

Planning is well under way for the 30th Annual Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games on 13-14 May 2011 at the Mills Park event site. Our original Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games have been held here in Sevier County for the last 29 years and we are proud to continue that tradition into our 30th year.

30 years: Same Event, Same Location!

What are Sevier County's media outlets saying about the failed attempt to relocate Gatlinburg's Scottish Highland Games?

The three local press articles below represent the consensus of what happened earlier this year when members of the board of directors of the Gatlinburg Scottish Festival and Games secretly and quietly slipped out of Gatlinburg, home of the games for the last 29 years, and moved the games to a college campus in another county.

News: *The Mountain Press* - 7th December 2010:

Dan Smith: Games still planned in Gatlinburg. There is an event that takes place in Gatlinburg every May where men run around in skirts and a sound similar to pigs being squeezed to death takes place. In reality, those are men in kilts, and the pigs are really bagpipes. These are the Scottish Highland Games.

There is a rumor going around that the games have moved to Maryville next year. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Let me explain the situation. At our games in May, I noticed that the name had changed on the T-shirts and other literature. Instead of Gatlinburg Scottish Festival & Games, it read Smoky Mountain Highland Games. I thought this to be odd, especially after 29 years of having Gatlinburg in the title.

It was later in the summer that I read an announcement in the paper that said the Gatlinburg games had moved to Maryville. I then realized that we had been duped. Our games were being stolen from us by underhanded means.

That is why they changed the name of the games, since they couldn't use the Gatlinburg name in Maryville next year. In talking to some other former board members of those games, I concluded from their stories that even while on that

board, they were treated rather shabbily.

The board rules had been changed in a backroom meeting that took the usual 24 board members and reduced it to just seven voting members. Some of those board members quit in protest and were disgruntled - rightly so. This was something like a political coup, where the government is taken over in the darkness of night when everyone is asleep.

Why did they do this? The answer that was given in the paper was that they had outgrown the space in Gatlinburg and had to have a bigger venue to operate. This is not true.

First of all, I was on that board while it was still in Gatlinburg from 2005-2009. I know how many clans attended the Gatlinburg games: anywhere from 32-40. One year in the early 2000s we had 55 clans and there was no talk of moving then.

We would average about 35 clans from year to year and that was a steady number for a long time. Not many games in other cities are growing these days. They have reached their max and have settled in at that current number, as we had.

I believe that most of the board members were from Knoxville and just didn't want to travel to Gatlinburg any longer. Some financial incentive was given to the board to come to Maryville with our games. I don't know the dollar amount, but don't believe it was all that much.

The City of Gatlinburg provides far more monetary incentive for these games than Maryville.

To leave Gatlinburg in a lurch like they did is indefensible. Did they think of the history that had been built for 29 years? Did they consider the people of Gatlinburg, like the hotel and restaurant people that counted on the games each year?

They did not. They did satisfy their own egos and their lust for power.

So are the games gone? No! Our games will go on in May 2011, on the second weekend of that month instead of the third.

They left us; we are still here for Gatlinburg and always will be as long as the city wants us. Yes, we had to get a new name because the new Maryville group has the legal right to the old name. We are now The Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games.

The new board for the Gatlinburg Scottish Highland Games: President Brian Papworth, Vice President Neil Morley, treasurer; Jeff Ownby and me as secretary. We are working tirelessly and meeting every Monday to get this project going, as we plan the events that are a tradition in Gatlinburg.

Remember this: The games did not move. The old board left their friends and started a new game, with a new name in another town. We have merely stepped in to fill a gap left by those who have deserted their post.

We solicit your help. *Slainte* (to your health).

- Dan M. Smith is a Cincinnati native and Gatlinburg resident. He is the author of the forthcoming book "So Far from Forfar." His son is serving in the Air Force. E-mail to dan0729@yahoo.com.

Clan Blair Society

Membership cordially invited from
Blair descendants
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www.clanblair.org

Shawn R. Blair, President
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Robert I. Blair, Membership Chairman
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The Shield of
Robert Boyd

A lifelong friend and close lieutenant to Robert the Bruce, Sir Robert Boyd heroically defended Castle Kildrummy and was an exemplar to all in the Scots' cause. He survived the years and faced harsh dangers in taking his country back from the English kings, and fought alongside his family's Stewart kinsmen at the Battle of Bannok Burn.

The epic story unfolds before you in the historical *Rebel King* novels. See them here:

REBELKING.COM

Carol Davidson Baird,

continued from page 25
a family wedding as a tool.

Most people these days simply don't have the time or energy to play this role, but I'm glad that I use my 'free' time for this purpose. I do not earn money, but I earn inner peace. There's no way to calculate the worth of that.

A family history is the most precious thing you can leave for those who come after you...jewelry may be lost, stolen or sold...property may be sold...everything may be lost...but the family history is forever.