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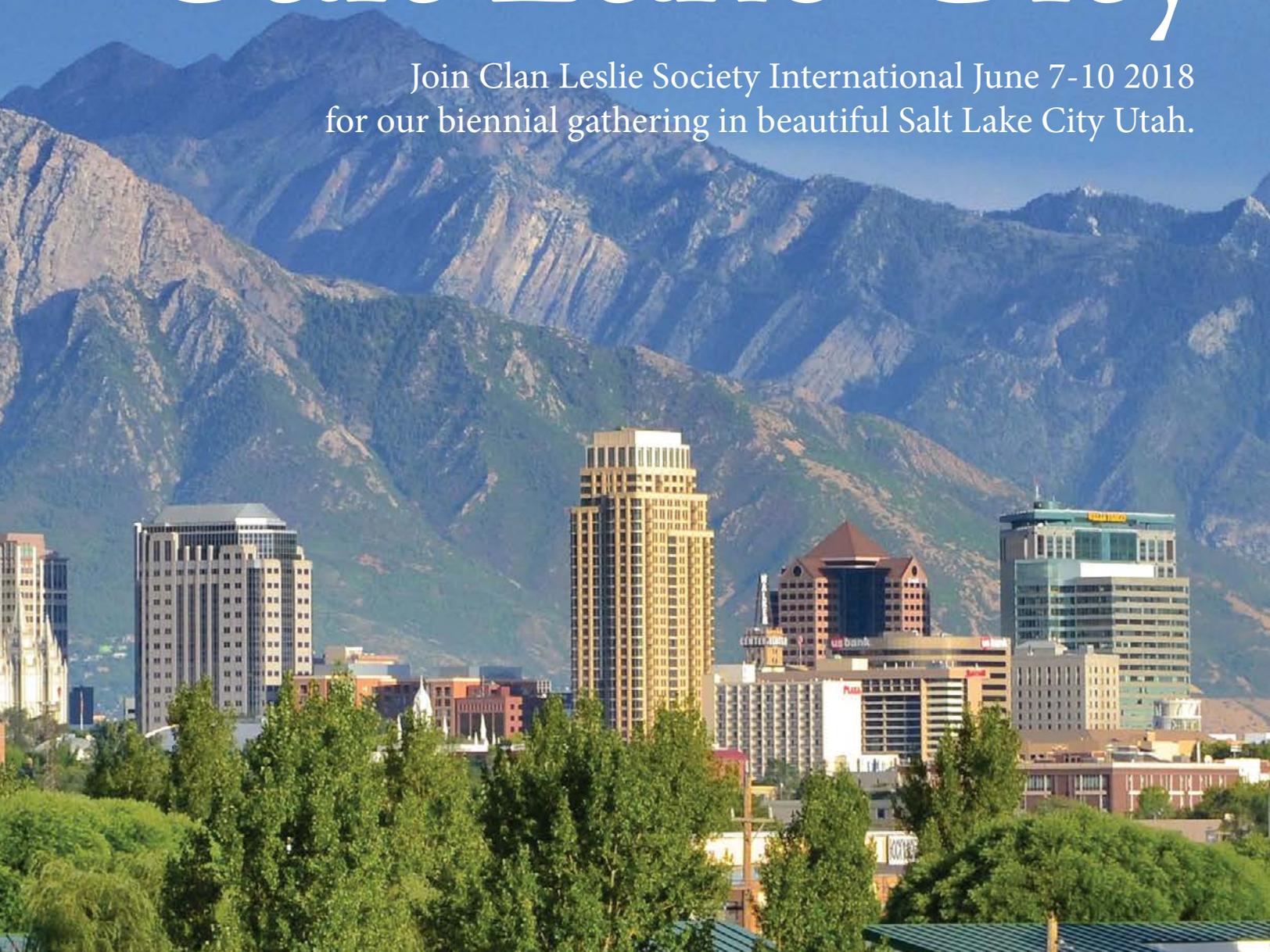
JOURNAL

The Newsletter of Clan Leslie Society International

February 2018

It's time to gather in
Salt Lake City

Join Clan Leslie Society International June 7-10 2018
for our biennial gathering in beautiful Salt Lake City Utah.



The Honourable Alexander Leslie, Chief of Clan Leslie



New Year, new faces, fresh impetus

The New Year brings fresh impetus to two important clan organisations. Fresh, of course, does not necessarily mean better, just, well, fresh.

Here in Scotland, the Convenor of the Standing Council of Scottish Chiefs (SCSC), Sir Malcolm MacGregor has retired and Donald MacLaren has taken over as Convenor. I will remain as Vice Convenor.

MacGregor and MacLaren have, of course, different approaches. MacGregor's attention to detail was extraordinary and, under his leader-

ship, the SCSC has become the organisation that the Scottish Government goes to when they need advice or ideas on how to encourage and support clan tourism. MacLaren is a natural successor, as he has had a career in politics, particularly in overseas posts. It will be an interesting and, hopefully, positive couple of years.

Of course, the other important clan organisation where change is afoot is the Clan Leslie Society International. As you know, Tom Huxtable has given way to Loren Leslie. I am sure their styles will be different too. We have been very lucky to have been able to support Tom as Chieftain, and have had great fun into the bargain, both in North America and here in Scotland.

We are very much looking forward to supporting Loren and already there are some ideas on the table that seem very positive. Obviously these will be reported as they take shape.

We are also delighted that Laura Messing is becoming Vice Chieftain. Architect of the new, clean, bright website and Leslie enthusiast, we cannot wait to help out as we can.

Both these changes mean that there is continuity in the clan movement, there is still value. If anything, we have seen a growing and greater sense of community over the last few years, and we are determined that this should continue.

All in all, we are looking forward to supporting these important Scottish organisations (although I suspect that the Leslie one will be more fun).

Happy New Year

Alex Leslie
January, 2018

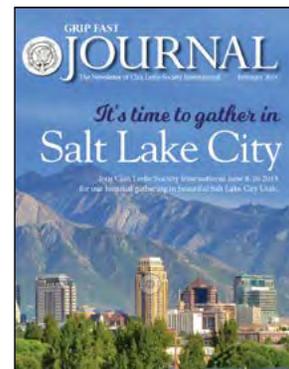
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ABOUT THE COVER

A lovely panoramic view of Salt Lake City, Utah, home to our 2018 CLSI Biennial Gathering. See pages 11-14.

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Chieftain's Report



Good day, gather math (Celtic), god dag (Viking), gdday, (Australian). This is my first report as Chieftain to the members of CLSI. Having served as Vice-Chieftain for four years, I am very familiar with the Society and its organization. But I need to be more acquainted with you, the members. After all, we are family.

Why is family important? It describes us. These days, it may not mean so much given the separation from our parents, grandparents, and siblings communicating only by social media but not person to person. I was fortunate to live in an extended family with my widowed grandfather who was my Scottish mentor. Born of Scottish immigrants to Canada, he held to their traditions and values.

Where do we find these today? Through organizations that promote our Scottish heritage such as the Clan Leslie Society International. It is a way to connect through the Grip Fast Journal on-line or published. The biennial Gatherings brings us together at Scottish Festivals and Games. This year, we will gather at the Utah Scottish Festival and Games in Salt Lake City June 8th-10th. We will be the honored Clan and our Clan Chief, Alexander Leslie, will be the Chief of the Games. The Games by the way, are the international championships for the various challenges.

But we will have time to get to know each other. I will host the CLSI Chieftain's reception on the 7th. There will be a Clan Chief's banquet on the 8th and a breakfast on the 9th prior to our biennial meeting. You will be receiving more information and registration materials. Don't forget that Salt Lake City is the site of the Mormon Heritage Library. Your ancestry may be recorded there. For some, the opportunity either before or after the Gathering would be to travel to the scenic beauties of Utah, i.e., Zion National Park, the Arches, etc.

Yours aye,

Loren Leslie, MD

History Scotland

The January/February 2018 issue of History Scotland is available at your local newsstand or book store. The lead article is "Recreating the Long-Lost Grandeur of Scotland's Early Castles." This topic is about the earthwork castle Bass of Inverurie and what it might have looked like at the end of the 12th century. The Bass Castle and the burgh of Inverurie were developed by David, earl of Huntingdon, brother of Malcolm IV and grandson of David I in the late 1100s. David also took the title of Earl of Garioch. Earl David's son, John, inherited the earldom and he died in 1237.

"The castle's constables were the Leslies, whose original surname, de Lesselyns, derived from the Aberdeenshire lands granted to them by Malcolm III. . . . Leslies held the position of constable until 1282, by which point they were no longer representatives of the earls of Garioch. At the end of the 13th century all mentions of the castle [i.e. the Bass Castle which was was a mote-and-bailey castle rather than a stone castle] disappear from the record."

CLSI Items For Sale

Our website has a great selection of Leslie items for sale!
Visit our online store at: <http://www.clanlesliesociety.org/store>

The Scottish Gourmet

As Chris was looking through the latest issue of the Scotland magazine, she came across an ad for the Scottish Gourmet. She read the ad and noticed to her surprise it was located in Greensboro, NC just 10 miles from where we live. Of course we needed to visit the shop. While the Scottish Gourmet does most of its business online, it has a shop open to the public.

When we visited, we recognized Anne and Andrew as vendors at many of the highland games that we attend. Needless to say we were delighted! Not only can we satisfy our Scottish food cravings by wandering through the shop and asking questions about the products, but we get to talk with Andrew who is from Inverness.



While you can read the About Us section of their website, the short version is that they moved the business from New Jersey to North Carolina to be closer to their customers, recognizing that North Carolina is in the middle of a large east coast Scottish community.

Visit their website at: <https://www.scottishgourmetusa.com>

On the website you can read about their business, browse the catalog, locate highland games where you can visit them in person, and sign up for the newsletter. We highly recommend the whisky flavored fresh ground coffee from the Edinburgh Tea and Coffee Company.

Pictured is Andrew presenting a haggis which is being served with neeps and tatties.

Lew Johnson

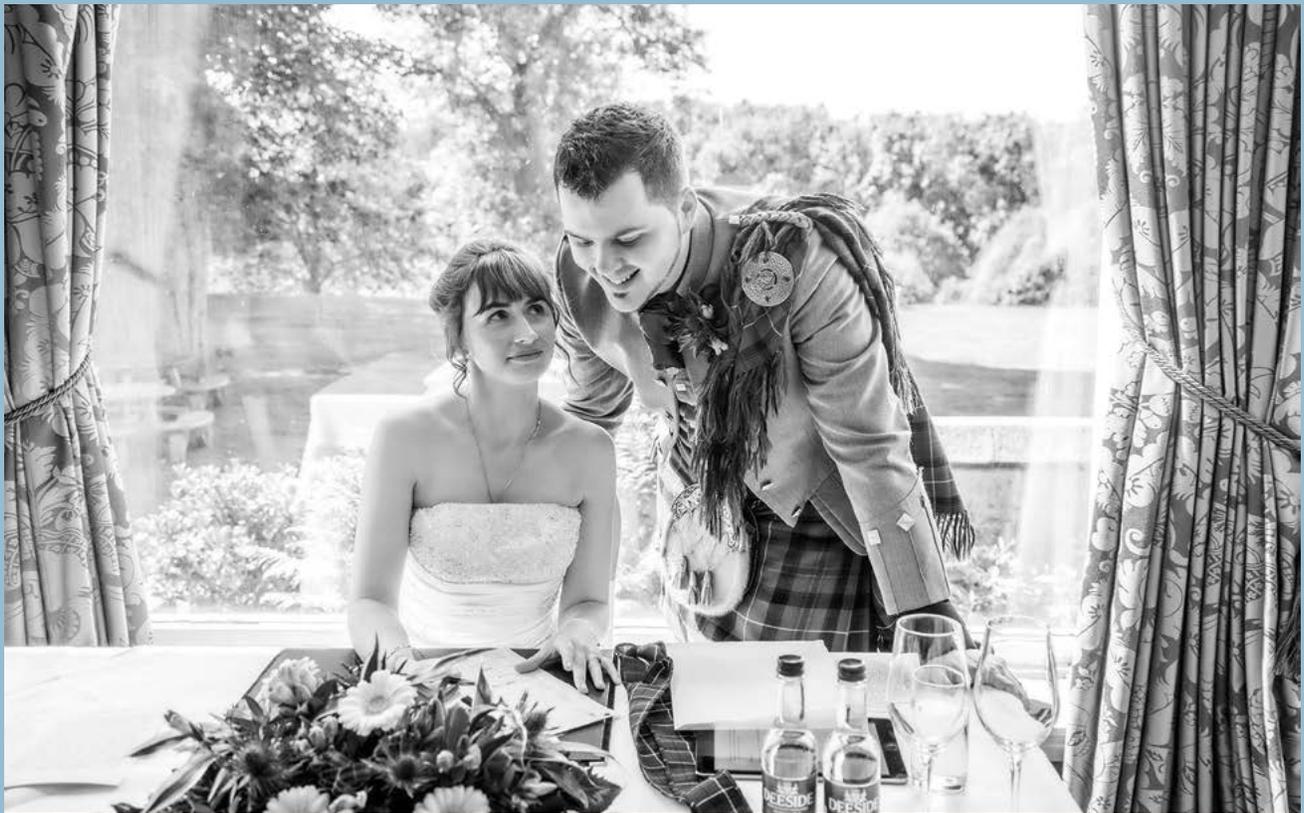


Carol Lucas
makes beautiful Clan Leslie
items including parade banners,
shield banners and purses.
Contact her if interested!

cedesigns@cembdesigns.com

A Leslie Wedding

The wedding was between Scott William Leslie and Jenna-Leigh Wyness took place on August the 11th at the Ardoe House estate in Aberdeenshire.



Top: The happy bride and groom. Above: a lovely Clan Leslie table was set up for guests to enjoy. Left: The Honourable Alexander Leslie with Grant and Carol Leslie (parents of the groom) at Alex's residence in Edinburgh. Alex loaned the bride and groom a lovely framed family tree painting for display at their reception.

Wedding photos by KAD Photography: kad-photography.com

It's time to gather in

Join Clan Leslie Society International June 7-10 2018 for

A Note from Jordan Hinckley, Host of the 2018 CLSI Gathering

It is my great pleasure to welcome you to my hometown of Salt Lake City for the Clan Leslie Society gathering in 2018. We have planned some great events to happen during this year's gathering and I look forward to meeting you all and spending some time gathering with the rest of Clan Leslie. Salt Lake City was the host city for the 2002 Winter Olympics and many of the Olympic venues are still in operation and host things like indoor Ice skating, curling, as well as other events and experiences throughout the year. More information can be found here.

<https://utaholympiclegacy.org/>

Salt Lake City is also the home of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and our host hotel is within a block of their headquarters near Temple Square. On the evening of our Chieftains Reception, at 7:00 PM there is also a rehearsal of the world-famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir at the LDS Church Conference Center which is within walking distance of the hotel, and is open to the public.

On Friday morning at 9:00 AM we have arranged a complementary orientation at the LDS Church Family History Library near Temple Square. This is the largest genealogical center in the world. The orientation will be followed by a free discovery experience where you can explore your own family history using the library resources. They suggest that you bring as much genealogical information as you have, but are always willing to help you find more connections to people and places in your own family tree throughout history. Within a few steps of the library is the LDS Church History Museum and Temple Square all of which are all available at no charge.

Salt Lake is also within driving distance of Park City where many of the events during the Sundance Film Festival take place, as well Robert Redford's own Sundance Ski Resort up Provo Canyon where many films during the festival in January are screened. This venue also boasts year-round adventures and he lives nearby has been known to spend some time there throughout the year. The city has been the site of countless TV show and movie filming's and our state capital is often a stand in when the US Capital is unavailable for filming, as it is modeled after the nation's capital. There are several natural history museums as well several fine arts museums all within driving distance of the city. The Salt Lake City Main Library won Library of the year in 2006 and has a unique architectural design.

Utah boasts 5 National Parks including Zion, Bryce Canyon, Capital Reef, Arches, and Canyonlands, as well as 43 State parks throughout the state. Salt Lake is also within 90 minutes from the world-famous Bonneville Salt Flats where many world land speed records have been made and broken. The completion of the Tran-continental railroad happened at Promontory Point in Northern Utah in 1869 and they have a museum, replicas of the trains, as well as reenactments of the driving of the golden spike throughout the summer months.

The Utah Scottish Festival is in its 44th year and in 2016 the Utah Scottish Association was granted their own arms by the Lord Lyon who attended our games that year. Our festival is the home of the National Sheaf Toss Championship and every year we have at least 1 world record broken during our games. The festival is held at the Utah State Fairpark which has been the home of the Utah State Fair since 1902, some of whose original buildings are still on the site and on the national registry of historical places. We will be holding our Chiefs banquet on Friday Night, and our meeting on Saturday Morning so that our members have an opportunity to enjoy the festival, the concert on Saturday night with the Wicked Tinkers, Molly's revenge and Men of Worth, or take some time and see all of the beautiful places there are to see in our great state. There will be a Kirkin of the Tartan at the festival on Sunday Morning and all of our members are encouraged to attend as much or as little of the festival as they would like. All of our events are on public transportation if you would rather not drive, though we also have Uber and Lyft available in the city. Nothing is too far and everything happening at our festival, games, and Gathering are within a few miles from the venue, and Salt Lake International Airport. There is also a KOA camp right around the corner from the festival grounds as well, for those who would like to come and stay in an RV near the festival and after it is over, explore all that our state has to offer.

Once again, we are very excited to be hosting this year's gathering, and look forward to meeting you all. If you have any questions about the great things here in our state or the festival in general, feel free to let me know.

Yours Aye,

Jordan Hinckley
CLSI Mountain Region Convenor

Salt Lake City!

our biennial gathering in beautiful Salt Lake City Utah.

2018 SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

(schedule subject to change)

THURSDAY, JUNE 7TH

Chieftain's Reception - Marriott City Creek
5:00 pm - 7:30 pm

Hosted by CLSI Chieftain Loren Leslie

At the Chieftains reception we will welcome guests, distribute welcome gift & information bags that will contain festival passes & guide; itinerary; dining suggestions; maps & activity suggestions; local treats and t-shirts.

At 7:30 pm, attend a free rehearsal of the world-famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir

FRIDAY, JUNE 8TH

Festival Open: 5:00 pm - 10:00 pm

Breakfast: on your own

At 9:00 am, attend an orientation of the Family History Library, followed by the library's "Discovery Experience" at 10:00 am. This will be a real treat for anyone interested in learning more about thier family history.

Chief's Banquet - Heritage Building, Fairpark
6:30 pm, Appetizers, 7:00 pm - 9:30 pm Banquet & Entertainment

Join us for a wonderful buffet & entertainment with all of your Leslie kinsmen!

SATURDAY, JUNE 9TH

Festival Open: 9:00 am - 10:00 pm

Business Meeting

Heritage Building, Fairpark:
9:00 am - Continental breakfast

Main Events:

Noon: Gathering of the Clans

7:00 pm: Concert

SUNDAY, JUNE 10TH

Festival Open: 9:00 am - 5:00 pm

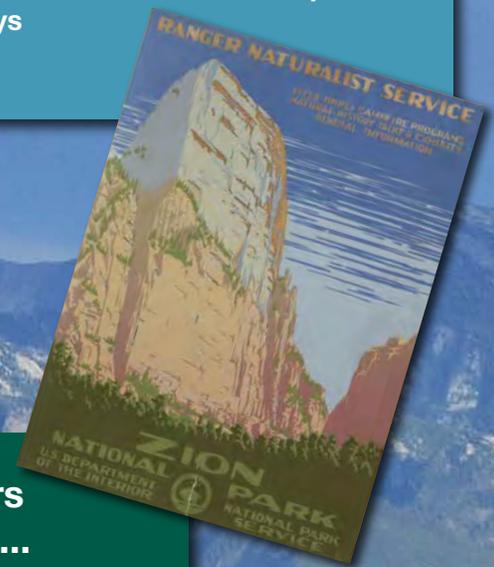
Main event:

Kirkin: 11:00 am

Remember

Salt Lake City is within driving distance to some of the most beautiful natural scenery in the United States: Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon National Park, Capital Reef National Park, Canyonlands and Arches National Parks are all in Utah.

Amazing scenic vistas and unusual rock formations are to be had at each one. Not to mention incredible star gazing. More information can be found at:
<https://utah.com/five-national-parks-five-days>



If Natural Wonders Aren't Your Thing...

After you've explored Salt Lake City, Park City, Utah, is just a stone's throw away. Home of the Sundance Film Festival, this resort town does not disappoint for arts & culture, shopping and dining. Learn more at:
<https://www.visitparkcity.com/>



The Scottish Diaspora Story

Taken from “Reminiscences of a Highland Parish” by Norman MacLeod

Emigrant Ship

RETURNING from Iona on the loveliest summer evening which I ever beheld, we reached a safe and sheltered bay at the north end of the Island of Mull. I never saw a harbour so well defended from the violence of winds and waves. A long narrow island encircled it seawards, spreading its friendly wings over every vessel that comes to seek its covert from the storms of ocean or to await under its shelter for favourable weather to double the great headland beyond. On the right hand where we entered, the land rises up steep and abrupt from the shore. We sailed so close to the rocks that the branches of the trees were bending over us. The fragrance of the birch was wafted on the breeze of summer, and a thousand little birds, with their sweet notes, were sing-in; to us from amid the branches, bidding us welcome as we glided smoothly and gently past them. A glorious view presented itself to me wherever I turned my eye. I saw the lofty mountains of Ardriamurchan clothed in green to their very summits; Suanard, with its beautifully-outlined hills and knolls; the coast of Morven stretching away from us, rejoicing in the warmth of the summer evening.

When we neared the anchorage there was nothing to be seen but masts of ships, with their flags floating lazily in the gentle breeze—nor to be heard, except the sound of oars, and the murmur of brooks and streams, which, falling over many a rock, were pouring into the wide bay, now opening up before us. From side to side of the shore, on the one hand, there runs a street of white houses; and immediately behind them there rises up a steep and high bank, where the hazel, the rowan, and the ash grow luxuriantly, and so very close to the houses that the branches seem to bend over their tops. At the summit of this lofty bank the other portion of the small town is seen between you and the sky, presenting a view striking for its beauty and singularity.

The bay, however, presented the most interesting sight. There were in it scores of vessels of different sizes; many a small boat with its painters green oars; the gay birlinn with its snow-white sails, and the war-ship with its lofty masts and royal flag. But in the midst of them all I marked one ship which was to me of surpassing interest. Many little boats were pressing towards her, and I noticed that she was preparing to unmoor. There was one man in our boat who had joined us at the “back of Mull, and who had not during the whole day once raised his head, but who now was scanning this great ship with the keenest anxiety.

“Do you know,” I asked, “what this ship is?” “Alas!” said he, “’tis I who do - know her. Grieved am I to say that there are too many of my acquaintances in her. In her are my brothers, and many of my

dearest friends, departing on a long, mournful voyage for North America. And sad is it that I have not what would enable me to accompany them.”

We pulled towards the vessel; for I confess I felt strongly desirous of seeing these warm hearted men who, on this very day, were to bid a last farewell to the Highlands, in search of a country where they might find a permanent home for themselves and their families. It is impossible to convey to anyone who was not present a true idea of the scene which presented itself on going on board. Never will it fade from my memory. They were here, young and old—from the infant to the patriarch. It was most overwhelming to witness the deep grief, the trouble of spirit, the anguish and brokenness of heart which deeply furrowed the countenances of the greater number of these men, here assembled from many an island and distant portion of the Hebrides.

I was, above all, struck with the appearance of one man, aged and blind, who was sitting apart, with three or four young boys clustered around him, each striving which could press most closely to his breast. His old arms were stretched over them; his head was bent towards them; his gray locks and their brown curly hair mingling, while his tears, in a heavy shower, were falling on them. Sitting at his feet was a respectably dressed woman, sobbing in the anguish of bitter grief; and I understood that a man who was walking backwards and forwards, with short steps and folded hands, was her husband. His eye was restless and unsettled, and his troubled countenance told that his mind was far from peace. I drew near to the old man, and in gentle language asked him if he, in the evening of his days, was about to leave his native land.

“Is it I, going over the ocean?” said he. “No! On no journey will I go, until the great journey begins which awaits us all; and when that comes, who will bear my head to the burial? You are gone; you are gone; to-day I am left alone, blind and aged, without brother, or son, or support. To-day is the day of my desolation, God forgive me! thou, Mary, my only child, with my fair and lovely grandchildren, art about to leave me! I will return to-night to the old glen; but it is a strange hand that will lead me. You, my beloved children, will not come out to meet the old man. I will no more hear the prattle of your tongues by the river-side, and no more shall I cry, as I used to do, though I saw not the danger, ‘Keep back from the stream!’ When I hear the barking of the dogs, no more will my heart leap upwards, saying, ‘My children are coming.’ Who now will guide me to the shelter of the rock, or read to me the holy book? And tomorrow night, when the sun sinks in the west, where will you be, children of my love? or who will raise the evening hymn with me?” “O father,” said his daughter, creeping close to him, “do not break my heart!”

Art thou here, Mary?" said he. "Where is thy hand? Come nearer to me. My delight of all the women in the world. Sweet to me is thy voice. Thou art parting with me. I do not blame thee, neither do I complain. Thou hast my full sanction. Thou hast the blessing of thy God. As was thy mother before thee, be thou dutiful. As for me, I will not long stand. To-day I am stripped of my lovely branches, and light is the breeze which will lay low my old head. But while I live, God will uphold me! He was ever with me in every trial, and He will not now forsake me. Blind though I be, yet blessed be His name! He enables me to see at His own right hand my best Friend, and in His countenance I can see gentleness and love. At this very moment He gives me strength. His promises come home to my heart. Other trees may wither; but the 'Tree of Life' fades not. Are you all near me? Listen," said he, "we are now about to part. You are going to a land far away; and probably before you reach it I shall be in the lofty land where the sun ever shines, and where, I trust, we shall all meet again; and where there shall be no partings, nor removals. No. Remember the God of your fathers, and fall not away from any one good habit which you have learned. Evening and morning, bend the knee. Evening and morning, raise the hymn, as we were wont to do. And you, my little children, who were as eyes and as a staff unto me—you, who I thought would place the sod over me—must I part with you? God he my helper!"

I could not remain longer. The little boat which was to bear the old man to the shore had come to the side of the ship. Those who were waiting on him informed him of this. I fled; I could not witness the miserable separation.

In another part of the vessel there was a company of men, whom I understood from their dress and language to belong to the Northern Islands. They were keenly and anxiously watching a boat which was coming round the point, urged alike by sails and oars. Whenever they saw her making for the ship, they shouted out: "It is he himself! Blessings on his head!" There was one person among them who seemed more influential than the others. When he observed this boat, he went to the captain of the ship, and I observed that the sailors who were aloft among the masts and spars were ordered to descend, and that the preparations for immediate sailing were suspended. The boat approached. An aged, noble-looking man who was sitting in the stern rose up, and although his head was white as the snow, he ascended the side of the ship with a firm vigorous step, dispensing with any assistance. The captain saluted him with the utmost respect. He looked around him, and quickly noticing the beloved group who had been watching for him, he walked towards them. "God be with you!" he said to them, as they all rose up, bonnet in hand, to do him reverence. He sat down among them. For a while he leaned his head on the staff which was in his hand, and I observed that great tears were rolling down his face—one of the most pleasant faces I had ever looked on. They all grouped around him, and some of the children sat at his feet. There was something in the appearance of this patriarchal man which could not fail to draw one towards him. Such goodness and gentleness surrounded him that the most timid would be encouraged to approach him; and, at the same time, such lofty command in his eye and brow as would cause the boldest to quail before him.

"You have come," said they, "according to your promise; you never neglected us in the day of our need. To-night we are to become wanderers over the face of the ocean, and before the sun will rise over those hills we shall be forever out of their sight. We are objects of pity to-day—day of our ruin!"

"Let me not hear such language," said the minister. "Be manly; this is not the time for you to yield. Place your confidence in God: for it is not without His knowledge that you go on this journey. It is through His providence that all things are brought to pass: but you speak as if you were to travel beyond the bounds of the kingdom of the Almighty, and to go whither His Fatherly care could not extend unto you. Alas! is this all your faith?"

"That is all true," answered they; "but the sea—the great wide ocean?"

"The sea!" said he, "why should it cast down or disquiet you? Is not God present on the great ocean as on the land? Under the guidance of His wisdom, and the protection of His power, are you not as safe on the wide ocean as you ever were in the most sheltered glen? Does not the God who made the ocean go forth on its proud waves? Not one of them will rise against you without His knowledge. It is He who stills the raging of the sea. He goeth forth over the ocean in, he chariots of the wind as surely as He is in the heavens above. Oh, ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?"

"We are leaving our native land," said they.

"You are indeed leaving the place of your birth," he replied, "the island where you were nourished and reared. You are certainly going on a long journey, and it need not be concealed that there are hardships awaiting you, but these do not come unexpectedly on you: you may be prepared to meet them. And as to leaving our country, the children of men have no permanent hold of any country under the sun. We are all strangers and pilgrims; and it is not in this world that God gives any of us that home from which there is no departure."

"That is undoubtedly true," said they; "but we go as 'sheep without a shepherd'—without a guide to consult in our perplexities. Oh, if you had been going with us!"

"Silence!" said he. "Let me not hear such language. Are you going farther from God than you were before? Is it not the same Lord that opened your eyelids to-day and raised you from the slumber of the night, who rules on the other side of the world? Who stood by Abraham when he left his country and his kindred? Who showed himself to Jacob when he left his father's house, and slept in the open field? Be ashamed of yourselves for your want of trust. Did you say you were as 'sheep without a shepherd?' Is there any, even the youngest of your children, who cannot repeat these words: 'The Lord's my shepherd, I'll want not?' Has not the Great Shepherd of the sheep said: 'Fear not; for I am with thee. Be not dismayed: for I am thy God?' Has He not said: 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee?' There are not, perhaps, houses of worship so accessible to you where you are going, as they were in your nativelyland: nor are ministers of religion so numerous. But remember

ou the day of the Lord. Assemble yourselves under the shelter of the rock, or under the shade of the tree. Raise up together the songs of Zion, remembering that the gracious presence of God is not confined to any one place; that, by those who sincerely seek Him in the name of Christ, He is to be found on the peak of the highest mountain, in the strath of the deepest glen, or in the innermost shade of the forest, as well as in the midst of the great city, or in the most costly temple ever reared by man's hands. You are all able to read the Holy Word. Had it been otherwise, heavy indeed would be my heart, and very sad the parting. I know you have some Bibles with you; but you will to-day accept from me each a new Bible, one that is easily carried and handled; and you will not value them the less that your names are written in them by the hand which sprinkled the water of baptism on the most of you—which has often since been raised up to Heaven in prayer for you, and which will continue to be raised for you with good hope through Christ until death shall disable it. And you, my little children, the precious lambs of my flock, now about to leave me, I have brought for you also some slight memorials of my great love to you. May God bless you!"

"Oh," said they, "how thankful are we that we have seen you once more, and that we have again heard your voice!"

The people of the ship were now generally gathering round this group, and even the sailors, though some of them did not understand his language, perceived that it was in matters pertaining to the soul he was engaged. There was so much earnestness, warmth, and kindness in his appearance and voice, that they stood reverently still; and I saw several of them hiding the tears which rolled down those cheeks that had been hardened by many a storm.

The reverend man uncovered his head, and stood up. Every one perceived his purpose. Some knelt down, and those who stood cast their eyes downwards, when in a clear strong voice he said, "Let us pray for the blessing of God." Hard indeed would be the heart which would not melt, and little to be envied the spirit which would not become solemnised while the earnest, warm-hearted prayer was being offered up by this good man, who was himself raised above the world. Many a poor faint-hearted one was encouraged. His words fell like the dew of the evening, and the weak, droop-in-branches were strengthened and refreshed.

While they were on their knees, I heard heavy sighings and sobbings, which they strove hard to smother. But when they rose up I saw through the mist of the bitter tears which they were now wiping off, the signs of fresh hope beaming from their eyes. He opened the Book of Psalms, and the most mournful, the most affecting in every way, yet at the same time the most joyful sacred song which I ever heard was raised by them all. The solemn sound reached every ship and boat in the harbour. Every oar rested. There was perfect silence; a holy calm as they sang a part of the 42d Psalm.

**"O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why, thus with grief opprest,
Art thou disquieted in me?
In God still hope and rest:
For yet I know I shall Him praise,
Who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
Yea, mine own God is He."**

FRANK HOWARD LESLIE

Frank Howard Leslie was born in 1876 in Toronto (Ontario, Canada) but grew up in Bruce County where he became a schoolteacher and county correspondent. In 1900, he purchased the weekly newspaper, The Tavistock Gazette. After four years of publishing the modest Gazette, he sold the newspaper in 1904 and moved to Niagara Falls, Ontario and purchased The Niagara Falls Review. Under Frank's careful and clever guidance, The Review increased dramatically in circulation. At this time he also became an active promoter of the Niagara Falls community.

In 1917 he became a member of the Canadian Press, Canada's national news gathering cooperative. Later he became known as The "Dean" of Canadian newspaper publishers for the longevity of his career and for his prominent role in the newspaper industry.

From 1904 until well into the 1960's Frank Leslie also ran a successful commercial printing company at which he became famous for producing picturesque postcards and souvenirs of the Niagara area and also the Grand River Valley, including many postcards of views in Kitchener and Galt (now Cambridge), Ontario. To postcard collectors in Southern Ontario, F.H. Leslie is a respected name. He especially favored scenes from parks, in fact, donating property in 1926 on Valley Way for a park which for a municipal pool. "F.H. Leslie Park" was formally dedicated in his honor in 1965.

In addition to all of his other activities, Frank had a passion for local history and wrote numerous articles about it over his lifetime. In fact, he was still writing when he was over 90 years of age. In promoting Niagara's history, he often reserved space in The Review for local history writers. He, as well, contributed to several historical publications including Niagara Falls Canada – A History, which was a 1967 centennial project of the Stamford Kiwanis Club.

In his last years Frank was Honorary President of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society and the Willoughby Historical Society (both situated in Niagara Falls); he also helped to found the Willoughby Historical Museum in 1968.

Frank Howard Leslie died in 1969 at the age of 92. He had spent nearly 70 years as a local writer, publisher, newspaperman, and promoter of Niagara Falls. He was inducted into the Niagara Falls Arts and Culture Wall of Fame in 2006.

Notes:

All of the biographical information was provided by Scott Leslie, Frank's great-grandson.

Additional information regarding the publication of his postcards was taken from "Flash from the Past" by Rych Mills, published in the Waterloo Region Record, September 30, 2017.

The Niagara Falls Library has many items (mostly photographs) from the Leslie family (www.nflibrary.ca)

Bonnie Leslie Rudnisky
Kitchener, Ontario, Canada

TENTS AND GAMES

CLAN LESLIE MEMEBERS HOSTED TENTS EVERYWHERE!
THANK YOU TO ALL OF OUR CONVENORS AND TENT HOSTS.



Pictured L to R are Lewis, Christine, Dane, Dye, Logan and Lerian

Central Virginia Celtic Festival & Highland Games October 28 & 29, 2017

This event is also known as the Richmond Highland Games and has one of the largest group of vendors of any highland games including Grandfather Mountain. We were luckily met with mild temperatures on Saturday morning for set up. In the past it has been cold and windy, requiring gloves winter coats until about 10 am. The Clan Leslie tent was hosted by Lewis and Christine Johnson along with Dane and Dye Gay, and their daughter Lerian and grandson Logan. We were pleased to be visited by several Leslies who wanted to learn about Leslie history and the castles.clan tent stamps for their "passports". She especially liked marching in the parade and waving to the crowd as we circled the field.

Christine & Lew Johnson

Salado Scottish Games November 11-12, 2017

CLSI attended the 56th Gathering of the Scottish Clans & Highland games held at the Civic Center in Salado, Tx, November 11-12, 2017. The weather was good. Mostly cool with clouds and some Sun, especially on Sunday. Overall attendance at the Gathering was up from last year making the Gathering a success. We participated in the opening parade held at noon on Saturday and greeted and talked to all who stopped by whether they were Leslie's, sept of Leslie, or just inquiring about Scotland and whether their last name may be of Scottish origin or not. The Closing ceremony was conducted at 3 PM on Sunday with Frank awarding, on behalf of Bill & Marion Paul of Kerr Imports, the Best Youth Piper plaque to Bill Wei of St. Thomas Episcopal School "B" Band, of Houston Texas.

Yours Aye,

Frank & Lynne Leslie

Convenors



Chaplain's Corner Samantha Gray, Chaplain, CLSI



Chaplain's Corner began 14 years ago to explore ancient and modern religions, spiritual traditions and mythology of Scotland. In this issue of Grip Fast I depart from these topics because of very recent events which I believe need to be addressed. As an ordained minister and Nurse Practitioner, I do a lot of counseling: pastoral, health, emotional and other-

wise; so I think this matter is essential to my column, as the subject matter has the ability to affect so many people for good or for ill.

I'm writing about DNA testing of course, which has become easy and reasonably affordable. There is a current rush to discover one's roots, and you can't pick up a magazine or scroll through the internet without being bombarded with ads for test kits. The earliest of these was developed about 10 years back by National Geographic. I sent away for the kit, swabbed my cheek, sent it back and was not surprised by the result: northern European ancestry, a bit of Scandinavian influence and some from the steppe country-eastern borderlands of the Huns/Varangian Russian early antecedents of Clan Leslie. I showed my adult children, put it away and forgot it.

Then, during a recent nursing class at the university where I teach, a question came up about genetic inheritance. The students didn't understand much about it as their required genetics class was still a semester away. Seizing the "teaching moment" I proposed to write out a Punnett Square for them to look at the following week, illustrating genetic effects. A Punnett Square is not a DNA test, but is a formula written out on paper which shows the possible outcomes among the offspring of two parents with known genetic characteristics. I decided on something simple - blood types - and chose my parents' (both deceased) whose medical histories I knew well. The short version of the outcome: I discovered my mother could not possibly be my mother, and my father might not be my father (it has since been proven by DNA that he is at least related in some way). After confirming my findings with several researchers I know at Columbia University, with the head of the blood bank at our large trauma center here on Long Island, and recalling comments and discrepancies I had often been puzzled by in childhood, I came to the inevitable conclusion that I am either adopted or someone mixed up a couple of babies in the newborn nursery all those years ago.

This brought up the immediate question: am I a Leslie? I have been reared with Leslie history and Clan pride, was christened with a piece of Leslie tartan pinned to my christening dress, and in all ways encouraged to identify with the Clan. I am 'Samantha Leslie' because my folks wanted me to have a "family name". Shortly after this unsettling discovery, I learned I was not the only member of CLSI to have uncovered some confounding genetic data. And it turns out this is happening more and more as people search their DNA for clues to their pasts. The numerous articles I read on the topic while writing this piece all agree that people who just want to know where their ancestors came from may end up learning a lot more information than they are prepared to deal with. As to the Clan issue, I can say "Yes!" Those of us who were adopted and/or reared in Leslie families are definitely Leslies. There was a tradition in Scotland - indeed, in all the Celtic lands - called "fostering". Children at the age of 5 or 6 were exchanged with another family and spent some years in their new home. Usually, they returned to their original families at age 12 or 13. At that point they were considered to be full members of both clans with equal privileges in and responsibilities to each family system as well. Anyone fostered by or adopted into Clan Leslie was a full member. Having been adopted by Leslies, I - and others like me - are Leslies. Moreover, many men came into our Clan through marriage. They adopted our Leslie surname when gaining the lands which their wives ceded to them as matrimonial rights. They were Leslies all, and proud to be so!

When you look carefully at genes, all kinds of stuff can and will come out: I discovered my own information in a surprising manner. Had my student's question not come up, I still might not know. At first it was a shock. How could it have been otherwise when something I had known my entire life was suddenly and absolutely refuted? Yet that knowledge combined with bits of extraneous information from my childhood made sense of something never spoken of directly by my relatives, but which had lurked as a quiet and continual shadow beneath the surface of family life. For me, that Punnett Square answered a bevy of questions and suppositions that no one now is alive to tell me. I immediately proceeded with actual DNA testing through three companies, Family Tree, 23 and Me, and Ancestry.com to see if there might be any cousins about from my "other" family. I reached out for email contact with a likely match provided by the testing, and just two days ago a third cousin in Hawaii let me know she has an old photo of my paternal great-grandmother. My father may or may not be my dad, but I am connected to his side of the family for sure and am now exploring this further. I'm intrigued and even amused by this weird concoction of serendipity and science. And I'm STILL a Leslie. I always will be.

There are several types of DNA testing in which one can participate. Some tell you only where your ancestors came from; others, such as I chose, use DNA to reveal medical information and offer potential matches as far out as the 6th generation of unknown family members. Both sides have the option to accept or deny contact when a match is identified. As a brief background, every human being inherits a set of coded genetic information which drives our pre-natal development. These are our chromosomes, and we get 23 from each parent. This genetic material determines everything from whether or not we can smell freesia flowers, to whether we taste cilantro as soap or herb, to the more obvious hair and eye colours and blood types. Chromosomes may influence important issues with far-reaching effects such as the hemophilia which ran through Queen Victoria's family and eventually contributed to the downfall of Tzarist Russia. Two of the 23 chromosomes (one from each parent) determine the sex of the child. Fathers can contribute either an X or a Y; mothers can contribute an X only. So every male will be born with the chromosomal signature of XY and every female will come into the world with the genetic marker XX. Y-DNA testing is for men only and traces the father's line. Autosomal and mitochondrial DNA testing can trace both parents' lines and applies to men as well as women. I hope you've been taking good notes. There's a quiz next period...

In the current rush to discover personal genetic background, the fact is often overlooked that DNA may show much more than a Peruvian, Japanese or Viking ancestor. 23 and Me is one of the very few companies to warn users in writing that the person they have thought of as Mom or Dad their whole life may, in reality, not be. This has enormous implications. While I do not believe that adoption records should be sealed - everyone has the right to know his or her own medical history - it may create problems for birth parents wishing to remain anonymous. The woman who, as a teenager,

gave up the baby she could not rear may not have shared this fact with the person who is now her spouse. The man who had a careless fling years ago may not welcome the intrusion of a child he did not know he had into his present stable and well-established family life. Divorces are now occurring because of such situations. And while YouTube is filled with videos of tearfully delighted folk finding their missing relatives, not all families are happy about such news, and react with shock, dismay and even hostility. I know. I've counseled some of them. It's wise to consider that discovery about one's self may lead to far more than expected, and can have either pleasant or unpleasant consequences.

I have shared my personal experience and written all of this not to discourage anyone who wishes to take a DNA test, but to inform and to suggest that surprises of all kinds may be forthcoming. In the case of someone I know who received unexpected news from DNA, it was initially shattering. A dear friend of mine felt twice-rejected when her DNA-identified biological mother refused to have any contact with her whatsoever. It's essential to be aware of this before sending in one's swab or spit. It was pure chance that I received a question which caused me to construct a Punnett Square for my class. And although I had known my parents and my own blood types very well, I had never thought about inherited blood types, and so never "connected the dots". My main concern with blood was always making absolutely certain that my patients and family members received their exact types with each life-saving pint transfused. DNA testing reveals far more than a simple Punnett Square. The information stored in your genes may bring wonderful revelations - or open the proverbial Pandora's Box. Consider this carefully, please.

Samantha Leslie Gray, Chaplain, CLSI

KEEP OUR COLLECTION STRONG!

The Clan Leslie Collection at the McLaughlin Library, University of Guelph, depends on donations from the members. This collection has grown to be the largest collection of Leslie information in the world. But to keep it growing, more funds are needed. This collection is not static. As one item is discovered and added to the collection, the information from that item often leads to other items. We do this to be in accordance with our Constitution "To collect Clan Leslie memorabilia." More specifically, in the Bylaws to our Constitution is "Archives and Library. The Society shall collect and store books, articles, records, manuscripts, pamphlets and other materials pertaining to Clan Leslie, the Society and its members . . ." Currently our collection efforts have halted due insufficient funds. Your support will be warmly welcomed! To donate by check, please make your check out to **CLSI** and write "**Library Fund**" on the "Memo" line and mail to **Linda Flowers, CLSI, 302 SW 3rd St., Tuttle, OK 73089**. To donate by PayPal or credit card, contact Linda at **LFLOWJINGO@SBCGLOBAL.NET**.

Lang May Yer Lum Reek

“Lang may yer lum reek” is the Scottish version of “Happy Birthday”. Literally interpreted, it means “long may your chimney smoke” and is a wish that the recipient may live a long time to tend his or her own hearth. It is your chaplain’s privilege and pleasure to wish, in this issue of Grip Fast Journal, the following members of CLSI long, happy and healthy lives:

NOVEMBER: Toni Leslie - 11/1; Darrell Abernethy, T. Ashley Leslie Fodroci and Anne Hooper - 11/2; Jamie LaBoda and Bonnie Simmon - 11/3; Caroline Linebarrier and Mary Anne Regling - 11/4; Kristina Nellis - 11/6; Craig Leslie, Jack Merrill, Steven Olling and David Leslie White - 11/7; Bonnie Rudinsky - 11/9; William G. Leslie and Murna Nason - 11/11; Leslie Evans - 11/12; Brian Byrnell and Heidi Hanson - 11/13; Robert Leslie and Karen Leslie - 11/14; William F. Leslie - 11/17; Cal Leslie and L. Leslie - 11/19; Richard Leslie and Monica Roderiguez - 11/21; Fredrick Lang - 11/25; Libby Gray and Harold Wilcox - 11/28; Janice Abernathy and Alexandra Pettigrew - 11/29.

DECEMBER: Peggy Allen, Katherine Byrnell and Samuel Reid - 12/1; Sharon Eastwood - 12/2; Matthew Allen - 12/3; Duncan Moore, Sandi Moore and Max White-Vilmouth - 12/7; Beryl Leslie and Robert Leslie - 12/9; Christine Johnson and Dale Young - 12/11; Vicki Dodson - 12/12; Harriet Esham - 12/16; Lauren Thompson - 12/18; Steven Leslie - 12/20; Elizabeth Henry and Richard Leslie - 12/26; Petra Leslie - 12/27; Nena McNeely - 12/28; Janique Leslie-Calderone and Stephen Leslie - 12/30.

JANUARY: Daniel Jones and William Leslise - 1/1; William Laing - 1/2; Amy Lesslie Kulbok - 1/5; Robert Leslie and Angela Leslie Moyer - 1/6; James Leslie - 1/7; Laura Messing - 1/12; Dominik Leslie - 1/13; Timothy Leslie and Collin Leslie - 1/16; Robert Leslie and Donald Leslie 1/20; James Festerman - 1/21; Norma Johnson - 1/24; Josephine Gordon, Poet Rabbie Burns and Gale Walker - 1/25; Robert Bailey, Clark Leslie and Donna Nicholson - 1/26; Syver More - 1/27.

FEBRUARY: James Leslie - 2/2; Ann Eidsmo and Robert Leslie - 2/5; Richard Leslie - 2/7; Janice Leslie and Louise Monroe - 2/8; Linda Hart, Jim Leslie, and James Leslie - 2/10; Stephanie Phillips - 2/11; Cheryle Tidwell and Mary Ann Weiss - 2/12; Charles Leslie - 2/13; Cherie Davila - 2/16; Hugh Moore - 2/18; Linda Joseph - 2/22; Patricia Powell - 2/23; Michael Lang and Kaye Leslie - 2/14; David Leslie - 2/26; Helen Harkness and Magnus Leslie - 2/29.

MARCH: Margaret Ann Lowen - 3/3; Edmund Leslie and Linda Swackhamer - 3/4; Harvey Leslie - 3/5; Arthur W. Leslie and Patricia Trachier - 3/6; Jennifer Leslie - 3/8; Ellis Pettigrew and Montgomery Pettigrew - 3/9; Bryan Leslie and Donald Morey - 3/11; Martha Hanson - 3/14; Nicole Leslie - 3/15; Taylor Morse - 3/16; Keith Leslie - 3/17; Doyle Mayer - 3/18; Neil Leslie - 3/19; Joseph Leslie - 3/20; Janet Leslie - 3/21; Jean Leslie Childers - 3/24; Frederick Persons and Joshua Persons - 3/25; Charles Toles - 3/26; Christopher Cairney - 3/28; Sandra Lacana and Mary Williams - 3/29; Annie Windstrup and Jessica Cannon - 3/30.

The Leslie's in Russia

Summary

This book is devoted to the Leslie's, an old noble Russian family of Scottish descent, especially their role in the war against Napoleon and his allies in 1812.

It brings together archival sources and eyewitness accounts, which illustrate the contribution of the Leslie's to that dramatic campaign. Documents and articles included here were originally published a century ago or even earlier, and were never reprinted until now.

The story opens with some facts and legends about the Scottish ancestry of the Leslie's in the Middle Ages, including the text of the original Leslie charter. Special attention is paid to the figure of Sir Alexander Leslie of Auchintoul (+1663), who embraced Orthodox faith with the name of Avraam and founded the Russian branch. The main events of his career are pointed out using archival evidence and authoritative works by the historians I. Orlovsky, E. Stashevsky, D. Tsvetayev and others. Then comes D. Miasoyedov's article, which did not reappear since 1903, proving that Russia's first guerrilla leader in 1812 was not the famous Denis Davydov, but rather A. D. Leslie. This point of view is confirmed by a document of 1836 about the four Leslie brothers, who «have given the first example by taking up arms for the defence of their Fatherland».

All the known cases of the «clan's» participants in the war of 1812 are considered: those of Major General Dmitry Yegorovich Leslie and his four sons, headed by Cavalry Captain Aleksandr, who originally proposed to raise the militia in the Smolensk province, and formed a company «of his own peasants and at his own expense»; Lieutenant Grigory, Lieutenant Yegor, Sub-Lieutenant Piotr, their cousin Abram Leslie, and their more distant relations, Cavalry Captain Nikolay and Sergey Leslie, Marshal of the Smolensk nobility during the campaign of 1812. Their biographies are reconstructed with the help of service records from Russian archives, as well as secondary sources.

This edition also contains fragments from the diary of Aleksandr Leslie. Written during his whole life, it amounted to 27 volumes, but does not seem to have survived to the present. The part of it dealing with 1812 was printed for the last and only time in 1912. Here it is supplied with additions and notes as well as some information on its author. The appendices feature several more articles, notably the memoirs of Nikolay Leslie. Finally, there is the service record of another Nikolay Leslie, cavalry captain, who lost his life in time of peace, during the celebrations of the triumph over Napoleon held on the field of Borodino in 1839.

The author of the present work, a direct scion of Major General Dmitry, Cavalry Captain Aleksandr and another Aleksandr Leslie (who left a diary), strove to add up to and correct the existing evidence on Russian Leslie's.

Leslie Hotel

The Leslie House or Leslie Hotel, one of the largest hotels in the region, was opened in downtown New Castle in c1853. Over the years the first and second floors were mainly occupied by small businesses, while the top two floors housed the majority of the guest rooms. The building was actually split in two by a dividing wall (until 1923), and had separate entrances for each half – on East Washington Street and South Mercer Street. In 1908 the building, owned by W. S. Moore, underwent extensive remodeling and was reopened as the “New Leslie Hotel.” In 1922 the hotel, and its popular Leslie Grill (or Leslie Lunch), was shut down for a time as a legal dispute raged concerning its ownership. A group led by C. Ed Smith Jr. took control in January 1923, remodeled and refurnished the entire inside, and added twenty hotel rooms on the second floor. A fire damaged the top floor on November 20, 1960, but the building was saved. Another fire, which started in the Branding Iron bar and restaurant on the first floor, engulfed the building on the evening of Sunday, February 4, 1968. The back wall and a section of the roof collapsed. Five firemen were injured and the hotel was considered a total loss. Numerous adjoining stores were also damaged to some extent. The old hotel was soon razed and cleared away and the site later became a small parking lot.



Newark Castle

David Leslie White

I first became aware of the St. Monans (also known as St. Monance) church when Tim Leslie wrote an article about a plaque on the wall of that church showing fishermen hauling in fish nets with the words below “Grip Fast.” Beth and I visited this church in 2012, and puzzled about this plaque. We walked the cemetery, and discovered only one Leslie gravestone, and it was fairly recent. However, from the cemetery hill, we could see the ruins of a castle. Inquiry to a local resident identified it as “Newark Castle.” Newark Castle was the property of General David Leslie, who had been rewarded by King Charles by creating him Lord Newark and an annual pension of 500 Pounds. David Leslie retired to his estates in Fife, at Abercrombie and St. Monance. He died in 1682.

The following is copied from a book *Guide to the East Neuk of Fife* by D. Hay Fleming, 1886.

Newark Castle stands about a third of a mile to the south-west of St Monans Church. It was long the residence of the Sandilands, a branch of the Torphichen family; but, in 1649, the famous David Leslie bought the lands of Abercrombie and St Monans from James Sandilands, who two years before had been raised to the peerage, and who is described by Lamont as “a riotous youth, who spent ane olde estate in the space of 4 or 5 yeares.” David Leslie, the fifth son of Sir Patrick Leslie of Pitcairly, early entered into the service of Gustavus Adolphus, and greatly distinguished himself in the German wars. Both the Leslies, Alexander and David, uncle and nephew, returned to Scotland when the civil war broke out. In the second invasion of England, Alexander, the old Earl of Leven, was placed in command of the Scots Army; “but it has to be noted,” says Hill Burton, “because it was material to the result, that he was accompanied by his nephew, David Leslie, a greater soldier than himself, who assisted him as major-general.” On the 19th of January 1644, they crossed the Tweed with an army of 20,000. The glory of the victory over Prince Rupert, at Marston Moor, has been divided between David Leslie and Cromwell; but there is little doubt that the former is most entitled to it, as Cromwell had only the command of 300 horse, and the halo of his subsequent career has magnified the laurels he won that day. While besieging Hereford, the Scots cavalry was detached and sent back under Leslie, to oppose Montrose in his brilliant career. The result is well known. The battle of Philiphaugh, on the 13th of September 1645, was decisive. “All that Montrose’s generalship could achieve was to

retreat with a small portion of his force.” When Cromwell invaded Scotland in 1650, the elder Leslie was commander of the army, “but so far as the arm of flesh was entitled to reliance it was on his nephew David.” The Scots army, by the long contest, was worn thread-bare, but such as it was Leslie handled it well, keeping his great opponent in check for months. “The end seemed inevitable - Cromwell must either be starved into submission, or must force his way back, with the certainty that he would carry with him but a fragment of his fine army.” At length the fatal day came. Cromwell was shut in at Dunbar, with Leslie above him on the Hill of Doon. The Usurper was almost in despair, when, to his amazement, on the evening of the 2d of September he saw the Scots army beginning to descend the Hill. It is commonly said that the Committees of the Estates and the Church forced Leslie to this against his own better judgment. Whether that be the case or not, the movement threw them into Cromwell’s hands, for, perceiving his opportunity, he struck the blow next morning ere they were well formed in the plain. The battle of Dunbar threw open the south of Scotland to Cromwell; but Leslie, with the wreck of his army, took possession of Torwood, near Stirling. After watching them for months, and trying in vain to draw them out, Cromwell occupied Perth. This gave Leslie the opportunity of carrying the war into England. Lest he should reach London and increase his army there, Cromwell posted after him, overtook him at Worcester, and after a stiff fight annihilated his army on the 3d of September 1651. Leslie was captured in the retreat, and sent to the Tower of London, where he was



NEWARK CASTLE.

confined until the Restoration of Charles the Second in 1660. By that King he was created Lord Newark in 1661, and a yearly pension of £500 was bestowed on him. Let us hope that the old warrior spent the evening of his days in peace, within the massive walls of Newark Castle. He survived until 1682, leaving six daughters and a son, David, who became second Lord Newark, but he dying, without heirs male, in 1694, and his daughter marrying Sir Alexander Anstruther, the estate passed into that family. Now, it belongs to Mr Baird of Elie. The castle has been a very large building, the lower apartments being vaulted and having the rock as a floor. The kitchen can be distinguished by its enormous fireplace—about 12 feet by 6—and huge chimney. Sixty years ago, the farm servants of Newark lived in the middle and upper storeys of this goodly old pile. Doubtless, it was to suit them that a floor was inserted into the kitchen chimney on the level of the room above, and the recess thus formed filled by a box-bed. A small door-way has been cut through the back of the fire-place on the ground floor. The whole

castle has been sadly cut up, patched, and altered. It has likewise suffered much from the ravages of time and the restless billows. In the face of the cliff under the west side, there are traces of the lower vaulted chambers, in which smugglers are said to have revelled. The most perfect portion of what was once an imposing edifice is now a roofless ruin, and several of the vaulted apartments are used for storing agricultural implements. While the lordly castle has thus gone to decay the old round “doo-cot” is well preserved. Truly the glory of this world passeth away! [Note: The castle has since been purchased by a Nola Crewe, a lawyer of Toronto in Canada c 1996].

“Here ladies bricht were aften seen,
Here valiant warriors trod;
But a’ are gane! the guid, the great,
And naething noo remains,
But ruin sittin’ on thy wa’s,

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Linda Hart
Clinton, MA

Peter Evangel
San Jose, CA

Bruce Leslie
Brockport, NY

Rachelle Warner
Ngunnawal, ACT
Australia

Syver More
Tucson, AZ

Melody Lang
Grove, OK
Associate Member

James "Jim" Leslie
Bratenahl, OH

Jessica Cannon
Richmond, VA

Judy Hinckley
Salt Lake City, UT

Michael Duce
Kalama, WA

Michael Gearman
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CLAN LESLIE SOCIETY INTERNATIONAL – SCHOLARSHIPS

CLSI is offering scholarships to our members. We have two different types of scholarships. They are the Alexander Leslie Klieforth Memorial Scholarship (Scottish and Celtic Activities) and the Sherry Huxtable Memorial Academic Scholarship (Academic Studies). The academic scholarship valued at \$250 and the Scottish or Celtic Programs scholarship is valued at \$200 and both can be applied for at any time. The Scottish and Celtic Activities scholarship will cover things such as bagpiping camp, dance, the arts, etc. The person applying for all scholarships must be a member or inceptor member of CLSI.

For more information contact: Linda Flowers, CLSI Scholarship Committee, lflowjingo@sbcglobal.net

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Lew and Christine Johnson
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Australia & New Zealand Commissioner

Malcolm Wallace Leslie. D. Ua
Clan Leslie Society of Australia
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4117 / 303 Spring Street.
Kearney's Spring
Queensland 4350 Australia
61 7 4635 8358
malncol@icr.com.au

Leslie Tartan

At the Grandfather
Mountain Games, we
found a vendor who
has 13 oz. wool, Leslie
Ancient tartan 54 inches
wide for \$55 per yard.

The vendor is:
Grandfather Scottish
PO Box 1132, Linville,
NC 28646
perrys@charter.net
phone 828-733-3476

visit us at clanlesliesociety.org



Alexander McBroom—New Honorary Member

Those of you who attended the “Splash of Tartan” event will remember our stern but very friendly Seargent Major, Alexander McBroom. We learned that he had previously served in the Kings Own Scottish Borderers and a bond was forged. Here’s a note from our newest honorary member:

I am very keen to learn more about the Leslie family. My interest have come from my time in the King’s Own Scottish Borderers, which was raised by David Leslie, the 3rd Earl of Leven.

I joined the KOSB in 1996, where I served until the amalgamation with the Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment) in 2006. I continued to serve with the newly formed 1st Battalion the Royal Regiment of Scotland, The Royal Scots Borderers until May 2016, thereafter serving with the 4th Bn of the Regiment, who are the Highlanders.

My heart was filled with pride last night as I marched beside so many descendants of David Leslie.



Leslie
Clan Leslie Society
International

302 SW 3rd
Tuttle, OK, 73089
USA