



Craigellachellachie

SPRING 1988 It's Great to be a Grant Vol. XI No. I

FLOWER OF THE FOREST

MATHEW GRANT KNAPP

1922 - 1988



MATTY AS HONOR GUARD WITH LORD STRATHSPEY STONE MOUNTAIN 1987

Matty and Anne traveled to Scotland with us in 1981 and again in 1985 for the gathering of the clans. They were also with us on our journey to Nova Scotia.

To honor Matty and assure that his memory will remain with us all, Clan Grant is establishing a Scottish Heritage Scholarship, to be known as

wonderful wife, Anne, and two fine children. He did everything with gusto. It never once "rained on his parade". He would not want us to feel sorry for him, he would rather that we remember the good times and to think kindly of him.

Watch over us Matty! Say hello to John Bisset and join him in a few old Scottish songs. I'll never hear "The Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen" without thinking of

Mathew G. Knapp Jr., Insurance Executive

A mass of Christian Burial for Mathew Grant Knapp, Jr., a retired insurance executive active in Scottish Organizations, will be offered at 10:00 A.M. in Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary Catholic Church, 8500 Main St., Harris Hill. Prayers will precede the mass at 9:30 at the Amigone Funeral Home, 8440 Main St, Clarence.

A private burial service will be held in the Harris Hill Cemetery.

Knapp died Saturday, (March 5th, 1988) in Buffalo General Hospital.

Born in New York City, he lived in Albany from 1929 to 1955, when he moved to Clarence.

Knapp was a graduate of Syracuse U. and a member of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity.

He served in the

you. At every gathering, I'll have a wee dram in your memory. One day I'll join you and once again talk over old times. Goodbye old friend, we will all miss you.

Mathew Grant Knapp 1922-1988

After a brief illness, Mathew Grant Knapp has joined his ancestors.

Not since the passing of John Bisset have I felt so deeply the loss of a friend. Fortunately, Lucille and I were able to go to Buffalo, give Anne support, talk to Matty and say goodbye and remember the good times we had together.

Matty was one of the original founders of the Clan Grant Society. He has worked hard and traveled far to promote our Society and make it a better organization. For years he held the post of North-East Commissioner for the Clan Society. His labor has resulted in a stable and growing membership throughout this region. The enthusiasm shown by him for things Grant and Scottish were contagious, inspiring everyone who came in contact with him. His knowledge of the history of the Grants was

broad and he provided much help to those engaged in the pursuit of their genealogy.

Solely through his and Anne's efforts, he started the Clan Society in Canada. Matty recruited and helped the first Canadian Commissioner, Ian Grant. When Ian stepped down, Matty assisted the present Commissioner, Syd Grant.

Matty was proud of his Scottish Heritage and specifically, his Grant forbears. His daughter is a piper with the Gordon Highlanders in Buffalo. His son, Grant, will soon receive his M.B.A. from the University of Buffalo.



MATTY WITH LORD STRATHSPEY STONE MOUNTAIN 1987

"The Matthew Grant Knapp Memorial Award". I told Matty about this Scholarship and he was very pleased. I also told him that his grandson, Jeffery, would be the first to receive the first award to enable him to learn Highland Drumming and this also made him very happy.

Matty lived a full life, He was blessed with his

GEORGE H GRANT

CONTINUED PAGE 8



Matty EXPLAINS TO JOHN GRANT THE IMPROVEMENTS HE MADE TO THE BASKET HILTED SABER THEY BOTH HOLD

GOOD BYE, OLD FRIEND.

WE WILL ALL MISS YOU.

Mathew Grant Knapp

1922 - 1988



Toronto Heritage Ball
1983



MATT RECEIVING GIFT OF WEDGEWOOD
FROM LORD STRATHSPEY 1978



Firhall
Grantown, Scotland, 1985



Stone Mountain Games
1987

"Requiem"
By Robert Louis Stevenson


Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse that you grave
for me:
Here he lies where he longed to
be:

Home is the sailor, home from
the sea,
And the hunter home from the
hill.

AT THE FAIR

THIRD ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL FAIR
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



Upon entering the building, many people can be seen scurrying about with boxes and bags in their arms as they head for one or another of the booths. The people look like any other people you might see on the streets of a town or city anywhere in the United States.

heavily embroidered skirts, and takes charge of her booth.

Can this be the same rather matronly woman who set up this booth?

She did not rate a second glance but this lady is gorgeous. I must not have looked closely before.

A willowy Philippine girl in a red silk dress enters next; a real beauty and so graceful as well. She was only moments before a skinny awkward kid in faded blue jeans.

Enter a regal Arab sheik with flowing robes, bur-noose and a massive gold chain falling across his chest. As he strides like a king of the desert across the floor with dark eyes flashing a look of authority, I realize that this was the somewhat pot-bellied, balding fellow who an hour before had meekly returned my greeting and stood aside to allow me to enter the building ahead of him.

My booth completed, I too leave to don the costume of my forefathers. When I put on the silk shirt with lace jabot and cuffs, I begin to feel a change coming over me. The hose and flashes are on and the blood of the highlanders is singing in my veins. My hands tremble as I fasten the straps of the kilt. The sporran is hung just so and the massive belt and buckle are adjusted over its strap to keep it in place. The pearl handled sgian dubh nestles in my sock. A velvet Sher-rifsmuir jacket and evening plaid and are topped by a Balmoral bonnet which in its turn is topped by a sprig of Scotch pine. My singing blood is now a whole chorus.

As I walk back to the building, I feel my ancestors joining me. Each, as he joins, falls in step so that when we enter the doorway and march across

the floor toward my booth, our steps reverberate from wall to wall. All eyes are on me as I pass. I see approval in these eyes and in a great many, I see envy. My pot belly is gone and I have increased my height by at least three inches. The gray in my hair and beard only make me look distinguished. I feel GREAT.

My head is high as the first of the visitors approaches. I am a Scot! And the best of all Scots, I am a Grant!

Later, a little girl whispers to her father and then he says "my daughter wants to know if you are a king?"

I want to say that I feel like one at that moment but I reply, "no my dear, only a commissioner for my clan".

She seems disappointed as they walk away. I wonder then if I should have told her that I was a prince at least. Maybe that would have made her feel as good as she had made me feel.

Three days later, the kilt is off and the boxes are stowed in the camper. I feel as if I am three inches shorter and my pot belly has returned. But I have good memories.

A lady touched my arm and blushed when I turned to face her. "I'm sorry", she said "you're just so beautiful I had to touch you".

Dozens of people asked,

"May I take your picture?" Hundreds smiled with pleasure at seeing the Highland dress.

"What time do you perform?" was frequently asked, but this too I fondly remember.

But best of all, I remember when a little girl for a few moments saw me as a king.

How sorry I am for those who neglect their heritage. Whether it is Scottish or Watusi, they will miss more than they will ever know.

FROM GENERAL WADE'S
"REPORT ON THE HIGHLANDS"

1724

The Highlands are the mountainous parts of Scotland, not defined or described by any precise limits or boundaries of counties or shires but are tracts of mountains, in extent of the land, more than one-



half of the Kingdom of Scotland; and are for the most part, on the Western Ocean, extending from Dunbarton to the North End of the Island of Great Britain, near two-hundred miles in length and from forty to eighty miles in breadth. All the islands on the West and North-West are called Highlands as well from their mountainous situation as, as from the habits, manners, customs and language of their inhabitants. The Lowlands are all that part of Scotland on the South of Forth of Clyde and on the East side of the Kingdom from the Firth of Edinburgh to Caithness near the Orkneys is a tract of low country from four to twenty miles in breadth.

The number of men able to carry arms in the highlands (including the inhabitants of the Isles) is by the nearest computation about twenty-two thousand men, of which number about ten thousand are vassals to the superiors well affected to Your Majesties Government; Most of the remaining twelve thousand have been engaged in rebellion against Your Majesty and are ready, when ever encouraged by their superiors or Chiefs of Clan, to create new troubles and arise in arms in favor of the Pretender.

Their notions of virtue and vice are very different from the civilized part of

mankind. They think it a most sublime virtue to pay a servile and abject obedience to the commands of their Chieftains, altho' in opposition to their Sovereign and the laws of the Kingdom and to encourage this, their fidelity, they are treated by their Chiefs with great familiarity, they partake of their diversions and shake them by the hand where ever they meet them.

The virtue next to this, in esteem amongst them, is the love they bear to the particular branch of which they are a part, and to a second degree to the whole Clan or Name, by assisting each other (right or wrong) against any other Clan with whom they are at variance and great barbarities are often committed by one to revenge the quarrels of another. They have still a more extensive adherence to one another as Highlanders in opposition to the people who inhabit the Low Countries, whom they hold in the utmost contempt, imagining them inferior to themselves in courage, resolution and the use of arms and accuse them of being peace-lovers and breakers of their word. They also have a tradition amongst them that the Lowlands were in ancient times, the inheritance of their ancestors and therefore believe they have the right to commit depredations, whenever it is within their power to put them into execution.

The Highlands are divided into Tribes or Clans under Lairds or Chieftains (as they are called in the laws of Scotland). Each Tribe or Clan is sub-divided into (CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

Fort William certainly has little to offer in spectacular architecture. The buildings are as plain and austere as anywhere in Scotland. However, it is perhaps the best of all towns to shop for bargains. The antique shops, the dress and woolen shops are filled with fine merchandise at reasonable prices. There is an unhurried attitude of both the tourists

and the merchants in this town which makes looking for bargains more of a pleasure than in the the hustle and bustle of Edinburgh or Glasgow. I was told by a lady who lives in Inverness that she travels regularly to this town to take advantage of the lower prices.

It is also an excellent base for your tour of the Highlands if you are driving. It can act as a hub for

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It also is located on the rail line between Glasgow and Mallaig for those who do not wish to drive.

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One of the chief points of

interest is the West Highland Museum with exhibits of Natural History, History and Folklife. It contains relics of the Jacobite era, some portraits and a bed in which it is said that Prince Charlie spent a few nights in after his arrival in Scotland. Also displayed is a helmet said to be that of Montrose.

Located at the junction of Loch Eil and Loch Linnhe, the traveler may find a re-


laxing day on one of the cruises on either Loch. Or for the more athletic, a hike to the top of nearby Ben Nevis, Scotlands highest peak. The less athletic might prefer the motor trip through the wild and rugged Glen Nevis which winds around its base.

If you plan to be in the South-West of Scotland, do plan on a visit to this friendly little town. You won't be disappointed.

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W H E R E Y O U G O,
T H E R E Y O U A R E!

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Upon entering the building, many people can be seen scurrying about with boxes and bags in their arms as they head for one or another of the booths. The people look like any other people you might see on the streets of a town or city anywhere in the United States.

The boxes and bags are opened and the table top of each booth is soon covered with books, printed handouts, knick-knacks and other paraphernalia. Flags are unfurled, posters are hung and shortly these booths have become a small slice of another world; in this corner Denmark; in the other corner Korea; between those two are "Arab Women of the U.S.", Germany, Samoa (American) and China.

There, around the corner, a sign asks, "Where in the world is Albania?" Geography was ever my weak point so I say timidly, "Somewhere around Hungary?"

My super smart, world traveling wife replies dryly, "Guess again".

A lucky guess this time "Somewhere around Greece" I state emphatically, ready to defend this by saying that I meant the continent of Europe or in that vicinity.

"That's right", she answers with a little more respect.

During this exchange, the final touches have been added to the displays and the people begin to disappear. The booths are now empty and the building falls silent but only for a little while. A beautiful Norwegian lady appears with a clatter of heels and a rustle of voluminous,

heavily embroidered skirts, and takes charge of her booth.

Can this be the same rather matronly woman who set up this booth?

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N O M A T T E R
W H E R E Y O U G O,
T H E R E Y O U A R E!

GENERAL WADE
(CONT FROM PREV. PAGE)

little branches sprung from the main stock who have also chieftains over them and from these are still smaller branches of fifty or sixty men who deduce their origins from them and whom they rely as their protectors and defenders. The arms they make use of in war are, a musket, a broadsword and target, a pistol and a durk or dagger hanging at their side, with a powder horn and pouch for their ammunition. They form themselves into bodies of unequal numbers according to the strength of their Clan or Tribe, which is commanded by their superior or Chieftain. When in the sight of the enemy, they endeavor to possess themselves of the highest ground, believing they descend upon them with greater force.

They generally give their fire at a distance, they lay down their arms on the ground and make a vigorous attack with their broadswords, but if repulsed, seldom or never rally again. They dread engaging with the cavalry and seldom venture to descend from the mountains when apprehensive of being charged by them.

On sudden alarms, or when any chieftain is in distress, they give notice to their Clans or those in alliance with them, by sending a man with what they call the "fiery cross", which is a stick in the form of a cross, burnt at the end, who send it forth to the next Tribe or Clan. They carry with it, a written paper directing them where to assemble; upon sight of which they leave their habitation and with great expedition repair to the place of the rendezvous, with arms, ammunition and meal for their provision.

The imposition.. commonly called the "Black Meal" is levied by the Highlanders on almost all the Low Country bordering thereon. But it is equally criminal by the laws of Scotland to pay this extraction as to extort it. The inhabitants to avoid the penalties of the laws, agree with the robbers, or some of their correspondents in the lowlands, to protect their horses and cattle, who are in effect but their stewards or factors and as long as this payment continues, the depredations cease upon their lands, otherwise the collector of this illegal imposition is

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CRAIGELLACHIE

The official newsletter of the Clan Grant Society of North America Inc.

Published in March, July, September and December by the Society

Officers

George H. Grant,
Convener
301 Masters Rd.
Hixson, TN 37343

John G. Grant
Convener
266 N. Ashdale
Los Angeles, CA 90049

John C Grant
Treasurer
5531 Joeclay Dr.
Stone Mountain,
GA 30088

Mrs Shirley G. Smith
Membership
1207 Cavalier Ln.
West Chester PA 19380

James H. Grant
Historian
3264-A Henderson Mill Rd
Chamblee, GA 30341

Charles G. MacDonald
Games Co-ordinator
Henry St., Rt. #3
Eminence KY 40019

Mrs Beryl Grant
Genealogist
P.O. Box 466
Altamont N.Y.

Scott W. Grant
Editor
13201 No. 21st Ave.
Phoenix, AZ 85029

NOTES FROM THE SECRETARY by Shirley G. Smith

Congratulations to one of our newest old members! Mr. Myrl Vane Grant celebrated his 95th birthday February 22nd. His Scottish ancestor came to this country in 1789 - Jeremiah Grant.

count) and she's 82! And, although her eyesight is going, and she apologized for her typing mistakes, her spirits are good! Her grandson, Doug, takes good care of her. Hoorah for the younger generation!!

Following closely behind Myrl Grant is Evelyn Grant Simmons, another active

Clan Grant member. She will be 92 in November. She traveled to Scotland two years ago, went to Canada last summer, and expects to be in Scotland and England this July! Her grand-daughter, Nancy Hesse, notes that, "She, (Evelyn) is the head of the clan, all first-born, all female." (Nancy's grand-daughter, Brianne, took her mother's place upon her death, as the first of five generations).

Mrs. Kathryn White and her daughter, Kathryn, are the most recent members to "man a tent" at the Waxhaws games in North Carolina. We appreciate all that they are doing for the Society! They took George seriously when he said that if each one of us could get one person to join, we would soon raise the money to pay off the Duthill Church bill!

Minerva Crosby writes that she is still undergoing operations (seven at last

Another one of our members, Catherine Grant presents concerts and workshops on Scottish, Celtic and folks songs! She works out of her home territory in Hudson, MA.

The mail brought a card from William Grant, a member since 1982. He is in Scotland for three years, studying Irish, Welsh, Gaelic, and Sanscrit at the University of Edinburgh. He visits Wales and Ireland as part of his work.

His thesis is "an attempt to bring teaching classical language into the 20th Century". He should have a lot to tell us when he returns home.

Mary Tooney, our first Grant contact in New Mexico, is interested in American Grant history. Her mother, Mary Ann Grant, came from Cheethopkes, Lincolnshire, England, and descends from Joseph Grant, one of three brothers from Strathspey. "Joseph was a very powerful business man," she states, "He started the fishing industry in Gaensby (sp.), England." Her uncle,

BY GEORGE GRANT

I hope you all had a happy Christmas, and will have a prosperous and happy 1988.

1987 was an eventful year for our Society. We became owners of our own property in Scotland, Duthill Kirk. Very few Clan Societies actually own property. You are to be congratulated for your contributions toward this important Grant landmark. We still have a way to go to pay off the debt owed Walter Grant for the restoration. We have sent \$5300.00 to date, our goal is \$9000.00. Please contribute generously.

Major J.S. Grant, Nesterbrae Hall, Fisherie, Turriff, Aberdeen AB57SE has sent to us 4 beautiful watercolors of Castle Grant, 1800 Highland House, and a front and rear view of Duthill Kirk. I plan to have color separations made so that we can have prints suitable for framing. These will be made available to you in a few months. Watch for the announcement.

Thanks to Major Grant for this nice art work.

Have you contacted

By George !

Charlie Grant MacDonald to volunteer to man a Grant tent at a game near your home? As I have said before, and anyone who has done this will verify, you'll have the time of your life. Ask Howard T. Parson, Jr., of Charlottesville, VA. He and his bride have manned our tent at the Williamsburg Games for the past three years. He is making plans now for the next Games in September. A listing of the Games appears in this issue. It is not too late to volunteer. Find Charlie's name in the listing of the officers.

We will have a tent at the Dunedin, Florida Games on April 16. Hopefully, one of our members will organize a buffet after the Games Saturday. Come by the tent and say hello. Bob and Vivian Grant are busy restoring the old Dunedin Train Station as a museum for the area. They are both careful that it doesn't interfere with gold. Lucille and I had lunch with Bob when we were in Florida for the Orlando Games.

Lucille and I stopped in Orange Park, Florida to see Elsie, Earl Mally and Mary Grant McDonald. Elsie had

some heart problems in the past few months. Thanks to Earl's attention and care, she looks great. Hopefully in the next few weeks she'll get stronger and get out more.

Mary has moved into a beautiful home on a golf course just 5 miles south of Orange Park. She gave us the grand tour and let me tell you, it is a beautifully decorated home.

Elsie, Mary and Earl are honorary Life members of the Grant Clan. They were our very first members.

Start thinking about Grandfather Mountain Games. We will, as usual, stay together in condos at Sugar Mountain. Write to Lucille Grant, 301 Masters Road, Hixson, TN 37343 and make your reservations by April 30. The reservations are from Thursday thru Sunday. Cost is about \$100.00 per couple.

Please send Scott Grant, Craigellachie editor, articles, clippings, pictures, about you and your family. We want to hear from you.

Mr Russell Grant is still there, and has done a lot of research on Grant connections.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We hope Shirley is feeling chipper and spry again, as she was down for a week in February with back problems.

NEW MEMBERS

by Shirley G. Smith

We are delighted to have the following new members join the Society:

Marilyn Butler De Spain, Louisville, KY

Patrick J. Downing,
Atlanta, GA

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Floyd, Atlanta, GA

USA RET Col. Joseph H. Grant, Jr., Aptos, CA

Mr. Myrl Vane Grant,
Fairfax Station, VA

Robert J. Grant, St.,
Annapolis, MD

Terrilynne Grant, Tampa, FL

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin F. Hood, Dahlonga, GA

Evelyn M. Grant Simmons, Modesto, CA

Our renewal members include: Mrs. Burt B. Smith, Houston, TX

Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Benton Smith, Galveston, TX

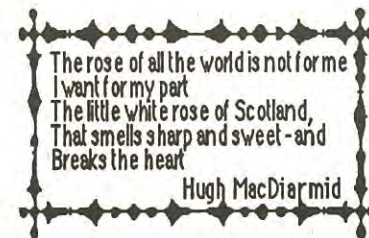
Dunedin Florida Highland Games

April 15-16

Well we're going to try one more time to have a tent at the Dunedin Games. You may recall the picture last year of us standing around a table, since the wind had blown down our tent THREE times before 9:00 AM.

This year, Bob and Vivian Grant promise better weather and more

importantly, they will host a Clan get together Saturday at 6:30 PM after the Games. It will be held at their beautiful waterfront home in the ORIGINAL Dunedin. We will of course, pass the hat to cover the expenses.



Evelyn Grant Simmons and daughters at Grant booth in Modesto 1987

Grant Items for Sale

Make checks payable to:
Clan Grant Society
Mail to:
George Grant
301 Masters Road
Hixson, TN 37343

12 oz. Clan Grant Glasses -
\$30/set of 6
permanently etched
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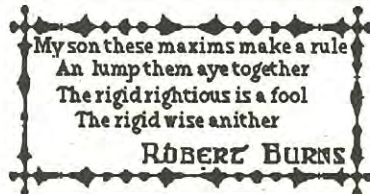
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\$25
by Lord Strathspey.
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CANDYCE SCHMIDT WEDS RICHARD KYL IN FLAGSTAFF

by Scott W. Grant, Editor

On Saturday, March 5, Miss Candyce Schmidt of Flint, Michigan, granddaughter of Hazel and the late Fred A. Grant, and cousin of the editor, was married to Mr. Richard Kyl of Phoenix, Arizona, in Flagstaff, Arizona. The bride and groom chose Flagstaff as the site of their nuptials as some many of the bride's family were in Arizona visiting.

Serving the couple as matron of honor and best man was the sister and brother-in-law of the bride, Sandra and Tom Loomis of Colorado.

Attending the wedding was Hazel Grant; Hazel's daughter, Helen Schmidt, mothe of the bride; Brion Grant, cousin of the bride (MY BROTHER!) and family; and your Editor and family. Photographer was Brandon Schmidt, brother of the bride. The wedding bouquet was caught by Holly JoAnne Grant, age 2 (MY DAUGHTER!), who glowed with her prize. Everyone was invited to Brandon's following the ceremony for dinner and dancing.

Candyce is the manager of a major department store in Flint. Richard is the corporate finance director for U.S. Senate candidate from Arizona, Keith DeGreen, in Phoenix.

The bride and groom will reside in Phoenix, adding to the ever-increasing number of Grant's in Arizona.

INTERESTING NOTE: Richard moved to Arizona several months ago to work with Mr. DeGreen. Strange as it may seem, Mr. DeGreen and your's truly, worked together, sharing the same office. It was known throughout the office that Richard was in love with a beautiful Michigan maiden, and on Valentine's Day proposed to the young lady while visiting for the weekend. It wasn't until 3 days before the wedding, in a conversation with the bride's brother, that I realized that my cousin, Candyce, was this fair maiden!

All of this coincidence made for an even more joyous occasion. Richard is a very bright, talented, and handsome man and we are pleased to have him in our family.

TEATIME IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS WITH LORD STRATHSPEY

By Scott W. Grant, Editor

Soon after my appointment as editor of the Craigellachie, I was fortunate to receive an invitation to tour Europe with other prominent businessmen and their wives. I felt this would be a great opportunity to meet our

Chief so my wife and I arranged an extended stay in Europe to include

London. It was mid-November and a light mist was in the air as we landed,

with the temperature being on the cool side. I had traveled to London twice

before, but for my wife, it was her first visit. For those of you who have

not been to Europe, your trip is not complete without a stay in London. To me, it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. As I had not been

able to reach George Grant prior to my leaving, I called him from my London hotel room. Even with a 6 hour time difference, this wonderful commissioner of ours returned my call and gave me phone numbers for many people in London and Scotland I could contact, including the Right Honorable Lord Strathspey.

When I called his home, Lady Strathspey answered. Warm and pleasant, it felt as though I was calling home. She told me that upon his return from the House of Lords, she would ask him to call me. A few hours later, I received his call. He invited my wife and I to tea with him in the House of Lords. I was honored and excited and immediately accepted his invitation.

We were told to arrive at the Peers Entrance and ask for Lord Strathspey. I had to ask the consigour at the hotel what the Peer's Entrance was. He informed me that the Lords were referred to as "Peer's", as they were of the same level of distinction. We arrived at the appointed time, laden with photographic equipment, but to our disappointment, we were relieved of our equipment at the door. There were the

usual guards at the entrance, as well as well-appointed doormen to answer questions and help with wraps.

Lord Strathspey then came down to greet us. We introduced ourselves and he led us on a personal tour of the Parliament. We were able to see rooms and sights not available to the public. Lord Strathspey is a very distinguished and knowledgeable historian, and gave us an insight that you just cannot obtain from history books. History, tradition, and protocol were all explained in detail.

Promptly at 3pm, Lord Strathspey took us into the dining hall where we were seated and served among the nobility of the realm. Lord Strathspey suggested we have the traditional tea and crumpets. We, naturally, agreed.

(Crumpets, by the way, are lightly toasted English muffins.) We chatted about the family, his book and some of the things I was doing as we waited for our tea, which was served on traditional House china, along with a very nice selection of pastries, as well as the crumpets.

When we finished, Lord Strathspey escorted us to the actual chambers where the Lords were discussing and debating matters of Parliament. We got special passes to enter and observe the proceedings. At the time, they were discussing the merits of a bill that would regulate various types of videotapes and video-equipment. Lord Strathspey then excused himself to handle various matters of state. We said our good-byes and my wife and I entered the chamber. After observing the procedures, we left Parliament.

As a Clan, we are very fortunate to have, as our Chief, a man who is not only well respected and honored, but a fine gentleman as well. I hope that every clan member has a chance to meet Lord Strathspey should he return to the United States sometime soon.

CLAN GRANT SOCIETY OF NORTH AMERICA Treasurer's Report Calendar Year 1987

Receipts		Expenditures	
Memberships	\$3725.00	Purchase of Glasses	\$ 465.54
Sale of Glasses	480.00	Purchase of Shirts	505.15
Sale of Book (A History of Clan Grant)	277.50	Purchase of Tartan for Banners	275.50
Publication Subscriptions	491.00	Highlander Subscription	278.25
Shirt Sales	425.00	Scottish American subs	210.00
Clan Dinner at Stone Mtn Games	645.00	Highlander ad	60.00
Sale of Two Scottish Swords	235.00	Scottish American ad	16.00
Duthil Kirk Repair Contributions	1500.00	Signs for Games & Tents	86.00
Total Receipts	\$7778.50	Lord Strathspey's Visit to New York (Welcome Basket)	87.50
		Lord Strathspey's Visit to Stone Mountain (flowers)	34.84
		Membership Overpayment	
		Refunds	46.50
		Three Scottish Swords for Honor Guard, Stone Mountain	270.39
		Games Expense (Primarily Trophies Scholarships)	1257.16
		Check Deposit Stamp	11.45
		Newsletter Printing and Postage	1783.27
		Duthil Kirk Repair	1500.00
		Membership Services	
		Postage	220.34
		Brochures	886.16
		Clan Dinner, Stone Mtn (See Receipts)	473.00
		Total Expenditures	\$8467.05
Ending Balance	\$1160.62		

WE'VE MOVED

Your editor has a
new office. Please
direct all of your ar-
ticles and pieces
of interest to:

Scott W. Grant,
Editor
CRAIGELLACHIE
One West Deer Valley
Road Suite 301
Phoenix,
AZ 85027

Don't forget to renew your membership in Clan Grant Society
by completing the renewal application in this edition of Craigellachie

THE GLEN-GRANT GLENLIVET DISTILLERY

Roths, N.B.
Proprietors: Messrs.
J. and J. Grant

Reprinted from the
MORAY AND BANFF
ILLUSTRATED

The following article was published in the early 1950's and mentions that at the time of the printing the sole proprietor was Major Grant. He was succeeded by one of our members, Russell Grant. Russell was the managing director until his retirement in 1984. He and his wife, Lois, live in St. Petersburg Florida in a lovely home on the waterfront, and enjoy time on their large cabin cruiser and fishing.

During the recent parliamentary discussions with reference to Sir William Harcourt's "Sixpenny Budget", Dr. Macgregor, the witty Scotch member, threw a somewhat jocular light on the economic-cum-legislative influences, which may be said to have dominated the consumption and production of alcoholic liquors in Her Majesty's northern dominions. Quoting Hume's well known lines;

**"Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton and his claret good,
'Let him drink port' - the English statesman cried;
He drank the poison and his spirits died."**

The worthy medico went on to observe that after claret had been crushed by over-taxation, the Caledonian - presumably in order to revive his drooping spirits - took to the distillation of whisky and finding his native heath peculiarly suited to the cultivation of barley, and his native waters eminently favorable to the processes of distillation, had since brought the whiskey manufacturer to the position of a great national industry. The merits or de-merits of this perhaps fantastical account of the genesis of "Usquebagh" may be left ad avizandum, as the lawyers say. Certain it is however that Scotch barley is the finest in all the world, and that the healthy "bree" derived therefrom has its votaries and admirers amongst sybarites and other wise persons in every quarter of the habitable globe.

As a house that has played an important part in creating and sustaining the reputation which pure Highland malt so deservedly enjoys prominent mention may be made of the well known firm to Messrs J. and J. Grant, whose Glen-Grant Glenlivet Distillery by Roths nowadays constitutes one of the largest and most completely equipped whisky manufacturing factories to be met with north of the border. Dating back to the year 1840, it was originally founded by Messrs. John and James Grant, respectively uncle and father of the present sole proprietor, Major Grant.

Prior to commencing operations at Glen-Grant, these gentlemen had for several years owned and worked the Aberlour Distillery so that the immediate success of their Speyside venture was not altogether disassociated with experience. Year by year their trade exhibited steady increase and when Major Grant succeeded to the sole control in 1872, "Glen-Grant" was already a spirit of wide-spread repute and practically unlimited saleability.

The Glen-Grant estate occupies an area of upwards of 100 acres, the distillery buildings and the proprietor's private residence being situated within 300 or 400 yards of the Roth's Station of the Great North of Scotland Railway with which company by the way Major Grant is connected in the capacity of director. Structurally and regards interior arrangements and fittings, the productive section of the premises will bear comparison with any similar establishment in Scotland. Provision has been made for an enormous output, which, although inadequate to meeting actual demands, is nevertheless sufficiently extensive to allow of the maintenance of a substantial business with all parts of the United Kingdom, the Continent, and the Colonies.

The Glen-Grant Distillery is lighted throughout by a first class electrical installation while water power and a supply of the crystal aqua so necessary to the manufacture of pure whisky are obtained from a

mountain stream which runs through the estate and has its origin in the far-famed Brown Muir hills. The virtues of the waters of this burn have long been widely recognized and in the old days, when smuggling was rife and the sma' still men nefariously labored in the production of "Moonlight", Glen-Grant, then a bleak uncultivated spot, probably served as a locale for more than one flourishing bothie where a liquor was on tap that according to tradition was not without merits of a particularly pleasing and comforting order. It only remains to add that Major Grant himself is one of the most enterprising and popular men in the county. An enthusiast in all he undertakes, he is a noted angler and shot, preserving several miles of Speyside fishing at Roth's, and holding something like 30,000 acres of shooting. For many years, he took a leading part in the local volunteer movement (of which his uncle was the originator in this part of the county), and still retains his rank and has the volunteer decoration after a service of twenty-six years in the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Seaforth Highlanders.

He has transformed Glen-Grant into a sort of northern paradise with its noble mansion, romantic grounds, trim lawn, and capitally organized conservatories, orchid house, and acres of plantation reclaimed from the hillside, about as charming and desirable a place of residence as one could imagine. The burn already referred to has been utilized in a most effective way in heightening the general beauties of the private portions of the estate. Running through the grounds is a series of miniature cascades and rapids, and spanned at frequent intervals by rustic bridges, its course is followed by a winding pathway hewn out of the solid rock which rises high on either hand and affords a delightful retreat and the shadiest of shady walks. The view from the head of the valley and towards the house and distillery is one of perfect loveliness.

Genealogy of the founders of Glenlivet

George Gordon Smith (1792-1871) married Helen Stuart in 1817 and had three children. The eldest was William Smith who died in 1846. The second, Margaret, married William Grant of Ruthven and the third was John Gordon Smith. Margaret had three children, Mrs MacPherson, (Staley Bridge), Mrs. Cameron, (Delnabo) and George Smith Grant (1846-1911) who carried on the distillery. George Smith Grant married in 1891 an English lady named Hill and they had three children, John Gordon Smith Grant, (1893-1918), killed in the war, unmarried. William Smith Grant, (1896-1975) and Lena, who married and became Mrs. Wood with two

daughters.

W.S. Grant's first wife was a war widow who died in 1945 having no children. His second wife, a widow, was Mrs. Grant with two daughters and a son, Russell. She had no family by W. S. Grant. Russell was taken into the business by his stepfather, W. S. Grant. At the time, Russell, now an American Citizen and living in St Petersburg, Florida, agreed to join the business, he had a successful plantation in Belize, Central America.

The Distilleries are now owned by Seagrams of Canada.

This information was submitted by
**George Grant,
Glenfarclas.**

Flodden Lament

I've heard them lilt-
ing at our ewe-
milking,

Lasses a' liltin' bef
dawn of day;
But now there all mo
ing on ilka green loar
ing__

The Flowers of the
Forest are weed
away.

At bughts, in the
morning, nae blythe
lads are scorning,

Lasses are lonely
nae dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gab-
bing, but sighing and
sabbing

Ilk ane lifts her
leglin and hies her av

In hairest, at shearin
nae youths now are je

Bandsters are lyart,
runkled and gray
At fair or at preaching, nae
wooing, nae fleeching
The Flowers of the Forest
are weed away

At e'en in the gloaming, nae
swankies are roaming



'Bout stacks wi' the lass-
es at bogle to play
But ilk ane sits
eerie, lamenting
her dearie

The Flowers of the
Forest are
weed away

Dool and wae for
the order sent our
ads to the border
The English for
ce, by guile won
day

e Flowers of the
Forest, that fought
aye the foremost,
the prime of our
land, lie cold in
the clay.

We'll hear no more
lting at our ewe
milking;

Women and
bairns are heart-

less and wae;
Sighing and moaning on
ilka green loaning;
The Flowers of the Forest
are weed away

Lady Jane Elliot

GRANT IS MCLROY SCHOLARSHIP WINNER

The Orlando Games provide Scottish Heritage College scholarships to deserving young people of central Florida. Grant Spence McIlroy is one of the recipients. We met Grant and his family at the tent. A fine young man. He is a 1987 graduate of Martin County High School, maintained a 3.52 overall average. His family moved from Scotland to Florida in 1981. He plans to work toward a degree in Computer Science. His activities and honors include National Mer-

it Scholar finalist, Junior Engineering Technical Society (JETS), National Honor Society, Math Club, Chess Club, Drama Club, Literary Magazine. His leadership experience includes Vice President of the Chess Club, Secretary of JETS and Feature Editor for Literary Magazine.

Grant and his family reside at 668 Maranta Terrado, Jensen Beach, FL 43951. Drop him a note of congratulations and encouragement.

Those who dance are thought mad by those who hear not the music

MATTY
Cont from first pg.

82nd and 101st Airborn Divisions during World War II. He served in the European Theater and saw action in the Battle of the Bulge and the Jump Over the Rhine River.

He was an employee of Royal Insurance Company for forty years, retiring in 1987 as marketing representative. He was inducted into the Royal Guards Organization for twenty-five year employees.

Knapp was a Clarence Republican town Committeeman and a past member of the Harris Hill Volunteer Fire Company. He coached Clarence Junior Football and

Little League for the past fifteen years. He was Northeast regional Commissioner for the Clan Grant Society and a life member and historian for "D" company, Buffalo City Guard, Gordon Highlanders.

He was a frequent contributor to Scottish periodicals and a member of the Tartan Society of Comrie, Scotland and the Royal Scottish Dance Society. Knapp is survived by his wife, the former Anne Mathews; a daughter, Barbara Anne McCulloch; a son Mathew Grant Knapp III; his mother, Viola Knapp of Delmar; his brother, Kenneth Knapp of Hackensack, N.J. and two grandchildren.

ORLANDO GALE WINDS ARE GAMES HIGHLIGHT

Once again, Orlando Highland Games demonstrated that weather will not slow down a Scottish celebration. The wind blew all day long at between 20 and 30 mph. By 1:00pm, over half of the clan tents were down - Grant tent and Fraser tent survived until 4:00pm. Lucille and I suffered wind burn, but a hot bath, today and great seafood dinner brought us back to normal. Several years ago we discovered the "CRAB SHACK". At that time it was a small place with red plastic tear-off tablecloths, great food and decent prices.

Today the place is bigger, with cloth on the tables, but the food and prices are the same. It is located on International Blvd., exact address in the phone book.

Bad, windy weather did not discourage our clansmen from attending the games. James Russell Grant from Longwood and his grandson, Jimmy

Grant Coombs were there. Mr. and Mrs. Grant Kinsey, Winter Park, Milton Camp, Melbourne, C.K. Ball, LaFayette, GA, Mary King, James A. Brown, Orlando. Francine Brown, Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Herron, Sr., Cambria, IL, Laura J. Reid, Orange, CT, came the furthest. Two families of Cairns - parents William and Nancy, children Michael, Julie, Robert, Suzanne, and Wendy. Michael and Bride Julie all of Orlando. Wallace Gage from Maine, he was also at Stone Mountain. Grant S. McIlroy and parents paid us a visit, hope they join! Douglas and Dayle Grant from Jacksonville.

Mrs. Warren L. (Alice) Mewes, Longwood, volunteered to be our commissioner for Florida. She will arrange a get-together with our members in the Orlando area during the year and a buffet after the games next year. Please give Alice your support and advice.

It Was A' For Our Rightfu' King

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a's done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain:

My love and native land fairweel,
For I maun cross the main,
my dear
for I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore

And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for ever more, my dear,
With adieu for ever more

The soger from the wars returns,
The sailor from the mains
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him thats far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep

News From New York State
Hal Grant, NYS Comm.

A week before our Capital District Highland Games at Altamont Labor day Weekend, Beryl and I returned from a great three week trip to Scotland and England.

Our attendance at Nethy Bridge Games on August 8th was rewarded by the welcome given us by our Chiefs son James, and his lovely wife, Margaret; Walter and Margaret Grant and all the other Grants at the Games. Michal and Jean Grant were also in attendance.

We visited the Duthill Ki5rk and were pleased to see the fine job Walter Granmty's people have done on this fine old building.

Back at home, we were soon busy with planning for the Clan Dinner and Ceilidh we promote each year for the night before our Games. This year, twenty-five Clans were represented by a total of one hundred and twenty-seven people. Clan Grant had a good turn out with nineteen in attendance.

Saturday morning, September fifth, was a beautiful sunny day and the crowd of ten-thousand people were treated to a full schedule of all that makes

up a successful Highland Gathe4ring. Our Convenor from Canada, Syd Grant and his wife, Eileen, were with us Friday Night and Saturday and of course were much help at the tent. Other Clan Members at both events NYS Deputy Commissioner Jim Grant and his wife, Mary, George and Maureen Grant of Poughkeepsie and her mother, Mollie and their two daughters, Jim and Anita Stafursky of Tampa, Florida, Chris Reardon

way. Due to our time spent in Scotland in August, we were not able to attend the Syracuse or Long Island Games. Clan Grant was there though and ably represented by Jim and Mary Grant at the Liverpool (Syracuse) Games and by Henry and Mary Grant at Old Westberry, Long Island Games.

I anticipate that this will be my last term as president of the Saint Andrews Society of Schenectady so

will be able to devote even more time to nClan Grant Activities

next year. I would like to see an even greater number of our Clan Members and Officers in attendance at our 1988 Clan Dinner and Ceilidh as we have been close for the last two years in a row to receiving the trophy for largest attendance. Hopefully, next year we can have a better showing.

Our thanks to all those Grants who helped at the various New York State Activities.

Yes, It's Great To Be A Grant.



and family of Albany, Allison Grant of Albany, The James Landre Family and at the Saturday Games only were Murry and Betty Grant of Vermont, Frank and Helen McStay from Kingston, Pat Chociey of Amsterdam and Joice Spence of Gal

WESTERN CRAIG

Continued from page 4

Another Society in the making in California is the Alpin Confederation. Based on the historical references to the relationship through the blood of King Alpin, Father of Kenneth, Clans MacGregor, MacKinnon, Grant, MacFie, MacNab, MacQuarrie and MacAuley are seeking to do what these Clans were never able to accomplish since the reign of this King - That is to all work together toward one goal. Under the direction of David MacNab of Los Angeles, this confederation has a good start in that area. There is some indication that this year will see the beginning of a simular movement in Northern California.

The Marin Highland Games and Gathering on May 14th will be the next event on the Grant list of activities for the West, fol-

One other function of the Scottish Information Society will be to grade the games as to how well organized, how interesting they are to the clans, security provided and etc. It is interesting to note that Stone Mountain Games have received votes from Californians. Sorry to say that it came out second to Santa Rosa according to all the members who have cast a vote to date. In all fairness I must admit that the voters were all from California.

Gene Grant is serving on the steering committee and editor publisher of the newsletter, "The Haggis" It is hoped that this organization will get off to a good start this year. In the past, there were two or three attempts to create a simular organization without success. This time however there is a Grant on the com-

mitted. followed by the Modesto Games on June 4th, the Sacramento Valley Games at Dixon on June 11th, The Stockton Highland Fling on June 12th, The Black Raven Pipe Band Gathering and Games at Dunsmuir House in Oakland in July, Monterey Games on August 6th, the Campbell Games in Campbell Ca. August 21st, The Santa Rosa Games and the Fresno Games. All in all, it looks like a busy season for Grants and Septs in the Far West.

Remember, we can always use more help at the Clan Tent. The more Grants and kin around, the more fun we have. The Western branch is growing and soon we will put the Easterners to shame. See you at the Games.

Gene

A straight line may be the shortest distance between two points, but it is by no means the most interesting.