



From the Chieftain,



The word 'Clan' derives from the Gaelic word "Clann" meaning children. We are all members of Clan Leslie, and therefore, the children of the Chief.

Malcolm Leslie Clanship is a very Scottish or Celtic concept, and although other cultures have clans, it has a unique meaning for those of Celtic descent. Our Clan is spread worldwide, yet we are still a family, tied together by that pride in our name (in all its forms), and the tenuous link of blood and descent.

I have never met most of the members of our society, and I have not met members of Clan Leslie International, but I feel kinship to all of the Leslies in the world. In this regard, I must include those who belong to the septs of the Clan. Within the Scottish Clan system, septs are families who claim kinship with a clan, or who have, at some point in history, sought the protection of, and have shown allegiance to the clan. In this way they also become children of the clan.

This is a fairly complex relationship, but those who have that pride in name and heritage, and have joined our society have shown their acceptance of the whole concept.

We all need to help CLANZ to the best of our abilities. There are a few ways to do this:

If you are a young person, question your elders about family history, and write it all down – don't let it be lost;

If you are getting on in life, do it in reverse, tell the young ones what you know, or write it down.

If your branch of the family has some interesting stories, send them in to be published in "Grip Fast Down Under". Don't be shy – we are all family after all.

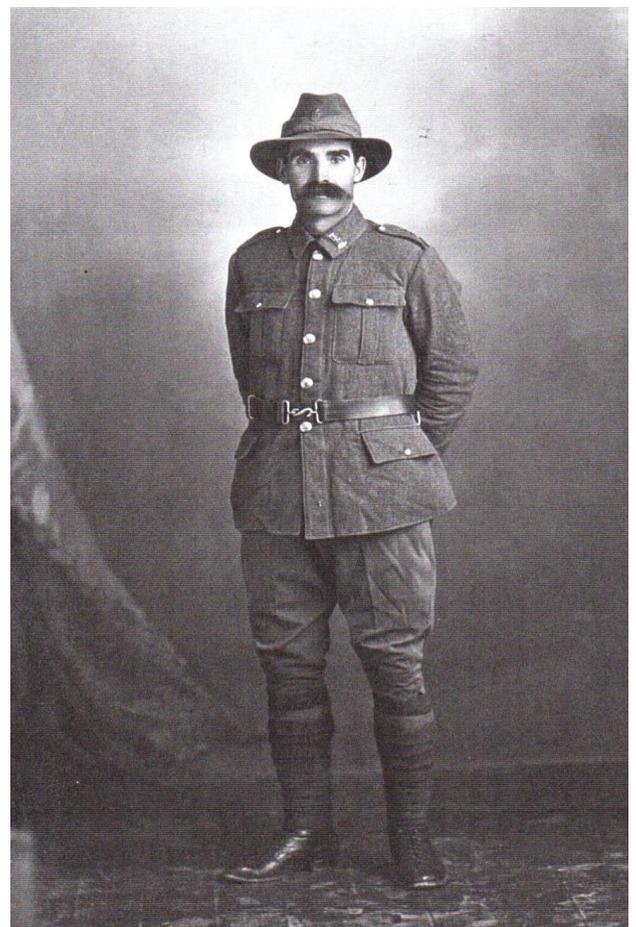
Let us work together to keep our society strong. If the society is strong the Clan is strong.

*Yours Aye,
Malcolm W Leslie
Chieftain. CLANZ*



BROTHERS IN ARMS.

John George Leslie was the eldest son of William Day Leslie 1836 – 1919 and Cecelia (Stephenson) Leslie 1846 – 1933 who raised their family at Kaeo, Nth Auckland, New Zealand and James Francis Leslie was the fifth son of twelve children. John and James signed up for the New Zealand Army at the same time, as can be seen by their Regimental numbers



*Rifleman John George Leslie. 44646
New Zealand Rifle Brigade, 2nd Batt, J Company*

Born 2nd July 1872 – Died 12th October 1917



*Rifleman James Francis Leslie. 44645
New Zealand Rifle Brigade, 2nd Batt, J Company*

Born 1887 – Died 12th October 1917

They sailed from Wellington NZ on board HMNZT 82, “Pakeha” for Plymouth England on the 26th April 1917.

They were sent to the Western Front at Ypres, Belgium where both were killed on the same day the 12th October 1917.



Tyne Cot Memorial and Cemetery

They are both remembered on the Tyne Cot Memorial, Tyne Cot Cemetery, Zonnebeke, West-Vlaanderen Belgium.

Many thanks to Lavina (Tuppy) Jones of Nth Auckland for the photographs of her uncles.

LEST WE FORGET.

FINDING AUSTRALIA

Like so many children born before the digital age, I knew about kangaroos from primary school books, but not about Australia. As I got older, the name "Australia" went by me in class as some place "yonder" along with Peru, Ceylon, Lithuania and Uganda. It was hard enough in fourth grade just to memorize all the names of the (then) 48 States of the USA. Because my father was a career officer in the US Army, we lived overseas during part of my earliest grade school years in post-WWII Europe. I could certainly find Germany, France, Great Britain and Switzerland on the map, and if pressed hard could point out the likes of Belgium, The Netherlands, Denmark and Sweden without too much trouble. I loved the kangaroo family in one of my books who had interesting adventures. It simply didn't occur to me that they happened to live in a vastly beautiful land "down under". At 7, I could not have said what the equator was, and the Atlantic Ocean that was between me and the rest of my American family was the only large body of water upon which I focused. Being a child of the "baby boom" years (1946 - 1964), and an American child at that, my lessons in history and geography tended to deal with Europe and the countries involved in the Korean Conflict and "Cold War" that had recently broken out between the USA, our allies and the Soviet Union. Again, I missed the fact - possibly was never even taught it - that we had friends "down under". So while kangaroos were cute and well-known, their origin was sadly missing from my awareness, until we moved from Virginia.

We had been staying with my dad's parents while he was on assignment where we could not follow, when my mother suddenly required extensive medical treatment. She was terribly ill, and the doctors in our rather rural area of Virginia suggested she should move back to the bosom of her own family in New York for care. A northern medical centre could provide what our small town medicos could not, so we moved back to Long Island the autumn of my second year in high school. Due to our move, I began school some weeks late, placing me at a disadvantage in my assignments. I was asked to stay after geography class my very first day in Roslyn High. It was the last class of the day, and the teacher explained to me that I would have to pick a country and learn everything I could about it in order to write a long report that was due at end of term. "Easy!" I thought. I still remembered a lot about living in Europe, and eagerly asked for the countries we had

lived in or visited while there. "taken already" came the reply. I suggested a few others and the same response came back. "Look, here", my teacher said, "I have to go to the principle's office for a few minutes. Stay here, go over and take a good look at that globe, and when I come back you tell me a few places that might interest you and we'll see if they are spoken for yet. Remember that you are going to write your report as if you *belong there*, and must tell me everything about your 'home' country."

I still remember the dust mites floating in the soft golden light slanting through the late afternoon windows, the chalk scent, the small squeaks the wooden floor made as I walked back to the back of the empty classroom where a big lighted globe rested on its tall stand. I was a devout teenager, and so I closed my eyes and said a brief prayer: "God, please show me the country where I belong." With my eyes still closed, I spun the globe with one hand and listened until I heard it stop. I reached out and touched the globe, and when I opened my eyes my hand was covering the continent of Australia. There it was - all alone in the Pacific, with some small islands to the east labelled New Zealand. My world had just gotten larger by leaps and bounds. Here was this amazing huge country in the middle of the Pacific Ocean! I knew I had never given any thought to it before, and hoped none of my classmates had either. It drew me across the miles and miles to its shores and the unknown and interesting possibilities that I might find there. From one moment to the next, I not only wanted to learn all I could about Australia, I knew it was absolutely essential for me to do so - not merely for geography class but for me myself - although I could not have explained 'why' if my soul had depended upon my answer. I stood there staring at the globe until Mr Bell's step recalled me to the present. "I choose Australia" I said, and he agreed cheerfully. I went home, my mother called the Australian Embassy, and travelled into New York City to bring back the information they graciously said they would gather for me. She could barely carry the box home. For months I poured over the brochures, books and maps I was provided absorbing every fascinating detail I could, got an A+ on my report and knew in my heart that Australia was a place I *simply had to visit*. At only 15, and with an allowance that would not support plane fare, I also knew it would be a long time before I could make that dream come true. That winter my mother had a particularly beautiful topographic map framed for my Christmas present; it had been sent by the

Australian Embassy in that box of information and I kept it for many years until it was water-damaged during a move. I lived with that map of Australia on my walls as a young wife and mother, and made sure my own children knew where the adventurous kangaroo family came from when it was their turn to read my childhood books.

Years went by. About 40 in fact. And as I researched doctoral programs I began to notice that many of them offering what I wished to study were in Australia. The format of curricula and openness of the faculties were a refreshing change from the rather strictly scripted and formal approach the American schools took to advanced study. I applied and was accepted to James Cook University, flying to Cairns to meet my advisor and present the initial work on my proposal and just as that first powerful and magnetic attraction happened in high school geography class so many years before, it happened again, and just as unexpectedly on arrival. The first I saw of Australia was stony, yellow-grey ground beneath the plane as we approached Kingsford Smith Airport.



Then the plane rose and dipped its left wing - almost stood on it, banking sharply, and I looked down from my window seat at what lay below me. The Bridge, the Opera House and the brilliant blue harbor twinkled in the sunlight. And that's when the odd thing happened again. Half my brain said "You're not allowed to feel this way...you're an American citizen" while the other half said "You're home. You've finally come home. You belong

here." That's when I fell in love with Australia for the second time. Years of reading, learning about it, wishing to see it, were becoming a reality as we landed.

How can I explain what almost 4 weeks in Australia meant to me? I felt at home immediately and even when some incidents happened which could have been rather unpleasant - a flat tire far from anywhere, getting caught on the road in a bush fire, getting re-routed and totally lost... no matter what happened, someone appeared like an angel to help, advise and assist with a remedy. I don't think it was either luck, or because people were on their best manners for a tourist. I found that Australians are delightfully open, outspoken, direct, no-nonsense, just brilliant and incredibly kind! From Tasmania's Cradle Mountain - where sleepy echidnas waddled out of the forest and wombats came out to graze at night, where wallabies ate the flowers by our cabin door and a small, confused Devil ran across my feet in the parking lot one evening, to the Circular Quay in Sydney, the Harbor Bridge, the Opera House and Government House, the museums and shops (I found a particular shade of green pearlized cotton embroidery thread that I had run out of and could not replace in the USA!), to the beautiful botanical gardens everywhere and the tropical heat and pristine waters of the Barrier Reef...everywhere I went I found astonishing, breathtaking beauty and offers of friendship and welcome. I was asked by faculty at school if I would consider relocating and teaching... It broke my heart to say I could not. I cannot leave my elderly mother-in-law in the USA as she depends upon my husband and me. My dearest friend, my heart-sister, was traveling with me, and when we took off from Kingsford Smith Airport she said nothing but knowingly handed me a wad of tissues. I wept until we were well past Norfolk Island.

The only unhappy thing that occurred (aside from leaving Australia) came after I had been home for a year. My work was progressing well and I was already anticipating my next trip to Cairns when my advisor told me she was leaving the school. The university where she was going would not allow me to follow her. And there was no one else able or willing to supervise my work in Cairns, so I was obliged to withdraw from the program; although the International Dean at JCU tried hard to find me a new advisor, she was unsuccessful. They say everything happens for a reason, and perhaps it's true, at least on some occasions. Family matters at many levels required my full attention within short months of leaving JCU and I

had no time to search for another doctoral program for several years. Now, again, I look southwest across the brilliant blue Pacific in hopes of finding another school. Even if my PhD comes from a university elsewhere, I know I must return to Australia and soon... and always. I am feeling the magnetic pull at my heart, the feeling that some part of me is attached there forever now and perhaps has been since that day in high school so very long ago when I asked 'Show me where I belong.' At the very least, it's a great excuse to get more of that special green thread. I ran out a few weeks ago, and they don't have it here in the States anymore.



*Samantha Leslie Gray,
Chaplain, Clan Leslie Society International.*

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

I am very sad to advise that one of our founding members has died.

JOHN GOWING LESLIE

6 Nov 1925 ---- 29 March 2013.

Late of Kenthurst & formerly of Merrylands and Summer Hill. John's Funeral Service was held on 5th April 2013 at the Castlebrook Crematorium Windsor Road Rouse Hill.

John was a Leading Aircraftman No 445754 in the Royal Australian Air Force and was born to Rueben Lesslie and his wife Freda McAlister and after his education he received an apprenticeship with A.W.A. at Ashfield in Sydney when he was 18 but when World War Two broke out he managed to cancel his apprenticeship and enlisted in the R.A.A.F Air Crew Training scheme.

He expected to be sent to Canada, but was instead sent to Cootamundra and then Dubbo, both in New South Wales and re-mustered as a Fitter / Driver and was shipped to Morotai and then Labuan in North Borneo. At the end of the war he went to Singapore to pickup Australian prisoners of war

from Changi Prison. John declined to join the Occupation forces in Japan and flew home to Australia, where he was discharged on the 12 April 1946 and he then married Judy Mara at St Andrews Church at Summer Hill



John with Judy in 1945.

They built a home at Merrylands where they stayed for 22 years and then moved to Carlingford where they stayed for 5 years and then moved to Kenthurst in 1975.



John's Medals.

John renewed his apprenticeship and started a business as Toolmakers, progressing to Metal Stamping in the industrial area of St Mary's and ran the business, until they sold the premises and retired in 2003.

John will be sorely missed by his family and friends and I extend my deepest sympathy to them.

***Barrie Leslie, Gordon, NSW.
Commissioner for Clan Leslie
Australia and New Zealand.***

THE CELTIC CURSE.

The Celtic Curse is a mutation of DNA that occurred about 40 thousand years ago in what is now known as Ireland. It is thought that one person developed a mutation to over absorb iron, which in the diet of the time was almost completely lacking, which of course was a good thing, then.

It then spread to Scandinavia, England and Scotland and with the migration from those countries to the United States of America, Australia and New Zealand, it is now well established in these countries.



Countries where the disease is prevalent

It is now called hereditary haemochromatosis and is a disease that causes the body to absorb and store iron and can cause serious health problems. It is caused by genetic mutations and is mainly caused by a defect in a gene called *HFE* and the two most common are called *C282Y* and *H63D*.

The most important defect is *C282Y*. In people who inherit *C282Y* from both parents the body absorbs too much iron. Mutations are passed from parents to children and are recessive, which means that the disease only occurs when a copy of the mutation is passed from each of the parents. If only one parent has the mutation, the child is then a carrier and will not develop the disease. Carriers can store the extra iron but rarely suffer the organ damage that a person who has received the two mutations does.

The health symptoms in males, does not develop until after the age of 30 and with females, usually after menopause. Symptoms relate to the organs that are overloaded with iron and can include heart problems, arrhythmia, arthritis, liver disease, diabetes, thyroid deficiency, impotence and adrenal gland problems as well as other problems.

The usual treatment is for a blood-letting. It is estimated that the incidence in people of Northern European extraction is as high as 1 in 10.

The answer is to get tested for hereditary haemochromatosis and take your doctor's advice.

Barrie Leslie, Gordon, NSW.

THE CLAN LESLIE DNA PROJECT

I would ask that you all read the following article very carefully as it spells out very clearly what the DNA Project can do for families and their descendants. The Clan Leslie DNA Project now has 53 participants and the more that participate, the better. I have upgraded to the 67 markers, which gives the most information available, at the moment, but who knows what information will be available in the future.

For further information go to the website www.familytreedna.com and look for the Leslie DNA Project. I am of the firm opinion that Clan Leslie should be firmly engaged in this strategy, for future generations.

Barrie Leslie. Gordon. NSW.

“THE BASICS OF GENETIC GENEALOGY,”
by Guido Deboeck

In spite of the numerous sources and vast amount of documented information that can be found, we should not forget that documents can contain errors, may have been written to mislead or hide the truth, or may have been destroyed either on purpose or by accident (e.g. by fire, floods, or earthquakes). Additionally, some relationships may never have been recorded. This is why conventional genealogy can only go as far as the research of documents allows. To go beyond the constraints of the paper world, there is genetic genealogy. Genetic genealogy relies on DNA, which we all have, does not change, cannot be destroyed, and is never wrong.

DNA testing complements conventional genealogy through the analysis of the unique sequence of chemicals that defines each human being. Through DNA testing, one can tell if two people are related (though not the exact nature of the relationship), verify, or potentially correct genealogical information extracted from documents.

DNA contains the blueprint of life, i.e., all the instructions that build and control the day-to-day functioning of the cells in our body. This blueprint, with its instructions, is passed from parent to child with few or minor changes.

DNA stands for Deoxyribo Nucleic Acid. It is structured as a double-stranded helical molecule. Think about a ladder with rungs or sides that are

held together with a sugar backbone, somewhat like table sugar. These chemicals are called nucleic acid bases, or nucleotides; they are the building blocks of every DNA molecule. The four nucleotides contained in every DNA molecule are Adenine, Cytosine, Guanine, and Thymine, which are simply labelled as A, C, G, and T.

A section of the long, double-stranded helical DNA molecule is a gene. A gene contains instructions for some specific functions, such as making a protein. Some genes are responsible for physical character.

There are about 30,000 genes, but they constitute less than five percent of all DNA. The rest are commonly called “junk DNA,” although some parts of this DNA determine the structure of the chromosomes. Genes are packaged in 46 chromosomes, which are arranged in 23 pairs that define the human genome. In sum, the complete human genome contains billions of bits of information. Children inherit copies of their parents’ DNA.

This genetic hand-off is repeated from generation to generation. In copying DNA, some mistakes may on occasion occur, for example, the substitution of a C for G or a T for an A. Think about monks in a medieval monastery who copied manuscripts and on occasion made some mistakes (maybe after finishing their daily ration of five litres of beer). Despite the efforts of even the abbot of the monastery, who proofread all pages that the monks copied, spelling mistakes may have remained in the final document.

The same happens when proof reading a book: several mistakes may be removed but despite my best efforts some mistakes still remain. In genetics, such mistakes are called “mutations.” These mutations provide variation, or the evolution of the basic building blocks. However, mutations occur at a low rate, maybe 50 changes per generation in billions of nucleotides that make up the human genome.

How can this evolution in the building blocks be useful to genealogists? The DNA in the nucleus of a cell contains 23 pairs of chromosomes. One pair determines the gender. Males receive or inherit a Y chromosome from their father and an X chromosome from their mother. Females inherit two Xs, hence, males with the same Y chromosome have a common ancestor. Y chromosome analysis (Y-DNA) can verify or help to investigate the paternal lineage of an individual. Investigation of the X chromosomes

- 5 - twisted: the rungs are composed of chemicals

in a female can verify her paternal lineage only if the X that is common between two sisters is the same as the X chromosome of their father. Outside the nucleus of a cell are many small organelles, called "mitochondria." These are the power stations of a cell because they are structures in which energy is produced and stored. Mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA) is the small amount of DNA found in the mitochondrion. MtDNA is passed on via the egg cell of a mother, hence only females can pass mtDNA to their offspring. In consequence, an analysis of the mtDNA in males or females can provide valuable information to verify or help to investigate the maternal lineage of an individual. In this way, genetic genealogy can identify paternal lineage via Y chromosome analysis and identify the maternal lineage via mtDNA analysis. By testing males for both Y chromosome and mtDNA, one can trace their paternal and maternal lines. By testing females for mtDNA, one can trace their maternal lines. The information obtained through these analyses can determine the specific branches via which an individual comes from the evolutionary tree of human relationships. DNA testing complements conventional genealogy. Both conventional and genetic genealogy can contribute to a more comprehensive family history.

Courtesy the author, Guido Deboeck.

I apologize for the involved screed above, but it does give a good explanation of what DNA can do for historians and genealogists.

Barrie Leslie. Gordon. NSW

AN URGENT MESSAGE TO ALL CLANZ MEMBERS.

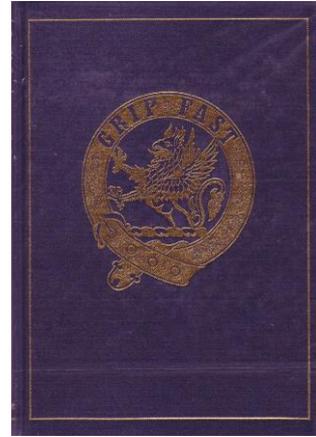
Please note that owing to my health problems, I will **NOT** be able to continue to produce the CLANZ newsletter and require someone to take over the production. Please do not hesitate to volunteer as it is a very informative job and you learn a lot about the history of Clan Leslie, through your research.

I am afraid that my back is not going to improve anymore and I cannot sit at the computer for long periods and I have now been told that I have to get my knees rebuilt and my right hand is starting to get paralysed, so I will **NOT** be able to continue. Please do not leave it and think that someone else will do it. Thank you. *Barrie Leslie, Gordon.NSW*

BOOKS AVAILABLE FOR SALE.

I have stocks of the following books for sale.

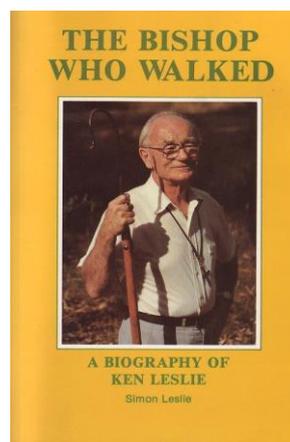
“Grip Fast The Leslies in History” by Alexander Leslie Klieforth. This book is available at a cost of



\$65.00 AU postage included for Australia, but for New Zealand I would have to charge \$70AU because of the heavy postage cost or contact me for further details on:-

lesliejb@ozemail.com.au

“The Bishop Who Walked” by Simon Leslie. This book is \$30.00 AU postage included to



Australia and New Zealand. Once supplies of this book are exhausted there will be no more as it is out of print. If you have any queries contact me.

lesliejb@ozemail.com.au

This book is the story of our former Patron who died on the 6th January 2010.

Barrie Leslie. Gordon. NSW.

OUR BEST WISHES

Our best wishes go to Vic and Lyn Lesslie, two of our founding members.

Vic unfortunately is suffering from cancer and has had to have chemo treatment to try and halt the spread of the cancer.

I am sure that we all wish Vic all the best and hope that the treatment is successful.

Barrie Leslie.

New Members.

We must try and get new members to join CLANZ and we must especially try and get younger members to join, because as we get older, we can

pass on whatever information we have to them and get them interested in the history of Clan Leslie, which is one of the most ancient and honourable families in Scotland.

We also need members to attend Scottish Gathering throughout Australia and show the flag, so to speak. If we don't attend Gatherings we will have trouble we attracting new members, but most of all make sure that your children know of their Scottish history. When I was young all I knew about our family was that we were of Scottish descent and were descended from the Rothes family. That was just not good enough.

Barrie Leslie. Gordon. NSW,

IRISH GENEALOGY.

I know that some members are having problems tracing their Irish genealogy and here are some sites that may help you.

The following site has one of the largest databases for Ireland:-

<http://www.rootsireland.ie/>



Another site explains why it is so hard to locate some records and gives information to other sites:-

<http://www.gov.ie/en/essays/genealogy.html>

There is also The National Archives of Ireland site which lists a lot of sites for you to look at:-

<http://nationalarchives.ie/genealogy1/genealogy-websites/>

There is also a Government site which allows you to search online:-

<http://www.irishgenealogy.ie/en/>

There is also a free community based site at:-

www.irelandxo.com/

PLEASE NOTE.

If these sites do not come up when you click on them, type them into your search engine.

Good luck,

Barrie Leslie, Gordon. NSW.

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Previous issues of Grip Fast Down Under:-
Can be viewed on our website. You can also see them on,
www.electricscotland.com/familytree/newsletters/leslie/index.htm

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