

grip fast



DOWN UNDER

THE NEWSLETTER OF CLAN LESLIE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND. (CLANZ)

Vol. 8 No 4,

Jan, Feb, March 2013

A MESSAGE FROM THE CHIEFTAIN



George Leslie

Well here is hoping that the fast approaching festive season is a joyous and happy one. It is a time when we set aside past differences and promote our Christian spiritual heritage

The children are the main pivotal point and they must provide much of the joy at this time of the year, whether it is watching them anxiously tearing off the wrapping paper, or having them accompany us to church and their involvement in nativity plays. We as adults have a greater involvement with the New Year celebrations and one needs to question the value we get from the fireworks that are used in the displays around the world. I am sure that we could get satisfaction if these monies were used to eliminate some of the poverty around the world. I have just recently returned from Bangkok and I was informed that the street beggars are located in locations by Asian gangs and the best high traffic locations, go to the ones who pay the best. Of course the people who lose out are the beggars, as most people ignore them, as they know that the money ends up in the control of the gangs. Maybe we could all just say a wee prayer for the less fortunate among us. Let's also not forget our other celebrations at this time of year. We have St Andrews Day in November and Robbie Burns birthday in January and it is a busy time for us Scots. If anyone is attending one of these functions, it would be appreciated if you could write a few lines about it and remember that a photograph makes the story. All we need is what, when and where and any special attendees and also what you thought about it. Remember, it is your

Clan newsletter and you can be part of the success by contributing to it.

Yours Aye.
George Leslie.



Lt John Charles Christie.
No 8866 2NZEF.
Died 25th July 1942. off Tonga.

Lt John Charles Christie of Mangapai, Northland New Zealand was a farm hand, when he enlisted in the 2nd Royal New Zealand Expeditionary Force in Whangarei.



Bourail NZ War Cemetery. New Caledonia.

He had served in the Middle East from 1940 to 1941 and was serving as the Aide de Camp to the General Officer Commanding 2RNZEF IP when the plane that he was a passenger in, disappeared while on a flight over the Pacific Ocean.

He was married to Clarice Dinah Leslie of Los Angeles, California, USA and was survived by his sister, Mrs Gundry of 21 Beverly Court, Chiswick, London W4 England.

He is remembered on the Bourail Memorial, Bourail New Zealand War Cemetery, New Caledonia.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon. NSW.

for many years with the Swedish Army, as a Colonel. He was Alexander Leslie, General Sir of Auchintoul. Born in Crichtie Aberdeenshire abt 1566 and died in Smolensk Russia abt 1663. Sir Alexander Leslie of Auchintoul was the son of William Leslie 3rd Laird of Crichtie.



An early photograph of Alexander Klieforth

ALEXANDER LESLIE KLIEFORTH

31ST December 1918 – 5th October 2012.



Photo Courtesy William Leslie CLSI

Alexander Leslie Klieforth .
Born 31 December 1918
Died 5th October 2012.

I am very distressed to announce the death of Alexander Leslie Klieforth. He was the son of an American diplomat, Alfred Will Klieforth, born in Wisconsin in 1889 who died in 1969 and Varvara Alexandrovna Leslie (Barbara) whom he married in Petrograd Russia, 16th Feb 1918.

Alexander was descended from a long line of Imperial Russian Officers, who served with great distinction in Russia, from the time that his 7 times Great grandfather, arrived in Russia, after serving

Alexander Leslie Klieforth started his diplomatic service in 1941, when he entered the Foreign Service of the United States and in 1973 he was nominated by the President as a Career Minister. He was first posted to Bogota, Columbia and in 1944 he applied for special leave to join the US Army as a member of the OSS.

In the 1950s Alexander again volunteered for military service as a US Air Force Officer and in 1955 he returned to civilian life.

Alexander had a deep interest in Scottish history and in May 1977 he met Ian, 21st Earl of Rothes, Chief of Clan Leslie at the First International Gathering of the Clans in Edinburgh, Scotland and from this meeting a decision was made to form the American Clan Leslie Society and later the Clan Leslie Society and then Clan Leslie Society International. Ian, 21st Earl of Rothes asked Alexander to accept the position as Commissioner of The American Clan Leslie Society and also the Editor of the CLSI Journal and he also authored the book "Grip Fast. The Leslies in History"

Alexander retired from the US Foreign Service in 1980 and settled in San Diego, where he began lecturing and broadcasting in Southern California and in 2004 he co-authored with Dr Robert Munro,

“The Scottish Invention of America, Democracy and Human Rights” a history of liberty and freedom from the ancient celts to the current day, which was published by the University Press of America.

Clan Leslie will be all the poorer, for the loss of Alexander.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon, NSW.

PIONEER WOMEN;

DID THEY PULL, PUSH OR PROD?.

Another story of the Kaiwaka area.

While much has been told of the male exploits of the early pioneers of the district, little is told of the women, who in most cases were far too busy to speak or complain. It was handed down how some lived and gave birth in a tent, as two sets of my great grandparents did and the reason that tents were in vogue was because by 1858 the Crimean War was over and the British Army had a surplus of tents and sold them to emigrants, leaving for the new lands. Details of these tents were given by a soldiers wife, who while sailing with her husbands regiment to India, along with other wives, found them selves on the front line when the ship was diverted to the Crimea. The tents held 16 men, but if one of the men had a wife, it was reduced to 14 men and the wife was given 2 spaces. Not every woman’s dream home.

My Leslie great grandparents lived in such a tent until a house was built and the first born New Zealand Leslie arrived in it, in 1861.



The Bell Tent, used in the Crimea.

When great grandma Ann arrived in Auckland, she stated very emphatically that she would never travel by boat again, but three weeks later she was on board a cutter, bound for Mangawai, with husband, son, 2 boxes and 3 packets. One packet being the Bell tent (a packet was a large bundle). When some of these fell off the bullock dray while travelling to Settlement Road, Kaiwaka, into a creek, her husband wanted to turn back, but she said “Nae Will, we have come thus far and we will nae turn back” The tent was lived in for 2 years, before the house was built, as a house was a requirement before a land grant could be completed. Being from the Shetlands, a camp oven was not new, as they were called Dutch ovens there and had been in use for many generations.



A Dutch Oven, (slightly used)

The box’s that came out, still survive and judging from the marks on one, it was used as a table.

As Ann’s husband, William had spent 3 successful years on the Australian goldfields, they did have money, just nowhere to spend it, without another boat trip. On my maternal great grandparents side, James and Grace Watson, who arrived as Albertlanders in 1862, came out to New Zealand on the proceeds of an inheritance of Grace’s. Her mother, who died at the age of 58, had outlived 4 husbands and owned a hotel, which was sold and Grace’s share paid their fares out to New Zealand. James, 12 years older than his wife was a clerk for a coal mining company and had never done much physical work. Being very religious, he often resorted to the bible in times of need, which does not tell one how to calve a cow, build a fence or dig a drain and it was well known that Grace was the driving force in the family. When they left for New Zealand, Grace was 4 months pregnant with

my grandmother and both survived the rigours of shipboard life and food for over 2 months before landing in Auckland and within a month was heading for Point Albert. Because of her condition she was allowed to ride on the wagon that was transporting their belongings from Riverhead to Helensville and halfway there, the wagon tipped and around 8 months pregnant, Grace found herself in the ferns with her belongings all around her. She then sat in a row boat for 2 days as it bumped its way over the mudflats to Point Albert and after 4 weeks in a tent, she gave birth to my grandmother on the 24th November 1862, who was the first white child born at the new settlement. The ex Crimean tent was home for the first 2 years. A story handed down is how Grace asked James to build a shelf for their dinner set, after they had moved into a very rudimentary house, which he did and so the finest plates and cups were displayed for all to see. One night soon after, there was a loud crash and so the family had to take turns to use the remaining chipped and cracked crockery, until times got better.

Many thanks to Bill Leslie of Kaiwaka for this insight into his family history.

A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE.

A STORY FROM OUR CLAN CHIEF.

I love Australia. I spent 18 months there when I was 18 and nearly stayed. The greatest compliment I had while I was out there (or down there depending on where you are when you read this) was “Ah Alex, you’re not really a Pom! I could hardly believe my ears.



A younger Alex Leslie.

Mind you I had good training in Aussie. My first job was as a cleaner in Geraldton, 300 miles north of Perth, which at the time was famous for almost nothing. Now it is a little bit famous for being a huge wheat port. I was not very good at cleaning and my dear colleagues would make me handle some of the equipment without any training at all. Nowadays I am sure this would be subject to investigation by the Health and Safety Police. Those big floor buffing machines were a particular problem. The first time I was given one was in a television shop and it was only through self preservation that I simply “jumped” off as I hurtled towards a bank of new TVs, dragged by the monster machine. As I let go the machine stopped, so the TVs were saved. My colleagues took quite a while to stop laughing.

After nine months cleaning things and learning that ladies’ loos are full of more descriptive graffiti than any gents loos I have ever visited, I bought a car and took off. It was of course a Panel Van and in it I felt part of an elite crew of people who drive round Australia every year. I teamed up with someone for the first part of the journey and ended up crossing the Nullabor without stopping. After about thirty hours of driving we found a beach somewhere in South Australia, got stuck in the sand and decided to stay for a while. My team mate professed to be a man who knew the bush. He introduced me to the “billy” and I became an addict of strong sweet black tea. Trying to impress me by making a sample brew outside Perth, his credentials were dented slightly when we realised that we were in estuary waters. The tea was salty.

I led a strange dual life for nine months, living in the back of the car for weeks at a time and using caravan parks for showers – perhaps not as regularly as I should have – and then being greeted by someone in Sydney who asked me whether I would like to hang up my suits before we had tea in the Drawing Room. At the time I had just come down from the annual Easter Weekend motorbike festival in Bathurst (the whole town actually ran out of beer) and I was so covered in dust that I was a nasty ingrained brown colour. It didn’t seem to put my host off at all.

I left Sydney and went swiftly up the Gold Coast, up as far as Cairns. I have a picture of my car, four miles beyond the town, on a dirt track – in those days, the end of the paved road. Back south and then west, towards the centre, I picked up a hitchhiker in the middle of nowhere – you did in those days. I asked him where he had come from and he said Sydney, three days ago. We were a long long way from Sydney. I found out that it was

his third time around the country. He was hitchhiking around and around. He had escaped from Hungary the year before, a country where you had to report to the police when you arrived. He was slightly mad on the freedom of being able to stick his thumb out and go wherever he wanted. Onwards to a cattle station above Alice Springs. I watched Charles and Diana get married from a borrowed Motel room in the town and then followed the instructions to get to the station. Head north from Alice, and after 300 miles you will see two white stones on the left. That was the beginning of the drive; follow that drive for another 150 miles.... It was a big place, some 22,000 square miles it turned out. I was lucky enough to be part of a cattle muster while I was there and that was sheer luck. The price of beef went up a cent in Melbourne and the muster was on. A world of helicopters swooping through dust storms, backlit by a setting sun, of perching on newly mended gateposts while hundreds of cattle passed, a foot below you – unseen in a blizzard of dirt. Then north to Darwin, then back and west and south. In those days there was one section of Highway 1 that was still a dirt track, up by Fitzroy Crossing. Inevitably my windscreen broke 200 kilometres before I got to it. Fitzroy Crossing did not have a spare windscreen. I could wait for three weeks or carry on. I carried on, holding a blanket up to the window when trucks thundered past, bow waves of dust infiltrating every corner of the car. I arrived in Derby and found a scrap dealer. I didn't even open my mouth before he asked whether I needed a new windscreen, then laughed at my confusion. My hair was flattened against my head and there were dead flies stuck to my face. He had a windscreen. I could have kissed him. While he fixed it I went and looked at the jetty – although at 11 miles long, I didn't get all the way out. Someone was catching huge crabs from the jetty, the tide was coming in so fast that he was having to walk fast to keep up with it, as he hauled in one pot, trotted forward and threw it into the surf. On south, and a magical moment as I arrived in Broome just before sunset. I drove to the caravan park, it being bath night, and there was a party already in full swing. Feeling left behind. Having not been there from the start, I went to explore and as I found a cliff above the beach, the full moon was rising and I had a personal display of the stairway to the moon. I was spell bound and humbled and have never been as happy to miss a party. Two more days and I was close to Carnavon and within striking distance of Geraldton and the end of the trip. After several days of endless brown

bush, as far as the eye could see, I was beginning to wonder what I had ever seen in Western Australia and then it showed me.



Wild flowers in Western Australia

I came over a rise and as far as I could see was a carpet of vivid colour. It was spring and it had rained four days before and the wild flowers were out. I have never seen such a riot of colour. It was a magical end to a great journey.

Many thanks to the Hon Alex Leslie for the insight into his time in Australia.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon, NSW.

MY HEALTH

I am afraid that my back fusion on the L3, L4, L5 and S1 vertebrae in my back is not responding to treatment and the pain is spreading to the C4 nerve in my neck and causing paralysis in my arms, so I am not sure how much longer I can keep typing the Clan Leslie Society of Australia and New Zealand newsletter.

I cannot sit at the computer for much more than half an hour before the pain starts in my back.

I have been booked into the Rehab hospital from the 15th November to the 7th December, with three physio sessions a day, to try and get things working again. Unfortunately I have my doubts whether anything will be able to be achieved.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon, NSW.

CLAN LESLIE DNA PROJECT.

I would urge all male Leslie's to take the DNA test as this will not only tell them who they are related to with other Leslie's who have taken the test but will also provide a database for later generations.

At the moment we have 30 participants in the program and the results are starting to fall into four categories. This project is very important for later generations who may be able to link with Leslie families who have died out. My own group of I2b1 has three results who are very close, but I cannot tell where the link is, at this stage.

You can look at the site by going to:-

www.worldfamilies.net/surnames/leslie/results

Thanks to Gloria Leslie for taking on the position of Project Administrator gleslie376@aol.com

THE BASIC SCIENCE.

Because males carry the yDNA of their surname ancestors, we can test them as representatives of their Ancestors. Each man gets his yDNA from his father who got it from his father etc etc. The yDNA test is used for testing males only, but females can participate if they can convince a male relative to participate. This test is only useful in testing the male participants father's line. As this line is associated with surnames in western society, it is easy to visualize and to track through genealogy. All men who share the same "common" ancestor will essentially carry the same yDNA.

Over time there are "mutations" which occur during replication of the Y chromosome DNA and all male descendants of the man carrying the changed yDNA also carry the changed yDNA. Such a mutation is believed to have occurred in Ireland around 40,000 years ago when a single ancestor whose genes mutated to over absorb iron from what was then a very poor diet and today has resulted in millions of people of celtic descent developing Hereditary Hemochromatosis and the iron in their body can reach toxic levels. This is called "The Celtic Curse" Do a Google search.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon, NSW.

THE ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE NOW DUE.

It would be appreciated if members of CLANZ could send your annual subscription when you receive this newsletter:- The fees are.

AUSTRALIA:- \$25-00AU sent to Mr M W Leslie, 117/303 Spring St, Kearney's Spring, Queensland 4350. **Cheque payable to Clan Leslie Society of Australia and New Zealand.**

NEW ZEALAND:- \$29-00NZ sent to Ms R M Leslie, 1/76 Wallace Rd, Mangere Bridge, Auckland City, 2022, New Zealand. **Cheque made payable to R M Leslie.**

Direct payments can be made to our Westpac Bank Account, **Clan Leslie Society of Australia and New Zealand. BSB 032-000. Account 30-6938**

If you have a Paypal Account you can also pay to lesliejb@ozemail.com.au To cover the charge that Paypal makes, Australian members payments will need to be \$26.00AU and New Zealand members payments \$26.00AU. Please make payments in Australian dollars.

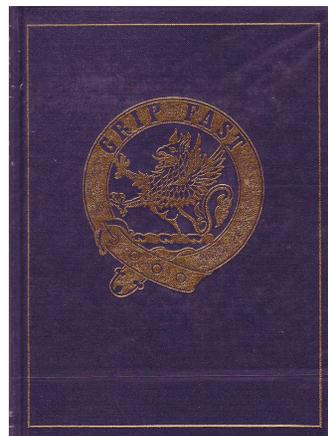
Your early payment will be much appreciated as it enables us to locate and record the activities of the Leslie Clan in the Antipodes. There is a separate invoice sent with this newsletter. Please make sure that you quote your name or your Post Code.

Thank you.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon. NSW.

"GRIP FAST THE LESLIES IN HISTORY"

I have a new supply of the book by Alexander Leslie Kieforth arriving. This book "Grip Fast The Leslies in History" is filled with information on the



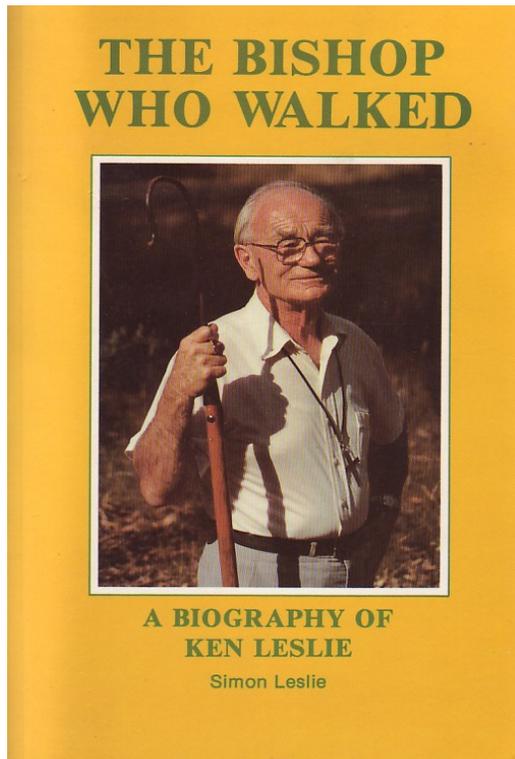
various Leslie families and is the first book since Col Charles Leslie's "Historical Records of the Family of Leslie" (also available on CD) to update the story of the Leslie's and its Septs.

The price of this book is **\$66.00AU**, postage paid to Australia and New Zealand.

A CLANZ member approached me about a copy of the book, but unfortunately I cannot remember who it was. If they could let me know, I will supply one.

"THE BISHOP WHO WALKED"

I also have available for sale the book, *The Bishop Who Walked*, by Simon Leslie, about his father, the Rt Rev Ken Leslie, 6th Bishop of Bathurst. This book is available for **\$28.50AU**. Postage paid to Australia and New Zealand.



The Rt Rev Ken Leslie was called "The Bishop who Walked" because he walked everywhere, including the Kokoda Track, from Gona to Port Moresby, to bring cheer to isolated Army signalmen and also 130 miles from Dubbo to Bathurst, to raise money to complete the Bathurst Cathedral. His younger brother was in the Australian Medical Corps in Papua New Guinea during World War Two.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon, NSW.

JOHN LESLIE, SILVERSMITH.



I have told the story about John Leslie the silver smith from Aberdeen and here is one of his articles from my own collection. It is a beautiful Scottish Provincial teaspoon that was made by John Leslie, about 1820 and sent to Edinburgh to be assayed and hall marked.



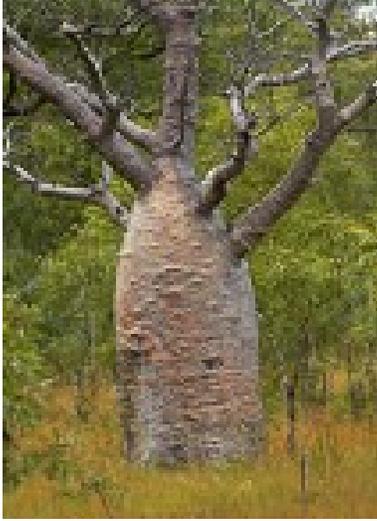
This lovely "Old English" pattern teaspoon has a delicate "S" engraved on the handle.



Above is the hallmark, showing that it was made by John Leslie and the hallmarks showing that it is sterling silver, marked in Edinburgh and also the Kings head. Note that it is marked IL, not JL as there was no J used in the hallmarking process.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon, NSW.

THREE THINGS THAT OUR CLAN CHIEF ALEX, WOULD HAVE SEEN ON HIS TRIP.



Boab Tree in Derby, Western Australia.



Wildflowers after rain in Western Australia



Emergency phone!!!!!!! A long long walk.

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Previous issues of Grip Fast Down Under:-
Soon will be able to be viewed on our website. Meanwhile go to
www.electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/leslie/index.htm

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