

Volume 2 Number Leapmonth * Beth's Newfangled Family Tree Section A March 2009

Dr. Jim McAfee appointed US Clan Commissioner

Dr. Jim McAfee, FSA Scot, has served for several years as Assistant Clan Commissioner in the US for the Macfie Clan Society of America. He was appointed by former Clan Commander Sandy McPhie. Upon Sandy's retirement, all appointments lapsed.

The new and current Clan Commander, Iain McFee, recently appointed Jim as the new Clan Commissioner in the United States for the Macfie Clan Society of America..

Clan Commissioners are the Commander's representative in each country and can attend games and functions to represent the clan when the commander cannot attend.

Dr. McAfee has petitioned

the Lord Lyon of Scotland for his Coat of Arms. This is now under advisement.

Editor's note: Clan Commander, Iain McFee, recently reinstated



your editor's Honorary Membership in the Macfie Clan Society of America. I was made an Honorary Member years ago by former Clan Commander Sandy McPhie of Australia. My Honorary Membership had lapsed when Sandy retired.



We mourn the loss of a lovely lady

Rosa Hayward McDonald, a lifelong Delawarean, generous benefactor and courageous leader for the causes in which she believed, died peacefully at her home near Smiths Bridge on the Brandywine Saturday, January 3.

She was born Rosa Packard Laird on August 24, 1916, the youngest of five children of William Winder and Mary A. B. duP. Laird. She and her fraternal twin sister, Wilhelmina Wemyss Laird (Craven), who died last July, quickly developed strong

senses of identity and independence, traits which they retained through their long and productive lives. Rosa also displayed an early appetite for genealogical research and eventually became the goto person if you wanted a good story or just basic facts about countless numbers of cousins. She served for more than 40 years on her family's Genealogy Committee. She and her four siblings attended Tower Hill, a school in which her parents

Continued on page 30

* Leapmonth because when I had hip surgery, I missed an issue...



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Please tell everyone about

Beth's Newfangled Family Tree!

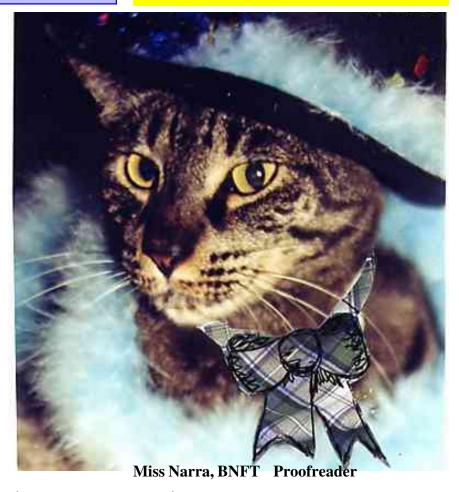
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MISS NARRA DRESSES UP FOR EVENING OUT...

Miss Narra is much more of a socialite than her "Mama" and frequently goes out for fancy evenings. Here, she models one of her favorite outfits...complete with tartan and feather boa.



A Letter from your editor....

Pay it forward, Random Acts of Kindness

In this great country of ours, I find it so sad that so many of us follow like sheep what the media says - and the media these days shapes what happens to our economy, our politics, our very lives. In school, I was taught that as a journalist, we were NOT to have opinions unless we were writing editorials. We were to report facts. Remember the "Who?" "Where?" "What?" "Why?" and "When?"

I was thinking the other day that there was nothing at all I could do about the mess we find ourselves in these days. Finally, a light dawned and I realized there ARE some things that the least of us can do.

Remember Oprah's Random Acts of Kindness? Remember the book and movie about "paying it forward?"

There is an anonymous group in one of my favorite organizations - which also likes to be anonymous. (Gee, this is going to be hard to write about!) This group does nice things for people - also anonymously. You haven't heard about them unless you are part of the parent group because of this wish by the parent group and the wonderful group within the larger group to remain unknown.

This group does the things that both Random Acts of Kindness and paying it forward advocate.

Wealthier members see that deserving young men and women get an opportunity for college. Wealthier members help all over the world when there



is a need - whether caused by natural disaster or war or disease.

Middle folks sponsor events and contribute to animal shelters and do all manner of good works within their own communities.

There are many within the group who have limited resources, yet they manage to do kind and generous and good things for others.

I'll give you just a few ideas on things that most of us can do.

My dearest friend keeps a little stack of those prepaid phone cards in her purse. When she sees a young person on the streets begging or apparently homeless, she gives the person one of the phone cards and says, "Please call your mother and father."

Another friend loves to go through the drive-thru for a nice hot cup of coffee before work in the mornings. She says that when she sees in her rearview mirror a mother with little children...driving an old beat-up car, she tells the cashier to put the tab for the car in back of her on her own ticket - and pays for whatever they have ordered. (Sometimes, she will be sure that enough breakfast is included, so that the family behind her may start at least one day not hungry.)

Another friend is likely to manipulate an opportunity to pay for an elderly person's lunch. She told

Tartan Day Ceilidh planed in Livonia, Michigan

The St. Andrew's Society of Detroit is planning a Tartan Day Ceilidh on Saturday, April 4 at Monaghan Knights of Columbus, 19801 Farmington Road in Livonia, Michigan. The event is from 6 PM until 11 PM with the doors opening at 6 PM>

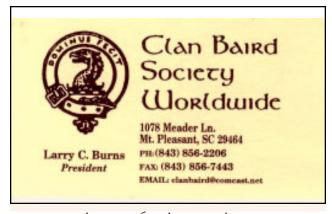
This year's event will feature the St. Andrew's Pipe Band and Highland dancers, Colin Page, the Queen of the Highlands with Master of Ceremonies, Bob Giles.

There will be a two-meat buffet dinner. Later in the evening there will be a raffle and a 50/50 drawing. Tickets are \$25 and seating is limited to 300.

This event will sell out. If you would like tickets, order early from the St. Andrew's Society of Detroit and send - with a SASE: to Tartan Day Celebration, 828 Edgewood Drive, Royal Oak, MI 48067. Checks must be received no later than Friday, March 27, 2009.

You are in our thoughts and prayers...

Please remember **Caren Evans** who is continuing her fight with cancer. If you'd like to send a card, send to: Caren Evans, 37706 Sunnydale St., Livonia, MI 48154.



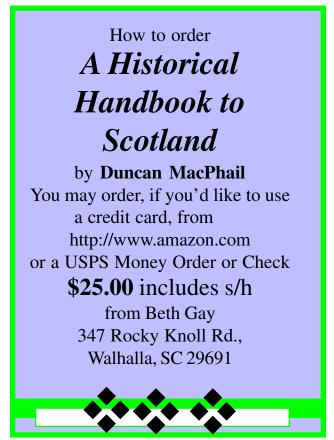


You can sponsor a military care package!

For just \$16.00, you may sponsor a box sent to our troops. Simply include your name, address (optional), and, if you wish, a special note or message...and your check for \$16.00 made out to St. Andrew's Society of Detroit.

Mail your check and information to Mary David, 11232 Russell Ave., Plymouth, MI 48179.

Things such as hard candies, books, magazines, beanie babies, personal care items and playing cards will be included.



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Looking for your family? Here they Contact them now!

Clan Macneil Association of America

If you are a blacked or of any of the following "Sept" names, then you have found the site that you are looking for:

Macnell, MacNell, Macnell, MacNell, Macnell MacNell, MacNelle, Macneal, MacNeal, Macneale MacNesie MacNelage, Macrelage, MacNelly Macrelly MacNeally, Macneally, Moneil, McNell, McNell, McNell Monoil, McNoil, Moneal, McNeal, Moneale, McNeale McNellage, Mcnellage, McNelly, Mcnelly, McNeally, Mcreenly, Neel, Need, Need, Needs, Neels, Neel, Neel, O'Neel, O'Neal, O'Neal, O'Neall, Oneal, Oneall, Nelson, Neilson, Nolson, MacGougan, Macgougan, MacGrall, Macgrall, MacGugan, Macgugan, MacGulgan, Macguigan, McGougan, Mcgougan, McGrall, McGrall, Mcgrall, Mcgrall McGupan, Macpupan, McGuigan, Mcguigan



President C. McNeill Baker, Jr. 6959 Almours Dr. Jacksonville, FL 32117-2628

clan macneil.net



Clan Graham Society

If you are a Graham or Sept of Graham, you are cordially invited to share in a proud and noble heritage.

For application, write:



CLAN GRAHAM SOCIETY

Norris Graham PO Box 70 Yucca, AZ 06438-0070 www.clan-graham-society.org



Clan Skene Association, Inc.

Invites membership from Skene and septs Carison, Carney/Carnie, Currehill, Dyas, Dyce, Dyer, Hall, Halyard/Hallyard, MacGalliard, Rennie and Skains.

Robert J. Skeens, 2 VP & Membership Chairman 1705 Woodruff Street Bethany, MO 64224 Email: rjskeens@grm.net



CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY

Ron Webberson

High Commissioner/Convener

P. O. Box 832 Wilton, CA 95693 Phone: 916-687-7973 E-mail: clantent@emksna.org



CLAN DAVIDSON SOCIETY, USA

Michael W. Davidson, President

235 Fairmont Drive North Wilkesboro, NC 28659

Phone: 336-838-3850 Email:

MDavid8928@Aol.com

SCOTTISH TARTANS AUTHORITY USA



(formerly TECA) The most comprehensive database of tartans

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Scottish Clans & Organizations!

If you would like for your group to be represented here, just contact BNFT at bethscribble@aol.com

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Please send name and billing address and your ad copy. If you wish to send a business card and a check, just mail to: Beth Gay, 347 Rocky Knoll Rd., Walhalla, SC 29691. Makes checks to Beth Gay, please.

The very first thing you do when you discover a link to a Scottish Clan is: JOIN YOUR CLAN GROUP!

"Clann" is the Gaelic word for family!

Missing McPersons!

Seeking information on KAGEY, FRY, HANSBERGER, LINEWEAVER and KIBLER, and their descendants in the Shenandoah County, Virginia area. Please contact Kathie Jones, 252 Jones Road, Franklin, GA 30217.

Was GEORGE STREIBEL (1785-1871) a member of St. John German Church, Baltimore, MD? Burial – Old Cathedral Cemetery. Actress – "Dorothy Phillips." Reverend PRESTER BESCHTLER? Spouse MARY FILLINGER (1793-1862). Have picture SUZIE STRIBLE WEBER (1887-1907) and her mother. Contact: Richard Morrissey, 28656 Murrieta, Sun City, CA 92586.

Searching for information on the CURRY (CURRIE) surname. My ancestor, ARCHIBALD CURRY born Jan. 21, 1728 in Scotland, married SARAH McDONALD born Aug. 29, 1738 in Scotland. They married Sept. 22, 1757 in Scotland. In 1759 they came across the Atlantic to the Delaware/Maryland area. I am a descendent through their son ALEXANDER born Oct. 14, 1770 in Baltimore, Maryland. ARCHIBALD was a soldier in the Revolutionary War under General Washington. I have also heard that SARAH's father was JAMES McDONALD, he came to America after the Jacobite Rebellion. Patrick Jones, 6154 Pointview Lane, St. Louis, MO 63123.

I'm descended from a WILLIAM WALLIS born 1777, NC. In 1810 census he was in Madison Co. KY; 1820 Rutherford Co., TN; and 1830, 1840 and 1850 Hall and Forsyth Co., GA. His oldest son LUTHER WALLIS was born 1795 in SC. They are always living around or close to the descendants of PETER WALLIS born 1680 Highlands of Scotland, and ELIZABETH WOODS born 1682-84, Meath, Ireland. Also JOHN H. MORGAN born 1835, GA and MARY ANN PATERSON born 1834, GA. JOHN MOR-

GAN is a descendant of MARK MORGAN born 1811 ca. NC or SC son of DANIEL MORGAN. MARY ANN PATERSON daughter of WILLIAM PATTERSON and MARTHA WELCH both born SC. Any information is appreciated. Darrell D. Nûnez, 303 Winnona St., Natchitoches, LA 71457.

I need family portraits! Ancestors known ISAAC BEESON 1729-1802 and PHEBE STROUD (Quaker). Harpers Ferry and Hopewell, Virginia. Slaves? Also MARY ADELINE WHEELER who married JOHN DURKEE, 8 April, 1823, Baltimore, Maryland news Archbishop MARECHAL. Please contact Richard Morrissey, 26209 Chambers, Sun City, California 92586.

Your query can be here - FREE! Just email your information to: bethscribble@aol.com

J. CLAUDE RABISCHUNG (1610-1666), wife KLARA SHERMAN, glass workers and blowers, St. Amarin, France may have been parents of CHRISTOPHE RABISCHUNG, 2 March, 1672. He wedded ANNE MUELLER. Proof-Suspicion? If you have any information, contact Richard Morrissey, 26209 Chambers, Sun City, California 92586.

Hal Lewis of 124 Cumberland Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14220 is looking for information on JAMES and ELIZABETH TURLEY CREMEANS son, JOHN THOMAS CREMEANS, wife ALTOC CREAMEANS. May 26, 1895. CREAMEANS, J. T., 23; CAZAD ALTOC, 17, b. Cabell County, Massachusetts. CREMEANS, JAMES, 21; TURLEY, ELIZABETH, 19, and information on surname TURLEY, and funeral of LILLIE S. LEWIS 1886-1973, Dalton, IL., buried Woodmere, Huntington, WV. Who attended funeral and where

Missing McPersons!

Missing McPersons, continued from page 6

her family is buried. **ISABELL LEWIS**, born 1906, Chicago, IL. **LESLIE THOMAS LEWIS**, **JOHN** & **ISABELL**.

Pat Carby, 7285 32nd Avenue, Crystal, Minnesota 55427 (email: User770295@aol.com) is seeking information on a WILLIAM CALHOUN that was born in 1773 in East Pennsboro, Pennsylvania to SAMUEL CALHOUN (b.1721 MARY CLENDENNIN/ d.1773) and CLENDENNING? SAMUEL was the son of HUGH CALHOUN (b.1692 d.1753) and AGNES JANE McCLEARY? They are descendents of **ADAM CALHOUN 9b.1601 d.1634) and LADY CHRISTIAN LINDSEY**. The information appears in ORVAL CALHOUN's books. ORVAL has written quite a bit of information about most all of the other children of SAMUAL and MARY **CALHOUN**, but it only shows a birth year of 1773 for their son WILLIAM.

McDANIEL/McDONALD. Calling all McDANIELS – if your line is in North Carolina back of 1830. My line is NEIL ARCHIBALD; DANIEL; JAMES; JOHN; ARCHIBALD; DANIEL. Counties Moore, Richmond, Onslow, Duplin, Edgecombe. Send charts. I hope to get book out within the year. Please contact Wimberley Winden, 1511 Buckmann Court, Houston, Texas 77043-3301.

From Cahors and Pau, France. Born 1737 LOUIS CAZES. Seek ancestry JACQUES CAZES and MARGUERITE COMEAUX. Contact: Richard Morrissey, 28656 Murrieta, Sun City, CA 92586.

Need descendents, siblings, parents of **G. L. CAMPBELL** and **NORA DAVIS** who married Jan. 15, 1887 per Daily Times, Eufala, Alabama. **E. Petruzziello, 1200 SW 124th Terr., O-201,**

Your query can be here - FREE! Just email your information to: bethscribble@aol.com

Pembroke Pines, FL 33027, silver987@prodigy.net.

Need descendents, siblings of JOSEPH? McCORD, son of JOSHUA? McCORD of Elizabeth, NJ. JOSEPH born ca 1828 and married ELIZABETH A. CROSSMAN 1853. E. Crossman, 1200 SW 124th Terr., O-201, Pembroke Pines, FL 33027, silver987@prodigy.net.

Here's a head-banger genealogically speaking: Does anyone know anything of a **JAMES ALLEN** who lived in Virginia prior to 1800? He had one daughter that we know of, MARY (Yes, Mary.) who married JOHN McDONALD (Yes, John.). The couple lived near Louisville, GA on or near the Ogeechee River from prior to 1800 onwards. One son, **JAMES MADISON McDONALD**, was born there 1816. I have much information on JOHN/MARY and their children from then til now. Would be delighted to share everything. **JAMES** MADISON McDONALD is the other mystery in this family as he married MARY CANNON. She could have been from Augusta, GA/SC or Savannah, GA or anywhere west of there along the Savannah River. JAMES **MADISON** McDONALD is purported to have been a riverboat captain or owner (or something to do with riverboats). He took his wife, MARY CAN-NON McDONALD, and their brood of young ones in a wagon (I have the home-made chair he made for her for the journey.) down the Thigpen Trail through Sumter County, Georgia and Thomasville, Georgia to the wilderness that was Madison County, Florida ca 1840 where he had a land grant and where remnants of the family still live. Please write bethscribble@aol.com



Sylvia Elliott, Georgia Commissioner, Elliot Clan

sylviaelliott@mac.com

The following article is reprinted with the author's permission. It first appeared in The Signal Tower (Elliot Clan newsletter) spring 2008.

What tune does a Scottish bagpipe band play in a New Orleans Mardi Gras parade? By far, the most popular song with that crowd is *When the Saints Go Marching In* (think football victories).

After decades of attending Mardi Gras parades, the Elliot name landed me in the parades.

At Scottish Games, I met various Elliot-related members of a Louisiana bagpipe band.

The 'Kilts of Many Colours' band (KOMC) wears multiple tartans, hence their name. This year they invited me to be part of their Mardi Gras support team.

What an adventure!

Mardi Gras Tuesday is preceded by several weekends of official parades. The parades host walking units between floats, such as dancers, professional bands (like the US Marine Corps) and school bands (like the four block long LSU band).

Our kilted group was unique in the lineups and cameras loved us. I marched in three parades, each very different.

My duties varied between carrying a Scottish flag, keeping the band hydrated and towing KOMC's Radio Flyer supply wagon. Oh, and retrieving fancy

beads and aluminum doubloons for band members!

Orpheus was a Friday night parade in suburban Mandeville. The outdoor staging area provided free, large quantities of dirty rice and Cajun chili. It was in the low 40s and we resembled Michelin men with thick layers of white shirts.

KOMC led the parade so spectators were happy to see us. There were no street barricades so we flag-bearers were used as crowd control and defense of kilted band members when revelers got too zealous. KOMC played almost non-stop for 2 hours. I admired them: my Elliot blue gloves were no match for the chilly air but the musicians went gloveless.

Iris was an all-day Saturday parade. We met at dawn in downtown New Orleans, carpooled to the parade staging, and practiced until our 11 am start. The entire seven-mile long parade route was thronged with people behind crowd barriers. The first five miles were mostly local extended-family groups (with barbecue tents to match). Audiences were incredibly friendly as we marched by, all thanking us for coming to their city. Some offered us bathroom privileges in *Continued on page 9*

Mardi Gras Parade,

continued from page 8

their street-front homes. Others handed us water bottles, cases of cold Heineken, even a huge platter of bite-sized ham sandwiches.

I learned bagpipers won't eat anything during parades but drummers can go blocks with ham rolls bouncing on their drums!

Rex, on Tuesday, is always THE parade of Mardi Gras. This year it had 113 units and traveled a 7.5-mile route. Rex trails the famous Zulu parade, which is notoriously slow, so we had plenty of time for rehearsal and photos. The weather was hot and sunny but fierce winds made our seven large flags a force to be very wary of. Several of the flags were loaned by a New Orleans Caledonian Society officer who cheerfully led our color guard.

Various kilted members of The Pipes and Drums of New Orleans and the New Orleans Irish Pipe Band joined KOMC to form a massed band for Rex.

Our colorful unit of 30+ people began marching about 11 am. Rest stops were frequent as floats in the parades bunched up. I kept the band hydrated, no easy feat when it reached 80 degrees and the breaks lasted mere minutes. During longer stops (due to Zulu flat tires and tree tangles), we spoke with the crowd, explaining clans and tartans. It was noisy and jampacked behind the barricades (the police estimate 800,000 attended), especially as we neared the reviewing stands.

Even Mayor Nagin was dancing around in his blue-feathered Indian headdress. A local official requested KOMC play the band's signature jazz version of *Amazing Grace* and onlookers loved it. The atmosphere was rousing as we entered Canal Street.

Our three drum majors gave an impressive show of flourishing their maces. KOMC's drum major Michael Elliott is a native New Orleanian and has directed bagpipe bands for decades (he's also an Elliot Clan Commissioner). Michael was joined by Johnny Stout of KOMC who made his inaugural appearance



It was wonderful to see three drum majors, all in full regalia, still having a good time after miles of arduous marching. One drum major said he stopped counting after 55 sets of tunes.

We reached the end of Canal Street about 4 pm where the Rex parade officially disbanded. But KOMC continued playing in formation towards a nearby brewpub.

The band has a long-standing agreement with the pub: in exchange for an up close and personal musical procession through the restaurant, bar and kitchen, the entire band gets a free drink and parking ticket validation. That's definitely a Scotsman's deal!

After pub snacks, many KOMC women (and a few men) changed into fishnets or crazy socks. Then it was off to the French Quarter for unofficial parading. The first stop was Jackson Square's historic cathedral, where the band circled up for a spirited rendition of *Amazing Grace*, featuring two drummers simultaneously on a single bass drum. We wound through streets full of wildly (un)costumed merrymakers, serenading those on balconies who threw us good beads.

Mardi Gras Parade,

continued from page 9

Elliot tartan and fishnets in the French Quarter.

We gave a respectful *Auld Lang Syne* to drum major Ken at his hotel, then returned to the brewpub for carpooling home.

The day had passed too quickly.

It was a privilege to be inside a Mardi Gras parade. I proudly wore an Elliot kilt non-stop for days and represented our clan to massive crowds. The inspirational Kilts of Many Colours contained young & old, novice & expert players determined to share Scottish music, yet willing to brave the French Quarter on Mardi Gras.

To all of them, I tip my Glengarry hat. —



A GLIMPSE BACK IN TIME...

In the Days of Auld Lang Syne

My grandmother was born in 1886 and I used to beg for stories about "when you were a little girl." I remember her telling me about her mother cooking in the big fireplace and when shoes were for Sunday. She remembered Confederate veterans and the first automobiles. She remembered that my mother was so frightened by the first airplane that flew over Madison, Florida that my

mother tipped her high chair over. She remembered corduroy roads - made from logs that looked like corduroy material from a little distance.

It's always been amazing to me how we almost touch the past through the memories of our parents, grandparents and other older members of our family. Today, we take so many things for granted...electricity and airplanes and television and, Lordy, computers and cell phones.

Here's a little glimpse back in time...

This is an excerpt from a letter written to Martin and Monroe McKiel by Herd Frazer of Los Angeles, California.

"When Lincoln and Douglas had their celebrated discussion on the question of slavery at Freeport in 1858 my father and mother as well as myself attended that meeting and heard their speeches. When it was over, there was an outdoor reception held for the great speakers and my father and mother met Lincoln and I was introduced to Lincoln by my mother as her youngest son in her family of eight children. Lincoln placed his hand on my head and said, in that kindly way of his, that it was his hope and wish that in the years of the future when I had reached into the years of manhood I would become a good and useful citizen of the great common-

Of kings and queens & all of us



Every time I think about finding kings and queens in the family tree, I create a mental image of the would-be social climbers of years ago who researched family trees in hopes of proving themselves to be "better" than the average person. How little they knew. It seems that the "average person" also has royal ancestry. In fact, there is nothing more than a few blue-bloods in the family tree.

Lisa Oberg and George Anderson both sent emails this week telling me about a fascinating article in the May 2002 issue of The Atlantic Monthly. That issue contains an article by Steve Olson, called "The Royal We: The mathematical study of genealogy indicates that everyone in the world descended from Nefertiti and Confucious, and everyone of European ancestry is descended from Muhammad and Charlemagne."

In the article, Olsen describes his own search for his Irish ancestors. He goes on to detail what he learned from Mark Humphrys, a computer scientist at Dublin City University, as well as from some recent research done by Joseph Chang, a statistician at Yale University. In short, everyone of European descent had royal ancestry.

Chang's mathematical model makes the case for

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Mary, Queen of Scots

A glimpse back in time, continued from page 10 wealth of Illinois.

Seven years afterwards Martin McKiel and myself were standing on the hill above the ruins of the old log cabin where I was born, each with a string of fish we had caught in the creak below, when my brother, Tom, came dashing up the hill riding "Philip" his saddle horse and shouting at the top of his voice, "Lincoln is assassinated."

He had been to Mt. Carroll and was the first to bring the news to Oakville."

Thanks to the *Daily Mirror Democrat*, November 4, 1929 via The Carroll County Genealogical Society Newsletter, PO Box 354, Savanna, IL 61074.

the number of ancestors that each of us has: "The mathematics of our ancestry is exceedingly complex, because the numbers of our ancestors increases exponentially, not linearly. These numbers are manageable in the first few generations - two parents, four grandparents, eight great grandparents, sixteen greatgreat-grandparents - but they quickly spiral out of control. Go back forty generations, or about a thousand years, and each of us theoretically has more than a trillion direct ancestors - a figure that far exceeds the total number of human beings who have ever lived."

The article goes on at some length to explain the realities of migration patterns and intermarriage within small communities. Olsen writes, "The number of an-

Say that again, please!

Or....How Family Trees get twisted!

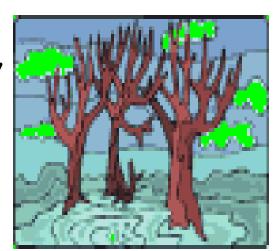
These questions are from actual correspondence received by the LDS Family Library, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Our 2nd great-grandfather was found dead crossing the plains in the library.

For running down Wheelers, I will send \$3.00 more.

He and his daughters are listed as not being born.

I would like to find out if I have any living relatives or dead relatives or ancestors in my family.



Of Kings and Queens, continued from page 11

cestors common to all Europeans today increases, until, about a thousand years ago, a peculiar situation prevailed: 20 percent of the adult Europeans alive in 1000 would turn out to be the ancestors of no one living today (that is, they had no children or all their descendants eventually died childless); each of the remaining 80 percent would turn out to be a direct ancestor of every European living today."

Another preconceived idea that needs to be shattered is that royalty only married royalty, and therefore, commoners would not likely have royal blood in their veins. Humphrys says, "Here we have a sir, so this woman is the daughter of a knight. Maybe this woman will marry nobility, so eventually someone here is going to marry someone who's just wealthy. Then one of their children could marry someone who doesn't have that much money. In ten generations you can easily get from princess to peasant."

Steve Olson's article in *The Atlantic* is very interesting, and I would suggest that every genealogist should read it in its entirety at: http://www.theatlantic.com/issues/2002/05/olson.htm. Professor Joseph Chang's paper is a bit more difficult for non-mathematicians to read. It is available at: http://www.stat.yale.edu/~jtc5/pubs/Ancestors.pdf.

The best quote of all came from Mark Humphrys: "You can ask whether everyone in the Western world is descended from Charlemagne, and the answer is yes, we're all descended from Charlemagne.

Scottish Heritage Society of Southeast Georgia has photo of their Burns Night on BBC!

Our new friends, Al and Shirley Cameron of Pooler, Georgia, sent a photo from our event on Saturday to BBC. Guess what? The broadcast network selected it for inclusion in its story about Burns Night around the world.

What an honor for us made possible by the Camerons! (http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/in_pictures/7850615.stm)

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/in_pictures/7850615.stm

PRSHHHHHH!

Signs you have a bad computer

- 1. Lower corner of screen has "Etch A Sketch" on it.
- 2. You have to pedal it.
- 3. The manual contains only one sentence: "Good Luck."
- 4. Only chip inside is a Dorito.
- 5. When you turn it on, all the dogs in the neighborhood start howling.
 - 6. You catch a cold virus from it.
 - 7. While running, it emits awful calliope music.
 - 8. It cybersucks.



The Other 70%. About the Lowlands and Lowlanders

Judith Lloyd - President of the Scottish District Families Association

In one of my earlier articles I mentioned the fact that the Lowlanders were merchants, farmers, fishermen, writers, teachers, etc. Another occupation was weaving, and a place known for its weaving was the town of Paisley.

When you think of Paisley you think immediately of a type of cloth with a 'teardrop' design. Additionally many of us associate it with the calico (which is thought to have originally come from Calcutta, India) so popular in the U.S. in the 17 and 1800s. The Paisley teardrop pattern also originated in the Indo-European areas, but it was modified by European weavers, since the Indian material and

items were so expensive. This modified cloth became associated with the weavers of Paisley, Scotland.



Hence the name Paisley soon became the name of the pattern. In the 1800s it was very popular.

The town of Paisley is approximately 7 miles west of Glasgow and you can visit the Sma' Shot Cottages,

Paisley Abbey today

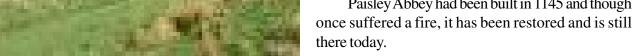
situated appropriately on Shuttle Street, to see weaving cottages built in the 1700's to the specifications found in the history of Paisley. These cottages are open and free to the public. They consist of two rooms that were used for living area plus a loom or weaving room. One of the original looms has been restored and weaving demonstrations are given on it. The

weavers originally wove muslin, silk, and cotton.

Additionally anyone who sews even a little is familiar with Coats and Clark threads. These started in mills set up by the Coats and the Clark families on the River. It was James Clark who invented the wooden spool for winding and selling thread. Their rivals were the J&P Coats firm, which was also a textile and thread manufacturer. The Coats family expanded their company to the U.S. and Europe, and eventually merged with their Clark rivals to form Coats and Clark.

In addition to its weaving and thread industries, it was near Paisley where pregnant, Marjory (Bruce) Stewart, daughter of Robert the Bruce and wife of Walter Stewart, fell from her horse, delivered her son, Robert II, in Paisley Abbey, and died there. Robert was the first of the Stewart line of kings.

Paisley Abbey had been built in 1145 and though



Page 14 Beth's Newfangled Family Tree Section A March 2009

Letter from your editor, continued from page 3

me about being in a fried chicken place which happened to be located just a little ways from one of those government housing complexes. A little lady was in line in front of my friend. The lady said, "I'll have the 2-piece snack because I can have one piece of chicken for lunch and the other for supper." While her meal was being prepared, the little lady went to the restroom.

"Oh, please make her dinner the nicest one on the menu and I'll pay for it," said my friend. "And don't tell who did it!"

The little lady cried when presented with the nice meal. One of the most rewarding projects is to call your local Senior Center and ask if there is someone there who is alone and lonely. There is always someone. Just get the person's first name and ask the Senior Center if you may mail things to the lonely person at the center's address.

Then, send little cards and small, but thoughtful, gifts...or, take things by the Senior Center yourself. Make sure the person has something special for all of the holidays...including Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Mother's or Father's Day - and all the rest. It's fine to celebrate National Pickle Day with your "Secret Pal."

When going through a particularly rough patch in my life, a friend called on Saturday morning. "Put on your socks and come to my house!" my friend said. When I arrived, my friend - in his white chef's hat and jacket, had fixed French toast and an assortment of delicious things for breakfast. He said, "I just needed to see you smile again!"

Most of us can do something thoughtful for a friend who also has a "rough patch" to get through.

Once, when I was going to Scotland and was short on extra money on the trip, a friend sent me a check for \$100 for "expenses." "Don't pay it back to me," he said. "When you can, help someone else."

So, I was able to do the same for another person who was worried about having enough expense money for a trip. I hope that money is still being circulated somewhere.

Ask to help someone in a wheelchair. Offer to carry grocery bags for someone obviously struggling.

I heard the phrase on television the other night. A lady was being honored for doing kind things and she said, "I was just paying it forward."

Look around. You'll find your own ways of performing a Random Act of Kindness or paying it forward. The smallest kindness will reap miraculous feelings in yourself and in the recipient of the kindness.

You don't have to belong to an organization. You can change things for the better just by being kind to someone else.

Most of us have been on both sides of kindness - the giving of and the receiving of. Both sides feel wonderful!

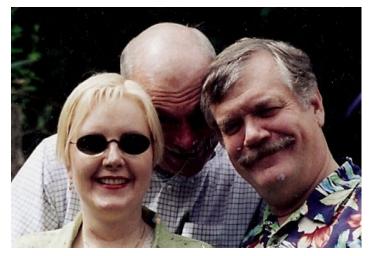


A tribute to Patricia "Tad" Sims

Ned Buxton, Richardson, Texas

I have been motivated too many times of late to write eulogies and remembrances of Friends and Family. How do you remember and pass on those relevant points that others may or may not comprehend or appreciate? This, then, is written for Friends and Family who knew Tad and for those unfortunates who might care though never had the pleasure of her company.

In the early AM hours of January 7, 2009 the Heavens opened up and welcomed another special soul, this time the person of one Patricia "Tad" Sims, Daughter to Beverly, Sister to Charlie, Wife to Mike Wilson and Friend to all that met her. Tad was one of those special people that come



Tad, Mike and Ned

along every generation or two though unfortunately their light all too often shines only briefly, though long enough to have a profound affect on the lives she touches. To know Tad was to validate the sure presence of a Supreme Being and the might of right.

Tad had been ill for some time, disabled by a congenital heart condition that as doctors cautioned, had the potential to take her from this earthly plane before she was thirty. She beat the odds makers and with the help of an internal tenacity and modern medicine, extended her maturity to 52 years (1956 to 2009). Those last twenty-two years shone like a beacon in the wilderness for this writer. Tad and husband Mike are my best Friends.

Tad was a member of the Holy Trinity Greek Orthodox Church in Asheville, NC and not surprisingly had been to their Epiphany Service just hours before her passing. She returned home with the always predictable giant headache from driving those ninety-two miles to Asheville and back that prompted her to take her meds and lay down for a while. Tad never woke up.

Seems appropriate that one of her last acts was to partake of the Eucharist and have a long heart-toheart with the Reverend Father Demetrios Iliou, Rec-

tor of Holy Trinity. After notification of her passing a shocked Father Iliou praised Tad and her presence at Holy Trinity that day as a tangible gift from God and that Tad had been a positive example for all she touched. As is the custom in the Greek Orthodox Church Tad appropriately adopted the persona of the Celtic

Saint Hild, the iconic

Abbess of Whitby who the Venerable Saint Bede enthusiastically praised as one of the greatest women of all time and the adviser of rulers as well as of ordinary folk. Yep, that was Tad... Hild means "battle" in the auld Norse language and seems most appropriate for Tad as she waged a war against any injustice she perceived, not to mention the pain she experienced every minute of every waking hour...

As husband Mike knows, I have been in an earnest platonic love with this Lady since I met her in 1987. Mike, a retired police officer from Adrian, Michigan was her special and singular Man, Tad's soul mate with whom she was able to draw her inspiration and motivation. Mike's kilted swagger attracted Tad whilst they were in attendance at the always majestic Grandfather Mountain Highland Games in 1988 in Linville, NC. I was at those same Scottish Games,

knew both Mike and Tad and the details of their meeting that had Mike warning off all other potential suitors and proudly barking that he had finally met that special other half that would make him whole. The rest was history with Tad beaming and holding on tight to her like sign. They never let go of each other.

Mike & Tad were married in 1989 in the Chief's

Tent at Grandfather Mountain in some "Blue Ridge mist" that had wreaked havoc in western North Carolina blowing and washing away homes, trailers, tents, etc. Father David MacBeth Moss, Captain-Chaplain to the 78th Fraser Highlanders, officiated though along with chalice bearers Randy Cline and this writer overestimated the wine required for this

University.

Quillen College of Medicine at East Tennessee State

Tad along with piper husband Mike were active in many Scottish Clan organizations to include Tad's own Clan Fraser, Mike's Clans Gunn and Keith and the legendary Kingdome of Räknar - that Scots-Norse

> Family where she held iconic status as the Countess of Calm. Tad was especially proud of her status as a Lady of the Regiment for the 78th Fraser Highlanders, New Inverness Garrison. The Gentlemen and Ladies of The Regiment adored her. Tad never veered from her unabiding love of Mother Scotland always proclaiming that she would someday retire to the auld sod. She may be there Tad was also a now... member of the Daughters of the American Revolution

(DAR) of Greensboro, NC and, interestingly, the Towne Family Association. She was a descendant of William and Joanna (Blessing) Towne who came to America from Great Yarmouth, England and settled in Salem Village around 1635. Three of William and Joanna's daughters, Rebecca (Nurse), Mary (Esty) and Sarah (Cloyse) were all victims of the Salem Village Witchcraft Trials in 1692. Rebecca and Mary were executed (hung not burned as is often erroneously reported). The 1985 PBS airing of Three Sovereigns for Sarah chronicled this tragedy and opened another door for Tad and I. It seems that one of the original complainants that started that mess was one of my not so august ancestors, John Buxton. We both recognized that sinister part of our nation's history (lest we forget) though Tad would take an occasional jab at this writer by reminding me (with a faux stern gaze) that one my ancestors had hung one of hers. And so it went.

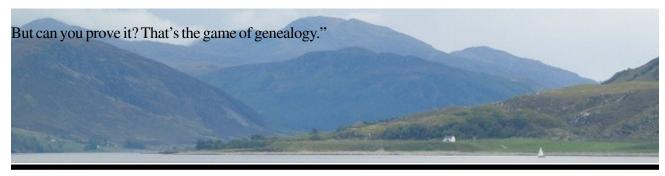
Continued on page 18

Tad, Mike and Ned



d the University

her degree from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Tad eventually earned her Bachelor of Science in Nursing and her Masters from the University of North Carolina-Charlotte. She worked at the VA Hospital in Michigan and later transferred to the VA Hospital in Johnson City, Tennessee in 1990 where she was involved in Nursing Education and performed admirably as an adjunct professor at the James H.



A Tribute to Patricia "Tad" Sims, continued from page 17

Mike and Tad lived in a cabin in a hollow surrounded by tall trees near the top of Spivey Mountain at around 3,500 feet in elevation in Erwin, Tennessee where their most frequent guests were some feral cats, raccoons and several black bears that developed a fond affection for cat food while still respecting the sanctity of the Sims/Wilson home. Tad always joked about their lack of a view, stating that they preferred to be, "part of the scenery." Indeed, they were part of the flora and fauna of a very special place. They were able to find solace in the peace and quiet of the east Tennessee Mountains where this very literate pair re-

jected computers, cell phones and to the frustration of this writer. even telephone answering devices. Their one concession was their TV and VCR where they could watch special programming and movies like the Scots classic. The Blood is Strong which they gifted me. Mike and Tad were in control of their environment though their spring-fed cistern and

front yard stream were their only sources of water and would occasionally remind them that they needed to keep civilization close by. A dry summer meant shorter showers and a trip down the mountain to do laundry.

Oh, I will miss our regular and entertaining conversations punctuated by Tad's always sage counsel and her incredible sense of humor. I will forever remember her deep and sincere laugh that was the re-

ward of a joke well told or just plain celebratory gusto. Mike made her laugh often and well. Tad was a fearless egalitarian who loved life and made us all the better by her participation in this great exercise. Her allegiance never wavered and she held all around her to a higher standard. Tad and Mike helped shape me, my ideas and attitudes, methinks all for the better.

While I grieve over the loss of this exceptional Lady, I do celebrate a precious person and a life well lived. I will forever try and capture her matchless spirit, embrace her example and legacy and do her justice in occasional posts to my blog. My love and sincere con-

dolences are extended to Beverly, Mike and Charlie and all her Friends and to those aforementioned unfortunates who didn't get the chance to meet her.

So what do we do from this point? We need to reject Auden and dare not stop all the clocks, silence the pianos or muffle the drums. Instead we will unleash the great Highland pipes and drums

Tad, Mike and Ned

and play them loudly and long.

Tad like John Gillespie Magee, Jr. has slipped the surly bonds of earth and is enjoying endless pleasures, a reward for her good deeds. She dances, laughs, soars and chases the wind. "And, while with silent lifting mind she trods the high untrespassed sanctity of space, puts out her hand, and touches the face of God."

Well done, Tad. Sleep well...Love, Aye Ned

An American decided to write a book about famous churches around the world....

He bought a plane ticket and took a trip to Orlando, thinking that he would start by working his way across the USA from South to North.

On his first day he was inside a church taking photographs when he noticed a golden telephone mounted on the wall with a sign that read '\$10,000 per call.'

The American, being intrigued, asked a priest who was strolling by what the telephone was used for. The priest replied that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 you could talk to God.

The American thanked the priest and went along his way.

Next stop was in Atlanta . There, at a very large cathedral, he saw the same looking golden telephone with the same sign under it. He wondered if this was the same kind of telephone he saw in Orlando and he asked a nearby nun what its purpose was.

She told him that it was a direct line to heaven and that for \$10,000 he could talk to God.

"O.K., thank you," said the American.

He then travelled all across America, Africa, En-

gland, Japan, New Zealand . In every church he saw the same looking golden telephone with the same "\$US10,000\$ per call" sign under it.

The American decided to travel to Scotland to see if Scots had the same phone.

He arrived in Scotland and again, in the first

church he entered,

there was the same looking golden telephone, but this time the sign under it read "40 pence per call."

The American was surprised so he asked the priest about the sign.

"Father, I've travelled all over the world and I've seen this same golden telephone in many churches. I'm told that it is a direct line to Heaven, but in all of them price was

\$10,000 per call. Why is it so cheap here?"

The priest smiled and answered, "You're in Scotland now, son - it's a local call."

With thanks to my friend from Glasgow, Fraser Gordon!



It's nice to know this when you're "cemetery searching."

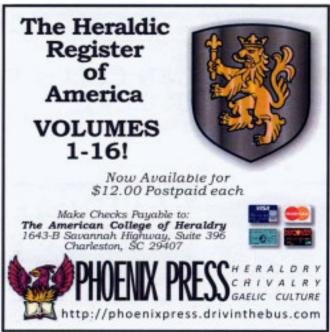
The oldest graves are found in the south part of a churchyard as it was the custom to avoid the shadow of the church falling across the graves. It was thought that "in the shadows lurked the devil and, as every good man and woman knew, the devil always rode in from the north."

In Victorian times, the extreme north side of the churchyard was reserved for suicides!



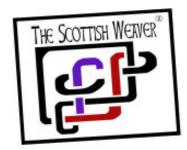


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flowers of the Forest

Many of you will remember my brother **Philip Byrne**, a long time member of the Clan Buchanan Society Interntional. Philip got me involved in the clan many years ago and he was a regular visitor to the clan tent. Even confined to a wheel chair for the past several years Philip still enjoyed the games and made it to Goshen several times.

I am sorry to say that my brother Philip passed away last night after a long and valiant fight with a terrible illness. Phil was 11 years my senior and a proud member of the Clan Buchanan. He visited Scotland several times and wore his kilt whenever possible. He was a former fire-fighter and fire chief.

Until being afflicted, Phil was an avid outdoorsman; a hunter

and a fisherman. He would spend hours out in the woods and fields and knew more about the habits of wildlife than anyone I ever knew. His quick wit and love of laughter made him a friend to everyone he met. He spent the last several years in a wheelchair only able to speak with the aid of a computer device and yet still attended the games on occassion and marched with the clans.

He is survived by his wife Ann, his two sons and their wives, and three grandchildren. He leaves behind seven brothers and sisters and several dozens of nieces and nephews who will miss him terribly.

'Come to me, all you who are weary

and burdened, and I will give you rest.' Matthew 11:28

Go with God's speed Phil: Clar Innis! Clar Innis! Clar Innis!

Yours aye, David Byrne, FSA Scot 2nd Vice President and New England Commissioner Clan Buchanan Society International, Inc.



Long time Clan Home member, **Richard M. Home**, of Wrightwood, California passed away February 26, 2008. He was 86.

Dick saw service with the United States Army Air Corps during WWII and was assigned to the 15th Troop Carrier Squadron which participated in seven invasions in Europe. He remained in the service after World War II and retired later, after 31 years. The majority of his military service time was as a

pilot and lastly as an accountant.

Upon his Air Force retirement, he started his second career working for the United States Civil Service.

He was an avid bowler and was still active in bowling leagues in his early eighties. At 81 years of age, his average was 181 and two years prior to that he had a high score of 279. At age 85, his eyesight was still 20/20.

Dick faithfully served the Clan Home Society for 28 years. He was Convener for the State of California and served the group in many capacities. He was very proud of his Scottish ancestry.

Dick will be greatly missed. The Clan Home Society expresses sincere regrets to his family.

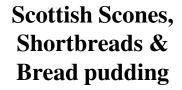
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Here are your families...and how to contact them!

Clan MacCord Society



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> Ronald John McCord, President/Chief 1805 Mews Drive Wilmington, NC 28405

Ph.910-256-3798 or rjmccord@ec.rr.com

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Clan Blair Society

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www.clanblair.org



Shawn R. Blair, President 40 Pearl Street South Portland ME 04106-2734

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Join your clan society. You'll find family there!

100 Things To Do In Scotland Before You Die

With thanks to friend, Buck Buchanan from Vacaville, CA

From rocking out at the Barrowland to discovering the Holy Grail in Midlothian, Edd McCracken presents 100 things you ought to have done in this country before you cross over to the other side (and we don't mean England). Avoid regrets on your deathbed, start reading now.

- 1. See a band in the Barrowland Ask most bands where their favourite place to play in the world is, the answer is always the same: Glasgow Barrowland. Its fantastically gaudy neon exterior is like a beacon to any self-respecting music lover, while the interior, complete with sticky sprung floor, is reassuringly dingy. The Barrowland is a sweaty, dark, cavernous canvas for the best bands in the world to go to town on like fevered Jackson Pollocks, squirting sound and colour over the pogoing masses below. 244 Gallowgate, Glasgow, www.glasgow-barrowland.com; www.ticketsscotland.co.uk
- 2. Visit the Standing Stones at Callanish Leave Stonehenge to the hippies, Callanish is for grown-ups. The pyramids are derivative and the Incas mere weans compared to the inspired druids who erected the 50 stone sentinels overlooking Loch Roag on the Isle of Lewis 5000 years ago. These standing stones in the shape of a cross predate Stonehenge by half a millenia, and are similarly rumoured to have an astrological purpose. Myths about "the shining one" appearing on midsummer's eve and even an adolescent Jesus visiting the site only add to the air of otherworldy intrigue. Call 01851 621 422 or log on to www.historic-scotland.gov.uk
- 3. Take the West Highland line to Mallaig A 164-mile train ride bursting with superlatives it rolls past Britain's highest mountain (Ben Nevis), deepest loch (Morar) and longest canal (Caledonian). The train scales mountains, glides through glens, dodges waterfalls, careers across Rannoch Moor on a floating track, and sweeps over the Glenfinnan viaduct, a



place made famous by Bonnie Prince Charlie, but now more associated with a new young pretender, Harry Potter. Scotrail, 08457 48 49 50, www.scotrail.co.uk/ scotrwhl.htm

- 4. Go to an Old Firm game Every time Rangers or Celtic meet, whether in the blue and white cauldron of Ibrox or the hooped hysteria of Parkhead, it is a clash of Wagnerian proportions encapsulating centuries of religious and political feuds in 90 minutes. The football often isn't pretty but if you can get a ticket, buckle up and prepare to be shocked and exhilarated at the greatest sporting derby in the world. Bar none. Parkhead, 95 Kerrydale Street, Glasgow, 0141 551 8653; Ibrox, 150 Edmiston Drive, Glasgow, 0870 600 1993
- 5. Drive over the Bealach na Ba to Applecross Its official title of A896 belittles the most spectacular road in Scotland justice, or maybe Bealach na Ba (Pass of the cattle), just doesn't fit on most AA prescribed maps. Imagine the James Bond Alpine car chase from Goldfinger, only with steeper roads and more hairpin bends, and you have one of Scotland's most precarious drives. With the summit at 2053 feet, Bealach na Ba, just north of Kyle of Lochalsh, is also one of the highest. Hire an Aston Martin especially.
- 6. Visit the Turner Watercolours at the National Gallery of Scotland With all the lights and colour of the festive period gone, January can be bleak. But every year, cracks of light appear at the National Gallery. In 1900, London art impresario Henry Vaughan bequested 38 of Turner's finest watercolours to the National Gallery of Scotland with one condition: they

Before you die, *continued from page 24* could only be displayed in January, when the sunlight was weak and less destructive to the painting. So each January Turner's masterpieces arrive like a swirling winter solstice of colour, illuminating the Mound and chasing away the January blues. The Mound, Edinburgh, 0131 624 6200 www.nationalgalleries.org

- 7. Eat a real Arbroath Smokie It's all in the name. It has to be in Arbroath and it has to be smoked. Revel in its new EU protection status (alongside Champagne and Parma Ham), by following the woodsmoked aroma drifting from the cluster of family-run smokehouses on Arbroath harbour, and indulge on the succulent haddock meat smoked over a barrel for 90 minutes. www.arbroath-smokie.co.uk
- 8. Enjoy a Dorothy's-eye view of Edinburgh Castle ''Go to the junction of Bread Street and Spittal Street in Edinburgh at dusk. Beside the shop on the corner is a blue door. Stand by that door and look up towards the castle. This is the view of the ramparts at their most soaring. Then consider this: A man called George Gibson, who was born a few feet from you, behind that blue door, emigrated to the US in 1930, worked as a scenic artist in the MGM movie studio between 1934 and 1969 and painted the Emerald City in *The Wizard of Oz*. Now look up at the Castle again. See the similarities?" (Mark Cousins, broadcaster)
- 9. Eat a Fisher and Donaldson custard slice. As much a St Andrews tradition as golf, dead saints and posh students. Baking since 1919, Fisher and Donaldson are the closest Fife, or Scotland, has to an original French style patisserie, only with the earthy injection of Scotch pies and oatmeal skirlies. But the creme de la creme of the creme is their custard slicegooey perfection. 13 Church Street, St Andrews.
- 10. Play the world's oldest golf course. Pneumatic tires, radar and penicillin all have their uses, but the one Scottish invention that inspires true slavish devotion around the world is golf. And what better place to worship the sport that fashion forgot than the oldest playing course in the world, Musselburgh Old Links, where Mary Queen of Scots reputedly played a round in 1567. Balcarres Road, Musselburgh, Balcarres Road, 0131 665 5438, www.musselburgholdlinks.co.uk 206.

We'll do another ten of these next issue!





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Upcoming genealogical events

20 February - Research Day @ the Florida Archives from 9:00am -4:00 pm R.A. Gray Building, 500 S. Bronough St., Tallahassee, FL Begin with an archives tour @ 9:30am. Afterwards help will be on hand for beginning researchers throughout the day. Lunch on your own. Additional event: Dinner (\$30) @ 6 pm at the Golden Eagle Golf & Country Club with Keynote speaker, Dick Eastman. See www.talgen.org for more information.

21 February Tallahassee Genealogical Society Annual Spring Seminar -Dick Eastman, Keynote Speaker. To be held at St. John's Episcopal Church, Alfriend Hall, 211 N. Monroe St., Tallahassee, FL See www.talgen.org for more information. Topics: Photographing Old or Delicate Documents and Photography; Genealogy searches on Google; Tombstone Photography; Where is Genealogy Software Headed?

28 February Jacksonville Genealogical Society, Spring Seminar Crown Point Baptist Church in Mandarin, 10153 Old St. Augustine Road, Jacksonville, Fl. Onsite registration begins at 8:30 a.m. The Seminar begins at 9:00 a.m. and ends at 4:00 p.m. The cost is \$30.00 for members of JGS and \$35.00 for non-members. Lunch is included in the price; however, the paid application fee must be received by 18 Feb 2009 in order to secure a lunch. Speaker: Amy Larner Giroux, CG, CGL, from Orlando, FL Download the Seminar Registration Flyer

today! The application form can be downloaded, printed, and mailed to the Society. See http://jaxgen.home.comcast.net/~jaxgen/

Your seminar or meeting or genealogical event can be here - FREE. Just email bethscribble@aol.com

Here's a Powerpoint program for your Society's next meeting

May 13-16, 2009 The Building of a Nation: From Roanoke to the West National Genealogical Society ~ Conference in the States 2009 will be held at the new Raleigh Convention Center. The North Carolina Genealogical Society is the local sponsor of this national conference. More information about the conference can be found on the internet at http://www.ngsgenealogy.org and http://www.ncgenealogy.org/. This is your chance to attend a national conference in North Carolina! There will be speakers, book dealers and genealogy wares vendors, networking opportunities and much, much more for every level of genealogical experience.

Never been to a national genealogy conference? **See a slideshow about the conference on the NCGS website:** http://www.ncgenealogy.org/pdf/press/NGS_Raleigh_2009_Slideshow_Complete.pdf

This 10-15 minute powerpoint presentation would be a great topic for your next meeting.

Also, read our **blog**: www.ncgenealogy.org/blogs/ngs2009.

Clan Crawford Association

Incorporated to serve our members worldwide to preserve our legacy. Our Associates can assist you with surname related activities including events, DNA genealogy,

heraldry, surname history and more.

Ralf Smart, Director, SE 803-425-5316 or general_ly@yahoo.com or www.clancrawford.org





No matter where you live, you can enjoy The Ludlow Porch Show on your computer! Just visit http://www.funseekers.net and follow the prompts. You'll not only find the program, but you'll find the toll-free phone numbers for outside Atlanta, GA that will allow YOU to become part of the show! It's just fun.

Georgia Radio Hall of Fame member, Ludlow Porch, is a pioneer in talk-radio. His humor and wisdom and wit has been on the airwaves for more than thirty years...and it is as fresh today as it has always been! You're in for a treat if you haven't heard Ludlow before...and you'll welcome him back if you have not heard him in awhile.

Visit http://www.amazon.com and type in "Ludlow Porch" in the author's box and you'll see a list of Ludlow's books that will make you laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh.



Beth's visit to Flagstaff, Arizona was made possible by Ludlow and Nancy and AirTran Airlines.

Your family coat of arms? Be sure it's yours!

Coats of arms are so colorful, decorative, and dignified that thousands of people have adopted them with- know a person's "family coat of arms" without an exten-

out permission or a clear understanding of their significance. The practice of stealing or creating one's own coat of arms dates back to the 12th century and still riles heraldic organizations and others who govern their uses. In some countries, such as Scotland, the bearing of false arms is equivalent to signing a fraudulent signature and is punishable by law.

The term "coat of arms" originates from the display of a knight's heraldic symbol on his surcoat. Just as knight's

were allowed to adopt their own coat of arms without interference from heralds or rulers, in most countries today an individual can create and display his own arms (providing they don't infringe on trademark). Only in Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland, Spain and South Africa is registration of coats of arms required.

Most people, however, do not have any legal right to bear arms. Unscrupulous vendors who offer "family

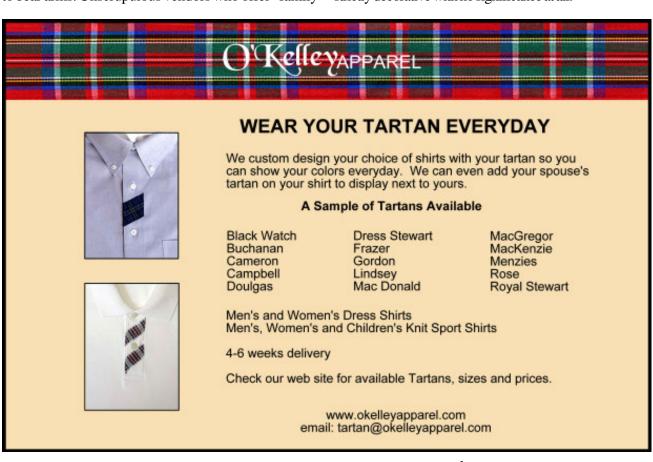
coats of arms" taken from computer databases cannot

sive knowledge of the individual's family tree.

Coats of arms are granted to specific individuals and their direct descendants, not to all persons sharing a surname. Displaying arms purchased from such vendors is not only misleading but potentially insulting to one's ancestors. For permission to utilize what he believes to be his family coat of arms, a person must prove he is descended from a recognized holder of the arms.

Obtaining official recognition is

usually costly and time consuming. People are often eager to know the significance of their coat of arms and others are equally eager to tell them the meanings of each feature. This analysis, though, can be no more precise than a psychoanalyst's interpretation of a dream. There is simply no way to know what meaning the symbols on a shield had to the person who designed the coat of arms. They may be strictly decorative with no significance at all.



Rosa McDonald, continued from page 1

in which her parents played an active role as founders. Later she enrolled at the National Cathedral School in Washington, D.C. from which she graduated in 1934. For her top academic and leadership honors, she was awarded a huge American flag, which she happily displayed on the roof of her home every 4th of July.

Eschewing college (which she later regretted)
Rosa returned home to a job as "girl Friday" at the du
Pont family airport on Centre Road outside
Wilmington. She ran the control tower, kept the books,
cleaned the bathrooms, and made fast friends with all

of the pilots and mechanics who worked at this busy hub of private aviation. She received flight instruction and became a registered pilot at the age of 21. Her stories (and pictures to support them) of daredevil flights in bi-planes always amazed her attentive listeners. In 1939, she and a friend were passengers on the first round-the-world Pan American Clipper

Pan American Clipper flight. No shrinking violet, Rosa told the Captain that she could navigate and pilot any plane. She ultimately convinced him of her abilities and took regular turns in the Clipper's co-pilot seat during the eight week journey!

In 1941 she married Lt. Nathan Hayward, Jr. from Wayne, PA. Although she gave up her pilot's license after the war, she maintained a keen interest in both Nate's army friends and career as well as aviation's place in American history. Throughout her life she corresponded regularly with GI's and generals on many continents, building a noted library on military history and earning honors from all branches of the armed services for her generosity and hospitality.

After Nathan's death, she married Ellice McDonald, Jr. and together they shared a remarkable 54 years. She soon began researching Ellice's Scottish ancestry, an effort which helped induce her ini-

tially reluctant spouse to become more involved in his ties to the Isle of Skye. He quickly rose to become Chieftain of the Clan Donald Society of the USA. Together they took many trips to Clan gatherings and highland games, hosting Celtic parties around the United States, Canada, and the UK.

Rosa's military curiosity uncovered information about the WWII role of the Nepalese Ghurka regiments which fought brilliantly alongside the allied troops in both theaters. Learning that government had all but forgotten these unsung heroes, Rosa created a pro-

> gram of privately financed care for the aging and often indigent soldiers. Because of her long commitment to the Ghurka Welfare Trust and to publicizing the story of these brave warriors, she earned the admiration of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. who made her an Honorary Commander

of the British Empire (CBE) in 1992.

She and Ellice shared a lifelong passion for cats and dogs; over time they adopted countless numbers of strays and rescue pets who happily shared her animal "bed and breakfast" with the occasional pure bred German shepherd or golden retriever. She fully expressed her great love for the large carnivores at many of the world's great zoos. Because of her support for the Nation's oldest zoo in Philadelphia, she was given naming rights for a number of their collection, including a champion Bengal tiger that she christened NAROPI, an acronym using the first two letters of her four children's names.

Known for her can do spirit, she always had a mind of her own, and was never afraid to speak it. But she consistently displayed a warmth and generosity toward people of all walks of life; she counted among

Rosa McDonald, The Rev. Dr. Frank Spindler, continued from page 30

her best friends carpenters and captains of industry, mechanics and medal winners, the chef at the lunch counter and the Chief of Plastic Surgery at Johns Hopkins hospital where she had been a patient. She was justifiably proud of her distinguished heritage, but prouder still of the accomplishments of those she helped, and especially of her family.

In addition to her husband Ellice, she is survived by: her daughter Nancy Lloyd Hayward and her husband Richard Stephen Dunn Johnson of New York City; her two sons, Nathan Hayward III and his wife Marilyn Rushworth Hayward and Pierre duPont Hay-

ward and his wife Martina Combs Hayward (all of Wilmington, Delaware); her son-inlaw Christopher George Lewis Jones Hamden, CT, widower to Rosa Hayward Jones who died in January 2006; and her "basketball team" of five grandsons: Nicholas Calder Lewis Jones of Charleston, SC; Laird Reed Hayward



Wilmington, Nathan Hayward IV of Los Angeles, Bradford Lloyd Hayward and George Stewart Marshall Hayward, both of Wilmington

The Rev. Dr. Frank MacDonald Spindler, 91, died Wednesday, Feb. 4, 2009, at the Elizabeth Nursing Home, of natural causes.

Iinternment immediately followed his service and was in Fairfax Memorial Park,

The Rev. Spindler, a longtime resident of Washington, D.C., was born in Columbus, Ohio. He graduated from the University of Texas-Austin, worked briefly for the Houston Natural Gas Co. until being drafted into the Army. Shortly after discharge he entered the General Theological Seminary in New York City, where he earned a master of divinity, ordained as deacon, and then priest in 1948.

While serving parishes in Huntsville and Hempstead, Texas, he earned a master of arts degree in history from the University of Houston. In 1956, Dr. Spindler married the former Dr. Evelyn Blanchard, of Washington; she preceded him in death in 1991.

After briefly serving an Episcopal parish in Baltimore, Md., Dr. Spindler moved to Washington, D.C., in 1962. While serving St. Paul's, St. John's and the Church of the Ascension and St. Agnes, he earned his doctorate in philosophy from the American University, and, also began serving as associate professor of history at George Mason Uni-

versity in Fairfax, Va. He retired from full-time service at St. Agnes in 1979, and George Mason University in 1983. He was named Professor Emeritus at George Mason in 2006.

Dr. Spindler was an avid genealogist and traveler, authored several books and numerous

published articles, many dealing with Latin America and related religious interests. He was a member and officer of many historical and genealogical societies, St. Andrews, SAR, Crown of the Charlemagne, Temple of Jerusalem, Americans of Royal Descent, Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims, and a member of the Cosmos Club. He held strongly his Scottish heritage and remained active in Clan Donald USA.

Surviving are a sister, Phyllis J. Spindler, of Akron, Ohio; a cousin, Mary MacDonald Bordinat, of Morgantown, W. Va.; and many nieces and nephews, including Joyce and Dennis Blanchard, of Galena.

He also was preceded in death by his mother, Mary MacDonald Spindler; his father, Dr. Alva Spindler; and a brother, Robert H. Spindler.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests memorials be given to the Galena Food Pantry in care of the Galena State Bank, Galena, Ill.



Clan Colquhoun Society Of NA

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Membership is invited for all spellings of

Colquhoun/Calhoun, Cowan, MacClintock, MacManus. Applications available online at http://www.geocities.com/clancolquhoun_na/home.html

