

This publication started it's life as *The Family Tree* in a new genealogy library down in South Georgia in 1988.

At first it was done on a word processing machine and designed in the old cut and paste method of creating publications using wax to glue everything down. It was reproduced on a library copy machine. It had less than 500 "press run" the first few issues.

I thought of it...and so, of course, became the editor, etc.

Over time, it grew readers and became a more professionally produced publication. The staff was just me for everything for most of the time. I did have an assistant the last few years.

It was still cut and paste method through 2005. It was tabloid size in the beginning and I never could figure out how to do a publication of that size with as many ads as it had to have in the computer.

Eventually, it was printed on the huge web press of *The Albany Herald* in Albany, Georgia.

The library grew too and, surprisingly, over the years, became the repository of the archival and genealogical materials of, as I remember, almost 140 of the Scottish Clans in this country. That made it a unique library, so far as we know, in the world. In addition to Public Relations Director and editor of the paper, I was also the Scottish Liaison for the library. It was my job to convince the Scottish clans to declare the library their Archival and Genealogical Home. That was a pleasure and a joy.

The press run of *The Family Tree* grew to be over 100,000. I had been entrusted with the mailing lists of almost all of the existing Scottish Clans. We also had thousands of genealogists as well who enjoyed the bi-monthly paper as free subscribers.

When the prices of paper, ink, printing and postage became astronomical and impossible, in about 2003 or 2004, the publication went digital. This was a few years too soon, but that's what had to happen.

You need to know that the publication was financed only by thousands and thousands of "Post-

age Heroes," who sent generous contributions each month and also by the numerous advertisements which appeared each issue.

Con't on page 5







Luke Fater, Atlas Obscura (Subscribe for FREE atlasobscura.com)

"You can hear the creaks, smell the grain—you really feel the age of it."

THE STURMINSTER NEWTON MILL HAS quietly churned on the verdant banks of the River Stour since the 11th century. Through the Norman Conquest and the Black Death, through the Hundred Years War and the Blitz, its water-powered turbine ground wheat into countless sacks of flour for the markets of this medieval town. Even when it became a museum in 1994, the mill continued production, albeit tiny batches of flour to show tourists a bygone way of living.

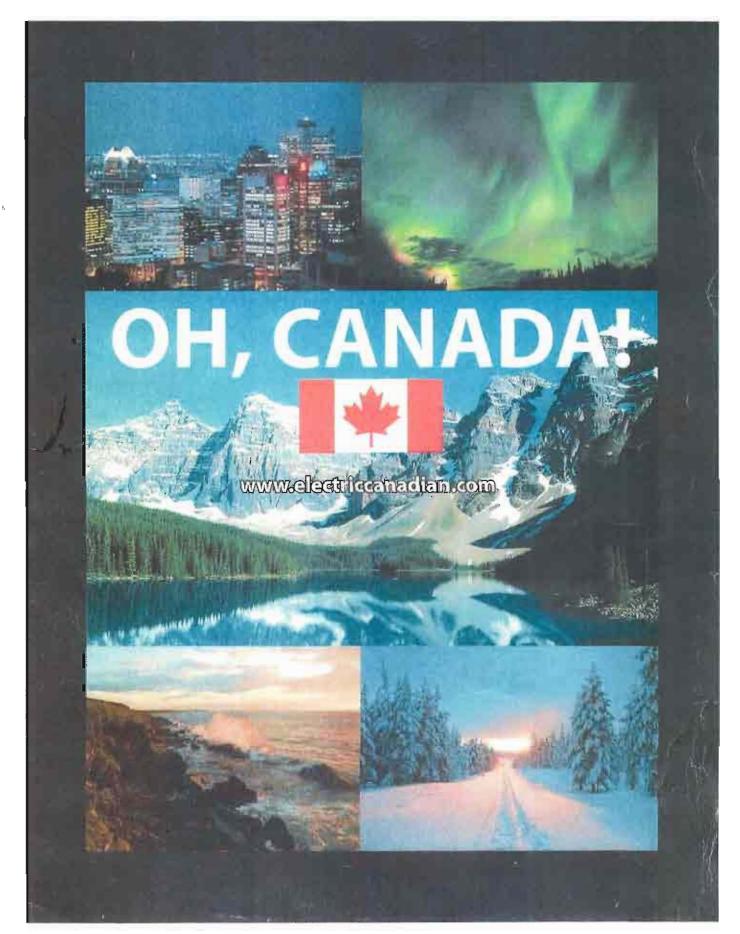
The mill will grind through COVID-19 as well—just not as a museum.

With flour shortages dogging the United Kingdom and potential visitors trapped at home, the caretakers of Sturminster Newton's ancient mill have pivoted from performance to production. "When you just have to mill and you don't have to give a history lesson at the same time, you can just get on with it," says miller Imogen Bittner. Since its return to the grind in early March, Bittner and her co-worker, Pete Loosmoore, have produced hundreds of pounds of flour to be safely distrib-

uted by several local businesses. While the mill needs the revenue as badly as area families need the flour, it's not exactly what the pair had in mind for this year's tourist season.

Bittner was born and raised within a short walk of the mill. "It's something I've known all my life," she says. With Loosmoore on the cusp of retirement, it's something she's due to operate on her own soon, as well. She had just finished securing supplies for the season when they decided to close in mid-March with COVID-19 at the gates. "We'd brought in all the grain from the local farm, had it all stacked and ready to go," says Bittner, "but a lot of the volunteer staff are in a vulnerable age group."

Most years, between April and September, visitors explore the quaint property and tour the mill to witness a medieval undertaking: harnessing the Stour River to grind local grain with simple machinery. "It's done very much how it was hun-



Happy Birthday, *continued from page 1 –*

There were about half a dozen very generous friends who truly believed in the paper upon whom I could call if we didn't have enough money to print.

Finally, I could not, in good conscience, call on them anymore. This was the time when our economy went "clunk." Remember?

It cost a quarter of a million dollars, more or less, each year to print and mail *The Family Tree*.

I was responsible for raising all of that money.

And, the publication was FREE to the subscribers...although postage donations were marvelous.

It was about this time that electricscotland.com and Alastair McIntyre became a part of the publication and we became a part of electricscotland.com.

In 2005, I retired and left the library and the publication was given to me.

There were major personal changes in my life about this time as well. I moved from Moultrie, Georgia to Walhalla, South Carolina...and the publication tagged along with me.

The Family Tree became Beth's Newfangled Family Tree and I finally figured out how to do the publication - an 8 1/2 x 11 - in the computer.

I must try to tell you how much I have enjoyed my affiliation with the Scottish community. In the library years, we worked so hard together and accomplished so much.

Every single person with whom I worked, was kind, enthusiastic, and wonderful. There is not a word in the English language - or any other - to properly express my thanks.

This should answer the question of why the ads in *BNFT* are so inexpensive. It is a tiny thank you to the Scottish Community for many years of kindness.

In 2007, Tom Freeman and I were Handfasted at the Glasgow, Kentucky, Highland Games. Two years later, we were married in the garden of our most beloved friend, Jeri Martin, in Lebanon, Tennessee.

I can tell you truthfully, I did not know that life could be so wonderful as it has been ever since Tom entered my life.





THE ROYAL EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO 2020 CANCELLED DUE TO CORONAVIRUS



A note from your editor:

I decided <u>not</u> to try and list everything that has been cancelled or postponed. We all know that everything is one or the other.

If you have a date for rescheduling your event, please let me know, and I will be sure and print it - NO CHARGE - so that you might have a good crowd at your later date event. Just email: <bethscribble@aol.com>



"HUNTING TARTANS"

Philip D. Smith, Jr. PhD, FSA Scot

"How come the Clan MacMuffin have a 'Hunting Tartan' and we don't?", I have heard a dozen times over the years. My answer has been, "You already have one if your 'Clan Tartan' is basically blue or green." That answer has satisfied some but other Clan Societies or individuals insist on me designing a "Hunting" tartan even if they don't need one. Perhaps we need to look at some history. What exactly is a "Hunting Tartan"?

First, a "Hunting Tartan" has never been used for real hunting except in rare cases where the

owner had to prove that it really was designed for a hunt. That "one-off" was only to justify the name, not for real "hunting."

In 1822 King George IV was scheduled to visit Scotland, the first time in over two hundred years that the monarch had done so. His visit, advertised and planned well in advance was "stage-managed" by Sir Walter Scott with the assistance of General Stuart of Garth. Due to the heroic record of Highland Regiments in European Wars, especially at the end of the Napoleonic Wars, tartan was the height of fashion. Sir Walter insisted that all good Highlanders (and some Lowlanders) wear their

"ancient Clan tartan." Few Clan Chiefs knew anything about their "ancient Clan tartan" since few clans had one. This "encouragement" by Sir Walter gave more emphasis to the "Clan Tartan Myth." Tartan weaving firms were more than happy to find one for you. But what about the poor Highlander who had no clan? What tartan were they to wear?

The premier weaving firm of the day was "Wilson's of Bannockburn". They could solve the

problem. Wilson's designed a green and black tartan for all who didn't have a "clan tartan" but what to call it? Since most of the Stewart tartans are based on a red ground, why not call it a "Hunting Stewart"? They did and recorded it in their 1819 "Key Pattern" book. No one knows why Wilson's chose to use "Hunting" for a Stewart tartan which never was and never has been a Clan Stewart tartan any more than the "Royal Stewart" or the "Victoria" are rightly the "Clan Stewart Tartan". The true "Clan Stewart" is the green and black "Old

Stewart".

However, "Hunting Stewart" was there among all the other "Clan Tartans" in the 1819 "Key Pattern Book" and it was repeated in subsequent tartan books – but it alone bore the title "Hunting" for another fifty years.

In the 1850s and '60s, the bright aniline dyes made from chemicals began to appear along with the power looms that put hand weavers out of business. People wanted the more brilliant reds, dark greens, and sharp 'Navy' blues. These quickly replaced the more subtle shades of the natural dyes. However, many "Clan" and "Regimental" tartans, especially the

red ones, looked odd, even garish, when converted from natural to aniline colours. What to do?

Simple, change the colours to off-shades or even different colours and call the result a "Hunting" version. "Hunting" versions began to appear, beginning with the red-based tartans and copying the patterns (setts, in tartan terms) exactly. These "Hunting Tartans" first appeared in the last half of Continued on page 17

The Ancestral Home of the Clan Armstrong







Gilnockie Tower

The 16th Century Ancestral Home of the Clan Armstrong

Gilnockie Tower is on the A7 Edinburgh to Carlisle route, details on our website .: www.gilnockietower.co.uk

All Border Reiver Families made more than welcome at our tower.

We are open 10.00 AM until 4.00 PM 7 days 1st April to end October 2019. We are open 11.00 AM until 3.00 PM daily end October 2019 until end March 2020.

Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie Coffee Bar now open.

Please check our website for unforeseen changes to our opening times. : www.gilnockietower.co.uk

Our E-store now open on www.gilnockietower.co.uk







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clan baird gathers in scotland in 2019 and will return in 2021

Dr. Debra Baird, FSA Scot, President, Clan Baird Society Worldwide, Inc.



Branton Baird, holding the Standard, with Commander Richard Holman-Baird, during a ceremony commemorating the bridge at the old Auchmedden Mill, Pennan, (now named the Mill of Nethermill) which was built by Bairds and Gardens in 1719. A plaque was placed during the general meeting in 2019, celebrating the bridge being in existence for 300 years. It was the first road bridge joining Aberdeenshire and Banffshire on the north coast.

Clan Baird is gathering in Scotland every two years now. We were there in 2019 and will be back in 2021. We hope all will join us August 6-8, 2021 in Aboyne, for the Scottish Festival there and our meetings Potarch Lodge, Balogie Estate.

C l a n Baird, through more twists and turns than most clans endure, has revived itself in the mod-

ern era, and we have a Commander ap-

pointed by the Lord Lyon; a leader for the first time since Culloden. Our history is one of strife and challenges due to one branch (the Auchmeddens) being Jacobites, another branch (the Saughtonhalls) being British soldiers far, far back into history, including at Culloden, another branch (the Newbyths) dying out and then being regenerated through a different line, Sir David Baird in the 19th century, and another line rising from farming in Lanarkshire (the Gartsherries), from the original Cambusnethans of whom the Auchmeddens origi-

nated in the 1400's.

Most of Clan Baird's Scottish world has been played out in Lanarkshire and Aberdeenshire. Our new Commander, Richard Holman-Baird of Rickarton, Ury, and Lochwood, owns the last Baird estate in Scotland, Rickarton, which lies just north of Stonehaven.

As all can imagine, the family fractures that have come about from being on differing sides of the Risings in Scotland, from difficulties with philosophical and political ideologies, and the loss of estates and fortunes over time, have caused a scattering of Bairds around the globe. In fact, more Bairds live in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States than still reside in Scotland. All that strife of diaspora almost caused us to dissolve

as a family.

But, in the late 1960's and the early 1970's, two groups came into being. The Bairds of Atlantic Canada and Clan Baird Society in the United States, which later became Clan Baird Worldwide. Inc. With hard work and determination, these two groups began the long jour-



Amelia, Richard's daughter, Commander Richard Holman-Baird, Polly, his wife, and son Angus, at Holyrood Garden Party. Richard is a member of the Royal Company of Archers, Bodyguard to the Queen in Scotland, a role the group has performed since 1822.



Chief of the Paisley Family, Duncan W. Paisley of Westerlea.



All Paisleys of the name or blood (and all spellings) are invited to join. Email: <mbr/>brown2205@aol.com>

Paisley Family Society USA Branch, FaceBook account can be found at https:// www.facebook.com/Paisley-Family-Society-USA-branch-195070730565352/





The Arms of Paisley of Westerlea (above)

The guidon of the Chief (below)



The Paisleys are a family of considerable antiquity, having been associated with Lochwinnoch and Paisley (parts of what later became Renfrewshire), with Cunningham and Kyle (North Ayrshire), Innerwidk (East Lothian) and Roxburghshire, since the time of William I King of Scots, 1165-1214.

For the Paisley **DNA Project**, visit <dlangsto@yahoo.com>

of North Carolina
president: Don Paisley

Email: paisley47@aol.com

Celebrating

50 years of fellowship

Check out the
Clan Paisley Society webpage at
<www.paisleyfamilysociety.org.uk>
to see what's happening with us this
year. Contact Martha Brown at
<mbrown2205@aol.com>.

https://www.facebook.com/PaisleyFamilySociety

Weeden Nichols surely needs some genealogical help! Can you?

Weeden Nichols is seeking any information you have on the following ancestors of his: JAMES HUNTER (as a result of very superficial research and a lot of jumping to conclusions), in his Scottish Exodus, misidentified my "LONG JOHN" (LONG JONNY) MACLEOD/MCLEOD (early records show both "Mac" and "Mc") as son of "COMMODORE" JOHN and brother of DANIEL in Marlboro County, SC. That JOHN MCLEOD (brother of DANIEL and son of COMMODORE JOHN) actually died in Marlboro County as a young married man, without issue. JAMES HUNTER was apparently misled by erroneous information in M.C. Kruemcke's MacLeod Genealogy, undated, which apparently was the source of conflation of the identities of LONG JOHN and the JOHN MCLEOD who was son of COMMODORE JOHN.

My "LONG JONNY" traces back to the part of Anson County, NC that became Richmond County. He was the son of JOHN MCLEOD/MACLEOD JR. and MARY _____. (It's always "John and Mary, isn't it. LONG JOHN's wife was MARY also - MARY BETHUNE.) We would have to know the name of LONG JOHN'S father's father, to confirm the "Jr." Anyway, "JOHN JR" was the immigrant.

Will of **JOHN MCLEOD**, April 18, 1812, Ch. Eight, p. 263, Abstracts of Wills, Richmond County Wills - CR. 082.801 -NCA.

RACHEL MCLEOD AVERA'S granddaughter, ARDIS WARD, transcribed recollections by her grandmother: JOHN MCLEOD was born in Scotland and couldn't speak English when he came to this country -- and, as best I remember, came to this country with the BETHUNES. I know they were related from UNCLE LAUCHLIN'S letters, as he said as much...My father's father was JOHN MCLEOD and died in N.C. as my grandmother MARY MCLEOD was a widow when she came to this state [Mississippi]. Be this as it may, my father's mother died near us in Greene County and is buried by my own mother MARY BETHUNE in the old Presbyterian Church yard near Leakesville, Miss. My father and mother were married either in last part of 1811 or very first of 1812 as their oldest child ISABELLA was born in January 1813. My mother had only two children when she left N.C., ISABELLA and ALEXANDER. I am not sure but I think my father moved south about the year 1815 or 1816. He stopped one year somewhere in Alabama. My father could make anything with wood or metal, was no common man. Extensive land, cattle and slave owner, a member of legislature for fifteen years and a member that framed the first constitution of this state. I now have in my possession a prayer book presented by the Seat of Government to him, a collar button he wore to America, also his watch which is a fine Swiss watch...."

If you have information please contact Weeden Nichols, <redolafl@gmail.com> Thank you.

There are a couple more pages of this query which will be sent along in the next two issues of BNFT.



CLAN BUCHANAN SOCIETY INTERNATIONAL, INC.

If you have the name "Buchanan" in your family or any of the allied family/sept names below, you are invited to join your cousins and Buchanan kin. Just send an email for a membership form and/or information to

<info@theclanbuchanan.com>

Gilbert



Bohanan Buchanan Colman Cormack Cousland Dewar Donleavy Dove, Dow Gibb(s)(y) Gibbon Gibson

Gilbertson Harper Harperson Leavy Lennie Lenny Macaldonich Macalman Macandeior Macaslan Macaslin Macauselan Macauslan(in) Macausland Macauslane Macalman Macalmon(t) Macammond Macasland Macchruiter Maccolman Maccolwan Maccormac(k) Maccommon Maccouhrey Maccubbin Maccubbing Maccubin Macdonleavy Macgeorge Macgibbon

Macgreusich Macgubbin Macinally Macindeo(r) Mackibb Mackibbon Mackinlay Mackinley Macmaster Macmaurice Macmorris Macmurchie Macmurphy Macneur Macnuir Macquat Macquattie Macquattiey Macquyer MacQuinten Macwattie Macwhirter Macwhorter Masters Masterson Morrice Morris Morrison (of Perthshire only) Murchie. Murchison

Macgilbert



Risk
Rusk(ie)
Ruskin
Spittal
Spittle
Walter
Walters
Wason
Sasson
Waters
Watson
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Watt
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Weir
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Wool

formed in 1970 as the Clan Buchanan Society in America. It was founded at the Grandfather Mountain Games in North Carolina. The name was later changed to the Clan Buchanan Society International Inc., reflect our society's expanded purpose and membership.



Write to the president, David Byrne, at david.byrne@theclanbuchanan.com

Richardson

Clan Baird Gathering,

continued from page 9

Clan Baird Family Convention, August 2019, Edinburgh, Scotland. Richard is kneeling in front, as well as Andrew Baird of Newbyth, who lives in England.

ney back; visiting Scotland, seeking out family leaders still there, and trying to give us all a home once again, as part of a larger organized group than our local immediate families.

Our new Commander, Richard Holman-Baird's grandfather and grandmother helped with these fledgling efforts, inviting all to their home and into their lives. His father and mother continued this effort, and gave Bairds a place to feel welcomed in Scotland. These efforts helped bring the varied groups of Bairds back to the table and back into the fold. Richard and his wife Polly continue this tradition and are always happy to see Bairds as part of their work.

Clan Baird had a large gathering in Scotland for the first time in 2019, when we had the Family Convention in Edinburgh, to discuss a Commander. The meeting was at St. Leonard's Hall on the cam-



pus of the University of Edinburgh, and the Lord Lyon saw fit to appoint Richard shortly thereafter.

The next Clan Baird Gathering in Scotland will be in Aboyne, August 6-8, 2021. We plan to have a beginning Ceilidh on the evening of August 6th, at Potarch Lodge on the Balogie Estate in Banchory. On Saturday the 7th, we shall convene at the Baird Tent, Aboyne Scottish Festival, and about 2:00 PM, we will have the installation ceremony for our Commander. All are invited to attend. Afterward, we will have a dinner at the Lodge, in honor of our Commander and his family, and then on Sunday afternoon, August 8th, we will have a farewell garden party on the banks of the Royal Dee River, and the Lodge lawns. It is hoped that all Bairds and the friends of Bairds will come to the Gathering. In this time of Coronavirus, it is such joy to plan for a better summer and better times for us all.



Beth's Newfangled Family Tree June 2020 Section B Page 13





The 13th Earl of Galloway, Scottish peer, died 27 March, 2020. He was 91.



Randolph Keith Reginald Stewart was born 14 October 1928, son of the 12th Earl of Galloway (1892-1978), landowner, by his wife the former Philippa Fendall

Wendel (died 22 February 1974), daughter of Jacob Wendell, of New York.

Randolph, known by the courtesy title of Lord Garlies from his birth, was dogged by mental issues throughout his life. He married, 17 October 1975, Mrs. May Lily Budge (who died 29 October 1999), daughter of Andrew Miller, of Duns, Berwickshire. The marriage was seen by his family as an unsuitable match, and his father disinherited his son and heir.

Randolph, Lord Garlies, succeeded his father, 13 June 1978, as 13th Earl of Galloway (Peerage of Scotland or 1623), Lord

Garlies (Peerage of Scotland, cr 1607), Baron Stewart of Garlies (Peerage of GB, cr 1796), the 12th Baronet, of 'Corsewell' (cr 1627), and 10th Baronet, of 'Burray' (cr 1687).

Lord Galloway is succeeded in all his honours by his second cousin once removed, Andrew Clyde Stewart (born 13 March 1949), son of Maj Alexander David Stewart, MBE (1914-85), by his wife the former Daphne Marion Bonsor, daughter of Sir Reginald Bonsor, 2nd Bt.

The new peer married 5 March 1977 (div), Sara Pollock (now Sara Agnew) by whom he has an issue, a son, Alexander Patrick Stewart (born 18 November 1980), who now assumes the courtesy title Lord Garlies, and two daughters, Tania and Zoe. The younger daughter, now Lady Zoe, is the wife of Jakie James (Jake) Warren (born 1986), a godson of Diana, Princess of Wales, son of the Queen's racehorse trainer, John Frederick Rufus Warren, by his wife the former Lady Carolyn Penelope Herbert (born 1962), daughter of the 7th Earl of Carnarvon, KBE, KCVO (1924-2011).

Are you an Arthur, Carter, MacArthur, McArthur or similar name? If so, you can become a member of the Clan Arthur Association!



Clan Arthur is worldwide with branches in UK, USA, Canada & Australia. Our leader is **Chief John MacArthur of that Ilk**.

We welcome new members who are of "Arthur" decent or those interested in our clan who are prepared to be loyal to our Chief. Membership includes a quarterly magazine which is full of stories about the Clan around the world, articles on current events, ancestry & history. Members also receive ongoing newsletters & updates on local happenings within their community.

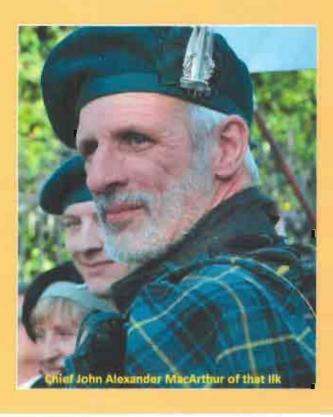
For information & how to join, see our website clanarthur.website/ Contacts:

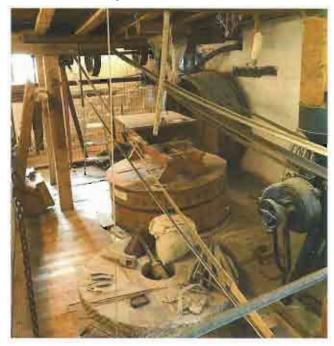
UK: Chief John & Lorraine MacArthur arthurofthatilk@btinternet.com

USA: Joann Helmich caausamembership@gmail.com

Canada: Lloyd K. McArthur mcartid@shaw.ca

Australia/NZ: Carol MacArthur Budlong carolmcarthur18@gmail.com





The production area of the ancient mill is no longer just for show.

dreds of years ago," says Bittner. "The only thing is we use a Ford Transit to get supplies now and not a hand-pulled cart—bit quicker this way." The sale of both tickets and the modest amount of flour it produces keeps the museum open, a model that COVID-19 swiftly thwarted.

Hunting Tartans, *continued from page 7* the nineteenth century,

A secondary reason may have been to sell you a second kilt – after all, that's the only reason for tartan manufacturing – to sell tartan in whatever form it can be made. That is why tartan comes in so many unique palates.

So, that's the history of "Hunting Tartans" – except that it didn't stop there. There are several "Hunting" versions for blue and green-based clan/family tartans; there are those that do not replicate the original setts; there are clan/families that have two or more "Hunting" variations just because someone was unhappy with the first "Hunting" sett or they liked both designs. For example, the 1819 Wilson's "Grant" did not have the "Hunting" tag attached until the early twentieth century.

At the same time, the pandemic also precipitated severe flour shortages throughout much of the country, though not for reasons you might suspect. There's plenty of flour within England, but it's all in the wrong bags: Only about 4 percent of the flour produced in the U.K. is sold through supermarkets—the rest is packed and shipped in bulk to commercial bakeries and other manufacturers. Even if larger mills could manage the pivot to smaller packaging, social distancing would preclude industrial-scale production, which demands many hands. Pre-industrial milling, however, can be managed single handedly.

For Bittner, it wasn't much of a decision: "It was more of a logical step, really."

As soon as Bittner and Loosmoore found several local shops and bakers to sell their flour, they got the old mill cranking. "When we're taking visitors, we have to mill very slowly so the flour doesn't spill out," says Bittner, "but when you're actually milling to mill, it's different." To date, Bittner and Loosmoore estimate that they have ground and sold just under 1,600 pounds of flour.

Bittner quickly dismisses questions over the durability of the mill's machinery. "The mill could easily do 10 times what it's doing today," she says, calling it "very solid," with a water turbine that was "just changed" in 1904. "It could go on forever," says Bittner, "it's we who get tired." She says as long as the flour shortage persists and social distancing is enforced, production will continue through the tourist season.

For now, the mill has been saved and the townsfolk rejoice, inundating the supermarket's Facebook page with expressions of gratitude. (The mill itself has no social media presence.) Unsurprisingly, the millers discovered a newfound appreciation for the old mill, as well. "It's different when no one's around," says Bittner, "you can hear its creaks, smell its grain—you can really feel the age of it." It's not the first crisis this building has seen; thanks to its stubbornness, it's not the last one it will survive, either.

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Scottish - American Military

Society General Elijah Clark Post #60



If you are a veteran of Celtic heritage, you can join the Scottish - American Military Society.

You can visit our webpage for more information. The webpage is http://www.s-a-m-s.org/

Our meeting times, dates and places are to be announced for 2020 soon. In the meantime, please contact Rick Conn, Adjutant, General James Jackson Post #60. Call 1-678-873-3491 or visit his email at <rickconn@bellsouth.net>

If you attend a Scottish Highland Games look for the SAMS unit which usually acts as the flagbearers for the event. Any of them will be glad to talk with you.



Scottish - American Military Society



If you would like information on joining the Scottish - American Millitary Society, please contact: **Rick Conn**, Adjutant, General James Jackson Post #60, 2683 Brocklin Drive, Grayson, GA 30017 -1432. Telephone **678-873-3491**. Email: <rickconn@bellsouth.net> http://www.s-a-m-s.org

LEARN ABOUT APPRENTICESHIP AGREEMENTS AND INDENTURED SERVITUDE CONTRACTS

Bryan L. Mulcahy, MLS

Apprenticeship agreements, also referred to as indentured servitude contracts, were common in the British Isles and later in Colonial America.

An apprenticeship is defined as a service or condition in which a person is gaining instruction

in a trade or art, under legal agreement. Historically, an apprentice served for a specified period of time varying from 7-10 years.

While most apprentices began as children, some as young as ten years of age, circumstances such as helping pay for passage to the New World resulted

in some adults in their 20s entering into these agreements as well.

Apprentices often came from the economically poor levels of English, Scottish and European society. Many were orphans who were bound out by a county court until the age of 18 for men and 21 for women.

The system of apprenticeship first developed in the late Middle Ages and was supervised by craft guilds and town governments. A master craftsman was entitled to employ young people as an inexpensive form of labor in exchange for providing food, lodging and formal training in the craft.

While most apprentices were males, researchers may encounter female apprentices in fields such as seamstress, tailor, cordwainer, baker and stationer.

In England, the Statute of Apprentices in 1563 made it illegal for anyone to enter a trade if they had not first served an apprenticeship.

Depending on the time period, place, and ju-

risdiction, these agreements may be labeled apprenticeship agreements or indentured servitude contracts.

Some apprenticeships were privately arranged and there is no documentation, but many inden-

tures were officially recorded in court records.

Indentures were legal agreements and could be recorded even if the child served an apprenticeship under the father or a close family member.

Information found in apprentice and indentured servitude agree-



ments may include:

- 1. Apprentice's name
- 2. Name of craftsman or business entity responsible for agreement (might be individual craftsman, court appointed or private attorney dealing with indentured contacts, person, business entity, church parish or charity)
- 3. Names of parents or guardians (sometimes place of residence, if known)
- 4. Name of wife and any children (if applicable)
 - 5. Length of indenture term
 - 6. Trade to be learned
- 7. Whether the apprentice was literate and/or allowed to attend school

If your ancestor engaged in a trade, you will want to look for indenture records in the appropriate locality. Often they are with the deeds, but may be found in probate or orphans' court records, with







Clan Anderson Cottages

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Tel: +44 (0)1387 850 205 | Email: info@clanandersoncottages.com Anderson Estates, Barbeth, New Abbey, Dumfries, DG2 8DB Brylan L. Mulcahy, continued from page 19 guardianships. You may find them in books labeled "Minute Books". In some New England towns, they may be in the town records.

Not all apprenticeships ran smoothly. Runaways were not uncommon and advertisements in local newspapers often named and described the absent apprentice. Not all indenture records are for true apprenticeships. Some record an agreement whereby a child, usually of a poor family, was "bound out" either to earn an income for the family, or to provide for the child if the family could not or if the child was orphaned.

I've included some links below that will provide additional information on this topic.

Family Search Wiki

https://www.familysearch.org/wiki/en/ England_Apprenticeship_Indentures_1710_to_1811 https://www.familysearch.org/wiki/en/ Apprenticeship_in_England

Find My Past - Blog

https://www.findmypast.com/blog/family-records/how-to-find-out-more-about-your-ancestors-using-apprentice-records

National Archives - England

https://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/help-with-your-research/research-guides/apprentices-and-masters/

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Society of Antiquaries

NEWS

We fully expect to re-schedule the Rhind lectures and other events that are cancelled as soon as is practicable. Please keep an eye on the Society website and your inbox for further information.

Weave Into History

A reminder that our exciting competition to design a Society tartan, which will be registered with the Scottish Register of Tartans, is open until Wednesday 20 May. The design will feature on the Society's promotional material. Find out more here.

Call for Information

The Society is keen to contact any surviving family of Joseph Anderson, Scottish antiquarian who served as keeper of the National Museum of Antiquaries of Scotland from 1869 to 1913. If you have any information please email director@socantscot.org.

Online Course

The University of Edinburgh is now accepting applications to their new MSc in Ancient Worlds. This unique online MSc provides the opportunity to explore the human past from early prehistory to late antiquity. Deadline for applications is 20 July 2020.

The Romans in Scotland: Latest Research

The Antonine Wall: Papers in Honour of Professor Lawrence Keppie, brings together 32 diverse papers on the most northerly Roman frontier, including the environmental and prehistoric background, artefacts and inscriptions, and the people of the Wall, including the lives of women and children.

Bonnie Prince Charlie

A precious original document was recently discovered in a box in a cellar of the Signet Library, Edinburgh. The letter was a commission appointing an officer in the Jacobite army in 1745 and was signed by Bonnie Prince Charlie himself.



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Ian & Mac A WARM SUMMER DAY

Margo Fallis

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"There's nothing like lying in a field of bluebells on a warm summer's day, is there?" Ian asked his friend, Mac.

Mac picked up a blade of rye grass and put it in his mouth. He looked up at the lazy clouds floating by against a background of blue. "Nothing better."

"I don't like the bees. There are too many of them. They buzz all around my head and annoy me," Ian scowled.

"Just ignore them. They aren't interested in you, Ian. They want the pollen from the bluebells. There are butterflies and dragonflies too. Did you see that one fly past a few minutes ago? It had blue wings and a green body and was very pretty," Mac said.

"A butterfly or a dragonfly?" Ian asked.

"Butterfly. Say, Ian, we're being a bit lazy today. Let's go down to the glen and see if auld Mr. Johnston's chickens have laid any eggs. I'm craving eggs right now. What do you say?" Mac suggested.

"Eggs? That does sound good," Ian said, jumping up. "I'll beat you down the hillside." He ran as fast as his short, raccoon legs could take him.

Mac followed. They ran until they came to the fence surrounding Mr. Johnston's back garden. Huge sunflowers surrounded it. "More bees," Ian sighed.

"Shhh, Ian. Somehow we've got to sneak past the windows without being seen, get into the chicken coop and get the eggs, without the chickens clucking too loud. Any thoughts?" Mac asked.

"If we walk right under the windows until we reach the side of the house, then we can run quickly to the coop. We can hide behind those rose bushes if we need."

"Good idea," Mac said. He surveyed the back





garden. The small house sat about twenty feet from the chicken coop, which was at the very back part of the garden. A few chickens were pecking seed from the ground. "Do you think auld Mr. Johnston has gathered the eggs already? Maybe we'd better wait until morning?"

"He might have. The sun's high in the sky. I'd hate to get all the way there and find out there are no eggs. Let's spend the rest of the day behind the wood pile and we can sneak up to the chicken coop before sunrise and be ready to snatch the eggs," Ian said.

"Good idea. I am hungry though. What will we eat? We can't sit all day behind the woodpile. We'll starve," Mac said, his tummy growling.

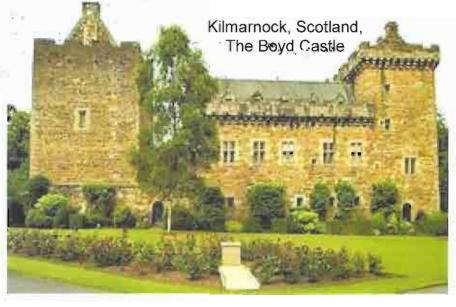


House of Boyd Society

Confido "I trust."



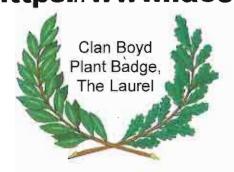
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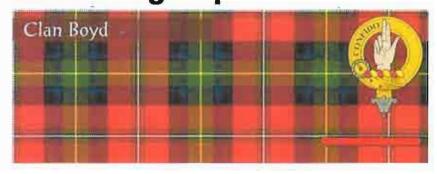


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"Mac? Is that you thinking about food? It's usually me who's starving, like I am right now! Around front there's a vegetable garden. I think he grows carrots and turnips," Ian said.

"Carrots and Turnips it is then," Mac said and the two raccoons ran around to the front of the house. Much to their horror, auld Mr. Johnston was sitting on his front porch, rocking back and forth in his chair. "Yikes! Another plan foiled today. We can't get to the carrots and turnips with him watching."

"I've another plan. There are three cows in the field. I saw them as we ran by. Two of them are ready to milk. Maybe if we are really sneaky, we can lie under the cow as it grazes and suck some

of the milk out, or at least let it drip into our mouths," Ian suggested.

"Are you mad? The cows aren't going to let us do that or anything else near them, but fresh cream does sound good. We'll give it a try. I'm hungry enough to go through with it," Mac said.

They snuck through the tall grasses and came within a few feet of Patches, one of the cows. She turned her head and looked at them but didn't seem to mind them being there. They crept a little closer. "MOOO!" Patches called out but didn't move.

"Right, we're here. You grab her teat and squeeze the milk into my mouth," Mac commanded.

"What? I say you grab it and I get the first milk," Ian complained.

"Me first," Mac said sarcastically.

"No, me first," Ian retorted.

So it went for half an hour. Patches, seeing the arguing raccoons wandered off, unnoticed.

"All right. You can go first," Mac sighed. "Let's go then."

They turned to get some milk. "Where's the cow? Where's Patches?" Ian asked.

"She's walked away over there! If you hadn't been so stubborn and just let me have the first milk,

she'd have stayed here!" Mac said angrily and headed back to auld Mr. Johnston's house.

Ian stayed in the field mumbling and stomping his feet! "Why, I'll show him! I'm going to go and get the eggs right now!" He ran right to the chicken coop.

Mac had just settled down behind the woodpile when he heard chicken's squawking. He saw Mr. Johnston jump up from his chair and head into the back garden. Mac looked at the coop. There was Ian; his arms filled with eggs and all around him feathers were flying. Chickens were clucking and pecking at his paws. "OUCH! OUCH! OUCH!"

"What's going on there? Who's in the chicken coop?" Mr. Johnston called. He spotted Ian. "A raccoon? Leave my chickens alone. Drop those eggs or else," he said, picking up a three pronged pitchfork.

"YIKES!" Ian cried, dropped the eggs and ran

towards Mac. "Help! Help! Help!" he called.

Mac watched as Mr. Johnston picked the eggs up and took them into the house. "We'd better get out of here while we can. Come on, Ian," Mac said and the two raccoons ran and ran and ran, and didn't stop until they'd reached their tree.

"Whew! That was close!" Ian said, breathing rapidly.

"Well, now we have no eggs, no milk and no food, thanks to you Ian," Mac said rudely.

Ian knew he'd been at fault. He looked at Mac and ran offinto the forest without saying another word. Mac, still angry, climbed the tree and fell asleep on the branch. A while later, Ian shook Mac until he was awake. "What's going on?" he yawned. Ian sat on the branch next to Mac. His arms were filled with two huge blocks of cheese and a loaf of bread. "Where did you get that?" Mac asked, smiling.

"While auld Mr. Johnston was out guarding

Continued on page 27



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For information contact David Harlan Irwin davidirwin@q.com



lan and Mac, continued from page 25



his chickens, I snuck in the front door and found all this cheese and bread," Ian laughed.

"Hee hee. Thanks Ian. Now we can eat. I'm sorry for being angry before. I was just very hungry," Mac apologized.

"It's all right, Mac. Let's just eat the cheese and bread," Ian said.

The two of them feasted on the food and ate every last crumb of bread and cheese. Delicious!" Mac said. "I still want to get those eggs though. Here's my plan for tomorrow morning......" They stayed up half the night planning their early morning raid, friends again.

Beth's Newfangled Family Tree June 2020 Section B Page 27



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Kirsten Henton, BBC Travel

hile travelling is on hold due to the Cronavirus outbreak, BBC Travel will continue to inform and inspire our readers who want to learn about the world as much as they want to travel there, offering stories that celebrate the people, places and cultures that make this world so wonderfully diverse and amazing.

For travel information and stories specifically related to Coronavirus, please read the latest updates from our colleagues at BBC News.

Nowhere does a brooding winter sky quite like the west coast of Scotland. As I looked across the open estuary of the River Esk, pale yellow sunlight filtered through streaks of low-lying cloud, reflected in the mirror-like ribbons of water and ripples of sand exposed by the retreating tide. All around, fields dipped gently to flatten out along the shore of the channel, which snakes its way westwards to the Solway Firth. The lowland coast-line, flanked by rolling hills, expands until the firth meets the Irish Sea, creating a natural break in the land between Dumfries and Galloway in Scotland and Cumbria in northern England.

Standing firm against a determined breeze, I was surveying the scene from what marks the

south-western end of the border between Scotland and England. Peacefully admiring nature at work, it was hard to believe that this seemingly tranquil, rural landscape was once at the edge of one of Britain's most lawless, and for a time, bloodiest, regions: the area known as the Debatable Lands.

Today, this once troublesome region is a laidback, quiet part of the border where hardy animal breeds are reared and a sense of community reverberates among the long-established towns and villages. This lesser-visited corner of the UK is also where you can get close to the story of those who called the Debatable Lands home: feuding clans known as the Border Reivers. It's a place where local histories and scant ruins linger among wooded valleys, fast-flowing rivers and open moorland that lend themselves to letting your imagination fill in some of the blanks of its much under-told story.

And what a fascinating tale it is. The Debatable Lands is believed to have been the last great territorial division in Britain. Here, from the 13th to the 16th Centuries, the region's clans plundered land and livestock and endless blood was shed. Straddling the border, the Debatable Lands flour-



clankeith-usa.org.

Official website of The Clan Keith Society USA, Inc.

If you have genealogical ties to the surname Keith (Including alternate spellings such as Keeth.) or any of Clan Keith's Sept family names, you were born into the Clan Keith!

Associated Family Surnames (Septs) with Mac or Mc prefixes and spelling variants include: Septs and spellings include: Austin, Cate(s), Dick, Dickie, Dicken, Dickson, Dicson, Dixon, Dixson, Falconer, Faulkner, Harvey, Harvie, Hackston, Haxton, Harvey, Hervey, Hurrie, Hurry, Keath, Keech, Keeth, Keith, Keitch, Keithan, Keyth, Kite, Lum, Lumgair, Marshall, Urie, Urry.

The Clan Keith Society would be delighted for you to join us as a member. For more information, please email secretary@cksusa.org or jkeith417@aol.com. Call 256-270-8967.



Dunnottar Castle, stronghold of the Keiths (near Stonehaven)

Please plan to attend your local Highland Games and, if you see our tent, please come by for a visit. The tent convener will have information about Clan Keith's fascinating history as well as membership information. Membership in the clan is not expensive, but one of the finest investments that you will ever make. Hope to see you soon!

ished as a sort of anarchic no-man's land, not independent but too dangerous and lawless for either Scotland or England to be able – or want – to take control of.

This was highlighted in a remarkable parliamentary decree issued by the governments of both countries in the mid-16th Century, some 300 years into the Debatable Lands' story: "All Englishmen and Scottishmen are and shall be free to rob, burn,

spoil, slay, murder and destroy, all and every such person and persons, their bodies, property, goods and livestock... without any redress to be made for same."

While this decree was made into law, it was more of a legal "out" for England and Scotland. Nei-

re and shall be free to rob, burn,

It was probably seen as not.

The famous Gretna Green Blacksmith's Shop is used for eloping couples and weddings under Scottish licence on the border of Scotland (Credit: Tim Graham/Getty Images)

ther side wanted the responsibility of dealing with the Debatable Lands; and as they could not agree on who owned it or how it was divided, neither could be held responsible for it, either. As Dr Anna Groundwater, principal curator, Renaissance and Early Modern History, National Museums Scotland, told me, "It was not a valuable piece of land, high ground and poor farming potential, so it was probably seen as not particularly worth fighting for or defending."

The famous Gretna Green Blacksmith's Shop is used for eloping couples and weddings under Scottish licence on the border of Scotland (Credit: Tim Graham/Getty Images)

It was also a small area, something that struck me as I examined the map while waiting for a much-needed warming tea in the Cinebar Kitchen in the Scottish town of Gretna. The Debatable Lands ran just more than eight miles across at its widest, and roughly 13 miles from the elevated north down to the sandy-flats of the south with Gretna at its south-western tip and around one-third of the area extending into northern England. Gretna also proved perfectly placed as a launching pad for my foray, only a short detour from the A7, the artery that connects Edinburgh and Carlisle and cuts through the middle of what was the Debatable Lands.

It was probably seen as not particularly worth

fighting for or defending

Gretna and its Green may be affectionately known as a safe haven for young lovers looking to elope, but the town also has an illustrious industrial heritage owing to the production of munitions for World War One, which drastically reshaped

the community. The architecture reflects the early 20th Century well, such as the once-upon-a-time colonial revival-style cinema, whose adjoining cafe I was thawing out in.

The line between Scotland and England was established with the Treaty of York in 1237. As Graham Robb writes in his 2018 book, The Debatable Land: The Lost World Between Scotland and England, it is "probably the oldest national boundary in Europe". But when it was finalised, it seems that it drew a line through lands that were essentially familial, dividing some held territory in two. Therefore, the border symbolised state-led authority and the Debatable Lands became the flashpoint of a rebellion of sorts, where powerful families plundered each other in both Scotland and England and neither government was committed to sorting it out.



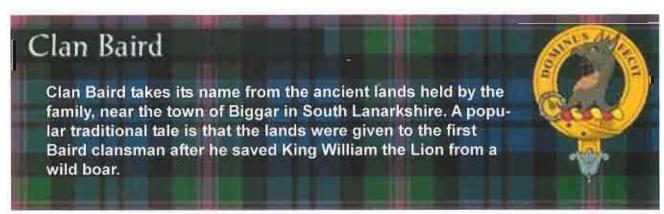
THE CLAN BAIRD SOCIETY WORLDWIDE



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Contact: Dr. Debra Baird, FSA Scot, President, Clan Baird Society Worldwide, Inc., email: djbaird4@gmail.com

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Aboyne Highland Games

Clan Baird plans gathering in Scotland next August 6-8, 2021



The Clan Baird Society Worldwide is planning a Gathering next August 6 - 8, 2021 in and near Aboyne, Scotland.

The Clan Baird meeting will be held at the Potarch Lodge on the Ballogie Estate near Banchory.

The Clan Baird Society Worldwide will have a tent at the Aboyne Games on Saturday, August 7, 20-21. All Bairds are invited to join us.

There is also a new book on the history of the Clan Baird, which has been written during the time in "lockdown" this year. It is called *A Memorial of Clan Baird* and is a memorial to the Lord Lyon when Richard was named Commander last summer.

The new book is available through Amazon.com or Barnes and Noble, etc.

The clan has decided to purchase a cask of whisky in Scotland during next year's gathering. In 10 years, it will be bottled as Baird Whisky.

If you would like information on becoming a member of the Clan Baird Society Worldwide, just contact Dr. Debra Baird, FSA Scot.



Queen makes a surprise visit to the Aboyne, Scotland, Highland Games

Dr. Baird is the presient of the Clan Baird Society Worldwide, Inc.

Her contact information is <djbaird4@gmail.com>. You may also contact <www.clanbairdsociety.com>.

There is a partial list of allied families/septs on the Clan Baird Society advertisement on the previous page.

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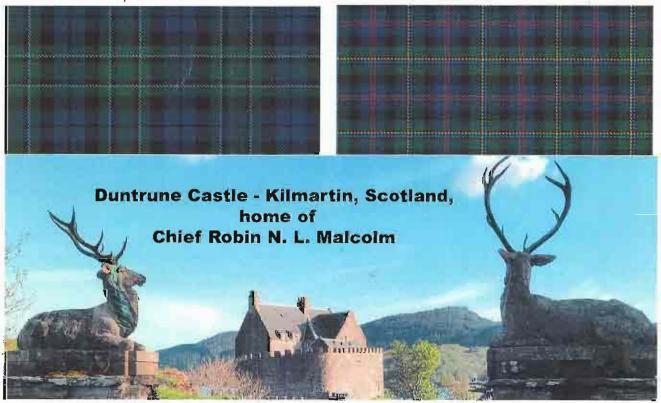
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MacCallum Tartan

Malcolm Tartan



The Debatable Lands, continued from page 31

Alexander Armstrong - aka Lang Sandy - was the last chief of the Scottish Armstrong clan in the Debatable Lands (Credit: Kirsten Henton)

The region became a no-go zone, a hazardous region frequented by the Border Reivers; "reiving" being a Scots word for plundering or raiding. Reivers busied themselves with a cat-andmouse style game of stealing each other's livestock. As Groundwater points out, that this occurred both "across the border and within each kingdom" shows that it was "not only English versus Scottish but internal crime, too". Although raids weren't confined solely to the Debatable Lands, most of the bloodiest took place in this untouchable terri-

tory, and it essentially became Britain's fourth country, sitting alongside England, Wales and Scotland: a miniature, no-go area abiding by its own rules.

[It is] probably the oldest national boundary in Europe

The wild, often barren landscape, punctuated

only by small communities, certainly adds to the effect. Towns such as Canonbie and Langholm are now local centres for fishing and hiking but grew from the remains of family settlements within the Debatable Lands. There are other well-marked ways of getting personal with the outdoors here. The coast-to-coast Reivers Cycle Route, for example, is a 173-mile stretch from that takes in many Borderland highlights including the Debatable Lands, although, you can pick and choose sections.

Taking another brief detour from the A7, I found myself in Rowanburn, a village with a wellkept public garden and the unmissable imposing wooden carving of Lang Sandy, so-called for his

considerable height at more than 6ft, very tall for the 16th Century. Full name Alexander Armstrong, he was the last chief of the all-powerful Scottish Armstrong clan in the Debatable Lands, and a much revered and feared reiver. He long resisted attempts at pacification by the Crown and was eventually hanged with his 11 sons in around 1610, a fate that was to befall many of the region's reivers.

The place I really wanted to visit, however, was nearby Gilnockie Tower. Mere minutes from Rowanburn, I was soon ambling up the driveway to what is one of the finest remaining examples of a lowland Pele tower --- a compact fortified keep built for defence, unique to the border region - and

> now home to the Clan Armstrong Centre, a small museum and essential Debatable Lands stopping

> Confusingly it's also known as Hollows Tower due to its adjacent location to Hol-Village, something that Ian Martin, project manager at the tower, explained

point. lows Alexander Armstrong - aka Lang Sandy - was the

last chief of the Scottish Armstrong clan in the Debatable Lands (Credit: Kirsten Henton)

as we headed inside the depths of the more than 500-year-old building.

Perhaps because there are few tangible remains from the period, Gilnockie Tower is a space in which the Debatable Lands comes alive. It's every bit the defensive tower, from its impenetrably thick stone walls to its tiny high windows and roof-top lookout where you can easily picture a guard keeping watch. The tower, which endeavours to open all year, houses a small exhibition and cafe, and, as Martin tells me, offers tours (booked in advance) that "are designed to take people well into the 16th Century, deep enough to give them a flavour of family life at that difficult period", in-



Scottish Heritage USA, Inc.

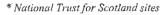
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Eisenhower Suite, Culzean Castle

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The Debatable Lands, continued from page 35

cluding, for example, everyday conditions and the daily chores and traditional dining habits of those living through this unruly time.

Discussing my route along the A7, Martin tells me that there's a desire to see a more concerted effort in attracting visitors to the region: "As you drive up the road to Canonbie, Gilnockie Tower, Langholm and on through the Borderlands," he said, "the history of the textile industry, both woven and knitted wear, is presented in some wonderful exhibitions [in the likes of Hawick, close to the Debatable Lands]. Much

more of these experiences are being developed, all in the effort to open up a visitor route through the A7 corridor that has fundamentally been ignored for years."

The region's remoteness, however, was of no concern to the reivers of their day. The Debatable Lands ex-

isted in its isolated manner until, officially speaking, 1551, when an agreement between the two countries prompted the building of Scots' Dike in 1552, which "settled the exact boundary between the countries of Scotland and England," according to Martin. This man-made embankment, little of which is visible today, was a three-and-a-half-mile-long barrier that finally divided

the Debatable Lands in two.

It was initially more symbolic than practical, as this barrier did nothing to stem the flow of reiving. It wasn't until 1603 that the border areas became a real focus for the unifying monarch, King James VI & I, King of Scotland and the first Stuart King of England, following the Union of the Crowns. New wardens were put in charge of tidying up the region and prominent reivers were rounded up. Some, like Lang Sandy, were hanged, many were exiled, and the process of instilling a semblance of law and order began

in earnest.

Winding northwards up the A7, with Gilnockie Tower in the rearview mirror, I struggled to get my head around how this small patch of land, the most debatable of areas, had excelled at such remarkable lawlessness with colourful characters and tales



Gilnockie Tower is one of the finest remaining examples of a lowland Pele tower (Credit: Kirsten Henton)

to boot, while, simultaneously, remaining so very under the radar.

And that's where the appeal in the Debatable Lands lies; the intrigue of this unfathomable period and, by association, the surrounding towns and villages of the Borderlands, whose natural landscapes remain – almost – as wild and untamed as in the days of the reivers.

Remember to send your genealogical queries to BNFT anytime. FREE, no strings. bethscribble@aol.com>

Be sure and send contact information in the query. Length is not so important, but please be reasonable. See page 11 of this section for an example of a query...although a long one.

