



Craigellachie

WINTER Fall, 1990

It's GREAT to be a GRANT

XIII
Vol. ~~X~~, No. 4

The End Of The Season

By Jim Suttie



Capital District Games Altimont New York

Saturday, September 1st Dawned bright and beautiful—the beginning of a beautiful day of Highland Games, the pipes, Highland Dancing and, of course, the Gathering of the Clans.

The night before, 136 clan members gathered for the Annual Clan Dinner and Ceilidh which Beryl and I have been organizing for some years. Clan Grant, as usual, made a good showing but this year, the attendance trophy was garnered by Clan Leslie.

As I was kept busy during the games as chairman of the Clans and Societies, the Clan Grant tent was ably managed by New York State Deputy Commissioner, Jim Grant and his wife Mary. Assisting, during the day, were Clan members Chris and Dianne Reardon and George and Maureen Grant. Although Clan Grant did not win one of the Clan Tent Awards, Jim had put together a well organized and neat display.

The crowd of 10,000 plus enjoyed one of the best days we have had in years and our Games Comitty is busy planning for Labor Day, 1991. Mark your calendars and join the North-East Grants at the Capitol District Games in Altimont, (Near Albany) New York.

Stand Fast.

Hal Grant, NYS Commissioner



The Gathering and Games Season in Northern California has ended—Thank Goodness! Since Mid-March of this year, my wife, Carol, and I have attended one International Fair, one Celtic cultural Festival and nine Gathering and Games. In addition to this, there were South Bay Area Scottish Social Events which we attended. We are tired and need a rest!

Since Gene Grant was unable to make it to the last two games, I set up the secondary tent and display at them. My report on these games is as follows;

Fresno, California

September 15, 1990. The site of the Fresno Games, the Coombs Ranch was its old, beautiful self this year as always. The weather, unlike last years wind and rain, was great. It started out cool in the morning and as the day warmed up, a light breeze came up, keeping everyone cool and comfortable.

Carol and I had help in the tent by some of our other members, Valerite Howland of Fresno and Larry and Joyce DeMars of Sacramento. Also there to help were John and Patty VanWinkle of Oakland. John had just returned two days before from a tour of Europe with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. John is the Music Librarian for that group of artists and yes, they played in Edenburg. Their daughter Linda was there also, working in one of the concessions. Bryan Pratt, our new Southern California Commissioner and his wife, Dianne also dropped by. He was the Drum Major for the Los Angeles and District Pipe Band, one of the guest pipe bands, so he was unable to spend much time at the tent.

Carol and I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, Clan Grant Members Joe Suttie of Fresno, his wife, Another Carol Suttie, and their son Joe. We had known of Joe for several years and though we had talked on the phone before, this was our first face-to-face meeting.

Also at these games was our prime trophy winner, Scottish Dancer Supreme, Connie Grant and her mother, Linda. Linda Grant does the score-keeping for Connie. No trophy here, however. Due to a small enrollment in her class, they combined her age/level group with that of the next higher age level and she ended up competing with the Regional Champion of that level. No fair!

The Games were, as usual, a relaxing experience after the hectic two days at the Santa Rosa Games only two weeks before. The Clan March-By was somewhat disorganized, as usual, but it was not a long, drawn out affair as with some of the other games.

Campbell, California

October 13, 1990. The Campbell Games were held on the football field of the Campbell Community Center. Campbell is one of the cities making up what is called the Greater San Jose Area. The Games ran smoothly except for two problems, one of them major. The major problem was that the Parks and Recreation Department had given the use of another field, located in the center of the facility, to a city youth soccer team for their game that day. This field, in the past, has provided about half the parking area for the games so there was a definite lack of off street parking.

The minor problem was with the Clan March-By. The band that was to march through the Clan Area to gather the marchers, did not get the word that the march was to be delayed fifteen minutes. This meant that everyone stood in place until the start of the ceremonies. Fortunately, the temperature was in the mid-seventies so we had no "heat problems."

Helping Carol and I man the tent were once more, John and Patti VanWinkle who brought Patti's Aunt, Kay Furman with them. It is great to have people like the VanWinkles by your side, helping at most of the games. Also assisting at the tent were Brent Simmons and his lady, Anne. Brent is the third generation of a multi-generation family of Grants that visit us en masse at some of the games. The Matriarch of this family is the ninety plus year old Evelyn Grant Simmons of Modesto who has not missed a single Modesto Games in our memory.

Also at the Games was Andrew Grant of Fairfield who was accompanied by his mother, Joanne Davis of Tahoe City. Andrew is a dancer in the beginners/over eighteen class.

Also visiting us was Connie Grant and her Mother Linda. Connie was able to compete on her own age level this time and walked away with the Open Class Trophy. Congratulations Connie.



The "Crew" at Campbell—left to right— Jim Suttie, Kay Furman, Patti VanWinkle, Carol Suttie, and John VanWinkle

By George!

We've had a fine year. A new newsletter Editor, Gene Grant, producing a professional product. New commissioners in Hawaii, North California, South California, and Oregon. Final payment on Duthill. Increased membership. Another tug of war trophy from Stone Mountain. Huge turnout at Santa Rosa to Grant tent.

Next year we will have a tent at 9 more games than this year. Hopefully this will result in more of our cousins joining us.

A weakness in our internal handling of new members has been discovered. It is taking us far too long to acknowledge new mem-

bers, signed up at games. The information is being held up at various stages of the process, resulting in a delay of 2 to 3 months. I am addressing the situation with our secretaries. We will solve the problem.

It is most important that we all send articles, pictures, news clippings, and short notes to Gene Grant, newsletter editor. Unless we all do this we cannot share each others joys and triumphs. It's a lonely feeling with a deadline approaching and not enough material.

Thank you for your continued support. Have a great holiday season.

BILL GRANT GOES TO POLAND

William T. Grant, son of George and Lucille Grant, has gone to Poland with the Peace Corp. He is one of 28 business experts sent to help Poland build a market economy.

After 3 months training, principally learning to speak Polish, Bill will be assigned to Krakow. He will work with The Industrial Society of Krakow helping them to start a bank.

Bill is graduate of the University of Mississippi, with a degree in Banking and Finance. He has

worked in banking in Chattanooga and Atlanta. He was an officer, branch manager and commercial loan officer with First American Bank in Atlanta until 1989. He worked then for the March of Dimes as Development Director for North Georgia to perfect his leadership skills.

Bill has wanted to be involved in International Business and decided the Peace Corp would give him that opportunity after his two year service.

Sir Patrick Grant, Dalvey Makes final Duthill Payment.

In the summer issue of Craigellachie, It was reported that Ivy Grant Jardine, had paid the final balance due Walter Grant. *This was an error!*

Sir Patrick Grant, Dalvey, Chairman of the UK Branch of the Society, paid the balance, personally.

I sincerely regret this error, and apologize to both Ivy and Sir Patrick.

Sir Patrick was the first chairman of the UK Society when it was organized in 1982. Under his leadership the Society grew and became a viable organization. He has recently purchased a farm in the Grantown-on-Spey area so he and his family can return to their roots. We will be working closely with the UK branch in the future.

Thank you Patrick.

A New Meaning To "Oil Fields"

As you fly over Scotland on the way to Heathrow Airport, you may have noticed the fields of yellow flowers below. It seems that almost every tillable field is planted with this colorful weed-like plant. At close range, it resembles a cross between Scottish Broom and alfalfa. No wicked thorns jut from the stems as with Broom, but the small, closely packed flowers that color the fields are similar in shape. This plant, known as rapeseed, is the source of rapeseed oil, a low cholesterol cooking oil.

Now the German government is funding a £1 Million research project by Volkswagon, into the use of rapeseed oil as a motor fuel substitute. Volkswagon has been working on alternative fuels for several years and has found the rapeseed engine one of the more promising. The adaptation of this oil for fuel would be a boon to developing countries with agrarian economies such as East Germany and other European Nations.

The Editors Desk



Yes, Winter is upon us and the games are in the past and future. Each year, I breath a sigh of relief as the last of the games is history but I know even then that I will be missing them before the month is out.

I was not as active with this year as I have been in the past. I hope to get a few more games in for the year of 1991 if time and strength allows.

I sent a letter to the Commissioners of the Clan Grant Society, asking for some input for the Craigellachie. I'll repeat it here once more in hope that some of the other readers will be able to get some material for me or offer help to the over-worked commissioners.

Commissioners who try to do everything for themselves are the ones who "burn out" and drop out. Establish a cadre of helpers and volunteers as early as possible. The more active members you have in your area, the larger the pool of potential volunteers for the clan booth and other activities. The more volunteers, the less work for each individual, (especially your self).

Encouraging new membership is easier when there are a crowd of folks around and in the tent because the outsiders want to be "in" and be with the crowd that is having so much fun.

One of the most effective ways to get started in improving your membership rolls is to write a report each quarter for the Craigellachie. Let everyone know what is going on in your area. Are you going to have a party/Gathering for some occasion? What games have you attended or are going to attend? This is news that the Grants would like to know about and what easier way to pass the word than to

have it printed in the "Craig." Deadline for the Spring Issue submissions will be February 10th but I would like the material by the latter part of January, if possible.

There are, more than likely, many members in your district that you are not acquainted with. Some of these might like to help if they only knew which games you planned to attend. Send a list and we will publish it. Also send a list of the people who visited your booth. Many join the Society who might not otherwise just because their name is mentioned in the "Craig".

People love to have their pictures in the paper. Take pictures at every games and send some of them to me with your article. Put on the back, the date it was taken, the name/names of the persons in it and the place or event that was being held. It is also a good idea to keep an album of pictures from previous events at your booth. Folks enjoy browsing through and picking out friends and relatives from other towns.

If you would like some sign up sheets for your booth, let me know. I will send them to you by return mail. We have designed some rather nice ones for those visitors who wish to sign. It has spaces for name, address, telephone and clan or sept name.

Don't forget to clip out any articles from newspapers or magazines that may be of interest to the readers of the "Craig." We need to have on hand as much material as possible when we begin to put an issue together.

See you at the games.

ÀDIUBHINN NDLAIG ÀGUS ÀN NDLAIG BHEAG
(Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year).

UTAH SCOTTISH GAMES

The 16th Annual Scottish Festival and Highland Games were held June 16th in Salt Lake City. The Games were sponsored by the Utah-Scottish Association, a non-profit organization founded in 1976 to promote and per-

petuate the Scottish heritage in Utah. The Sale Lake Scottish Country Dancers were there. The usual events were held plus some new ones like a pentathlon consisting of sheaf toss, weight toss, hammer throw, stone put-

ting and caber toss. Another unusual event was Scottish deerhounds in a lure coursing event. Former Governor, Scott M. Matheson, dressed in kilts of Clan Matheson, was chieftain of the day.

FROM HILDA R. MYERS



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Stone Mountain, Georgia, 1990

For the first time in the history of these games the temperature was not freezing during the Tattoo Thursday evening. This is a great show. See it sometime.

Our reception was well attended Friday. If it were not for the help from strangers, you would have thought we were holding a temperance meeting. Our member in charge of refreshment arrived late.

This year the committee gave an award for the best tent display. It was won by McPhee. Our tent did not place. We did however receive the hospitality award. Over 50 members showed up to renew acquaintances. It seemed everyone brought goodies to eat. We had folks from age 2 to 84, it was super.

Our team won the tug of war trophy for the third time. The teams are made

up of three women and seven men. All members of the clan. Their picture appears in this issue.

Sunday, our group was led in the parade of tartans by three young men, Tyler Grant, Grant Bisbee, Micah Grant.

Saturday evening we got together for a buffet dinner at Maggie and Duane Klins beautiful home. As usual the food and conversation were both satisfying.

Attending some or all of events, and please forgive errors or omissions because I am sure that I will neglect some of you, are the following:

George & Lucille Grant, Convenor, Hixson, TN with Grandchildren Blaire Elizabeth and Grant Bisbee, Charlie & Betty MacDonald, Games Commissioner, Eminence, KY.; John C. & Thelma Grant, Clan Grant Society Treasurer,

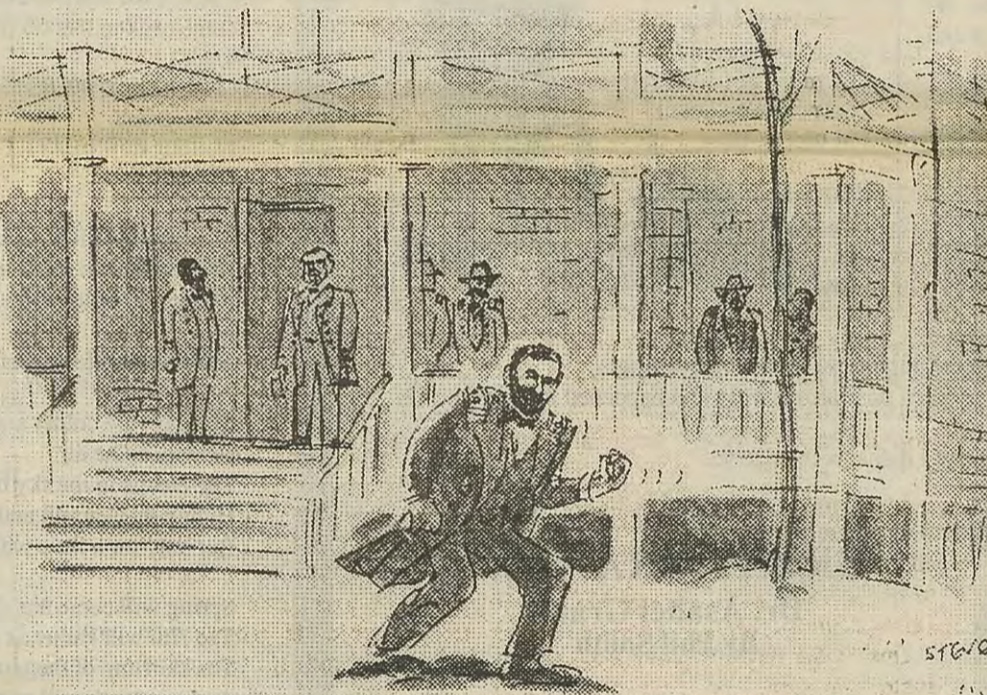
Stone Mountain, GA; Donald C. Grant, Commissioner, GA, Roswell, GA; Ronald J. & Patsy Grant, Commissioner, NC, Roanoke Rapids, NC; Ed & Elaine Grant, Key Largo, FL; Geoff, Cheryl, Tyler, & Micah Grant, Gaithersburg, MD 20882; Douglas & Susan Grant, Arlington, VA; Jean Grant Walter, Atlanta, GA; Bill & Norma Grant, (Bob Grant, Memberships Chrm. Cousin), Birmingham, AL; Mrs. T. W. (Mary H.) Warren, Roswell, GA; Chuck & Lydia West, Centralia, IL; Jai & Jeff Covington, Charlotte, NC; Arston Grant, Daphne, AL; Eric Grant, Stone Mountain, GA; Adria Singletary Aiken, SC; Gwendolyn Acker, Atlanta, GA; John E. Floyd, Atlanta, GA; John A. Grant, Marietta, GA, along with Patrice

Perigini, and his Mother Anni Lee Grant of CA; E. Christine Grant, Rockwood, TN; Ernestine & John Lewis, Atlanta, GA; Duane & Maggie Kline, Atlanta, GA; Anna Neville, St. Albans, VT; Mee-gan Carlen, Atlanta, GA; C. David Grant, Decatur, GA; Mary Grant MacDonald, Middleburg, FL;

New paid members at games included: Elsie Lee, Memphis, TN; Gary L. McSwain, Cordele, GA; and Colin Grant-Adams of Oban, Scotland, who is internationally known singer and entertainer. We are proud that he has joined the U.S. Society formally (although he had always had a nice word and a song for his fellow Grant's.) The Rev. Peter Grant of Edinburg, Scotland arrived with his wife Becky and young son Colin to visit his fellow clansmen. He is

now teaching at Pace Academy in Atlanta. Twenty five other interested Grant's and families of Allison, McElroy, Allan, etc. took away brochure and copies of Craigellachie. We would like to welcome them also.

The first ever piper for the Lord Strathspey was Lisa McDonald in Grandfather Mountain Games, 1978 arrived at the tent on Saturday. Our Chief was very impressed with her beauty and talent as a piper and always asked for her to be his personal piper when in the U.S. She is now married to Kraig Seichrist living in Acworth, GA. We enjoyed seeing her again and talking over our many experiences in the last ten years. She is still a beautiful lady.



General U. S. Grant displays rare emotion at appomattox

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Henderson, Jr. have the honour of announcing the marriage of their daughter, Sara Jane to Mr. Edward Austin Smith Saturday, the twenty-seventh of October nineteen hundred and ninety Washington, D.C.

The above announcement was received in November. Ed is the son of Dr. Philip D. and Shirley Grant Smith, who are founding and lifetime members of Clan Grant Society.

Ed is a first class championship piper and also a member of Clan Grant. Shirley was the Secretary of Clan Grant for many years until she and Phil went to Japan for two years. Ed came to the Clan Tent in Alexandria this year to announce his upcoming marriage, and to pipe for the Clan. We hope to have a further article and pictures in the next issue.

We also will run the complete story with pictures of Robert and Rebecca Grant's daughter's wedding, whose engagement was announced in the last issue.

Nessie

By Siobhan Dolan

If the elusive Loch Ness Monster ever rears its ugly head long enough for its persuers to get a proper look, then zoologist Iain Bishop will be faced with the unenviable task of sorting fact from fiction and adjudicating on the evidence.

In a lecture that promises to be the highlight of the week of "monstrous" activities at the Natural History Museum, Bishop will report on the latest rumblings in Loch Ness, following a massive hunt at the beginning of the month. Four boatloads of "Nessie-lovers" took to the water intent on netting the £250,000 reward offered by bookmakers William Hill for conclusive proof of the monsters existence.

While scientists probed the murky depths with the latest sonar equipment, one hunter dangled crystals above the water and Screaming Lord Such requisitioned a bulging haggis in an effort to seduce shy Nessie out of her lair.

Sadly, the expedition's findings proved rather disappointing in comparison with last encounters. Alex Campbell, the man who unleashed the monster mania in the thirties, claimed he saw a head on a long neck,

standing six feet out of the water and a hump going back thirty feet. In 1933, a Mr. Spicer claimed to have watched an awesome creature dashing across the road above the Loch, describing it as a dragon or the nearest thing to a prehistoric monster he had ever seen. Similar reports fuelled the myth, many coming from respected members of the community and not from wishful thinking and Scotch Whisky.

Adrian Shine, the man behind Operation Deepscan in 1987, admits that if Nessie does exist, she is unlikely to resemble the reptilian "media monster" which has grown up over the years. Conditions are too cold and the mysterious creature is far more likely to be some sort of a fish. He is currently recruiting volunteers for the Loch Ness Project, which is committed to establishing a fixed platform in the center of the Loch. For £100 you can spend a week patrolling Britain's largest expanse of freshwater, assisting in a wide range of scientific surveys and keeping your eyes peeled for "Nessie." It could be money well spent. William Hill's quarter million pound reward remains up for grabs until 1993.

Just-Sew Story of the Kilt By Alastair Robertson
From the London Times

Pam Blackhall is one of the fast disappearing breed in the Scottish ladscape, the village taylor and kiltmaker. at the age of 34, she runs, single handedly, the family business started by William Blackhall, her Grandfather, in 1927, in a small shop at Tarland, a gray granite village on the edge of Deeside.

Kilts can vary a lot in price and quality. At the time of World Cup, enterprising outfitters offered a Russ Abbott-style uniform of kilt, sporran, shoes and patriotic tee shirt for £19.99. At the other end of the scale, a hand sewn Blackhall kilt can cost up to £250 and no tee shirt.

Few kiltmakers venture into the other Blackhall specialty of made-to-measure, four plus tweed suits for gillies and keepers. Most of those get a suit a year from their estate owner and Miss Blackhall has 36 estates on her books."Some have only one keeper, but one estate I sell to has 13," she says.

The difference between what might be called "a countryman's suit" for driving pheasants in Hampshire and a keepers suit for the back of Ben Macdhui is that "keepers" need more room in the places others do not," she says mysteriously. Does this mean that keepers are, er, different in some areas? "No, no, but keepers just need a lot more freedom of movement in a suit. It has to stand up to a lot of wear."

Each suit costs about £250 and is usually made from a tweed exclusive to a particular estate. The colors range from muted blues and grays to giant bracken-orange checks. The

A New Man

Abartach was renown throughout the shire in in which he lived, for never having drawn a sober breath since attaining manhood many years hence. He could be found of any evening, uncombed, unwashed and unshaved, in his corner at the pub, drinking down the stout as fast as he or another could buy.

One night as he made his un-steady way home from the pub, he chanced to step too close to the edge of the road as it ran beside the loch. The bank gave way and Angus tumbled into the icy waters below. As he was sinking below the surface for the third time, the now sober Angus prayed, "Oh Lord! If ye'll just help me this one time, I'll quit ma Devil's ways. I'll be the best ye've ever seen." Just then his flailing arm encountered the limb of a tree that had fallen from the banks of the loch and into the water. His hand grasped the branch at the very last moment and he was able to pull himself from the water to shore.

The next morning was a Sunday and true to his word, Abartach appeared in church freshly washed, combed and shaved, wearing a suit of sturdy tweed inherited from his Father. Throughout the sermon, there was no one who uttered more amens nor one who sang the hymns in a louder or clearer voice.

Abartach, as he left, stopped to shake the parsons hand and then went through the little gate in front of the church and started down the road. As he passed under the ancient oak by the roadside, a bolt of lightning struck a limb which, with a loud crack, freed itself from the trunk and came crashing down on the unprotected head of poor Angus.

In due course, he found himself before the Pearly Gates. When he realized what had happened he wailed, "Oh Lord! Why me? Why now?"

Came the reply in a rumbling voice, "Oh laddie! I'm sa sorry! I didna' recognize ye.



Connie Grant at the Campbell Games With More Gold

GREAT GRANTS!!

Dr. Asahel Grant
By Phil Smith

Asahel was a descendent of Mathew Grant who immigrated to Dorchester, MA in 1630. Asahel Grant was born in 1807 in Marshall, New York, the son of a farmer, William Grant.

A studious boy, Asahel used to plow with a book tied to the plow handle. An accident to his foot made him unsuited to farming and his father encouraged him to prepare for a profession. Asahel studied medicine and went into practice in Braintrim, New York in 1827. The death of his wife left him with two small children. Dr. Grant moved to Utica, New York, and took over an established practice. He remarried.

Dr. Grant was deeply religious and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. In 1834, when only twenty-seven, Dr. Grant and his family decided to become missionaries. He asked to be assigned to work with the Nestorians, a small group of Christians living in what is today Northern Iran, then under Turkish domination.

Dr. Grant worked, often under great hardships, with the Nestorians and Kurds until 1843. During this time his second wife died and he visited the United States once for six months. His book on

mills at Brora in Sutherland are a favorite source of estate tweed. As befits a royal warrant holder, she is discreet about her customers, but it is well known that Blackhalls has been making suits for the Balmoral estate staff for years.

She started working with her father when she left school. Then, six years ago, he was incapacitated by a stroke and Miss Blackhall found herself in sole charge of the business. Her work is more or less divided between suits (she also makes suits for customers who are not keepers) and kilts. Given a choice, she would prefer to make kilts.

She machines the binding to the lining of the waistband but every other stitch in the garment-and there could be as much as twelve yards of stitching-is hand sewn with linen thread, run through bee's wax for added strength. There are about 8 yards of material in a kilt, although she once made one containing 13 yards. "He was a particularly big gentleman; more breadth than height."

Half the material has to be pleated 33 to 39 times around the back but, at the same time, retain the continuity of the tartan's sett or pattern, a mathematical conundrum dependant on the width of the sett. "The Hunting Morrison tartan, with its massive sett, is definitely the trickiest," she says.

She is not impressed with the old adage that kilts look better on men with big bottoms. "If it's made properly, it should hang properly," she says, "although some kiltmakers will add a little extra padding for the slimmer customer.

Geamhradh

(Winter)

By Gene Grant

The Scottish Games are done for the year.
The tent and tables are stowed for Winter.
The kilt, ghillies and other gear are in the closet.
Memories of summer, are stored in mind and album.

The kin are scattered once more.
Gone back to their homes and work and school.
Gone back to the drab, colorless clothing of a Sassanach;
Nothing now to set them apart from the crowd.

The forested hillsides surrounding my home
Are sometimes shrouded in mist
And it takes little effort to imagine them to be
The hills and forests of our blood-home.

The days are colder and the feel of rain and snow is in the air.
The clouds in the sky have turned lead gray
Hiding the warmth and light of the sun.
But only for a little while.

Spring will come and the games begin,
The Kin will gather as they always have,
The skirling of the pipes will stir our souls
And our heads will raise with pride.

We'll don our bonnie kilts & bonnets,
Lace our ghillies over sturdy, woollen hose,
Hang our sporrans on our hips and buckle the wide belt
And feel like the Kings and Queens of the world we were born to be.

the Nestorians, attempting to show they were from the supposedly "lost" tribes of Israel, is a valuable early source on the area as Dr. Grant and his fellow missionaries were the first Europeans into remote Kurdistan.

In 1843 the Turks and Kurds attacked the Nestorian Christians. Dr. Grant became ill and died while treating refugees in a camp at Mosul in the Spring of 1844.



Prayer of the MacDonalds

For a clan that treated Castle Urquart as their own personal department store for many years, the MacDonalds seem to have little gratitude for the tons of merchandise they removed during their numerous raids. This prayer was found by Jim Suttie in the last issue of the "Coricle."

O Lord, Bless a' the MacDonalds and a' the MacDonalds Bairns, their son's sons and their dochter's dochters for a thousand years to come. Be gracious and send doon mountains o' snuff an' rivers o' whisky...the very best whisky! And o Lord, send doon

swords an' dirks an' pistols, as many as the sands o' the sea, tae kill the Grants, the MacPhersons and the Campbells, and especially the Campbells! And o Lord, Bless the wee Bairns, yon Angus, and Malcom and Jesse and Flora! And o Lord, Build up a wall between us and the Irish, an put broken bottles on the top so they canna come ower. And o Lord, bless the wee coo an' make it a big coo, an' the wee sucklin and make it a great boar! And o Lord, If ye has onythin' gude ta give, dinna give it tae the Irish, but to thine own choosen and peculiar people...the Scots and especially tae Clan MacDonald an' a' their friends.

Glorious are Ye forevermore

I Wooden Say That

From our friends in the North-West comes an amusing story. It seems that Pete, a rhinoceros in the Washington Park Zoo in Portland was bored. Several of the zoo's employees decided to provide him with a toy...a nine foot section of a Douglas fir tree. Pete loved it and plays with it incessantly. The thing that puzzles us, is why they think this so unusual? After all, anyone who regularly attends Scottish Games witnesses men as large and muscular as rhinos, playing with logs larger than nine feet in length. One supposes that the Portlanders, who have very fine Scottish Games themselves, must ponder; "What tartan should a rhino sport? A MacRhino? A MacHorn???" And just who is going to put it on??? And, of course, "What does a rhino wear under his kilt?" With that, I think we had better...log off.

Grant Stuff For Sale

The long awaited shipment of "A History of Clan Grant" by Lord Strathspey has finally arrived from the U.K. Shipments have been made to those who have sent their orders and checks.

If you haven't received yours as yet, please let us know. We have sufficient books on hand to fill new orders. Please send your check for \$25. with \$2.00 postage. A street address if possible to Clan Grant Society, 301 Masters Rd., Hixson, TN 37343.

We have also filled all orders for glasses received, and have re-ordered. These are great gifts for Christmas, Weddings, Graduation, etc. They should be re-stocked with shipments available for Christmas or we would be glad to send a card with gift to follow. \$30.00 with \$2.00 UPS.

The shirts are always available as we get quick delivery from a local supplier. \$15.00 plus \$1.00 postage.

*Somehow, I lost a birth announcement from a young Grant lady who lives in the East. Please send it once more and I will get it into the March Issue.
My sincere apologies. ED.*

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

*It fell about the Lammas tide
when the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
into England, to drive a prey.*

*He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
with the Lindseys light and gay;
but the Jardines wald not with him ride
And they rue it to this day*

*And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne
And part of Brambrough shire
And three good towers on Reidwire fells
He left them all on fire*

*And he marched up to Newcastle
And rode it round about:
O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o' it?*

*But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie:
I am the lord of this castle
My wifes the lady gay.*

*If thou art the lord of this castle
Sae well it pleases me;
For ere I cross the Border fells
The tane of us shall dee.*

*He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there
He rode right furiouslie.*

*But O how pale his lady look'd
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.*

*Had we two been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad ha' had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' me.*

*But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight Ca' ye me.*

*The otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.*

*The deer runs wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me.*

*Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And if ye come not at three dayis end
A fause lord I'll ca' thee*

*Thither will I come, proud Percy said,
By the might of our Ladye!
There will I bide thee, Said the Douglas,
My troth I plight to thee.*

*They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their passions down.*

*And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy;
His ain servant he was.*

*But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn;
O waken thee, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand.*

*Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight my men and me.*

*But I have dream'd a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Skye;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.*

*He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot his helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.*

*When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swack'd their swords, til sair they swat,
And blood ran down like rain.*

*But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Til he fell to the ground.*

*Then he called on his little foot-page,
And said- Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sisters son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.*

*My nephew good, the Douglas said,
What reck's the death of ane!
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.*

*My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of three,
And hide me by the bracken bush,
That grows under yon lilye lee.*

*O' bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken,
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.*

*He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the bracken bush,
That his merry men might not see.*

*The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in Flanders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsman slew.*

*The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steeped there hose and shoon;
The Lindseys flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.*

*The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of the other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.*

*Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy, he said,
Or else I vow I'll Lay thee low!
To whom must I yield, quoth Earl Percy,
Now that I see it must be so?*

*Thou shalt not yield to to lord nor loun,
Nor shall you yield to me;
But yield thee to the bracken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee!*

*I will not yield to a bracken bush,
Nor will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he were here*

*As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.*

*This deed was done at Otterbourne
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken
bush,
And the Percy led captive away.*

CRYSTAL'S KITCHEN

By
Crystal Langstaff



Hi everyone

Here I am again with more of those delicious Scottish recipes. Scottish recipes may sound a little bland to folks that think everything has to be loaded with spices. I like spices too, as my Indian recipes prove, but they are not needed if you use the right combinations of fresh meats, fish and vegetables. Even salt may be held to a minimum or left out because the vegetables have their own. The first recipe I offer you this issue uses this premise.

Inky-Pinkey

This recipe is best when using left over roast beef or pot roast.

Boil six or more carrots and an onion or two in beef stock or bullion until just tender. Add the left over beef and simmer slowly until quite tender. Add to the broth, a little vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Thicken the broth with butter-browned flour and a little water. Serve with mashed or boiled potatoes.

Mutton Pies

1 pound lean mutton, cut in small pieces and seasoned with nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Gravy

1 pint bullion or strong beef broth

1 tbs. Olive oil

Bring broth and oil to a boil but do not reduce.

Sift 2 cups of flour into a bowl and add the hot broth a little at a time, mixing with a spoon until the dough is saturated but stiff. As soon as the dough is cool enough, knead with your hands until it is the proper texture. Set aside a third of the dough in a warm place under a wet towel then place the remainder on a floured board and roll out as for any pie. Form little cups from the dough. I use the bottom of my 1 cup measuring cup. Press the dough over it and trim to correct height with a table knife. Or you can use a muffin tin and line each cup with dough. Moisten the meat with a little gravy and fill each cup full. Roll out the remaining dough and cut into rounds that will cover the pies. Wet the edges of the rounds, place them on the pies wet side down and pinch closed. Brush each pie with milk or beaten egg and bake at 375° for 30-40 minutes until golden brown

As a bonus, here are two recipes from the "Clans Cook Book" compiled by Wendy Jones. Nearly all of the recipes in this book were contributed by the Clan chief's family and these two were by our own Chief, Lord Strathspey.

The Clan Grant Special

by Lord Strathspey

This is a cold, vegetarian soup, where all natural vitamins are preserved for your digestion.

Put a little water into a liquidiser (Blender) and follow with some sliced tomatoes, a peeled and sliced apple or two, a handful of lettuce leaves or cabbage if no lettuce is available. Chop a smallish onion and throw that in. You can put almost any vegetables you have to spare but avoid potatoes. Celery and carrots are quite nice in moderation. Pour in about an egg cup full of olive oil, followed by seasoning as for Chief's Tomato Soup. Then liquidise the lot. Decant into large glasses and put in the refrigerator to cool off. Best eaten with a large teaspoon or desert spoon.

Chief's Tomato Soup

By Lord Strathspey

Take and peel by scalding, unless you finally sieve the result, a sufficient quantity of tomatoes and drop them, after slicing, into a saucepan. Follow them with a cup or two of water into which a soup cube has been added or some stock instead, if you have it to spare.

Then look around to see what other surplus vegetables you have, say some boiled potatoes, cauliflower, lettuce, chopped celery or anything you care to taste which is at hand. Chopped onion is desirable for adding flavour.

Next, add whatever seasoning you like. Salt and pepper are, of course, obligatory. Try a little worchestershire sauce, cayenne or paprika. A teaspoon of sugar helps too. For Heaven's sake, use your imagination. Now, having inserted all the spare ingredients to hand that you fancy, boil it up, stirring with a wooden spoon occasionally until it is all well cooked and soft, adding more liquid if it is too stiff. Then—and this is the technical and testing part—you can if you like press the whole through a fine sieve or pulp it in a mechanical liquidiser in which event, you may have to reheat the soup. Or you can miss out on these two items and have it un-pulped. Decant into soup bowls or plates and eat or drink it preferably with a spoon. This is the time you learn of your mistakes but I have always enjoyed my mistakes. Very nourishing.

Well that's it for this issue. See you next month.

MATH MIANN

(Good Appetite)

Highland Humor

...Oh God, He took a tantrum
Many years gone by—
To outdo his all of his wondrous works,
He thought he'd have a try.

He toiled and He thundered,
He rumbled, he rolled
He made the Highlands of Scotland,
Then He threw away the mold.

Many of you have heard these stirring words to the famous Scottish Ballad, "I

have seen the Highlands," but most of you don't know of the conversation that preceded this event. To be honest, this author hadn't either until a recent Saturday at the Duke of Edinburgh, Cupertino, CA., where I was set straight by a computer chip salesman from Glasgow. I hope it is with his permission that I recount the following true story:

It seems that God and Jesus were conversing "Many a Year Gone By." God said, "My son, I'm going to create the most beau-



Grants make ready to participate in the March-By—Santa Rosa, 1990. Left to right, Barbara Retelle, A young Grant lady, Andrew Grant, Carol Suttie, Andrew Retelle, Connie Grant From Seattle(not our dancer), Allan Grant and Jule Grant.



Angus Grant, Fiddler supreme from Glenmoriston, Scotland and his hostess from the Alasdaire Frasier Fiddling School

tiful land the world has ever known. I'm going to place therein, the grandest mountains and cover them with the most glorious glens and lochs found anywhere. The rivers will be filled with an abundance of salmon and trout. The glens will produce the finest cattle. The area itself, will bring forth the water of life, uisgebaugh, which will be created no where else in the universe... And, to top it all off, I'll inhabit it with the most hearty, flamboyant, intelligent, inventive, cantankerous people the

world will ever know. I'm going to call the people 'Scots' and the land, 'Scotland'."

Jesus replied, "That all sounds great but I can't help feeling that there is a catch... the other shoe must fall.

God answered, "Wait 'til you see what I give them for neighbors."

Stolen from the "Coracle," the newsletter for the South Bay Donalds and edited by Bob and Becky Chessman 000.of clan Donald.

GENEALOGY CORNER

By Beryl Grant

I would like to ask once more, "If any of our clan members have in their possession, any Grant Family manuscripts and are willing to file a copy with me to share with our members, I will be most appreciative. Of particular need are records on Grants who settled in the Southern United States.

Records we have to share already include,;

Conn.001—Grant entries found in the Barbour Collection of Conn.Vital Records—extracted by Anne Long and published July, 1988. On receipt of a stamped, self addressed envelope, I will search. Please include first name and any date you may have.

Conn.002—The Grant Family, A genealogical History of the descendants of Mathew Grant of Windsor, Connecticut., 1601-1898 by Arthur Hastings Grant, 1898. One of our major reference books. It includes Genealogy of President U.S. Grant, eighth generation. Search of index for individual names on receipt of a stamped, self addressed envelope. Copies of individual pages, \$.50 per page.

Conn.003—Lieutenant Samuel Smith, His Children and One Line of Descendants and Related Families. Compiled by James William Hook, New Haven, Connecticut (Conn. State Library). 6PP. Descent from Mathew Grant of Windsor: other families, Hook and Smith. \$.50 per page. See also: Smith, Grant and Irons Families of New Jersey's Shore Counties, including the related families of Willets and Birdsall. Also written by James W. Hook, New Haven Conn. Same family; 33 pages. Copies of individual pages, \$.50 per page.

Conn.004—Gates and Allied Families, Volume II, Ferris Dawes-Gates Ancestral Lines.. Begins with Mathew Grant; ends with Mary Beman Gates, deceased 1921. Other names, Humphry, Shipman, Kirtland, Bushnel, Bartlett and Chapman. 11pp. Copies of individual pages, \$.50 per page.

Conn.005—History of Stonington and Genealogies, Wheeler. 3 pp + index. Mathew Grant; early his-

tory. Other names, Prentiss, billings, miner, Palmer, Breed, Baldwin etc. SASE and \$1.00

Conn.006—The Grants of Colebrook, from, "The Lure of the Litchfield Hills," 10 pp. History and narratives about the Deacon Elijah Grant, descendants of Mathew Grant of Windsor. Copies of individual pages, \$.50 per page.

Conn. 007—Jonathon Grant Family By Dorothy Kimbrel, Denver, Colorado, 1893. Gen. Soc. Jonathan Grant, B 16 July, 1755, Conn. Revolutionary War Soldier, Enlisted Pa. ; Died in Ohio, 27 July, 1883. Not believed related to Mathew Grant.

Copies of individual pages, \$.50 per page.

NJ001—Smith, Grant and Irons Families of New Jersey's Shore Counties including the Families of Willets and Birdsall. Compiled by James W. Hook, New Haven, Conn. Forward: to record what is known about Thomas Smith and his brother of Cape May Co., NJ and to carry carry record of Thomas and connecting families down four generations to an

intermarriage with the Hook Family in 1803. Also see Conn.0003 Lieutenant Samuel Smith and descendants. 35 pp. Copies of individual pages, \$.50 per page.

The Grant Family of Liberty Corners, NJ 27PP. By Myron Scott. First Generation: David Grant b.c. 1670, m Martha Allen; d, Somerset County, 1743. Refers to other Grants in NJ earlier and at the same time as David. Parts of the family removed to Washington County, PA. Search of index for individual names on receipt of a stamped, self addressed envelope. Copies of individual pages, \$.50 per page. I have a seven page, shorter version of this history also authored by Myron Scott, \$.50 per page.

VA.001—Grants in; Culpepper, Fauquier, King George, Orange, Princess Anne, Richard and Stafford Counties, VA. Starts with William Grant/Elizibeth Mott. Includes Several pages of lines of decent. \$.25 per page copying.

We have received from our clan member, Gertrude Schampel of St. Paul, Minn.,

the Memoirs of John Grant, 1840 to 1928. This family history was written by John Grant when he was past eighty. John Grant was the Great-Grandson of Alexander Brewer Grant, who served in the Artillery Train of the 84th Regiment of the British Army in Upper New York c. 1783-87.

Although John wrote this account while living in St Paul, Minn., The history starts with his Grandfather, Donald Grant, who immigrated from Inverness, Scotland in 1802 to Glengerry, Township of Williamstown, (Then known as Canada West) In Province of Ontario. This is a fascinating firsthand account of farm life in that era of Canadian History.

JEAN GRANT WALTER Atlanta, GA writes to share her family with us:

My line of Grant is traced to a Thomas Grant, b. 1682 Inverness and d. 1784 Hanover Co., VA. Thomas Grant married Isabella Richardson.

From Hanover Co., Va., my ancestors lived briefly in N.C. and then settled in Washington, Wilkes Co., Ga. in 1786.

There were no Presbyterians in Wilkes Co., Ga. but the Methodist Circuit Riders were (busy). Daniel Grant, a son of Thomas, and Thomas Grant II, a grandson, established Grant's Meeting House in Washington, Wilkes Co., Ga.

Grant's Meeting House is the First Methodist Church in Georgia - 1787. The site is marked by a large granite monument (now on private property.) There are plans, but no money for a historical marker on the road adjacent to the site.

At some time, probably after my ancestors left the Washington, Wilkes Co. area, the family returned to the Presbyterian Church.

We have one query from one of our members who is searching for the parents of Humphry Beaurigard Grant, born c. 1767 in Union County, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Married Elizibeth Bryant same area c. 1795; moved to Hall County Georgia and d. after 1830. If any members have any knowledge about this line, would they kindly contact: Beryl Grant, Clan Genealogist, Box 4D, Altamont, NY 12009.



Billy Riggs in a run for the money in the "Kilted Race" Grandfather Mountain, 1990

The March-By, Grandfather Mountain, 1990
In lead, Charlie MacDonald with banner, Howard Parsons with Sword and George Grant, followed by the rest of the Grants

Report From Our New Southern California Commissioner

First, let me say that I'm both honored and proud to be named Commissioner for the Southwest Region, actually I'm not so sure that it is an honor since it means a lot of hard work on my part, and I'm not so proud that it took a kick in the derriere to make me do what I'd always left others to do. Now I have to get to work.

When I was named Commissioner it was too late to report on the Southern California Games, everything was winding down in that department and so I have no report for you on those events, but that doesn't mean that Southern California died, far from it, the Scottish community still kicks butt. I'll fill

you in a little later. Gene Grant called me, asked me what was happening, was my daughter Stacy still bringing in the Gold as a dancer? He asked me what I was doing, what's happening with the Grants in my part of the world? I'll answer those questions now. Stacy no longer dances in competition (she has over 30 trophies and medals) but she now brings home the gold in another manner, she dances at Childrens Hospitals, Atzheimers Foundations, Retirement Centers, and of course she dances in some of the concerts that I produce. She is studying at Van Mar Academies to become an actress and indeed she has several credits

under her belt. Between times she whiles away her time as a pre-school teacher. What am I doing? I'm trying to find a thirty hour day. I work for a living and when time provides I am President of the North American Scottish Drum Majors Association, Secretary and Editor for the Southern California Highland Dancing Association, and from time to time producer of Scottish entertainment. As for what the Grants are doing. ENOTHING! This ÉwillÄ change! I said that I would fill you in on events in Southern California during the off season. There is a movement afoot to have an annual Scot-

tish - American weekend and I'm proud to say that I am involved. I've been producing Spring Concerts in the Scottish venue for a couple of years now and it would seem that the sponsors of the Scottish-American find that my concerts would be an ideal springboard. Let's keep our fingers crossed and hope that all Clans will benefit from such a weekend. (I don't know if this is intended as a National or Local event, we'll wait and see). The Los Angeles Police Department have voiced interest in sponsoring a Mini Games in September of 91 and have asked that I work with them. This would be an an-

nual event and it would be a good opportunity to get Clan Grant advertised. Now let's get back to Clan Grant. As I have said, nothing is happening. The reason for this is because I am still getting things in order. The Clan is a member of 'Clans of the Highlands' and we are in attendance. I have arranged that we will be represented at the Costa Mesa Games on Memorial weekend (average attendance 40,000 and sponsored by the United Scottish Society of which I am a member and past Editor). I have a few tartans and such (enough for a Clan Tent) but am still waiting for literature

(Gene Grant is mailing some). What I am lacking are ideas. This is a first for me and aside from gut instinct, I'm not sure of the proper direction. That's where you come in. I'll give you my phone number so that you can either shoot me down in cold blood or you can tell me where to get off. I need help! You have experience, you tell me. Area code 818, 703-0341, leave a message if I'm not home. Other than the above I can only say that I will,
Stand Fast.
Bryan Pratt

Military Man Built A Lasting Memorial

By G. A. Dixon,

Although it is Wade who had lodged in popular memory as the builder of the network of military roads in and near the 18th Century Highlands, most of them were in fact constructed during the 35 years, 1732-67, when William Caulfeild was Inspector of Roads in Scotland.

Since Grantown, Kingussie and Newtonmore are all built on Caulfeild roads, and would not be where they are were it not for the work for which he was responsible, his name at least should be known to those whose lives are still influenced by his achievement. He was a grandson of the first Viscount Charlemont and as a tribute to his then commanding officer, he named his eldest, born in 1732, Wade Toby Caulfeild.

In spite of being Inspector of Roads for so long and a major in military rank, he was almost inevitably called Governor Caulfeild in the North because of his appointment in 1747 as Deputy Governor of the fort at Inverness. His residence, Cradlehall near Raigmore, is said to have received

its name from the device used to raise his drunken guests to their beds after they had slipped under the table. Whether his friend Sir Ludovick Grant, no mean toper himself, was ever borne aloft in the Governor's cradle is not known.

It was an age of heavy drinking, however, and the hundreds of miles of Caulfeilds roads are rightly his main memorial. Most important of those for our purposes was the Blairgowrie-Braemar-Cargarff-(Old) Grantown-Fort George military road through the Eastern Highlands, begun in 1748 almost at the same moment as the Fort itself, but completed in 1757 several years before Fort George, one of the finest artillery fortifications in Europe, was fully ready for occupation.

Because the commemorative stones at either end of the section survive, it is well known that in 1754 five companies of the 33rd Regiment "made the road from here" - the Well of the Lecht - "to the Spey" and that the mason cutting the inscription beside the

Old Spey Bridge at Grantown seems to have heaved a sigh of relief as he made the biggest word "ENDED". What is not at all so well known is that it was not "The Right Honourabl(e) Lord Charles Hay" who built the bridge beside that stone. Hay just happened to be colonel of the regiment from which the soldiers came who built those 17 miles or so of road under Caulfeild's supervision. He had even less to do with the bridge, which was built by John Scott.

On leaving Spey Bridge, the military road skirted the Loch of Anagach and the hollow between the sites of the old fire station and the school, and cut diagonally northwards across the moor to what is now the main part of Castle Road East and so on, passing a quarter of a mile west of (Old) Grantown, via Cameroy, Anaboard, Bridge of Dava and Dulsie Bridge, to Fort George.

As with Wade's road of a quarter of a century earlier, this new Caulfeild road gave rapid stimulus

to the building beside it of what at once became the main inn in mid-Strathspey. Ballyward Inn cost Sir Ludovich Grant about £100, yet its builder, David Frew, the Adam brothers' master mason at Castle Grant, lamented in November, 1755 that through bad weather during its construction he was a considerable loser by the contract. It stood facing the new road across an open courtyard in the angle from which the 19th-century route via Huntly's Cave was to diverge from the Caulfeild road, and was to

retain its primacy for many years after New Grantown's foundation in 1765.

Caulfeild's and Wade's main Highland roads were linked by the carriage road constructed in the middle years of the century from the site of Grantown to the first Aviemore Inn, via Skye of Curr and the site of Boat of Garten. And in the closing years of Caulfeild's inspectorate, there came what would nowadays be termed the Ruthven bypass-the 8 1/2 miles or so via Invernahavon and the sites

of Newtonmore and Kingussie, a route chosen to permit the use by John Scott of the first outcrop of natural rock in the bed of the river above his Bridge of Spey, near Grantown.

Hardly, too, was the gravel down on the new bypass before John McLean's new inn at Pitmain was opened beside it. McLean, a key figure in Badenoch history, deserves an article to himself, but the point here is plain: first came the roads, then came the inns, then the towns and villages.



The ranks of the Grants swell when Evelyn Grant Simmons leads her kin to the games. Shown here are four generations of her progeny.