

YEAR BOOK

OF THE

AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY



VOLUME LV

Published 1971

GATHERING OF 1970



Daniel Lee Magruder
(See also page 83)

1971
YEAR BOOK
OF THE
American Clan Gregor Society

*Containing the Proceedings of the
1970 Annual Gathering*



AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY
Incorporated

Washington, D. C.

CLAN OFFICES

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CLAN LIBRARY

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Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr.	Piper
9306 Mintwood St., Silver Spring, Md. 20901	

FORMER CHIEFTAINS

Edward May Magruder, M.D., 1909-1925 (Deceased)
 Caleb Clarke Magruder, M.A., L.L.D., 1925-1927 (Deceased)
 James Mitchell Magruder, D.D. 1927-1930 (Deceased)
 Egbert Watson Magruder, Ph.D. 1930-1933 (Deceased)
 Herbert Thomas Magruder, 1933-1936, Staten Island, N.Y.
 William Marion Magruder, 1936-1941 (Deceased)
 Frank Cecil Magruder, 1941-1947 (Deceased)
 Douglas Neil Magruder, 1947-1950, Indianola, Miss.
 Commodore John Holmes Magruder, 1950-1952 (Deceased)
 Brig. General Marshall Magruder, 1952-1956 (Deceased)
 Rev. Daniel Randall Magruder, 1956-1958, Boston, Mass.
 Dr. Roger Gregory Magruder, 1958-1962, Charlottesville, Va.
 John Kennedy Magruder, 1962-1965, Princess Anne, Md.
 Wm. B. Hamilton Magruder, 1965-1966 (Deceased)
 Thomas Garland Magruder, Jr., 1966-1967, Alexandria, Va.
 John Murdoch MacGregor, 1967-1970, New York, N.Y.

TEN COUNCILMEN AT LARGE

Appointed 1968 – Expires 1971

John Clagett
Arthur S. Lecky
Douglas D. MacGregor
Mrs. John E. Loveless

Appointed 1969 – Expires 1972

Miss Virginia E. Tyler
John H. Williams
Edward M. Passano

Appointed 1970 – Expires 1973

Mrs. Harry W. Blunt
Miss Evalina Magruder
William E. McGregor

TRUSTEES

Expires 1971 – John K. Magruder, Chairman
Expires 1972 – Gordon M.F. Stick
Expires 1973 – John Murdoch MacGregor

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

John K. Magruder, Chairman
Dr. Roger G. Magruder
John Murdoch MacGregor

CHAIRMAN 1971 GATHERING

John P. McAdams
4200 Kings Mill Lane
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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Eunice B. Haden, Chairman
Mrs. Harry W. Blunt Mrs. Wm. C. Stokoe, Jr.

STATE DEPUTY CHIEFTAINS AND ASSISTANTS

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- 1580 Georgia: Mr. Wilfred J. Gregson, Assistant
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- 1283 Iowa: Mrs. Preston R. Farris
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- 1129 Indiana: Mrs. Norman Frederick Schafer
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2501 Hackworth Street, Ashland 41101
- 1095 Louisiana: Mr. Charles Q. Rodriguez
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- 1268 Maryland: Mrs. Richard Robbins Kane
1 Hillside Avenue, Baltimore 21204
- 215 Maryland Eastern Shore: Mrs. H.M. Richardson
Old Wye Rectory, Wye Mills 21679
- 1130 Massachusetts: Rev. Daniel Randall Magruder
195 Ashmont Street, Boston 02124
- 1377 Massachusetts: Mr. Robert Gregg Stone, Assistant
214 Lowder Street, Dedham 02026
- 1605 Mexico: Mr. Oscar Carpizo MacGregor
Rodriguez Saro 406, Mexico 12
- 588 Mississippi: Mr. Douglas Neil Magruder
Indianola 38751
- 1409-A Mississippi: Mrs. Hayward B. Drane, Assistant
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- 1511 New Hampshire: Mrs. Robert G. Luckey
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- 1514 New Jersey: Mr. John W. Clagett
14 Timber Acres Road, Short Hills 07078
- 1386 New Jersey: Mr. Rob Roy MacGregor, Assistant
293 Prospect Street, Ridgewood 07450

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Clan No.

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Miss Helen M. Gassaway
Miss Ellen S. Slaughter
Miss Virginia E. Tyler
Mrs. John M. Christian

Mr. and Mrs. John P. McAdams
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lecky
Mr. and Mrs. William E. McGregor
Mrs. John E. Loveless
Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. McGregor
Cdr. and Mrs. John G. Urquhart
Mrs. John R. Dwyer

Mrs Josephine K. L. Smith

PROGRAM OF THE 1970 ANNUAL GATHERING

The Sheraton Motor Inn, Fredericksburg, Virginia

Friday, October 16, 1970

9:00 A.M.—Registration—Lobby, Sheraton Motor Inn.

9:30 A.M.—Council Meeting, Sheraton Motor Inn.

12:00 P.M.—Lunch, Sheraton Motor Inn.

1:30 P.M.—Bus leaves for St. George's Church for Memorial Service and Tour.

6:00 P.M.—Dinner of your own choice.

8:30 P.M.—Ceilidh, Under Direction of Dr. and Mrs. William C. Stokoe, Jr.

Saturday, October 17, 1970

9:00 A.M.—Registration—Lobby, Sheraton Motor Inn.

9:30 A.M.—General Meeting, Sheraton Motor Inn.

12:00 P.M.—Lunch, Sheraton Motor Inn.

3:00 P.M.—American Clan Gregor Society Pipe Band Concert, Fredericksburg City Park, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

6:30 P.M.—Clan Reception, Sheraton Motor Inn.

7:30 P.M.—Annual Banquet, Sheraton Motor Inn.

Piping in of the Clan Society.

Piping in the Chieftain of the American Clan Gregor Society and Honored Guests.

Piping in Lt. Col. Sir Gregor MacGregor of MacGregor, Bart., Chief of Clan Gregor.

Toast to the President of the United States.

Singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner"

Toast to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second.

Singing of "God Save the Queen"

Grace by the Chaplain, Rev. Daniel R. Magruder.

Piping in of the Haggis.

Introduction of Honored Guest, Past Chieftains and others.

Remarks by the Chief.

"MacGregors Gathering" and other Scottish Songs, by Hugh Laughlin.

Music by the Pipe Band of the American Clan Gregor Society, Mr. Greg O'Brien, Pipe Major.

"Auld Lang Syne", by the Assemblage.

Entertainment for the Evening under the Direction of Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr.

HONORED GUESTS

Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr., President of the St. Andrews Society of Washington, D.C., and Mrs. Stokoe.

Mr. Nestor J. MacDonald, President of Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, and Mrs. MacDonald.

Mr. Robert A. Duncan, President of St. Andrews Society of Williamsburg, Virginia, and Mrs. Duncan.

Mr. James H. Monroe, Secretary of Clan Munro Society of America and Mrs. Monroe.

COUNCIL MEETING

October 16, 1970

The Council meeting was called to order by our Chieftain, Mr. John M. MacGregor, who asked Rev. Daniel R. Magruder to lead us in the Invocation. Following this, Mr. MacGregor presented our Chief, Sir Gregor, with certificates of membership for himself, Lady MacGregor and their two sons. He then turned the meeting over to the Chief, who expressed his pleasure at being able to attend the Gathering and his regret that this would be the last one for some time because of his imminent transfer. He then turned the meeting back to the Chieftain to conduct the business of the Council. The following members were present: Mr. Harry Blunt, Rev. Daniel R. Magruder, Mrs. Joseph C. Tichy, Jr., Mr. John Clagett, Mr. Arthur Lecky, Miss Virginia Tyler, Miss Helen Gassaway, Mr. Hiram McGehee, Mrs. Edith Blunt, Mrs. Sue Macgregor, Mr. R. James Macgregor, Mr. Frank MacGregor, Mrs. Marjorie Loveless, Miss Eunice Haden, Mr. Edward Passano, Mr. Gordon Stick, Mr. John Kennedy Magruder, Cdr. John Urquhart, Mr. John MacGregor, Sir Gregor, Mr. Douglas Neil Magruder, Dr. Roger G. Magruder, Mrs. Ruth Stokoe, and Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr.

It was moved and carried that the minutes be accepted as published in the Yearbook.

The Registrar reported 35 new members, including two members who were reinstated. Four junior members, who have been seated at the young peoples' table at the banquet in recent years also have become senior members this year. We now have 455 active members. Mrs. Blunt announced that, although her goal of reaching 500 members had not been reached, she was resigning as Registrar. The Chieftain thanked her on behalf of the Council for her excellent work.

The Treasurer, Cdr. Urquhart, reported that he had closed two accounts of the Society. The funds in the Life Membership Account were transferred to the Charity and Education Fund and the Endowment Fund funds were transferred to the Marshall Magruder Library Fund and the Savings Account of the General Fund. The current balance in the General Checking Account is \$545.94; in the Savings Account of the General Fund, \$2,768.51. The Charity and Education Fund shows a balance of \$3,365; the Marshall Magruder Library Fund, \$2,065.20. The motion was made and carried that the Treasurer's report be accepted.

Mr. McGehee, the Historian, reported 4 births, 3 marriages, and 8 deaths in the Society this year. We lost two former Chieftains this year, Mr. William Marion Magruder and Mr. William B. Hamilton Magruder. In addition, there were 7 deaths of relatives of Clan members. The Historian's report was accepted as read. The Chieftain asked that three former Chieftains prepare a Resolution on the deaths of our two former Chieftains to be read at the General Meeting.

The Editor, Miss Haden, stressed the importance of getting material for the Yearbook in on time or before the deadline of December 1. If we are unable to comply with her request she can no longer serve as editor. She also announced that the sketch of Edinchip in the 1970 Yearbook is on display until October 22 at the Arts Club of Washington.

Mrs. Sue Macgregor, Librarian, reported that several members used the Library this year and two visitors have since become members of the Society.

She gave a tea in May to acquaint the members with the Library and some who came brought books to contribute. We now have over 100 books. An appointment to use the books can be made by phone or letter. Mrs Macgregor expressed the great loss she felt at the passing of Mrs. Lloyd, who had been a most helpful member of her committee.

Mr. Blunt reported that we have finally obtained tax exempt status from the Internal Revenue Dept. He also reminded members that contributions to the Charity and Educational Fund and the Edward May Magruder Scholarship Fund are tax deductible. He then proposed the following change in the By-Laws:

Add to Rule VII, Section III; Subsection C. *Distribution on Dissolution*. In the event of dissolution of this Fund; the assets shall be distributed for charitable and educational purposes within the meaning of section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

The motion was seconded and carried.

Mr. Gordon Stick asked that recognition be given to the excellent work done by Mr. Blunt to secure the tax exempt status for the Clan.

Miss Eunice Haden read the following Resolution on the death of Mrs. Lloyd:

WHEREAS the American Clan Gregor Society for many years enjoyed the enthusiastic and faithful devotion of its Honorary member, Mrs. William H. (Edith Butler) Lloyd and WHEREAS the Society benefitted by many important services willingly rendered by Mrs. Lloyd, and WHEREAS the Society has received with sorrow the news of the death of Mrs. Lloyd during the Summer of 1970, now therefore, BE IT RESOLVED that the Council record its sense of loss in the passing of this valued member by entering this Resolution in its minutes, and BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a copy of this Resolution be transmitted by the Secretary to the daughters of Mrs. Lloyd.

Mrs. Blunt expressed her thanks for the many contributions to the Edward May Magruder Scholarship Fund in her mother's memory.

Dr. R. Gregory Magruder, speaking for the Trustees of the Society, recommended that after the arrangements with the Internal Revenue are completed that the Funds of the Society be invested in Mutual Funds. A motion was made to give the Trustees the authority to select securities and invest the Funds when they thought the time appropriate. This was seconded and carried.

The following amendment to the By-Laws was proposed: Section III: *Associate Members*. Add, Or a legally adopted child of a lineal member. The motion was seconded and after discussion was carried.

Dr. R. Gregory Magruder, reporting on the Edward May Magruder Scholarship Fund, announced that a \$500.00 scholarship had been awarded to Mr. M. O. Fidler, a first year medical student, for 1970-71. He reminded members that any member of the Society, or a son or daughter thereof, entering the Medical School of the University of Virginia, may apply to our Chieftain for this scholarship.

The attached Resolution was read and accepted by standing acclaim.

Sir Gregor then proposed that the Society extend Honorary Life Memberships to Mr. and Mrs. Nestor MacDonald to express the Society's affection and

esteem and our gratitude for their kindness to all our members attending the Grandfather Mountain games. The motion was seconded and carried.

Mr. Blunt announced that there would be two charter members attending the banquet. One is already a Life Member. He moved that Miss Allaville Magruder be made a Life Member. The motion was carried with enthusiasm.

A motion was made that Sir Gregor look into the possibility of placing a plaque to mark Rob Roy's home in Scotland and express the wish of the Society to contribute to the cost if it proves feasible.

The following slate was presented by the Nominating Committee:

R. James Macgregor	Chieftain
Frank R. McGregor	Ranking Deputy Chieftain
Mrs. William C. Stokoe, Jr.	Scribe
Mrs. Joseph C. Tichy, Jr.	Registrar
Hiram T. McGehee	Historian
John G. Urquhart	Treasurer
Rev. Daniel R. Magruder	Chaplain
Dr. Nathaniel M. Ewell, Jr.	Surgeon
Hon. E. Barrett Prettyman	Chancellor Emeritus
Arthur Peter, Jr.	Chancellor
Mrs. R. James Macgregor	Librarian
Miss Eunice B. Haden	Editor

Trustees

John Kennedy Magruder 1968-1971
Gordon M.F. Stick 1969-1972
John M. MacGregor 1970-1973

Nominating Committee

John K. Magruder
Dr. Roger Magruder
John M. MacGregor

The slate was accepted as presented.

There being no further business the meeting was adjourned at 11:35 A.M.

Respectfully submitted,

Margaret B. Tichy, Scribe

RESOLUTION

October 16, 1970

In recognition and acknowledgement of our respect and affection for them and wishing to tell them of it while they are present with us, and further to record their great contribution to the welfare of our Society in the form of gracious company, friendly and intimate relationships with every member having

the opportunity to know them, a sense of spiritual uplift, enthusiasm and loyalty concerning the things for which we stand and above all, to say thank you for their generous friendship,

BE IT RESOLVED that the members attending this 1970 Clan Gathering hereby express, individually and collectively our sincere appreciation and gratitude for the invaluable service rendered our Society by our Hereditary Chief Col. Sir Gregor MacGregor of MacGregor, Baronet and Lady MacGregor of MacGregor during the two years they have sojourned in the United States and that they know of our affectionate and confident hope that we may see them often and that their years may be many, happy and fruitful.

Harry W. Blunt

NOTICE

Any member who does not have one of the Clan Membership Certificates may write to the Registrar and request one.

NOTICE

Any material sponsored by our Clan Society would be on the Clan stationery. Anything which you may receive which is not on the Clan stationery is not sponsored by the American Clan Gregor Society.

GENERAL MEETING

October 17, 1970

Our Chief, Sir Gregor, called the meeting to order. After bidding the members farewell and issuing an invitation to visit him when in Scotland, Sir Gregor called upon Rev. Daniel Magruder to lead us in the Invocation. He then turned the meeting over to the Chieftain, Mr. John M. MacGregor.

The Chieftain read a letter from The Hon. Gylla, Lady MacGregor expressing her regret at being unable to attend the Gathering.

The minutes of the Council Meeting were read. Mr. MacGregor called for a standing vote of approval for the Resolutions contained in the minutes. The minutes were then approved as read.

The Chieftain read a cable he had sent to Lady Gylla on behalf of the members at the Gathering expressing our affection and regret that she was not able to be present. Miss Allaville Magruder not being present, he presented her Life Membership Certificate to her sister. Mr. MacGregor reiterated the deadline date for the Yearbook and stressed the importance of getting all material in on time. He also reminded the members of the St. Andrew's Society Scholarship which is available for graduate study in Scotland.

The attached Resolutions on the deaths of two past Chieftains were read by Dr. R. Gregory Magruder and approved by a standing vote.

Mr. Hiram McGehee, Historian, asked the help of the members of the Society in finding the names and addresses of relatives of two of our deceased Members: Mr. William Marion Magruder, and Mrs. Hetabel Haley Pearce of Danville, Kentucky.

Mrs. Blunt, the Registrar, introduced new members attending the Gathering: Mrs. Paul and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Perry; and Associate Members Mrs. Edward Gregor, Mrs. John MacAdams, Mrs. Wm. C. Stokoe, Jr., and Mrs. Francis Thoms. She also introduced Mr. and Mrs. Kent MacGregor and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell who were attending for the first time.

Mr. Gordon Stick made a motion acclaiming the thanks and gratitude of the Clan for the leadership and inspiration of Mr. John M. MacGregor during his term as Chieftain. The motion was passed by a standing vote.

Mr. Douglas Neil Magruder inquired about the Membership Certificates which have only been available to members in recent years. After discussion, it was decided that any old members who did not have one would be issued one upon request and that a notice to that effect would be put in the Yearbook.

Mr. Gordon Stick moved that the Society give a rising vote of thanks and appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Blunt for their dedication, and the time and love that they have given to the Society. He also expressed the thanks of the Clan to Mrs. Frank MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lecky, and Mr. and Mrs. R. James Macgregor for all of their work to make the Gathering such a success.

After the Chieftain turned the gavel over to the newly elected Chieftain, R. James Macgregor, the new Chieftain also expressed his appreciation to the Blunts for their selfless love and devotion to the Society over the past twelve years, and announced that as his first appointments he was appointing Harry Blunt to serve again as Assistant Chieftain and appointing Edith Blunt to the Council. The theme for the Gathering in 1971 will be the 300th anniversary of

the birth of Rob Roy. However, the meeting place has not been determined and is open for suggestions.

There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

Margaret B. Tichy, Scribe

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, William Marion Magruder departed this life on March 26, 1970, and

WHEREAS, he was long a faithful and devoted member of the American Clan Gregor Society, having served as its Chieftain from 1936 to 1941, and

WHEREAS the members of this Society sorely miss the warm fellowship, the inspiration and leadership which he rendered so unselfishly for many years,

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the members of the American Clan Gregor Society assembled at its sixty-first annual Gathering, do hereby express their great appreciation for his services, and their deepest sympathy to the members of his family in their great loss, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Gathering, and a copy be sent to his family.

Adopted this 17th day of October in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Daniel Randall Magruder

Douglas Neil Magruder

John Kennedy Magruder

Roger Gregory Magruder

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, William B. Hamilton Magruder departed this life on July 28, 1970, and

WHEREAS, he was long a faithful and devoted member of the American Clan Gregor Society, having served as its Chieftain from 1965 to 1966, and

WHEREAS the members of this Society sorely miss the warm fellowship, the inspiration and the leadership, which he rendered so unselfishly for many years,

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the members of the American Clan Gregor Society assembled at its sixty-first annual Gathering, do hereby express their great appreciation for his services, and their deepest sympathy to the members of his family in their great loss, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Gathering, and a copy be sent to his family.

Adopted this 17th day of October in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Daniel Randall Magruder

Douglas Neil Magruder

John Kennedy Magruder

Roger Gregory Magruder

AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY, INC.

General Checking Account

Deposited in The First National Bank of Sandy Spring, Maryland

Balance as of October 1, 1969	\$ 1079.89
Corrected report	<u>28.94</u>
Correct Balance as of October 1, 1969	\$ 1108.83
Income 1969 Gathering	4351.48
18 dues for 1969 @ \$5.00	90.00
392 dues for 1970 @ \$5.00	1960.00
2 dues for 1971 @ \$5.00	10.00
4 Initiation fees @ \$10.00	40.00
19 Initiation fees @ \$20.00	380.00
2 Life membership fees @ \$100.00	200.00
Donation to E.M. Magruder Scholarship	60.00
Donation to Pipe Band	100.00
Sale of Year Books	202.20
Refund Grandfather Mountain Highland Games	51.00
Income from Savings Account	133.03
Income from Charity and Education account	<u>100.58</u>
Total as of October 1, 1970	\$8787.12

EXPENSES

Webco sign cabinet	33.83
Stationery	68.02
Typing and photostat	49.00
Arnold Pope	50.00
Year Book	1844.24
Refund to Denton A. Magruder	25.00
Addressograph	25.00
Printing	111.21
Edward M. Magruder Medical Scholarship fund	210.58
1969 Gathering	4816.64
Postage	204.15
Grandfather Mountain Highland Games	695.01
American and British Flags	<u>108.50</u>
Total Expenses	\$8241.18

Total Income	\$8787.12
Total Expenses	<u>\$8241.18</u>
	545.94

Balance as of October 1, 1970 \$ 545.94

John G. Urquhart, Treasurer

AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY, INC.

Savings Account of The General Fund

Deposited in the Savings Institution of Sandy Spring, Maryland

Balance as of October 1, 1969	\$ 0.00
Transferred from Life Membership Fund	1200.59
Transferred from Endowment Fund	<u>1567.92</u>
Total	\$2768.51
Interest	<u>133.03</u>
	2901.54
Transferred to General checking account	<u>133.03</u>
Balance as of October 1, 1970	\$2768.51

John G. Urquhart, Treasurer

Endowment Fund

Balance as of October 1, 1969	\$5796.87
Transferred to Charity and Education Fund	<u>2889.44</u>
Balance	2907.43
Transferred to Marshall Magruder Library Fund	<u>1339.51</u>
Balance	1567.92
Transferred to Savings Account of General Fund	<u>1567.92</u>
Balance as of October 1, 1970	\$ 0.00

John G. Urquhart, Treasurer

Charity and Education Fund

On deposit in the Saving Institution of Sandy Spring, Maryland

Balance as of October 1, 1969	\$ 110.56
Transferred from Endowment Fund	<u>2889.44</u>
Total	3000.00
Interest	<u>100.58</u>
Total	3100.58
Paid to Dr. Edward M. Magruder Scholarship Fund	<u>100.58</u>
Balance	3000.00
Deposited September 30, 1970 in Memory of Mrs. W.H. Lloyd	<u>365.00</u>
Balance as of October 1, 1970	\$3365.00

John G. Urquhart, Treasurer

AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY, INC.

Marshall Magruder Library Fund

On deposit in the Saving Institution of Sandy Spring, Maryland

Balance as of October 1, 1969	\$ 660.49
Transferred from Endowment Fund	1339.51
Interest	<u>65.20</u>
Balance as of October 1, 1970	\$2065.20

John G. Urquhart, Treasurer

Life Membership Fund

Balance as of October 1, 1969	\$1200.59
Transferred to Charity and Education Fund	<u>1200.59</u>
Balance as of October 1, 1970	\$ 0.00

John G. Urquhart, Treasurer

Dr. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER
MEDICAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

At the University of Virginia
September 30, 1970

Principle Account — University Code 6642

Balance: October 1, 1969	\$3,120.00
Additions during the year:	
Gifts to the Fund	<u>595.00</u>
Balance: September 30, 1970	<u>\$3,715.00</u>
Approximate Market Value	<u>\$5,423.17</u>

Income Account — University Code 5396

Balance: October 1, 1969	\$ 75.62
Additions: Income earned	<u>253.62</u>
Balance: September 30, 1970	\$ 329.24

A Scholarship Award of \$500.00* has been made to Mr. M.O. Fidler, a first year medical student for the 1970-71 Session.

*In anticipation of further income from the Fund during the 1970-71 scholastic year.

Note: Any member of the American Clan Gregor Society, or a son or daughter member, entering the Medical School, may apply for this scholarship award. If such is done, the student should notify the Chieftain of the Society, as soon as possible.

R. Gregory Magruder, M.D., Chairman

REPORT OF THE REGISTRAR

Edith Lloyd Blunt

Reinstated: 2
New Members: 35

(Included are 2 Honorary Life Members voted by the Council on October 16, 1970; and 4 members taken in at age of 18 years: Susan Tichy, James Stokoe, Susanne Shoemaker, and Karen Macgregor.)

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS

- 883 — Magruder, John Holmes III, 1814 24th. St. N.W., Washington, D.C. reinstated.
- 935 — Dean, Paul Lynn, Jr. grandson of Mrs. Henry L. Phelps, Clan No. 859. He was registered as a child.
- 1196 — Magruder, Eugene Ross, 2801 New Mexico Ave., Washington, D.C.: reinstated.
- 1564 — Grier, Robert C., Jr., 108 West Seven Oaks Drive, Greenville, South Carolina: he the son of Robert Calvin Grier and Gladys Victoria Patrick; he the son of Paul Grier and Effie Presley; he the son of Robert Calvin Grier I and Barbara Moffatt; he the son of Isaac Grier and Isabelle Harris; he the son of Robert Grier and Margaret Livingston; he the son of Robert Grier and Elizabeth: This Robert born in Ireland from where the MacGregor Griers all came to this country.
- 1570 — Maxwell, James Robert, 1456 Battery Ave., Baltimore, Md.: he the son of Robert Maxwell and Elizabeth Slaymaker; he the son of Robert Maxwell and Janet MacGregor born in Scotland; she the daughter of Alexander MacGregor of Glasgow.
- 1571 — Maraman, Ailene H., 2505 Gardner Lane, Louisville, Kentucky: she the daughter of Horace Maraman and Bess Henderson; she the daughter of Phillip Henderson and Betty Lutes, Clan No. 652.
- 1572 — Lipscomb, James W., 824 Shannon Dr., Fayetteville, North Carolina: he the son of Loyd Wilks Lipscomb and Mildred Spearman; she the daughter of William H. Spearman, Sr., and Agatha Lipscomb; she the daughter of Edward Lipscomb and Melissa Littlejohn; he the son of William Lipscomb and Mary Wood; he the son of John Lipscomb, Sr., and Sarah Smith; he the son of William Lipscomb, Sr., and Elizabeth Smith; he the son of Thomas Lipscomb and Sarah MackGehee; she the daughter of Thomas MackGehee born James MacGregor in Scotland.

- 1573 – Greer, Grover Cleveland, 900 Mountain Road, Joppa, Maryland: he the father of Myrtle Greer Johnson, Clan No. 1328.
- 1574 – Ankeney, Ruth Harrison (Mrs. Carl Warner Ankeney), 343 Aberdeen Ave., Dayton, Ohio: she the sister of Mrs. Courtenay Livingstone, Clan No. 1496.
- 1575A – Ankeney, Carl Warner, 343 Aberdeen Ave., Dayton, Ohio: he the husband of Ruth Harrison Ankeney, Clan No. 1574.
- 1576 – Van Wart, Mary Elizabeth, (Mrs. Franklin D. Van Wart), 332 Phillips St., Yellow Springs, Ohio: she the daughter of Denton A. Magruder, Clan No. 617.
- 1577 – Tichy, Susan C., 1109 Crowfoot Lane, Paint Branch Farm, Silver Spring, Maryland: she the daughter of Mrs. Joseph C. Tichy, Clan No. 702.
- 1578A – McGregor, Mary Louise (Mrs. William E. McGregor), 1729 Queens Road, Charlotte, North Carolina: she the wife of William E. McGregor, Clan No. 1532.
- 1579A – Magruder, Helen Canada, (Mrs. Eugene Ross Magruder), 2801 New Mexico Ave., Washington, D.C.: she the wife of Eugene Ross Magruder, Clan No. 1196.
- 1580 – Gregson, Wilfred J., 622 Carnegie Bldg., Atlanta, Georgia: he the son of John George Gregson and Annie Nichols; he the son of John George Gregson and Mary MacDonald both born in Scotland.
- 1581 – Magruder, Daniel, Escalante Apts. Gunnison, Colorado: he the nephew of Clayton Lee Magruder, Clan No. 1452.
- 1582 – Perry, Guy R., 816 Easley St., Silver Spring, Maryland: he the son of Edgar Reed Perry and Bertha Louise Ball; he the son of Thomas Elbert Perry and Marion Alberta Heeter; he the son of Erasmus Perry and Elizabeth Fisher; he the son of Elbert Perry and Rebecca Magruder; he the son of Erasmus Perry and Elizabeth Harding; he the son of Benjamin Perry and Elizabeth Magruder; she the daughter of Ninian Magruder and Elizabeth Brewer; he the son of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall; he the son of Alexander Magruder the immigrant.
- 1583 – Thoms, Frances P. (Mrs. Walter R. Thoms), 203 Wynnewood Drive, Absecon, New Jersey: she the daughter of Francis Jennings Paul and Evelyn Lewis; she the daughter of Thomas B. Lewis and Susan Evelyn Magruder; she the daughter of Lewis Magruder and Susan Emma Wilson; he the son of Fielder Magruder and Matilda Magruder (second Cousin). He proved to be descendant of Alexander Magruder the immigrant.
- 1584A – Stokoe, Ruth A. (Mrs. William C. Stokoe, Jr.), 9306 Mintwood St., Silver Spring, Maryland: she the wife of Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr., Clan No. 1305.

- 1585A – McAdams, Margaret Tryon (Mrs. John P. McAdams), 4200 Kings Mill Lane, Annandale, Virginia: she the wife of John P. McAdams, Clan No. 1498.
- 1586 – Parker, Cary Millholland, (Mrs. Newton Parker), 4840 Reservoir Rd. N.W., Washington, D.C.: she the daughter of James A. Millholland and Harriet Woodward Blunt; she the daughter of William Williams Blunt and Elizabeth Magruder Dorsey; she the daughter of Harry Woodward Dorsey and Sarah Ann Waters; he the son of Harry Woodward Dorsey and Rachel Magruder (widow Cooke); she the daughter of Col. Zadok Magruder and Rachel Pottinger; he the son of John Magruder and Susanah Smith; he the grandson of Alexander Magruder the immigrant.
- 1587 – Shaulis, Doris May, (Mrs. Mitchell Shaulis), 921 Hillcrest Dr. W., Vienna, Virginia: she the daughter of James Petrie and Dorothy Osborne Warvin of Edinburgh, Scotland, whose line connects with the members of Clan MacGregor.
- 1588 – Zeiser, Bonnie Magruder, (Mrs. David Zeiser), 20110 Lorain Rd., Fairview Park, Ohio: she the daughter of Benjamin Franklin Magruder and Mildred Duerson Morrison; he the son of Lilburn Magruder and Sarah Bowen; Benjamin Franklin Magruder had a brother Lilburn Magruder, Clan No. 382.
- 1589 – Austin, Merry A. (Mrs. Frank C. Austin), No. 1 St. Andrews Crossover, Severna Park, Maryland: she the daughter of Joseph Andrews III and Mary Morrison Magruder; she the daughter of Benjamin Franklin Magruder and Mildred D. Morrison; Benjamin Franklin Magruder's brother Lilburn was Clan member No. 382.
- 1590 – Davis, Hulon McGregor, 338 Hempstead Place, Charlotte, N.C.: she the daughter of Albon V. McGregor and Josephine Aurelia Nichols; he the son of Stokely McGregor and Dolly Elizabeth McDaniel; he the son of John McGregor, Jr. and Polly Lansdown; he the son of John McGregor and Sarah, in Va. c 1775.
- 1591 – Shoemaker, Suzanne Withers, Hunter Station, Vienna, Va.: she the daughter of Mrs. Francis Dodge Shoemaker, Clan No. 1506.
- 1592 – Macgregor, Karen Sue, 6908 Armat Drive, Bethesda, Maryland: she the daughter of R. James Macgregor, Clan No. 1462.
- 1593A – Perry, Mae Bonner, 816 Easley St., Silver Spring, Md.: she the wife of Guy Perry, Clan No. 1582
- 1594A – Gregor, Marilyn Ann Wagner (Mrs. Edward K. Gregor), 287 Seville Dr., Rochester, N.Y.: she the wife of Edward K. Gregor, Clan No. 933.
- 1595HLM – MacDonald, Nestor J.: voted Honorary Life Member by the Council and General Meeting.

- 1596HLM — MacDonald, Helen (Mrs. Nestor J. MacDonald).
- 1597 — Morris, George Alan, Jr., 209 Wheeler Ave., Sheffield, Alabama: he the son of George Alan Morris and Karen McGehee; she the daughter of Abner Judson McGehee and Louisa Jane Dodds; he the son of Abner Clopton McGehee and Susan Ann Chandler; he the son of John William McGehee and Mary Hestor Walton, he the son of John McGehee; he the son of Edward MackGehee; he the son of Thomas MackGehee born James MacGregor of Scotland.
- 1600–1612 (See: 1970 Yearbook, p. 21)
- 1613 — Stokoe, James Stafford, 9306 Mintwood St., Silver Spring, Maryland: he the son of William Clarence Stokoe, Jr., Clan No. 1385.
- 1614 — Brown, Louise C. (Mrs. Thomas L. Brown), 710 Warumscio Drive, Woodbridge, Virginia: she the daughter of Samuel Wilmont Cox, Sr., and Rosa Pearl Jennings; he the son of Jefferson Davis Cox, Sr., and Alice Ermina King; she the daughter of John Sharp King and Dorothy Ann Morrell; he the son of James Harvey King and Jane Gregg; she the daughter of James Gregg, Jr., and Rachel McClellan; he the son of James Gregg, Sr., born in Ayrshire, Scotland, a MacGregor.
- 1615 — Wenzel, Emily L. (Mrs. Louis L. Wenzel), 5435 Taylor St., Bladensburg, Maryland: she the daughter of Robert Wilmer Baker and Laura Virginia Robertson; she the daughter of Adam Charles Harding Robertson and Mary Francis Mobley; he the son of Nelson Reed Robertson and Ann Sophie Clark Veirs; she the daughter of William Clark W. Veirs and Elizabeth Ann Belmear; she the daughter of Lewis Belmear and Elizabeth Magruder; she the daughter of Col. Zadock Magruder and Rachel Pottinger; he a great-grandson of Alexander, the immigrant.
- 1616 — Macgregor, C. Russell; "Snowhill", Mendham, New York: he the son of Charles S. Macgregor and Ethel Purnell; he the son of Charles R. Macgregor and Hester Gregory; he the son of James Macgregor and Jane Brown; he a grandson of John Macgregor born in Perthshire, Scotland.
- 1617 — Magruder, Jeb Stuart, 4814 Sumner Drive, Washington, D.C.: he the son of Donald Dilworth Magruder, Clan No. 475.

REPORT ON THE MARSHALL MAGRUDER LIBRARY

Sue S. Macgregor, Librarian

During the past year, several members of the Society have used the Library, and as a result of using the Library, two visitors have become members of the Society. Fifty members attended a tea held by the Librarian on Sunday, May 17, 1970, and a number of them generously brought book donations.

Although the Library is still small, it contains a number of very fine books. It is hoped that additional donations by our members will soon double the number, now a little over a hundred.

The Library will deeply miss the services of our beloved committee member the late Edith B. Lloyd. Prior to her death, she had with the assistance of Louisa McGregor indexed all of the Year Books through the year 1960.

The Library is open by appointment. Telephone or write the Librarian.

LIST OF DONATED BOOKS

Donor:

Harry W. Blunt	<i>The Jacobite General</i> , by Katherine Tomasson (Edinburgh, 1958) <i>Glencoe, The Story of the Massacre</i> , by John Prebble <i>Edinburgh</i> , by Robert L. Stevenson (N.Y., 1914)
Edith B. Lloyd	<i>Mary, Queen of Scots</i> , by Antonia Fraser (N.Y., 1970) <i>Robert Burns: The Man and the Poet</i> , by Robert T. Fitzhugh (Boston, 1970)
John M. MacGregor	<i>200th Anniversary of St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York</i> (New York, 1956) <i>Highland Settler, a portrait of the Scottish Gael in Nova Scotia</i> , by Charles W. Dunn (Canada, 1953)
Thomas G. Magruder	<i>Gazeteer of the British Isles. (Ninth Edition)</i> , by Bartholomew (Edinburgh, 1966)
William G. Parke, II	<i>The Ancestry of Rev. Nathan Grier Parke and his wife, Ann Elizabeth Gildersleeve</i> , compiled by N. Grier Parke, II (Vermont, 1959)
Dr. Maxcy R. Dickson	<i>Scottish-Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America</i> , by Charles Knowles Bolton (Baltimore, 1967)
Lewis R. Macgregor	<i>British Imperialism, Memories and Reflections. An Autobiography</i> , by Lewis R. Macgregor (N.Y., 1968) 1968)
From an Anonymous Friend	<i>More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands</i> , by Queen Victoria (London, 1884)
The Misses Poole	<i>Colonel Joseph Belt</i> , by Caleb Clark Magruder, Jr. (Annapolis, 1909)

REMARKS BY THE CHIEFTAIN
AT THE BANQUET OF THE CLAN GATHERING

October 17, 1970
Col. John M. MacGregor

"In returning to Virginia for our 61st Annual Gathering we come back to our birthplace. Once again we foregather in this historic, charming and hospitable Fredericksburg. We have been received graciously. Let me, in your behalf, express our appreciation for such a warm welcome, not only to the citizens of the municipality, but to the management and members of the staff of this friendly hostelry, each of whom has sought to make us comfortable and at home. We recognize that 'welcome's the best dish in the kitchen.' Barbara Thomaston is our guest this evening. She and her associates have been perfect hosts. We ask her to take a bow, as we tip our tam to her and them.

"Sir Walter Scott has Rob Roy challenge a stranger, 'Stand! And tell me what ye seek in MacGregor's country.' There have been no strangers at this Gathering. Kindness, the world's greatest unused asset, has been used to render our deliberations harmonious and productive.

"Remember the name you bear. We have many things to live down—some of these we have already laid to rest, but also we have many worthy things to emulate. To do so will bring us the respect of others and a sense of well-being within our own hearts. This can be very comforting as we continue to travel our individual ways.

"Edith and Harry Blunt have for years spent hourless days in our behalf and to our great benefit. Each has expanded his and her usefulness to our Clan: each has passed by no opportunity to serve effectively. We express our thanks for their having enhanced the prestige of our society. We hope they have enjoyed thus serving. We know they have earned the respect and affection of great numbers of our membership. Our Clan is the better for the companionship, loyalty and generous support of Edith's mother, Mrs. William H. Lloyd, who was an honorary member for a number of years. We shall hold dear our affectionate and grateful memory of her. To see Harry and Edith surrounded by the loyal members of their personal Clan gives each of us an object lesson in family unity and decorum. For each of them we say, 'Lang May Your Lum Reek.'" (The entire assemblage rose to its feet in spontaneous and prolonged wholehearted applause.)

The Chieftain then turned to Mr. Nestor J. MacDonald and said:

"No one knows when highland men first gathered to wrestle, lay down a 'twelve-o'clock' with the caber, toss the sheaf, dance their native steps and otherwise cavort at highland games. King Malcolm Canmore is said to have organized the first games at Braemar in the eleventh century. He had a serious purpose for he was dissatisfied with the speed of his messengers and wanted his young men trained to run faster. Even today, games held all over Scotland and the world are not merely staged for the benefit of the tourist hordes.

"Vast numbers, including many of our members, attend the games held annually at Grandfather Mountain in Linville, North Carolina. That long week-end gathering has a number of really worthwhile objectives. To illustrate, it embraces a wonderfully comforting outdoor church service conducted by the Chaplain on the Sunday morning. Always the pervading climate is one of com-

radeship and friendship, spiced with competition. Presiding over the band of loyal officers and committeemen in the planning and guiding of the program as it unfolds are Helen and Mac MacDonald. He has the title of President of the games, but I have noticed often that he occasionally glances sidewise for his signals.

"At the games this year, Mr. MacDonald made our Chief and Lady MacGregor the guests of honor. I need not tell you how successfully and graciously they played their parts, but I do want to tell Mr. MacDonald how very much our Clan appreciates the reflected honor, thus paid our members. Then, too, I am anxious that each member who attended the games, especially those who served so faithfully on important committees, knows how very much their efforts are appreciated. It was a great occasion and our modest role was great fun. I commend to your serious consideration the wisdom of attending these games on the second weekend of July each year. The MacGregor tent would be your headquarters on the field of activity.

"Now that I have spoken of other matters, all important I claim, I do come to the presentation of the MacDonalds. Helen is a painter of real distinction, the mother of a choice family, and a hostess par-excellence among other fine qualities. Mac is President of his own very successful business in New Jersey, the immediate past President of the St. Andrew's Society of New York, involved in many activities useful to others, and a companion and friend to be cherished by each of us.

"As far as our Clan is concerned the Chief's tour of duty in the U.S. as British Liaison Officer at the Infantry Center in Ft. Benning, Georgia, was arranged by providence. We must admit that, with his willing cooperation, we took advantage of the opportunity. The Scot is somewhat like the Mormon. He prays, but while he does so he keeps his feet moving forward. To have had Sir Gregor and Lady MacGregor at two Gatherings in succession has been our rare good fortune. We have had an excellent chance of knowing them and have taken them unto our family bosom. What was it John Finley said of the Scot? 'Touch his head, and he will bargain with you to the last; touch his heart and he falls upon your breast.' They have touched our hearts. We recognize the Clan which they lead, as a family not only by the accident of birth, but by deliberate choice.

"He is by profession a soldier, a senior officer of the famous Scots Guards. Hugh Black, the noted divine of Union Theological, once remarked, 'The hills, the devil and the MacGregors came into the world at the same time.' The Scots Guards have battle honors from Waterloo, along with Napoleon's remark, 'I would have won at Waterloo if the English had left their damned women at home.' Likewise, in the Crimean War the Russian Czar is quoted as having said, 'The English were bad enough, but their wives were very devils.' The Scots Guards were there also.

"Sir Gregor has made his mark in army circles and served in many overseas circles. There is a very complete biographical sketch in our 1970 year book. Because of this wide travel experience he has become an international good will ambassador. For this and for his warm personal interest in the United States and our Society we take keen delight in making welcome our Chief."

(The Chief responded with a gracious, interesting and affectionate speech which is to be reported elsewhere in full. Then after a program of entertainment led by Dr. Stokoe, the Chieftain resumed the podium and remarked:)

"A grateful Society is not to be precluded from publically declaring its continuing appreciation for fine service cheerfully rendered by each of our officers. The results of the efforts of each speak clearly and make it unnecessary to single out each for individual comment. But to illustrate, the floral arrangements of this beautiful banquet hall reflect the skill and loving devotion of Sue Macgregor. To each we say 'May his days be many and all happy.' "

(Our Chieftain-elect R. James Macgregor was beckoned to the platform. Turning to him Colonel John MacGregor said:)

"Behold your new Chieftain, James MacGregor. He has served well and faithfully in office – more recently as our Ranking Deputy Chieftain, a younger cousin to lead our Clan: one experienced in our circle, knowledgeable concerning our history and genealogy, and one true to our traditions. We commend him highly and bespeak for him your unreserved loyalty and support. May we never fail him, for we are convinced that he will never fail the Clan.

"I'm happy to retire at a time when our Society will have strong leadership to carry on. Nothing draws people together in friendships more quickly and substantially than a shared experience. Such has been my happy experience with the members of our Clan. For it I am grateful. Our group has a generosity of spirit which has made my tenure in office sheer pleasure. The good will of this day and hour touches other days, including future times. If we have the vision of a kindlier world, so may others: if they have, ours will be the happier and more productive of good will.

"As I shall sit in the evening and dream of days gone by, my fondest recollections will include the warm friends I have come to know in this Society and my earnest prayer shall be that our Clan may endure and have useful life. Though the way be long, let your hearts be strong-keep right on to the end."

1971 IS THE 300th ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
BIRTH OF ROB ROY



Toasting
the Clans

Photo by Bruce Macgregor



Piping in the Chief

Photo by Margery Richardson

ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY
ON THE OCCASION OF ITS 61st ANNIVERSARY GATHERING

October 17th, 1970

Col. Sir Gregor MacGregor of MacGregor, Bart

Ladies and Gentlemen, once more you have done me the great honour of inviting me to address you at this Banquet which concludes your ever successful Gathering in this delightful town of Fredericksburg. My wife and I are again deeply appreciative and grateful to you and your Chieftain Col. John MacGregor for the invitation to join you on this occasion, one which we were both happy to be able to accept. I also have to thank him and the Society for the gracious invitation extended to my mother to be with us this weekend. I know I speak for my wife as well as myself when I say that but for family difficulties at home she would have joined us, and that our disappointment at her not being with us is as great as we know hers to be, at having been unable to make the journey.

Before I take my farewell of you all, which regretfully I must do at the end of this evening, I thought I would give you a small resume of our travels and activities here in the United States during the 18 months that it has been my privilege to serve Her Majesty in your beautiful country. We have endeavoured to see and do as much as I think has been possible—bearing in mind that I am required from time to time to put in a day of work in my office in Fort Benning, Ga. I think the state where I have most enjoyed myself has been Florida, where I have been lucky enough to catch a great many fish, and to have sailed my boat over a good many miles of the sea. Fishing is of course a popular Scottish sport, but regretfully on my return to Scotland I shall no longer have the same opportunities for deep sea fishing as I have had here. You must, Ladies & Gentlemen, forgive my slight weakness for this form of sport (shared I know by quite a few of those present). Allow me to thank once again those of you who have so kindly entertained us in their homes, and who have made us feel so completely 'at Home'. The list is too numerous for me to give out here, but without being invidious I would like to mention two of our expeditions which stand out in our memories for different reasons. Firstly, Mr. Nestor MacDonald who you all well know is the President of the largest American Highland Games, at the Grandfather Mountain, and is now (with his wife) an honorary member of our society, honoured us by asking me to be the Guest of Honour at this year's Games and he and Mrs. MacDonald most warmly invited my wife and me to spend the weekend at their beautiful home in Linville. It is difficult for us to really express our appreciation for all the kindness and hospitality they showed to us, but apart from their tremendous contribution to the weekend I mentioned it for another reason: For the really remarkable interest and attendance shown at these Games, for the number of people there who may never have the opportunity of seeing Scotland, but who determined never to lose their heritage and come yearly to these Games to express a loyalty and devotion to a land and a way of life far beyond the sea. Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, I would like once again to thank you both, and to pay tribute to the people of Linville, N.C., who produce every year this remarkable piece of pageantry and spectacle.

The other visit which I have to mention, is alas, tinged with sadness. Mr. & Mrs. Harry Blunt extended to us some months ago an invitation to visit their

beautiful home on Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire, and it gave us great pleasure to accept and to take our two boys with us. Harry & Edith gave us a marvellous visit, and apart from our children having removed a large quantity of rock from New Hampshire which Harry in a rash moment promised to send to them at Edinchip, Post Office & Customs being willing, the Blunt family stood up to our invasion remarkably well. One of our particular memories of this visit will always be the memory of Mrs. Lloyd who so many of you knew and loved, and who did so much for the Society. We were with the family during her last days, and I can only say that my wife and I were deeply inspired by her courage and gaiety during the time we were privileged to be with her, and her memory will always be fresh in our hearts.

During our various trips around your country, we have been very interested in many of the ordinary pursuits of the American people. You are you know, as a nation, much more 'community oriented' than we are, and it impresses us very much to find in many small towns throughout the United States so much determination to preserve the houses and relics of the past, and we have both seen many instances of this wherever we have travelled, though I think I have to confess that my wife is keener on rubber-necking than I am—I look for the fish! Having been allowed to see many things on which people have lavished so much time and money, I came to ask myself, what is the true place of a Society such as yours in the America of today? Is it to be a reflection of the past, with the perfection that so many of you can give, or is it to take a real place in this modern day and age? I know that I spoke last year at length on the greatest technical achievement of your country—the landing on the moon, and we have since then seen two expeditions mounted to the Lunar world, the first of which was highly successful, but the second of which had us all praying for the successful return of the brave astronauts. Since the slowing down of future moon projects, we sense a feeling of relief throughout the country. This may be right as one only has to look around to see the many other needs on earth for this kind of effort and financing, and while perhaps at this time it is right not to press on too recklessly with the exploration of space, I would ask you Ladies & Gentlemen not to turn your backs on the progress of the 20th Century, which appears to me to be the fashionable attitude to take at this time. Let us remember, that it was to escape the many inadequacies of life that so many Scots came to America, to ensure a better future for themselves and their families. Let us therefore respect them and their descendants, not so much for their houses and way of living, but for what they gave the world in achievements—though I am not suggesting for one moment that all progress up to the 20th Century was produced on this side of the Atlantic! The progress which gives us all a tolerably happy and carefree life today is the product of years of dedicated work by your ancestors to produce a better way of life for the people of this, and many other countries, and by the doctors who have developed medicine to such a degree that the bearing and raising of children is now comparatively free of illness, at any rate when looked at beside the mortality figures which existed up to about 50 years ago. Communications, which must in the early days of this country with all its vastness have been so great a problem, have been made easy by the invention of the telephone and wireless, while we can all fly about in almost perfect safety, and arrive at any given destination in a matter of hours. Now I am not saying that all the conveniences we have been given are perfect, because we face huge and insoluble problems, the like of which in some cases have never

troubled us before—though the evil of drug taking in the opium dens of the East was a fact long before the invention of Penicillin. Pollution, which haunts many people as a way of destroying all the wonderful things of nature and the outdoors, is we believe one of the greatest menaces which faces both our countries at this time. At least, let us hope that the pall of black industrial smoke which hangs over so many of our cities will never be allowed to creep into the glens of the Scottish Highlands, and that those of you who live in towns so threatened will from time to time be able to escape to such a place as the Highlands. Those of you who work in the many Anti-Pollution campaigns in the country are to be warmly congratulated, and I wish you every success in your efforts.

So, in other words, society has created for itself in many ways a life which is free & easy. Your washing-up machine, ladies, and the other domestic equipment on which we have come to depend permits you to take more time off from your homes to enjoy the freedom to join societies, or to take jobs, or merely lead a fuller social life, and for these benefits we must, as in medicine and communications, pause for a moment and thank those giants of industry who have made our lives more comfortable than they otherwise would have been, and given us time to make a contribution to the preservation of our heritage.

Whether we like it or not, we are moving ever closer towards the 21st Century and mankind in his relentless search for progress will never stand still. It is vitally important that this organisation (and all those like it) should not dwell too deeply on the ramifications of history, but rather, while taking strength from and holding firm to those things from the past which really matter, should be modern, progressive and provide a lead in facing up to the manifold problems which beset us at the present time. There are many things for which most of us here would be willing to fight and die to preserve, but there is a greater glory, and something infinitely more worthwhile in assisting to produce something which by itself can stand alone for all time, and this is why I ask that you always try to preserve that image which is attractive to those who come after as well as those who have gone before. Let us hold firm to those priceless assets: customs, traditions and heritage, for that is what we are here to honour to-night, but do it in a way which is forward looking and which combines all that is best in the 20th Century with those things which we hold dear from the past—but above all in such a way, Ladies & Gentlemen, that our Society within society may ever go forward to assist and give to the future a happier & healthier America!

We are now approaching the end of our second visit to the U.S.A. I have orders to return to Edinburgh early next year, to take up a post in the Recruiting Office there, and so, somewhat reluctantly we are preparing to pack our bags. In any case, I feel it is high time that I took my wife home, because a gentleman who shall be nameless here, on meeting her in Washington recently, informed the other guests on that occasion that she had 'acquired a Southern accent'—so as not to let those of you who are Yankees think we are becoming partisan, perhaps we should leave before causing an incident. We look forward to visits from many of you, and to keeping in touch with Clan Society affairs through your letters (which I will try to answer) and through the Year Book. We shall be taking so many memories back with us that it is difficult for me to pick out any one in particular at this time, though possibly Bill Stokoe piping on the lake at the Williams' house in North Carolina will linger longest. As the sound of his pipes faded into the background of the distant hills, one was literally transported into another country, and I know others of you who were present felt

that Scotland was not too far away. To Bill Stokoe, and his wife Ruth, we are much indebted for all their hard work and companionship with us during the past months, and my gratitude to Bill for his piping is very real.

It is always hard, Ladies & Gentlemen, to say 'good-bye' and on this occasion I have one particular farewell to make, which, although we all hope it is not permanent, is in an official sense 'farewell'. I am, of course, speaking of your Chieftain, Col. John MacGregor, who has worked unsparingly for the good of the Society and of us all throughout the past 3 years, so that our debt to him is very great. I will not weary you here with the statistics of his achievements, but I know that success has crowned all his efforts for us, and from the bottom of our hearts we thank him, and look forward to seeing him as often as he can spare us the time in the future. You all know Jim & Sue Macgregor well, and to them you must now look for the future—and certainly, if Jim's organisation & Sue's exquisite decorations for this Banquet are a hint of things to come, we know that you will be most excellently taken care of in the future. So now, Ladies & Gentlemen, as I close, I would ask you to raise your glasses with me, and drink a toast to John and his charming sister Miss Ruth MacGregor, coupled with a welcoming toast to Jim & Sue Macgregor.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1970 GATHERING

Margery M. Richardson

Again, as in days of yore, the summons of the Fiery Cross was sent out by our Chieftain, John Murdoch MacGregor. *"He showed the sign, he named the place"*; so our Clansmen all prepared to wend their ways to Fredericksburg, Virginia, and its delightful Sheraton Motor Inn.

*"From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down"*

When we saw our Chief's own personal standard whipping in the clear brisk air, we knew that we were in the right place, and thus began, for 1970, the gala and always very heartwarming Gathering of the American Clan Gregor Society.

A day prior to the actual formal opening, the Officers and Council members arrived and were entertained most graciously at a cocktail party given by our Chieftain.

Friday, October 16th, dawned bright and sunny with just a delightful Fall nip in the air, and while our Council was in meeting, we Clansmen had time to greet each other and have leisurely chats. At noon, a delectable luncheon was served in the Silo Room which, contrary to its name, is done in dark woods and hung with Scottish swords, shields and copies of McIan prints. We felt as if we were in bonnie Scotland in ye olden days.

After luncheon, instead of dashingly taking to horse or even to quaint carriages, we entered two buses and were driven much more expediently to St. George's Church for the annual Memorial Service, which the Reverend Daniel Randall Magruder conducted in a simple and dignified manner. As always, with love and gratitude in our hearts, we remembered those of our Clansmen who are no longer with us by placing a white carnation for each in a large wreath of greens. Then, following our excellent and ever faithful piper, Dr. Stokoe, we went out of St. George's, down the steps and into the churchyard. Here, following a prayer and as the piper skirled *"Flowers of the Forest"*, our Hereditary Chief from Scotland, Sir Gregor MacGregor of MacGregor, Bart., laid the wreath upon the grave of William Paul, brother of John Paul Jones, who was born in Scotland but chose the United States as his adopted country. Following this ceremony, with the piper leading, we then traveled down Charles Street to the former law offices of James Monroe. This is a long, low building, built before 1786, originally one room deep, but with four rooms strung together with separate staircases in each leading to tiny bedrooms above. Much of the furniture is that which Mr. Monroe in 1794, when Minister to France, bought and later used in the White House when he was President of the United States. In the rear has been added a large room which is filled with fascinating Monroeabilia. From here we visited a quaint and well-preserved tavern, *The Rising Sun*, which was built about 1760 by Charles, youngest brother of George Washington. It was here that many of the great Virginia patriots, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and others met to discuss, argue and enjoy the company of each other. The Tavern, besides being an inn and social center, was also the Post Office and Stage Coach stop. Then followed a delightful tour of old Fredericksburg, up and down its old-fashioned streets lined with many lovely Colonial Homes. We visited the spot along the Rappahannock River, where, it is said, George Washington threw the silver dollar. This could well be, as *Ferry Farm*, his

boyhood home, lay just across the river. Thus ended our appointment with History, and we returned to the motel and the present. In spite of the chill in the air, John Urquhart then went swimming.

Dinner that night was enjoyed in many of the several dining rooms of the Sheraton Motor Inn; some preferring the Angus Room, some the Silo Room and some the Meadow Room. About 8:30 PM, over a hundred of us gathered in the large ballroom for the Ceilidh. Dr. William Stokoe was our excellent Master of Ceremonies. John Masterson, a member of our band, sang and played the guitar, after which he and Bill Stokoe performed a duet. Archie MacGregor sang a delightful song, and Mr. Nestor MacDonald, President of Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, contributed his talent. Then many joined in the country dancing, music courtesy of a tape recorder. The dancing was lively, the atmosphere gay, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the punch and cookies and this typically Scottish manner of informal entertainment.

On Saturday morning, the General Meeting was held. Miss Allaville Magruder, a Charter member and the daughter of our co-founder, Dr. Edward May Magruder, was made a Life Member. Her sister, Miss Evalina Magruder, has been a Life Member for some years. We were sorry to learn that our genial Hereditary Chief and his charming wife, Lady MacGregor, who have been with us for the last two Gatherings, will be going back to Scotland early in 1971. This, then, was their last Gathering with us for some time; we shall greatly miss them. Also, we learned that the Honorable Gylla Lady MacGregor, mother of our Chief, who had planned on being with us as an honored guest, was unable to come because of serious illness in the family. It was with regret that we learned that our beloved Chieftain, Mr. John M. MacGregor, after presiding most ably over the interesting proceedings, would step down from office. We elected as our new Chieftain, Mr. R. James Macgregor, whom we welcome gladly, as he is a very popular gentleman and a very energetic administrator. Here's to progressive and happy years with him!

A buffet luncheon in the Silo Room followed, and then many of us went to the lovely City Green in the center of town. There our own MacGregor Pipe Band, while marching and wheeling with intricate paces, skirled stirring Scottish airs and drew an appreciative audience of townfolk and Clansmen. The Mayor of Fredericksburg graciously welcomed our Chief and his Lady. The band in full MacGregor regalia, seen against the green of the grass and performing so beautifully, made you proud that you were of Scottish descent, and particularly that you were a MacGregor! A charming lassie, Sue Ann LaSalle, doing a lively sword dance and the Highland Fling, added just the right touch to a colorful and spectacular performance. Upon return to the motel, John Urquhart went swimming.

At 6:30 PM we all assembled for the always festive reception. The ladies in their lovely evening gowns and brightly colored tartan sashes, the gentlemen a la kilt and evening jackets were formally introduced to The MacGregor and Lady MacGregor and our Chieftain, Colonel John M. MacGregor with his sister Miss Ruth MacGregor, who made up the receiving line. At 7:30 PM the members of the Clan Society were piped into the large beautifully arranged and decorated banquet hall by the Clan bagpipe band. When all were at their tables, the honored guests who were to grace the dais were piped to their assigned seats. Thereafter, the Chief was piped with dignified ceremony by Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr., his official piper, to his place of honor.



St. George's Episcopal Church

**Fredericksburg
Virginia**



At The Grave
of William Paul

Photo by Betty Lecky



A Highland Dance
by Sue Ann LaSalle

Photo by Margery Richardson

Everyone being in position the Chieftain, who acted as toastmaster, called the banquet to order. Immediately the Chief proposed a toast to the President of the United States. The toast was drunk and our National Anthem sung. At once our Chieftain proposed a toast to Her Majesty the Queen. This, too, had an enthusiastic response and participation in the singing of "God Save the Queen." The Reverend Daniel R. Magruder, our Chaplain, said grace and the serving of dinner began.

Heralded by the pipes and drums, the ancient ceremony of saluting the "haggis" was conducted by our Chaplain, the Reverend Daniel R. Magruder, who gave another stirring performance of Burns' "To the Haggis". It was superb! May he do it for many years yet to come.

When time came for the speaking program the Chieftain welcomed everyone to an evening of pleasant fellowship and then introduced with appropriate comments the honored guests at the head table who were not appearing as speakers.

The toastmaster then presented the former chieftains who were in attendance: Douglas Neil Magruder, Rev. Daniel Randall Magruder, Dr. Roger Gregory Magruder and Thomas Garland Magruder. (John Kennedy Magruder had been at the Gathering, but left for home prior to the banquet.) Three special lady guests were introduced: Mrs. John Holmes Magruder whose late husband was the Chieftain from 1950-1952; Miss Evelina Magruder and her sister Miss Allaville Magruder, both of whom are daughters of the Founder of the Clan.

Mr. Nestor MacDonald proposed a toast to the American Clan Gregor Society which was happily and gratefully received. He then made a number of complimentary statements about the contribution made by the Clan Gregor members to the success of the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, with particular reference to this year's celebration. He expressed warmly the thanks of his wife and himself for honorary membership in the Clan MacGregor. Immediately after he finished James Macgregor proposed a toast to the MacDonalds and all other Clans friendly to the MacGregors.

Our Chief, Sir Gregor, gave a very excellent, witty and delightful talk; the Pipe Band, as always, performed magnificently, and Hugh Laughlin, an ever favorite, sang a bevy of Scottish songs, including, of course, "MacGregor's Gathering", at the end of which all true male MacGregors rose with a shout and "foot on the table". All too soon it was time to sing "Auld Lang Syne". The 1970 Gathering was at an end, but in our memories it was deeply etched, and we know that

*"While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!"*

and that next year, and for many, many more to come, we shall again answer the fiery call of our Chieftain and meet in hearty, warm clanship. Ard Choille!



Hugh Laughlin
singing Scottish songs

Photos by Bruce Macgregor



"MacGregor despite them
shall flourish forever."

ATTENDANCE AT THE 1970 GATHERING Fredericksburg, Virginia

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Blunt	Md.
Mr. and Mrs. William Brown	Md.
The Honorable and Mrs. Hugh Campbell	N.C.
Mr. and Mrs. Ashby Cantor	Va.
David Chandler	Md.
Mrs. John Christian	Tenn.
Mr. and Mrs. John Clagett	N.J.
Mrs. Merle Cox	Va.
Mrs. Mary C. Cummings	Tenn.
Miss Ruth Davidson	Md.
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis	N.C.
Mr. and Mrs. Maxey Dixon	Md.
Mr. John Dorwood	Scotland
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Duncan	Va.
Miss Debbie Durand	Va.
Mrs. John Dwyer	Md.
Miss Mary Edelin	Md.
Mrs. Wm. N. Eskridge	W.Va.
Miss Elizabeth Eskridge	W.Va.
Dr. and Mrs. Robert Ferneyhough	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ferris	Md.
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fuller	Va.
Miss Helen Gassaway	Md.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward K. Gregor	N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred J. Gregson	Ga.
Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred J. Gregson, Jr.	Ga.
Miss Eunice Haden	D.C.
Miss Cheryl Hahn	Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Julian von Heisermann	N.Y.
Mrs. Richard M. Horsey, Jr.	Md.
Mrs. Richard R. Kane	Md.
Mr. William Keilhorn	Md.
Mrs. Herbert Knowles	Va.
Mr. Bartholomew Johnson	Md.
Miss Georgianna Jones	Md.
Mrs. Maria Lapolla	N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lecky	S.C.
Mrs. William Lermond	D.C.
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Lightfoot	D.C.
Mrs. H. R. Lipscomb	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Long	N.J.
Mrs. John Loveless	Md.
Mrs. Jean M. Lynch	D.C.
Mr. and Mrs. N. J. MacDonald	N.J.
Mr. and Mrs. Archie MacGregor	N.Y.
Mr. Bruce Macgregor	Md.
Mr. and Mrs. David Macgregor	Ohio

Robert D. Macgregor	Ohio
Robert S. Macgregor	Ohio
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacGregor	Va.
Col. Sir Gregor MacGregor of MacGregor and Lady MacGregor	Scotland
Mr. John M. MacGregor	N.Y.
Mr. John Smith MacGregor	N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Kent L. MacGregor	N.C.
Mr. Murdock M. MacGregor	N.Y.
Mr. and Mrs. Murdock M. MacGregor, Jr.	Conn.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter MacGregor	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. R. James Macgregor	Md.
Miss Ruth MacGregor	Oreg.
Miss Allaville Magruder	Va.
The Rev. Daniel R. Magruder	Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas N. Magruder	Miss.
Miss Evalina Magruder	Va.
Mrs. John H. Magruder	Conn.
Col. John Holmes Magruder III	D.C.
Mr. John K. Magruder	Md.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Magruder	Va.
Dr. and Mrs. Roger G. Magruder	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. John P. McAdams	Va.
Dr. and Mrs. Donald McCollom	D.C.
Mr. and Mrs. Hiram T. McGehee	Va.
Miss Rose Ann McGehee	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank McGregor	D.C.
Col and Mrs. Jack McGregor	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. William E. McGregor	N.C.
Mrs. John Menkart	Md.
Mrs. William H. Meyers	D.C.
Miss Anna Lora Miller	Kans.
Mr. and Mrs. F. Duncan Mills	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. James Monroe	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Murray	Va.
Mrs. Bayn O'Brien	Va.
Mrs. Dorsey Offutt	Md.
Miss Lucille Padgett	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. William G. Parke III	Vt.
Mrs. Evelyn Paul	N.J.
Mr. and Mrs. Guy Perry	Md.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Passano	Md.
Mr. Edward M. Passano, Jr.	Md.
Com. and Mrs. Henry L. Phelps	D.C.
Miss Julia Sue Reynolds	Va.
The Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Richardson	Md.
Mrs. Henry W. Samford	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. William Searle	N.J.
Col. and Mrs. Francis D. Shoemaker	Va.
Miss Judith Shoemaker	Va.
Miss Ellen Slaughter	Md.

Mrs. Robert Slaughter	Md.
Mrs. Josephine Smith	D.C.
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon M. F. Stick	Md.
Dr. and Mrs. William C. Stokoe, Jr.	Md.
Mr. William C. Stokoe, Sr.	N.Y.
Mrs. William Talbott	Md.
Mr. William Talbott, Jr.	Md.
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Tarr	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. George K. Taylor	Ky.
Miss Louise Taylor	Va.
Mrs Sarah Thompson	Md.
Mrs. Francis Thoms	N.J.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Tichy, Jr.	Md.
Mr. Robert Turnbull	N.Y.
Miss Virginia E. Tyler	Md.
Com. and Mrs. John G. Urquhart	Md.
Mrs. Mario Ventura	D.C.
Miss Loren M. Watkins	Miss.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler	Va.
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Wheeler	Va.
Miss Elizabeth Zeigler	Va.

PIPE BAND MEMBERS ATTENDING

Greg O'Brien, Pipe Major
Don Fairhurst, Acting Drum Major

PIPERS

Kevin O'Brien
Elliot Woodaman
Bill Stokoe
Dave Nikkel
Tom Fennell
John Masterson

DRUMMERS

Bob McDonald, Lead Drummer
Jimmy Dargavel
Nick Starr
John Bittner
Jim Mac Pherson
Dave Heinly
John Pluhowski

Sue Ann LaSalle, Dancer

ABSENTEE GUEST LIST

Absentee Guests are those members who could not attend, but sent a donation toward the success of the Gathering:

Mrs. Roy Wilson Blair	Col. Marion M. Magruder
Mr. Forrest D. Bowie	Mr. Nathaniel Magruder
Mrs. Thomas L. Brown	Mr. and Mrs. Willett C. Magruder
Mrs. William H. Craig	Mrs. John J. Miller
Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Ferguson	Mrs. Kent Nicodemus
Dr. Peter A. Haley, Jr.	Mr. Frederick M. Pannebaker
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Hill, Jr.	Mr. Arthur Peter, Jr.
Mr. Wily W. Knighten, Jr.	Mr. Eugene Chester Rivers
Mrs. Wily W. Knighten	Mrs. Uel Stephens
Mrs. Helen MacGregor Lee	Mr. Galen Luther Stone
Miss Margaret A. MacGregor	Mr. Clare M. Torrey
Miss Lucy Haw Mackell	Dr. George B. Tyler
Dr. Christopher H. Magruder	Mrs. Homer King Vann

Lt. and Mrs. John H. Williams, Jr.

SPECIAL DONATIONS

John Murdoch MacGregor
Kent L. MacGregor
James H. Monroe

PLAN NOW
to attend the 1971 Gathering
at the
SHERATON-FREDERICKSBURG MOTOR INN
in
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA
OCTOBER 15 and 16, 1971

REPORT OF THE HISTORIAN

Hiram T. McGehee

There were reported, between the 1969 Gathering at Annapolis and the 1970 Gathering at Fredericksburg, 4 births, 3 marriages, 8 deaths of Clan Members, and 7 deaths of relatives of members. Since the 1970 Gathering at Fredericksburg, news has reached us of 2 more births, and 4 more marriages. All are included here.

BIRTHS

CARPIZO, Monica, born July 5, 1970, daughter of Oscar MacGregor Carpizo and Luz A. Trueba de Carpizo of Mexico City, Mexico (Clan No. 1605).

GRAY, Bonny Kyle, Born April 15, 1970, daughter of Linda Louise (McAdams) and Edward Emlen Gray; granddaughter of John P. and Margaret McAdams (Clan numbers 1498 and 1585-A).

KIRBY, Mark Creswell, born January 16, 1968, son of Charlotte Glen (Ogden) and James Moore Kirby, and grandson of Mrs. Mary Lillian Peters Ogden Whitten (Clan No. 1096).

OSGOOD, Katherine MacGregor, born November 20, 1969, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Osgood, and granddaughter of Mrs. Robert G. Luckey (Margaret MacGregor), Clan No. 1511).

PHILLIPS, Jenniter Christine, born August 15, 1970, daughter of Helen (Stokoe) and David George Phillips, and granddaughter of Dr. and Mrs. William C. Stokoe, Jr. (Clan numbers 1385 and 1584-A) and great-granddaughter of William C. Stokoe (Clan No. 1467).

TAYLOR, Benjamin Henry Magruder, born March 11, 1970, son of Mr. and Mrs. David H. Taylor (Clan No. 795), and grandson of Mrs. Henry M. Taylor (Clan No. 601-A) and the late Henry M. Taylor (Clan No. 426) of Ravenswood, Richmond, Va., for whom he is named.

MARRIAGES

Alsobrook — Burnett

On August 29, 1969, Miss Louise Irma Alsobrook became the bride of Thomas Jefferson Burnett, III, in the historic United Brethren Church in Nelsonville, Texas. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Alsobrook, Sr., of Brenham, Texas. She attended Blinn Junior College and Southwest Texas University in San Marcos. The bridegroom, whose maternal grandmother is Mrs. Hayward Benton Drane of Deerfield Plantation, Natchez, Mississippi (Clan No. 1409-A), also attended Southwest Texas University and is now employed by the Humble Oil Company. The young couple will reside in Houston, Texas, where Mr. Burnett will continue his studies at South Texas College.

Bowles — Hundley

On May 31, 1970, Miss Justina Bowles was married to Mr. Josiah Hundley of Bon Air, Virginia (Clan No. 1311). The bridegroom is the son of the late

Mrs. Mary Ewell Hundley who was a Charter Member of the Society. Mr. and Mrs. Hundley plan to call their new home "Dunblane". This new "Dunblane" is being built on land which is part of the original grant of the Bowles family.

Eanet — Brown

On June 6, 1970, Mrs. June Magruder Eanet (Clan No. 1497) was married to Mr. William G. Brown.

Higgins — Bryant

The marriage of Alison Bradley Higgins to David Hancock Bryant took place on Saturday, June 20, 1970, in the Congregational Church of North Hollywood, California. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Higgins of Chula Vista, California, a granddaughter of the late Walter Muncaster Higgins, and a grand-niece of Mrs. James Murdock (Clan No. 975) of Washington, D.C.

Higgins — Suplee

On Saturday, March 14, 1970, the marriage of Marianne Higgins to Edward Betts Suplee, Jr., took place in the Presbyterian Church of Hagerstown, Maryland. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart Higgins, Sr., of Hagerstown, a granddaughter of the late Walter Muncaster Higgins, and a grand-niece of Mrs. James Murdock, of Washington, D.C. (Clan No. 975).

Sandy — Lermond

Miss Nereda Ruth Sandy was married to William Lloyd Lermond on December 12, 1969. Mr. Lermond is the son of Mrs. Harry W. Blunt and the step-son of Harry W. Blunt, Assistant Chieftain. (For full account, see page 43 in Yearbook for 1970.)

AN OLD GAELIC BLESSING

May the roads rise to meet you
And the wind be always at your back;
And may the Lord hold you
In the hollow of his hand.



Mr. & Mrs. John Horter Williams, Jr.

Schoelles — Williams

Miss Carol Ann Schoelles and John Horter Williams, Jr., were united in marriage in the Warrens Corners United Methodist Church, Lockport, N.Y., on June 6, 1970. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Robert W. Woodcock of Lockport and the late Harlan A. Schoelles. Carol attended Ithaca College and is a graduate of Mary Ward Secretarial School. She has been employed in Washington, D.C. The bridegroom, a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and of Yale University, is a Lieutenant, USNR. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Horter Williams, Sr., of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Linville, N.C., and a brother of Stephen Miller Williams, also of Tulsa. Lieutenant Williams, his father, and his brother all are Clan Members. The couple will reside in Arlington, Va.

DEATHS OF MEMBERS

- Bach, Mrs. Myron Thomas (Helen Magruder), Clan No. 1380, on March 2, 1970. (See Memorial, page 49)
- Hopkinson, Mrs. John B. (Sally Watson Magruder), Clan No. 320, on December 22, 1969. (See Memorial, page 49)
- Lawrence, Millard Choate, Clan No. 1381, on January 15, 1970. (See Memorial, 1970 Yearbook, page 47)
- Lloyd, Mrs. William H. (Edith Butler), Clan No. H-1500 L.M., on August 27, 1970. (See Memorial, page 50)
- MacGregor, A.S., Clan No. 1557, on September 23, 1970.
- Magruder, William Hamilton, Clan No. 329 L.M., on July 28, 1970. (See Memorial, page 51)
- Magruder, William Marion, Clan No. 711, on March 26, 1970. (See Memorial, page 52)
- Pearce, Mrs. Hetabel Haley, Clan No. 651, on July 3, 1970.

DEATHS OF RELATIVES OF MEMBERS

- Bonebrake, Frank A., in spring of 1970, husband of Margaret Macgregor Bonebrake (Clan No. 1482).
- Cowan, Mrs. Ettace McGehee, on September 26, 1970, sister of Hiram T. McGehee (Clan No. 1456).
- Farris, Preston R., in July 1970, husband of Mrs. Julia M. Farris (Clan No. 1283).
- Killam, David, on June 16, 1968, brother of Lloyd Killam (Clan No. 803 L.M.)
- Killam, Mrs. Sadie Craig, on August 29, 1970, wife of Lloyd Killam (Clan No. 803 L.M.). (See Memorial, page 49)
- Maycock, Mrs. Molly MacGregor, on October 12, 1970, mother of Roland Maycock (Clan No. 1378).
- McGregor, Mrs. Bertha Meyer, on January 16, 1970, mother of William E. McGregor (Clan No. 1532).

MEMORIALS

Helen Magruder Bach

Helen Magruder Bach was born near Council Bluff, Iowa, on January 1, 1888. She was the daughter of Davenport Neil Magruder from Winchester, Virginia, and Charlotte King Magruder from New York.

Mrs. Bach taught school near Council Bluff until the beginning of World War I when she took a position with the War Trade Board and then the Census Bureau in Washington, D.C. She married Myron Thomas Bach on September 24, 1921. Mr. Bach was a non-commissioned officer in the United States Navy and she moved with her husband to duty stations in Panama and California. She went into business in Glendale, California, after her husband died in 1931, and lived there until she died on March 2, 1970, at the age of 82.

Mrs. Bach was buried in the little country cemetery at Hazel Dell Church near Council Bluff, Iowa. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Elenor Magruder Russell, a granddaughter, a sister Mrs. Julia M. Farris, and two step-brothers, James and Myron Osborn.

Sally Watson Magruder Hopkinson

Sally Watson Magruder Hopkinson was born on February 24, 1906, at "Edgemont" in Albermarle County, Virginia. She was the daughter of Elizabeth Dunbar Long and Franklin Minor Magruder, and the wife of John Barlow Hopkinson. She was a graduate of St. Ann's School, Charlottesville, Va., and a member of the Albemarle Historical Society and the American Clan Gregor Society.

Mrs. Hopkinson died at her home in Charlottesville on December 22, 1969, and was buried at St. Pauls' Churchyard Cemetery at Ivy, Virginia. She is survived by two sons, John Magruder Hopkinson and Thomas Tiffany Hopkinson, a sister, Mrs. Herbert Plummer Henshaw, and five grand children.

Sadie Craig Killam

Mrs. Sadie Craig Killam, wife of Lloyd R. Killam, died at the age of 81 years at Queen's Medical Center, Honolulu, Hawaii, on August 29, 1970. She was a Native of Osceola, Missouri, and a graduate of the University of Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. Killam arrived in Hawaii to do YMCA work 58 years ago. He founded the Nuuanu YMCA in 1916. In 1914, Mrs. Killam organized and led the Wakaba Kai Club, the first club for Japanese girls at the YWCA. She also taught Sunday School for many years at the Central Union Church. Mrs. Killam was a member of the American Association of University Women, Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority, Women's League, The Women's Board of Missions of the Pacific, and the YWCA.

Besides her husband, she is survived by two sons, Robert and Douglas; a daughter, Mrs. Margaret Killam Aram; a brother, John C. Craig; and ten grandchildren.



Edith Butler Lloyd

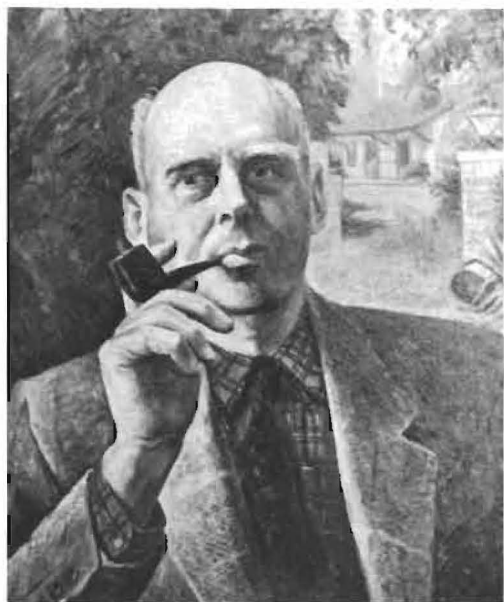
Mrs. Edith Butler Lloyd, born September 16, 1888, in Scarsdale, N.Y., died at her summer home, "Woodhidden," on Lake Sunapee, N.H., on August 27, 1970. She was the mother of Mrs. Harry W. Blunt, and the grandmother of Augusta Von Heisermann and Harry W. Blunt, III, clan members. She, herself, was elected the Clan's first honorary member in 1966 in recognition of her loyal work for the Society.

Mrs. Lloyd was married in Mexico to Dr. William Henry Lloyd, later a major in the U.S. Army Medical Corps, and lived in many places throughout the world. She was active in civic affairs, founding a children's clinic in San Antonio, Texas, and later heading the Charles County, Md., Children's Aid Society. She was appointed to the Juvenile Court Commission by the Governor of Maryland, and received an award from the State of New Jersey for her contribution to the Civil War Centennial Commission.

A member of the Episcopal Church both in St. Andrew's Church, New London, N.H., and in her home church of St. John's in Bethesda, Md., she was also patroness of the New London Hospital and a member of the Indian Rights Association.

She is survived by two daughters, seven grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Edith Butler Lloyd's work for the American Clan Gregor Society, which in late years filled much of her time, included a cross-referencing of clan year-books, a task which she had completed at the time of her death for the years 1945-1960. Her enthusiasm for all things Scottish and the Clan activities in particular will be greatly missed.



William Belhaven

Hamilton Magruder

William Belhaven Hamilton magruder, Clan No. 349, died in San Antonio, Texas, July 28, 1970. Born in San Antonio, February 16, 1894, Hamilton Magruder (as he was called) attended private and public schools in San Antonio and the University of Texas at Austin. He engaged in ranching in southwest Texas

until World War I. He was a member of the Marine Corps in that war. In 1920 during the Eleventh Annual Gathering, his uncle, John Burruss Magruder, a Founder Member of the American Clan Gregor Society holding Clan No. 16, gave Hamilton a membership in the Society.

After WW I, he was in the oil business until the thirties. In 1939, he took over the management and development of the historic Little Village, La Villita, where he stayed until he retired in 1964.

La Villita, the site where San Antonio began, was a slum in 1939. With a keen sense of history, Hamilton Magruder started the restoration work with ten boys and a dream shared by the late Maury Maverick who was Mayor at that time. Hamilton supervised the restoration from slum to the present thoroughly charming Little Village, scene of conventions, festivals, folk dances, arts and crafts shops, weddings, private parties and other activities. He and his wife, Lydia, put charm and character in the village and for thousands of people, La Villita is a monument to the genial Scot who brought it back to life, and who was called the "Alcalde" by many.

Hamilton Magruder had a quick wit and easy-going disposition. A man of boundless energy, he worked closely with state and local organizations: The Texas State Historical Association, the San Antonio Conservation Society, the Business and Professional Men's portion of the American Legion, and the Red Cross Volunteers who took over La Villita during World War II. He helped his wife with the Junior Historians of the Texas State Historical Association. He was a patron of the San Antonio Symphony and the San Antonio Little Theater, an Honorary member of the River Art Group, and an officer of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. He appreciated books and travel. Among his prized possessions were bound volumes of every issue of the American Clan Gregor Society Yearbooks. He was Chieftain of the Clan Gregor Society 1965-66.



William Marion Magruder

The passing of William Marion Magruder on March 26, 1970, removes from our midst a man of great integrity and drive, ardent in spirit, and long to be remembered by a host of friends and the American Clan Gregor Society. He became a member of the Clan in 1933 and served as Chieftain from 1936 to 1941. It was his heart's desire that every descendant of Alexander Magruder might be identified with the American Clan Gregor Society.

William Marion Magruder was born on January 26, 1881, the son of Mary and David A. Magruder of Daviess County, Kentucky. In his youth his parents resided on a farm 25 miles from Owensboro, Kentucky. It was there he obtained his early schooling.

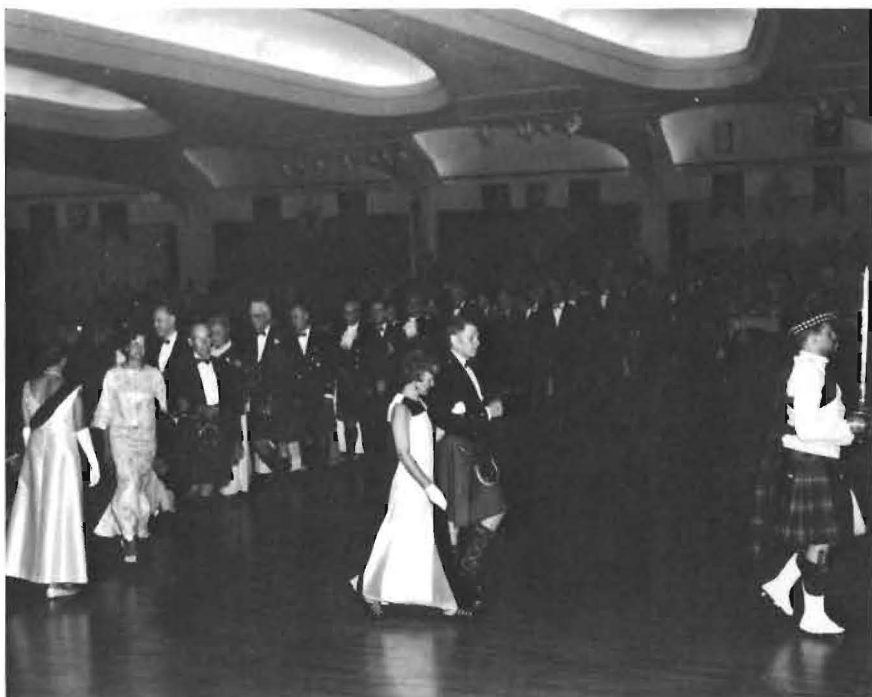
He moved to Lexington, Kentucky, in 1904, and worked as bookkeeper for a small firm until he became associated with the Kentucky Central Life Insurance Company. He served that company in various capacities until 1923 when he formed the Magruder Furniture Company which later became the Magruder Brothers Furniture Company of Lexington, Ky. He held the office of president of the firm until he retired in 1958. He was a member of the Baptist Church.

In 1906, he married his long-time sweetheart, Augusta Tong of Rome, Ky. While working and raising a family, he attended the University of Kentucky and graduated in 1914 with an LLB Degree.

William Marion Magruder is survived by two sons, William Eldon Magruder of Lexington, Ky., and Marion Milton Magruder of Denver, Colorado; two daughters, Mrs. Thomas L. Herb of Bakersfield, California, and Mrs. Joseph B. Lynch of Lexington, Ky.; a brother, Roy Magruder of Owensboro, Ky.; a sister, Mrs. Ruth Hazelwood of Lexington, Ky.; eleven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

For a number of years the American Clan Gregor Society and the St. Andrew's Society of Washington have enjoyed a close and friendly relationship. So many are now members of both Societies that it is not only pleasant but practicable for the two organizations to share a tent at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games. The St. Andrew's Society gives an annual Tartan Ball and also arranges the Kirkin' o' the Tartan at the Washington Cathedral each May. In the last three or four years many of the MacGregor men have held offices in this St. Andrew's Society. This year, 1970, our Clan Piper, Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr., has been the President of the Washington St. Andrew's Society. It has been a successful year for St. Andrew's and a prideful year for the MacGregors.



Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr., President of the St. Andrew's Society of Washington, D.C., and Mrs. Stokoe leading the Grand March at the Tartan Ball.

Photo Courtesy of the St. Andrew's Society

THE KIRKIN' O' THE TARTAN
AT WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL, MAY 1970



The Pipe Band Enters in Slow Time



Dr. William C. Stokoe, Jr., reading the Lesson

Photos by Carleton F. Smith

A REPORT ON THE 15th ANNUAL
GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN HIGHLAND GAMES
Linville, N.C., July 11th and 12th, 1970
by Edith Lloyd Blunt

1970 was the MacGregor year at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games. Our Chief, Col. Sir Gregor MacGregor of MacGregor and Lady MacGregor were the guests of honor of the Games and had any of our suppressors from bygone years been present they would have been distressed to see how unsuccessful they had been in wiping out the Clan. MacGregors were much in evidence.

In the place of honor, on the right of the reviewing stand, fluttered the Chief's own flag with the familiar pine tree and crown tipped sword.

Across the field at the MacGregor tent (shared with the St. Andrew's Society of Washington) Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lecky and Mr. and Mrs. Bill McGregor and their committee, for two days served drinks and snacks to a constant stream of Clan members, prospective Clan members, and friends. The MacGregor tartan seemed to be everywhere.

Arnold Pope in MacGregor kilt upheld the honor of the Clan in the field. Tossing the Caber he laid it right down the line and took the medal for the third year in a row.

Saturday evening, the Society and our Chieftain, Col. John M. MacGregor gave a Reception in honor of the Chief and Lady MacGregor. All the members of our Society and the heads of all the Clan and Scottish Societies represented at the Games Were invited. It was a lovely party and colorful with Tartans of MacDonalds, MacLeods, MacDougals, Maxwells, Murrays, Monroes, etc., mingling with our own MacGregor. Approximately two hundred people in all.

Down in the North Carolina hills the word is getting around that the MacGregors have a "swinging Chief". The story got started at The Tartan Ball up at the Ski Lodge Saturday night. Some ladies and gentlemen of our Society and of the Washington St. Andrew's Society were asked to do some Scottish Country dancing for the company, which they did both gracefully and proficiently. The last dance was the "*Duke of Perth*" and Dr. Stokoe asked The Chief and Lady MacGregor if they would join the group. "The MacGregor" whirled and twirled his Lady down the set with such dash and vigor that the cheers of the onlookers drowned out the music. To paraphrase an old Cowboy Song,

*"He really shook the creases from his go-to-meeting pants"¹
"When he put the Highland trimming on that high-toned dance."*

Sunday, Col. Sir Gregor MacGregor and Mr. Nestor MacDonald, President of the Grandfather Mountain Games, led the colorful Tartan Parade around the field. Men of many, many Clans marched with their Tartan banners. With their own pipes and drums, thirty or more MacGregor men followed their banner.

The most exciting field event that afternoon was the Tossing of the Sheaf. The Trophy for this event is given by the Clan Gregor Society so we were of course keen spectators. As if sensing our enthusiasm the competitors tossed the 15 lb. bundle of hay, higher and higher. Tom Fagg broke the previous record and then went on to sail his sheaf over the bar at 20 ft. 8 in.!

¹ In this instance, Kilt.

That evening, the Games over, the tired, dusty, sun-burned MacGregor people, at the invitation of Clan members Mr. and Mrs. John H. Williams, gathered at their beautiful house on Grandfather Lake. There with a cool drink in hand, good friends talked and sang and listened to the Pipes.

Just at dusk John Bitner steered John William's little boat out onto the lake and there Bill Stokoe stood up, his silhouette just visible in the fading light, and played "*The Glen Is Mine.*" The plaintive notes of the pipes tossed back across the lake by the great bulk of Grandfather Mountain was a magical sound. It was a magical moment. The party stood there in awed silence caught up in a moment of sheer beauty, a perfect end to two perfect days.



Left to right in the photo are: Lady MacGregor of MacGregor, Gordon M.F. Stick, Sr., and Mrs. Stick

The unique Claymore presented to the American Clan Gregor Society by Mr. Jack Chambers of Knoxville, Tenn., during the 1970 Grandfather Mountain Highland Games. The 2-handed sword was made from a wagon axle and other found objects and forged by the donor in four days.

Society Members Attending Games
including husbands, wives, and children
listed in order of registration

Col. Sir Gregor MacGregor of MacGregor	Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Mackenzie
Lady MacGregor of MacGregor	Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Magruder
Col. John M. MacGregor	Miss Helen Gassaway
Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Grier	Mrs. C. Magruder Ruppenthal
Mr. and Mrs. William McGregor	Miss Evalina Magruder
Sandy McGregor	Miss Virginia Tyler
Ann McGregor	Mrs. William H. Brooke
Mr. and Mrs. R. James Macgregor	Mr. James R. Maxwell
Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Blunt	Mr. and Mrs. John Horter Williams
Mr. and Mrs. Julian von Heisermann	Dr. Peter A. Haley
Dr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Ewell	Dr. and Mrs. Roger G. Magruder
Richard Ewell	Miss Eleanor M. Magruder
Carrington Ewell	David Lovett
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stick	Charles Lovett
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lecky	Elizabeth Lovett
Mr. and Mrs. Kent MacGregor	Bruce Murdock
Mr. Robert Murdock	Mary Kathleen Murdock
Mr. Douglas Murdock	Betty Murdock
Mrs. Henry W. Samford	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Tichy, Jr.
Miss Mary E. Hundley	Mr. Joseph C. Tichy III
Mrs. Josiah Hundley	Mrs. Richard L. Lloyd
Mr. Alan Temple	Richard L. Lloyd
Hon. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell	Granville L. Lloyd
	Dr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Stokoe, Jr.

THE GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN HIGHLAND GAMES
FOR 1971

will be held on JULY 10 and 11

at
Linville, North Carolina



The Hereditary Chief and the ACGS Chieftain
July 1970



The Competition Field
Surrounded by Tents of the Clans
McRae's Meadows, N.C.

Photos by Betty Lecky



Left to right:
Mr. Nestor MacDonald, President
of the Games with the Honor Guest,
Sir Gregor MacGregor of MacGregor

Arthur Lecky and
John M. MacGregor



Photos by Betty Lecky



Tossing the Sheaf



Arnold Pope Tossing the Caber

KEEPING HOUSE IN A SCOTTISH CASTLE

by Ruth A. Stokoe

"Blessed be the man who lights the fire on his first hearthstone within a morning's walk of Lammerlaw, or sets out on the great adventure of life and love beneath the shadow of Soutra. Then will the Lammermoors forever be to him the Hills of Home. Although he may travel wide and far, his heart will keep turning to that eastland county where the winds blow caller from the cleuchs. The landscape, whose northern bounds is the restless sea and whose southern boundary is the heather, falls away from the edge of the moors in billows of green fields and corn-lands to meet the North Sea that breaks on the rocks and yellow sands which mark the coast of the shire of Haddington."

So writes T. Ratcliffe Barnett in his book *Border By-Ways and Lothian Lore* (Edinburgh, 1925), and so feel I although it was not my first hearthfire that was lit below the Lammermoors but, rather, my first Scottish homecoming at the end of a long journey from another land.

The year was 1953, September, half-past Coronation time for Queen Elizabeth, and we were venturing on my husband's first sabbatical year from college teaching for a year in Britain, the major part to be spent in the Edinburgh area where he could take advantage of the facilities of the University and National Libraries. Against all advice from friends and the trepidation of relatives we were removing our young family from the safety of the United States to the unknown quantities of a life in Scotland. Already in the few short weeks we had been away from home our two year old was proving an accomplished gypsy and our six year old having the time of her life.

Since we were to remain stationary in the Edinburgh area for a matter of ten months or so, a permanent place of residence was necessary and we were in possession of a lead to one through the improbable chain of a friend of ours who had a son who knew some people, etc. And so it turned out that this chain held and my husband, delegated as head of the household to follow this through, had inspected and approved and signed for a flat in, of all wonderful things, a castle near a small village some twelve miles southeast of Edinburgh where we would have fresh air for the children, a school nearby for our daughter, and convenient transportation by bus for the scholar of the family to and from the city.

My introduction to Winton Castle was hardly that of a story book arrival. No sunlight glinted on battlements as we rode slowly up through the forest glade into full view of the splendid edifice. As a matter of fact, however, it was just as exciting. We had started from Edinburgh in daylight in a taxi packed with our children, various suitcases, a typewriter, and our magnificent wicker trunk which had once belonged to a 19th century U.S. ambassador to Egypt and which we had acquired at an auction several years before. But daylight in the autumn afternoon tends to vanish rather quickly in the northland, and before we even reached the village of Pencaitland, darkness had descended accompanied as usual by rain. We were from then on a great source of worry to our driver. He was certain that we, poor crazy Americans that we were, had no idea where we were going, and when we approached the gates of the Winton estate he was sure we were lost. Did we really think that this was where we wanted to go? Yes; said my husband firmly, so on we went through the castle park which indeed is very dark

at night, the Aberdeen-Angus cattle grazing there having no need for street lights. Eventually we arrived at the door of the castle, the back door since that was where our road carried us, and it was plain to see that the driver was even more doubtful as he gazed up at the 17th century stone mass looming above us in the rain. I myself was a little daunted and glanced at the children wondering what, indeed, we had got them into. This mood lasted for only a moment, however, for almost immediately from the door came a woman with a smiling face and friendly words to welcome us. She was Mrs. Barclay, the cook-housekeeper, and with her warm reception any doubts that I might have had disappeared. The taxi driver was by now convinced that this was our destination and seemed relieved, though as he was then obliged to help my husband carry the aforementioned suitcases, typewriter, and wicker trunk up four flights to the floor where our rooms lay he may have changed his relief for some other emotion.

A word or two about the history of Winton Castle is perhaps in order here. The estate and some adjoining lands which are incorporated into a farming and livestock raising venture by its present owner, Sir David Ogilvy, lie at the edge of the village of Pencaitland in the county of East Lothian or Haddingtonshire. These lands were in years past in the possession of the Seton family and played their own small part in the course of Scottish history.

The Scottish family of Seton, Seyton, or Seatoun, claims descent from a Dougall Seton who lived in the reign of Alexander I. Their principal biographer is the 16th century Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington. The family possessed at one time or another the earldom of Winton or Wintoun, of Eglinton through marriage with the Montgomeries, and of Dunfermline. Through a marriage with a Gordon heiress a Seton became the ancestor of the earls and marquesses of Huntly and the dukes of Gordon. They were connected by marriage to the royal family of Scotland, Sir Christopher Seton having in 1301 married the sister of King Robert the Bruce, and also counted the Dunbars, Lindsays, Hays, and Maitlands as relations.

The original house on the site was raised by George, 4th Lord Seton, who died in 1508. This was burnt by the English and little but scattered portions of the foundations remained.

George, 5th Lord Seton (1530-1585) was a strong supporter of Mary, Queen of Scots, and served her throughout her years as queen in many capacities from privy councillor and master of the household to emissary on her behalf to the Spanish court, seeking for aid after her incarceration in England. His half-sister, Mary, was one of the queen's famous "Four Maries," the one Mary who remained with her sovereign almost to the end, leaving her side only in 1538 when her health gave way under the strain of prison life. Mary Seton also figured, it will be remembered, in an unsuccessful attempt by Queen Mary to escape from Lochleven Castle, assuming the clothes of the queen to deceive the jailers while her mistress fled. She spent her last years in the Abbey of St. Pierre at Rheims and was still living there in poverty, an old lady of 74, as late as 1614, just six years before the present castle of Winton was begun.

Robert Seton, 6th Lord Seton (d. 1603), the son of the fifth lord and nephew of Mary Seton, was created Earl of Wintoun in 1600. Some sources give the date as early as 1585. His descendant George, 3rd Earl of Winton, began the building of the present structure at Winton about 1620.

Succeeding generations of the Seton family still played a part in the affairs of Scotland, although not always on the winning side. George, 4th Earl of

Winton, fought against the Covenanters and at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. His son quarrelled with his father and is supposed to have been working as a journeyman blacksmith abroad when he inherited the title in 1704. Returning, the 5th Earl joined Kenmure with 300 men at Moffat on the Jacobite side in the 1715 rebellion and after the rising was over he lay in the Tower of London under sentence of death. He succeeded in making his escape and fled to the Continent where he died in 1749. His lands were forfeited to the crown and the earldom became extinct until it was revived in 1840 in favor of the earls of Eglinton.

The estate of Winton and the castle—called both Winton House and Winton Castle at various points in its history (it is referred to as Winton House by its owners but village and farm people round-about its gates refer to it always as “The Castle”) came into the possession of the Hamilton family of Pencaitland by purchase towards the end of the 18th century, whereby Winton became the manor house of the combined estates. Col. Hamilton was succeeded in ownership by his sister, Mrs. Hamilton Campbell, the mother of Lady Ruthven. Lord and Lady Ruthven lived in the castle for many years and upon her death bequeathed the estate to Mrs. Hamilton Nisbet Dundas Ogilvy of Dirleton and Beal, who in turn bequeathed it to Mr. Gilbert F.M. Ogilvy, son of Sir Reginald Ogilvy, 10th Baronet of Inverquhar, and Olivia, daughter of the 9th Baron Kinnaird. Mr. Ogilvy had died not many months before our arrival at Winton and his son, our landlord, who occupied the rest of the castle, succeeded a few years later to his grandfather's title and estates of Inverquhar.

This, then, was the story behind our new home, although we did not learn the details till much later. We were busy at first getting to know this fascinating house. The castle was probably the work of the architect William Wallace, King's Master-Mason, and it is one of the most ornate examples of the Renaissance style in Scotland. It is faced with ashlar which was in 1953 unadorned, but on a subsequent visit in 1961 we found it to have been recently harled white to bring the surface closer to what must have been its original appearance. The chimneys are perhaps its greatest glory, being of wrought stone alternately fluted and twisted into a great variety of designs, and they are of a type to be seen nowhere else in Scotland. The castle is now under the protection of the National Trust for Scotland, and Sir David, somewhat of an antiquarian and interested in his home, is hopeful that certain 19th century additions to the original 17th century building can be removed thus restoring the shape of the Seton dwelling. One of the additions is a large ballroom on the first floor which obscures a part of the castle where the original entry door very probably was placed.

Winton's fascination consists in more than its striking architectural features some of which I have not yet mentioned, the ornamented window entablatures and the two large staircase towers, one of which led up to our flat. In 1633 the Setons entertained Charles I for a night on his journey from London to Edinburgh and for a weekend on his return trip, and several rooms were re-decorated at that time expressly for his visit. A sitting room with a magnificent ornamental plasterwork ceiling bearing the initials CR together with the royal arms is still called the King Charles Room, and next to it lies a large drawing room with a similar ceiling of great beauty.

This drawing room itself boasts a more literary history. Winton is, by repute, the original of Ravenswood Castle in Sir Walter Scott's novel *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and here is the room in which the unfortunate Lucy Ashton

went mad on her wedding night and here the monumental fireplace wherein she crouched in her distraction. The handsome Renaissance mantel bears the Seton crescents and the star and beneath an earl's coronet the initials GS of George Seton and AH for his wife, Anne Hay.

Mounting as we did the circular stone stairs on that early evening in September 1953, we were not yet aware of these exciting facts about our new home, but as we moved past closed doors leading into unknown rooms the atmosphere of antiquity and, yes, mystery quieted even our tired and complaining children, and we moved almost as through some strange and wonderful dream.

Later we became very familiar with the body of the castle that surrounded us then as we climbed. The 17th century building took the form of an L and rose to the height of five stories including the basement or ground floor which was only partly below ground level. Additions to the house had in later centuries filled in the angle of the L with a two story mass of rooms including the kitchen, entrance hall from the front drive, the ballroom, and others. Our flat was in the original building and we entered that night and always by a door at the rear of the castle which led into the basement level. Our way then took us through a long stone walled and floored passage, dimly lit and always cold, past empty small rooms built to accommodate vanished servants, past two huge stone vaulted rooms that had once been the castle kitchens and were now used for storage and occasionally for laundry, to the arched entrance to a spiral stone staircase which rose through an octagonal tower to the top of the house. This was one of two tower staircases in the original building and took its place in the inner angle of the L. It had probably once been an exterior tower, but now because of the alterations the first two flights were those of an interior stair and the rest was pierced with narrow, ornately set windows looking out on the leaded roofs of the 19th century rooms below.

One flight up from the foot of this stair we would pass the door leading into the King Charles Room and the other principal living rooms of the Ogilvys. Another turn around the spiral took us past the bedroom floor and one more dizzying circle and there was our heavy door. By the time we had reached this spot we had climbed 69 worn stone steps and had little inclination to continue. Had we done so we should have found ourselves at the top of the tower entering a maze of attic rooms filled to the corners with old chairs, pictures, books, lamps, and all the usual castoffs of families long in residence. Further down a long hall that paralleled our own below, more small rooms opened for long departed scullery maids and tweenies.

Home for us, when we reached it after our climb, was spacious and rather grand. Our sitting room, occupying the whole short arm of the L with windows on three sides was a light and airy room with magnificent views in three directions. There were two bedrooms and at the next opening off the hall a kitchen converted from a third bedroom when this floor had been made into a rental flat.

The bedrooms were warmed by fireplaces fed by coal brought up those 69 steps from our own coal pile between two of the buttresses of the terrace wall, and the windows were set in walls two feet thick and closed at night as a protection against the cold by heavy wooden but elegantly paneled shutters held fast with a full width iron bar. So thick and solid were the walls that it was only by the rattling of the shutters that we were aware of a winter storm outside.

Separating the sitting room from the master bedroom was a bathroom heated by those marvelous hot water pipes which the British place as towel racks in their houses and which provided the warmth that often made that room the most comfortable in the flat on a cold day. The heat extended to the tall window at the end of the room looking out on the dovecote nearby. The doves were well aware that here was a warm place, and it was a rare moment during short winter days when half a dozen pigeons were not crowded on the window-sill against the glass murmuring their soft sounds to one another.

Housekeeping in a castle, at least for us, was a matter of up and down. Up 69 steps with a bucket of coal, down 69 steps with a bucket of ashes. Down every morning with six empty pint milk bottles to where the day's delivery sits waiting on the stone windowsill at the bottom of the stair, and up again. Down with a squirming two year old in your arms or step by step with his little hand in yours, and always up, up with the two year old now tired from a walk in the park or a romp in the castle gardens, marvelous regions of formal flower plots, gravelled walks, huge old trees, and a line of super-life-size busts of Roman emperors whimsically gazing down from their pedestals atop the garden wall.

Food was a major item in our life at Winton, both the buying and the cooking of it. We had no car and our only means of transportation was the busline which could be reached by walking some half mile to the North Gate of the castle park. Food must come to us rather than we to the food. It seemed easiest to take up the habits of the castle and order our groceries delivered once a week by van from a grocer in the town of Tranent some miles distant. This grocer, James Smart by name, would take my order over the telephone and deliver in due course the butter, sugar, soups, tinned fruits and vegetables from the rather limited list of merchandise that grocers sold then in a land that had not yet acquired the supermarket complex.

Our meat came to us every Wednesday and Saturday in a butcher's van, and the ritual, probably set by previous tenants of the flat, never varied. The toot of the van's horn would be heard through my kitchen windows, and money clutched in hand, I would hasten down the 69 stone steps ending up at the bottom with my head in a whirl from such a quick spiral descent. Out on the back drive, the rear of the van would be open to the breezes with the driver standing ready to greet me in his blue smock. There lay the meats spread out in a row innocent of all covering. It now became a guessing game for me because no previous experience could help me distinguish any cut or even any kind of meat from another. The Scottish or English simply do not cut pork into recognizable pork chops, or lamb into lamb chops, or beef into something you would recognize as a steak. It was all just meat to me, and I always had to ask what my jolly butcher had today and let him identify it for me. This inability to pick out meat was a handicap I never overcame. Keeping house near Canterbury, Kent, in 1961 I had the same difficulty and my ego dragged in the dust every time I had to venture into a butcher shop. I was finally reduced to pointing at something that looked about the right size and then waiting until it was cooked to identify it. Fortunately, my perambulating butcher at Winton Castle understood something of this and under his tutelage I did learn the mysteries of mince, which is at first glance hamburger but which turns out to be part minced beef, part minced lamb (or if you are not lucky, mutton) and really makes a reasonable hamburger meal once you know how to disguise the lamb flavor, but not until then. I can also thank him for the one and only haggis I ever cooked. He took the time there

beside his van to tell me how to steam it and I shall be forever grateful to him for this experience.

This was Britain in the postwar years. Winston Churchill had not yet stepped down in favor of Anthony Eden, and the Suez crisis had not yet come to a head. These were rather lean years as far as meats, eggs, and butter were concerned, and many of the supplies of these commodities which were available came from abroad. Rationing was still nominally on for meat, and we were issued ration coupons for the family when we took up residence. However our coupons obtained us more meat than they were planned for since the restrictions were just on the edge of being over and our butcher obviously approved of the extensive and expensive meat eating habits of his American customers. Fresh eggs were still hard to come by and difficult to find until we discovered that the elderly couple who lived in the Gate House kept a few hens and would sell eggs to us, a few at a time, when they could spare them.

At the other end of the scale, bread was only 8 pence a loaf and delicious, and milk was inexpensive at 7 pence for a 20 ounce pint. Since the government was trying to encourage the drinking of milk in a country where a cup of tea was more likely to find a welcome among the very young as well as the old, our two year old qualified as a resident child for a pint of milk a day for a special rate of 3 pence, half-penny, a bargain of which we gladly took advantage.

Fresh vegetables in season were perhaps the easiest things to come by, because the Winton estate grew its own vegetables and these we could order by a note left at the bottom of the stairs. Later in the same morning there would be a tap on the door and the head gardener himself would be there with a basket of carrots, cabbage, potatoes, radishes, or lettuce, or when they were available fruits and berries. His name was R. Burns, or so he signed the handwritten slip which told us how much we owed the Winton Castle Gardens, and before long we learned to our great delight that the R. stood for Robert. Our daughter, Helen, became friends with his daughter and often played with her around the group of cottages which edged one side of the castle grounds.

We cooked our food on an electric stove of great antiquity, but of surprising ability. The stove and a sink for dishwashing made up the conveniences of the kitchen. Food which we wished to keep over night was entrusted to the broad stone outer window sill of a window in the hall which ran along one side of the bedroom and kitchen part of the L. This window seldom got any sun since it looked out over the leaded roofs of the newer parts of the castle and was always, even in summer, quite cool. Since milk was delivered and used up every day, meats came from the butcher frequently enough so that they did not spoil, and tinned fruits and vegetables were always consumed in one meal, we never missed a refrigerator at all.

The hall served as storage on its inner window sill also, always successfully except for once when our inexperience brought us to grief. My husband had been invited to join some of his friends on a hare shoot which took place on a neighboring estate with the purpose of decimating a rather large population of that oversized rabbit-like beast, the English hare. Bill enjoyed his day and returned laden with a large, dead hare which he said we would hang for a time and then cook. Neither he nor I had the least idea how to cook a hare, however, so the animal hung, and hung, and hung in our pantry until evidence of its presence was making itself known throughout the flat. I was very glad when the hare made its final exit riding in the garbage can down the 69 steps and out of our ken.

Food and its procurement was understandably very important to our small family, but other things were necessary to keep us in good order and one of these was laundry. Unlike later visits to Scotland when I found laundry centers available in several of the towns nearby, in 1953 marooned on the fourth floor of a castle with two small children, I did the washing myself. To those of you who have washed sheets in a bathtub I need say nothing, but I might add that my back was the strongest if my sheets were not the whitest in all East Lothian.

In bad weather I strung the washing on inside lines over a hot water radiator, our one share of the castle central heating, or near the hot water pipes in the bathroom. On sunny days the laundry was a pleasure because I had perhaps the most glamorous drying place in the world, the top of the high Square Tower, built by Wallace as a part of the 17th century house. This tower was at the extreme end of the long arm of the L, reachable from our flat by a door at the end of our pantry hall, and it carried its very narrow spiral staircase at one corner so that as you mounted small bedrooms presented themselves one after the other, rooms fit for a Rapunzel in the enchantment of their shapes, the thickness of their tiny window embrasures, and perhaps especially in the look of long inoccupancy which lent them an added flavor of a particularly delectable Gothic novel. Old pictures hung upon the walls, chairs sat patiently with faded cushions, bookshelves stood wobbly under the weight of dusty books and small souvenirs of the past. Only duty drew me away from the open doors with my load of wet wash, and nothing kept me from lingering there on the way down.

My destination was glorious enough, however, for emerging from the door at the final curving of the stair I came out of the cap house onto the flat top of the tower. Here I found laundry lines already waiting for me for this was known to the inhabitants of the castle as the "Nappy Tower." Generations of baby diapers and clothes have been hung there to dry and I was happy to add my share. The wind blew straight from the Lammermoor Hills, clean and cool, and washday was pleasantly and quickly concluded when I could use the tower.

Often I lingered long after the last sock had been pinned to the line for beyond the stone parapet the beauty of domestic Scotland lay spread out on every side. Below, beyond the formal gardens the river Tyne flowed past edged on its opposite shore by woodland. Fields stretched out on another side to where the roofs and chimney smoke of several small villages were just visible in the distance. Stables and kitchen gardens clustered behind a stone wall. The road curved off through the park towards the North Gate passing between the sleeping or grazing cattle, and always looming above the nearer hills rose the purple summits of the Lammermoors and the great heather covered Lammerlaw itself.



Winton Castle



Winton Castle and Garden

I HEARD THE PIPER
by
JAMES R. MAXWELL

The 23rd of August, 1965, dawned for me as no other day had dawned before. An early sun, shining from a cloudless sky, found me gazing from a window of a BOAC jet bound for the land of my ancestors. Many years had passed since my family left the green hills. Often I had thought of this and just what the land of my grandparents was like. Soon I would know as my destination was the same green hills of Scotland. As the plane descended through the clouds I had my first glimpse as the coastline came into view. Far below a dark, restless sea sparkled in the sun and a strange, peaceful, gently rolling green land appeared. The panoramic view held me spellbound. The landing was a surprise to me for along the edge of the jet runway sheep and cattle grazed complacently and did not seem to notice as the plane passed them by.

On the ground a cold, early morning wind sent arriving passengers scurrying into the terminal.

The long bus ride from Prestwick Airport gave me an unforgettable view of the country. Quickly the bus passed through gentle rolling hills, passed flocks of grazing sheep and cattle, passing cottages tucked against the side of a green hill, through small villages and towns and then into Glasgow.

Glasgow, for me the beginning of the end: Glasgow, the city of my ancestors. Here the start of a search, here the beginning of the road back. It was here in this city that it began in 1881 when Janet McGregor and Robert Maxwell left and the end in 1965 when I returned.

My bus arrived at St. Enoch Square. I stood looking at the city. Above the square the staid, old weather-stained St. Enoch Hotel looked out like a dowager from the forgotten past. The very past I was trying to find surrounded me in the square imposing, proud, and forbidding.

How well I remember this day, I a cold, tired stranger in a not-too-strange land, about to journey into the past to try to find the present. My search had now begun. I had heard the piper and followed the sound to the land of the heather in my grandfather's picture.

In the days that followed, I walked the streets and lanes of Glasgow searching for some way to the past. I visited old churches, public records and searched old maps from museums and finally found my way to Hutchinson-townborough of old Glasgow. I soon found the streets I had been looking for, Rose Street and Surrey Lane. They were very old and were being demolished to make way for a new public housing project. Even the old Free Church in which my grandparents were married was also gone. I was late; everything in the area was gone.

Boldly, armed with an old photograph and a greeting card from 1918, I began to search for a village called High Blantyre. Here, many years before, my father's cousin, Jessie Young, had lived. I found the village of Blantyre to be a quiet, peaceful community located south of Glasgow on the banks of the Clyde River. Here, again, I began to walk the streets searching for a house on Priestfield Terrace. Soon, I found this too was gone. It seemed as if I had made a fool's journey.

I stopped at a local undertaker's establishment. As had all others who helped me, they were most friendly and directed me to the Town Clerk's Office. Again, I found that the person who could help me had retired. The young girl in the office could find no record of Jessie Young, but she thought of a way she might be able to help. She called the retired town clerk. He knew Jessie Young and remembered her well as he had spent his entire life in Blantyre and had known her for many years. He thought she had passed away but said she had a daughter who still lived in Blantyre. He did not know her address but did know approximately where she lived. Going into Blantyre from High Blantyre I began to ask for Jessie Young. By now the cold rain both wet me and dampened my spirits. Then, I met a very elderly lady who wanted to know why I was looking for Jessie Young. I told her about my father and showed her the old photograph and the card. For once I had some good fortune. This lady had known her as a young girl and had lived with her in Blantyre all her life. The rain still fell from the gray sky but my hopes felt a ray of sunshine. She invited me into her house. As she did, she sent a small child for her daughter.

Her daughter, she told me, knew the children of Jessie Young. When the daughter arrived I again had to explain my purpose, then she took me to show me the way. The cold rain fell gently as I walked along those quiet streets past little houses, shops and up a gentle slope. She then pointed to a group of houses and said that Jessie Young's daughter lived there. She indicated one of the houses as the one I sought.

I thanked her and began to walk on up the hill. Then I began to have misgivings and doubts; no other place had I found even a trace of a relative, but now so near. I looked at the house and then gathering my courage I knocked. Inside I could hear the sounds of children at play. Soon the door opened and a dark-haired woman asked what I wanted. I asked for Jessie Young. Startled, she paused, and then asked why I wanted Jessie Young and told me she was dead. She then asked how I knew of her. I told her and she then invited me into the house. Here another woman was present and she was told of my inquiry. I showed them the old card and photograph I had. They then told me that Jessie Young was their mother. We talked and they invited me to return the next day to meet their father, Alex McDougal.

The next day was Sunday. It was a cool, bright, pleasant day. I returned to Blantyre to meet and talk with Alex McDougal. He was to be convinced about me. When I showed him the photograph, the greeting card and old post cards I had, he told me that his wife had talked about her cousin Robbie in Baltimore somewhere in America. At last I had found the beginning of the road that was to lead me to the past.

I was again to return to Scotland and continue my search with the help of Betty McGregor McDougal Frizzel and Mary Bruce McFarland McDougal Wigston, into the past and to find the land of my ancestors. A search that was to take me to the misty moors of Glen Coe, to the silent waters of Loch Lomond, to the shores of the Solway and Caerlaverock, to Dumfries, to Carlisle, to Edinburgh, to the tiny villages and glens of Perthshire and finally to the side of Loch Tay and Craggen Lawers.

To be Continued

THE ROAD BACK Edith Lloyd Blunt

About five miles from Crief, on the old road from Perth to Crief, is *Belliclone* which all Magruders visiting Scotland should seek out.

Belliclone was Drummond property in the 15th and 16th centuries. Margaret Campbell Drummond was left a life estate in the property by her first husband, Andrew Drummond, and was living there when she married her second husband, Alexander Magruder, the elder, who was Chamberlain to Lord Drummond, Chief of that Clan.

It was at *Belliclone* that Alexander Magruder, the younger (1st in America), was born. Alexander was transported to the Colony of Maryland after being captured by Cromwellian troops about the middle of the 17th century. The exact year of his arrival has not been documented, but recent research seems to indicate that it was earlier than previously believed by genealogists.

Belliclone reverted to John Drummond, son and heir of Margaret and Andrew, after Margaret Campbell's death. (Alexander Magruder, the elder, predeceased his wife and she had married for a third time, one of her Campbell relatives.)

The house in which Alexander, the American progenitor, was born is no longer standing, but some of the stones from the old house were purportedly used in the construction of the present dwelling and barnyard wall.

Thomas Garland Magruder and his wife visited *Belliclone* some years ago. Then, in 1970, Margery and Ray Richardson also followed the road back to *Belliclone*. The photos were taken by the Richardsons, and one shows Margery with the present owners, a family named McKinnon, in front of *Belliclone* house.



Approximate Location of Original *Belliclone* House



The Present Belliclone Mansion House



View Across the Fields



Margery M. Richardson between the present owners
of the Belliclone property

Photos by Margery Richardson

CIVIL WAR LETTERS

of Colonel John Bowie Magruder, CSA

Transcribed by Miss Allaville Magruder

(Published here are three more of the letters which Col. Magruder wrote to his immediate family during the War Between the States. Continued from 1970 Yearbook, p. 69)

Camp near Fredericksburg Va

Dec. 20, 1862.

Dear Papa-

I recd. the short note you sent by T. Caruthers, & for some days past have been expecting a good long letter from some one of you, but as yet it has not reached me — T. Caruthers spent a night with me, & I had a good deal of talk with him as to his military attainments — I found him but little acquainted with military tactics, as he had never studied it, & as his entire knowledge consisted of the very inaccurate information which he had been able to acquire while drilling, some twelve months since, as a private in the Hampden Sidney Vols., as he was not qualified although there were vacant positions in the Regt., I could do nothing for him at present — The manner in which vacancies in the Army are now filled, is as follows:

1. An election is held, & the person chosen is examined by a military board constituted for the purpose, & if found competent he receives the appointment — if incompetent he is dropped, & remains as before — 2. if, however the Commander of the Regt. feels satisfied that a suitable person to fill the vacancy, cannot be obtained in the Company, (for they rarely elect persons who are not members of their Company), he then recommends some one, not a member of the Company; this person is examined, & if considered competent by the board, receives the appointment — Of course however no Col. will stultify himself by recommending a person whom he believes, or knows to be incompetent, & unable to pass the examination creditably. Believing T. Caruthers to be at present unqualified for promotion, I advised him to join the Rockbridge Artillery, & in the meantime to provide himself with a copy of Hardee's tactics, & to study it thoroughly, & when he felt qualified to pass a searching examination with credit to himself to write to me, & I would recommend him for promotion to the first suitable vacant position — He seemed very grateful, & promised to follow my advice strictly — Had he qualified himself for a position as he should have done, during the past twelve months, during which he has been doing nothing I suppose, I would have had but little difficulty in getting him a position as Lt: at once — I hope however to be able to oblige his friends at some future day.

As you have seen in the papers, the great battle of Fredericksburg has been fought & won — You will read a full account of it in the papers, so I shall not attempt a description or an account of it here — My Regt. occupied a position in the immediate front on the line of battle, & was supported by Jenkin's S.

C. Brigade which was posted about 600 yds in our rear — I should have said that Armistead's Brigade was supported by Jenkin's — Pickett's Division occupied the center, & as the center was not attacked, we had nothing to do — Armistead's Brigade occupied a line of rudely constructed breastworks, made by piling felled trees, & digging a ditch in rear & throwing the earth upon the piled timber — the brush cut from the trees was thrown in front & against the timber, to prevent the Yankees from charging it successfully. This line of breastworks was about two miles below the town, about 1½ miles from the river, & immediately in front of the lower pontoon bridge over which Burnside crossed his army — It was within easy range of the Yankee Artillery, though as the center was not attacked, they did not attempt to dislodge us — My Regt. was thrown out on picket for one day & night, about 600 yds. in front of these breastworks & to the left of them, & distant from the Yankee pickets about 300 yds., but nothing of any interest occurred — Not a single man in the entire Brigade was wounded; in fact we can hardly be said to have been under fire, as the center was not attacked, & only a few rambling shells flew over our heads. The Yankees occupied a position a little to our left & front during the whole time, but remained as quiet & as peaceable as lambs. I had a fine view of the battle, which raged very fiercely, a little to the right of our front, as we were just at the foot of a hill, & at the commencement of the broad open low lands of the river — a description of it is impossible & I shall not attempt it in this short letter — The Yankee column, perhaps 25000 strong, suddenly moved up from near the river bank, in solid phalanx, & swept around to our right at a double quick, as if to flank our gallant army — On they moved in battle array — a splendid sight to behold — well might a tyro on our side tremble for the consequences — for not a gun from our side is heard — neither Inf: nor Artillery — not a Confederate soldier was to be seen, save 8 or 10 standing firmly by a few pieces of artillery posted just behind an eminence, several hundred yards in front of the Yankee phalanx, & even then quietly and calmly receiving a murderous fire from the Yankee Batteries on the other side of the river; for, by intuition as it were, although this battery had not yet opened, & had not yet been unmasked, they guessed its whereabouts — Onward moves the Yankee host, becoming more & more confident at every step — now they near a piece of copse-wood & sweep around as if to encircle it — just then a stream of fire is emitted from the gun surrounded by those undaunted 8 or 10, & scarcely has the sound reached you before your ears are deafened by the long loud rattling of musketry, the booming of fifty cannon at once, the bursting of shell & the dull "thug" of grape & canister — the battle on the right has commenced in earnest — yet not a confederate can be seen — the Yankee host halts, wavers, falls back, is rallied & brought up again, this awful firing from cannon & musket continuing all the while — See, the Yankee host again halts, wavers, & just now such a yell as almost rends the earth is heard above the rattling of musketry & the booming of cannon — the Confederates emerge from their ditches just in the edge of the woods & charge — the Yankee hosts fall back, halt, waver, run, fly, pell mell to the cover of their batteries — Our men pursue & bring back many prisoners — again & again did the Ys. move up & as often were they driven back — it was by far the most exciting scene I ever witnessed & I grew far more excited then than I ever did while engaged myself — The fighting was confined almost exclusively to the right & left

wings — the center was not attacked — I had quite a good view of the fighting on the right — About 12 M. on Tuesday Dec. 16. we returned to our present encampment which is very near our former camp — I then availed myself of the opportunity (for the Ys. had retreated across the river) to ride over the two battle fields, for they are separated by an interval of at least 1 3/4 miles in which there was no fighting — I never saw such carnage in my life — the wounded had all been removed (for this was Tuesday & the battle had been fought on Saturday). Our dead had all been buried as well as many of the Yankee, & yet there they still laid in heaps, in every conceivable position & mangled in every conceivable way. On the right the fighting was less concentrated but the slaughter was more terrible — on the right the line extended for about 1 1/4 miles — on the left about 1/2 mile. Even when I visited the left, although many Ys. had been buried & many had been carried off by the Ys. in their retreat, one might have walked a 1/4 of a mile stepping from dead Ye. to dead Ye. without once touching the ground — At the lowest calculation there were 2500 Killed on the right & not fewer than 2000 Killed on the left — Their entire loss in Killed & wounded could not have been less than 12000 — our loss was 1759, Killed & wounded — not more than 350 Killed — Not a single cannon was taken by either side — at one time we had possession of six but they were taken again before they could be removed — Not an inch was gained by the Ys. although they fought as well as usual — The Ys. took about 300 prisoners — & we took about 1200 — Many small arms, much ammunition, numerous knapsacks, overcoats, canteens &c &c were captured by us. Altogether it was one of the most brilliant victories of the war. Never before did our men behave so well — heretofore at every battle there have been not fewer than from 10000 to 15000 stragglers from their commands — this time there were not 1000 — Never did an army occupy a better position than did Genl. Lee's in the recent engagement — it occupied every eminence, & was almost wholly concealed until you came upon them, in nearly every instance occupied breastworks, & the hills & cliffs around seemed to have been formed with special reference to this very battle — We were still, calm, cool & collected & could therefore aim with precision. The Ys. on the other hand occupied the low flat land bordering on the river, had no breastworks, no commanding positions on which to place their artillery, knew not where we were, as they could not see us, had to advance, & naturally became excited, which deranged their aim — The town is almost ruined; there is scarcely a house which has not been struck more than once — two entire squares on Main St: have been burned — Every house was ransacked & many valuables carried off — The Ys. had possession of the town from Thursday at 12. M. till daylight Tuesday morning — It is said at Genl. Lee's Hd. qrs. that Burnside was very anxious to renew the fight on Sunday — but that Siegel, who joined him on Saturday with 25000 men, swore that not one of his men should cross the river to fight Lee in such a position — & that all the commanding officers of B's. army protested against it, on the ground that their men could not be induced to fight again in such a place — Nothing was left him therefore but to retreat — It is impossible to say what will happen next, but the opinion generally prevails that the army will change its base to the south side of the James, leaving Siegel to threaten & advance on Rd. from this side — A deserter from the Ys. who came over last night, says that they are now very busy building winter quarters — the truth of this I will not vouch for — not much reliance is to be placed in such men — Mr. T. came down every day to find out what was going

on — I saw him once — from him I learned that Julia was at Glenmore — He has no doubt given you a full description of the battle — Give my best love to Julia & tell her that I shall never forget how much we enjoyed the “good things” she sent me — There were then six in my mess, & it did not last very long however — since the fight I have determined to mess by myself, as it was very inconvenient to have my boy waiting on so many — I am therefore messing alone now & shall continue to do so — except the Adj. (when he is appointed); for I intend that he shall be one of my intimate friends, & and will of course mess with his Col — I want to make John Watson my adj. — his rank will then be that of 1st Lt — pay \$100 per month which is a good deal more than he gets now — & he will have a horse to ride — let me know whether he would like to have the position — I am getting on very well in every respect except in my culinary Dpt — That progresses badly as I can get nothing to cook — it seems that money can’t buy anything in the world in this section of country that is eatable, except cured salt pork (the most unpalatable of all meats) & flour — the country around has been eaten out & it is not to be had — I am nearly starved — have not eaten a hearty meal since the fight — I did manage to get one head of cabbage for 75cts, as a great favor, & half pint vinegar at 25cts (which put me again under obligations) & made some cold slaugh which, I can assure you, I enjoyed — This is all except cured salt fat pork & flour which I have been able to get for ten days — & I am famished — I thought by messing alone, that when I did get something to eat it would last a little while, but alas! I can’t get anything — Do send me a box, a large one, a regular Xmas box, & if I may suggest, let it contain those 2 blankets given me by Mr. T., chines, backbones, spareribs, sausages, a few pods of red-pepper, a quart of vinegar, cabbages, turnips, sweet potatoes, apples, irish potatoes, Butter, a qt. Bottle of Brandy &c &c — It is dangerous to send it unless put in the care of somebody — though persons are constantly coming down from that section of country, & if I heard that it was at Hanover Junction I could send a wagon for it although it would be very inconvenient & though it should take the wagon a week to get back here — Jacob Boman from Fluvanna is here now — Willie Lilly has just gone back — Ben Pace from the Union is coming down in a few days — he would take care of it gladly — Horace Gianniny is in Alb- & will be down soon — Bob Richerson comes down very often — Abram Shepherd quite often — Be sure to send me a box by the first opportunity — Why can’t you come yourself? My best love to all — I am expecting a letter from you & from each one of you daily — What will Horatio take for his horse “Bet” — I want another horse — to be used as a pack horse — Write very soon & send on the good things —

Your aff son

J.B. Magruder

N. B. I have just learned that Winston Priddy, who lives on the three chop road near Beaverdam Church, is coming down the latter part of this week — he comes by the cars & will get on at Keswick — Send the box by him — He will take good care of it & will look after it very willingly — Write Soon —

Your aff son

J.B. Magruder

Head Quarters 57. Va Vols.
Camp near Guiney's Depot - Jan 2d. 1863

Dear Henry -

I recd. your letter to-day, & was gratified to find that mine had been answered so promptly, though it was an unaccountably long time in reaching you - You begin by giving me an account of the delightful Xmas you have had, escorting young ladies to parties which last all night, feasting on the luxuries & dainties of the land &c - Mine was spent very differently - the usual, dull, regular & unvarying routine of business was gone through with on Xmas day, just as on any other day, with the single exception that the regular drills, which form a very small part of my daily labor, were omitted - Nothing was there to remind me of the flowing bowl with its snow-white foam & rich golden color, the festive board with its reeking load of savory meats & dainty viands, the pleasant walks & rides, the prolonged & low-toned conversations, the enlivening music, the quadrilles, waltzes, & reels of the delightful Xmas of 1861 passed in Richmond Va - in the center of my tent however, & on an old army chest, stood a solitari flask, holding about a quart of apple brandy, (for which I had paid Rufus Hawley the moderate sum of \$15), with which I welcomed those of my friends who saw fit to call; & this was the only departure I made from my ordinary course of life in honor of the Xmas of 1862 - Even dinner passed off just as usual, for instead of a Xmas feast, shared with those who are dearest & most beloved, solitary & alone, I nibbled my salt pork & hard bread, with no reminder of the good things at home, no, not even so much as a line to say that I was missed - You will be surprised no doubt at the prices paid for liquor; in fact it was sold for exactly what the holder chose to ask - Hawley had purchased several gallons, paying \$60 per gal. & disposed of all of it except the qt. he sold me at the rate of \$120 per gal. after it was all sold, an officer offered him \$40 if he would go & get him a quart - it could not be had then even at that price - The 26th of December passed with me just as the 26th of November had passed, in the discharge of my daily duties - On the 27th my Regt. was ordered out on picket, & we did not get back until the night of the 29th, when our camp was moved to its present place; about 2½ miles from Guiney's Depot on the R. F. & P. R. R. - Guiney's Depot is now my P. O. You give a glowing description of the future prospects of the Union Manufacturing Company - I have decided to take one share at all hazards, & am hesitating whether or not to take a couple - From your account of it they ought to be very willing to take the profits of the first year's operations as pay for the stock - as, from your showing, it will be considerably over 100 pr. cent - I hope you prove as good a salesman of your stock of goods, as you do of this Union Manufacturing Company's stock - How many shares do you intend taking? I am very glad to hear that you are to return to school very soon - You ask my advice as to which school you had better attend - I am entirely unable to give you anything but general advice, as you failed to give me the names of the teachers - if Maj: Dabney has no better teacher than Waller Holliday was, then you had better go somewhere else - You ought of course to go to some teacher who is a University graduate, & as I am acquainted

with a very large number of these, if you will write me the names of the teachers at the diff. schools, I can perhaps select for you, better than you can for yourself — The character of the school, whether intended for poorly advanced or well advanced scholars, should also be carefully considered in connection with the qualifications of the teacher — You should by all means select a school where you will find boys better advanced than yourself, otherwise you will lose one of the chief incentives to exertion & labor; & in entering classes you should enter those, to keep up with which it will tax you to your utmost, otherwise you will find yourself at the end of the year exactly where you ought to have begun — I hope and believe that you go to school with the determination to study well & closely — be very careful therefore in the selection of your room-mates & your daily companions — this is the more important in your case, because you are easily led astray, & because, being very polite, you permit yourself to be imposed on by doing for others what they should do for themselves, & thus idling away your time, & also because you are naturally fond of company — By all means get your lessons by yourself — Don't study with any one — more can be learned by studying for yourself & by yourself for half an hour than by studying for a whole day with another — Don't imagine that you have forgotten what you once knew about the languages & math: — for you are mistaken — you may not be able to recol. it at once, but should a case for its application arise, it will at once recur to you — You should enter classes as far as possible exactly where you left off — go back not one solitary page — much time is thus uselessly wasted, & you have no time for such tom-foolery — if you find that you are rusty, review in private — you will be astonished at the rapidity with which you will regain your former knowledge — You have no doubt forgotten more of your Greek than anything else, as you had not advanced far enough to know, what you did know, well & thoroughly, & to impress it upon your mind — Don't for one instant abandon the idea of studying Greek — Don't think of it — as soon think of trying to forget how to read English — You might not finish your education as early as you might desire, but you still have an abundance of time, if properly improved, to make yourself what you should be, & what you are entirely capable of being, to wit, a thoroughly educated man — Don't think once therefore of giving up Greek, else you will deeply regret it when it will have become too late to remedy it — French will give you but little trouble, as you are now fully as well acquainted with it as most persons are when they enter the University — You will thus have an abundance of time to devote to Greek — You should attend the Bourdon & Legendre class for review — it will require but little time for you to prepare for it — & should enter the Analytical & Descriptive Geom. class — this too should give you but little trouble — Take Horatio with you no matter where you go — set him a good example and try & prevail on him to follow it — do your best to induce him to study; he will require some extra stimulant to exertion, for he has not the energy, ambition, perseverance, & talents that you have — Try to get the very best education in your power, for it is worth far more than fine gold & precious stones — I have seen the advantages of it, & sincerely hope that you may reap its fruits — Pardon me for reading you such a lecture, but I very naturally feel very solicitous & anxious about your education, & wish to further your efforts in this respect as much as possible — I expect to receive an appointment as full Col' in a very short time, though to

all intents & purposes I have had that rank ever since I have been Lt: Col. as I have had the command & exclusive management & control of this Regt. from that time — Yet it is a promotion, & as a military man, I very naturally desire it — I have heard nothing from James or Hillary for several months — Hillary is now Captain, I know — is James 1st Lt: yet? I understand that there was a probability of his being promoted to that position — I understand that you have become a great ladies' man; I have my doubts as to whether a man gets paid for his loss of time, but nevertheless it is a pleasant & agreeable way to pass off one's time — Surely you have not forgotten Lizzie Watson — if so, who is it that enchains your affections? Who is this Miss Martin whom you escorted to the party at Mr Gentry's — I am very sorry that you did not send that box by Mr. Jones, for it would have been most acceptable — Write very soon — My love to Uncle Horatio —

Your affectionate brother

J. B. Magruder

How much have you made by your year's labor & how do you intend investing it?

Head Quarters 57th VA
April 7th 1863 -

Dear Henry -

I am up very early this morning in order to answer your kind & interesting letter, which was received several days since — and I fear lest my usual punctuality may have suffered in your estimation by not answering it sooner, & yet I feel confident, that it would occasion you but little surprise did you know how constantly and closely I have been occupied for some time past — In addition to my regular duties as commander of a Regt., Genl. Longstreet has recently made me President of a General Court-Martial which sits from 5 to 7 hours each day, & also President of a Board of Officers, appointed under the late Act of Congress, for the retirement & removal of incompetent & inefficient officers, which meets upon the call of the President — I begin to think as Papa does, that my pay, (which is only \$195 per month — barely a support -) is but poor compensation for the amount of work I am called on to perform — though I have the advantage over Papa in that he receives only \$120 per month —

My command has been moved from Ft. Powhatan to the Blackwater District — & is now encamped, near the Norfolk & Petersburg Rail Road, about 18 miles distant from Suffolk — where there are said to be about fifteen thousand yankees — quaking and trembling in their boots from the apprehension of an attack — Four Yankee prisoners were brought in yesterday, who give a most deplorable account of the condition of their troops now stationed near Suffolk — They say that there is but one Regt. now there that will make a show even of resistance — that the remainder are wholly demoralized & disorganized, having no confidence in their officers & being

under no discipline whatever — This account is not entitled to entire confidence, but much of it is reliable, as it is in great measure corroborated by the statements of loyal citizens coming from that section — It is hard to say what our Generals intend to do, or what is to be the plan of the campaign, but of this much I feel very confident, that to attack Suffolk is not a part of the programme — although I believe it could be taken without much trouble or expense — The next summer is to be passed in Maryland or perhaps in Pennsylvania, & movements will soon be commenced to further this end — Lee must first whip the Army of the Potomac now lying at Fredericksburg, & send it howling & yelling back to Washington — & this he will proceed to do as soon as the weather & roads will permit, by turning aggressor if they do not attack —

I am glad to learn that you have so entirely retained your former knowledge of Mathematics & will so soon be ready to commence the study of the Calculi — Descriptive Geometry is by no means a necessary study prior to the commencement of the Calculi, & as it has been almost entirely dropped from the University Course, I agree with Melton & advise you not to waste time on it but to hurry on to the Calculi — I hope you are progressing rapidly with your Greek as you are more deficient in this than in any other branch of your studies — If you find that you cannot devote as much time to it as you would desire I would drop French until just before going to the U — though if you intend going next session French should also be studied now — redouble your exertions upon Greek, & pay a good deal of attention to Latin — I feel sure that you are studying well — for you are now sufficiently old to see the value of an education & to know that you have no time to lose in its acquisition — John Watson says that I must tell you that his library of school books is at your disposal — take good care of them & when you can obtain others return them — He has everything that you will need —

I got a letter from Evy yesterday — she wrote me that you & James had spent the previous Saturday & Sunday at Aunt Ju's — this I had readily guessed already, for I knew that Jennie Watson was at Aunt Js. & I knew what a favorite of yours she was — You surely spent a pleasant time — write me about it — She says that you deserve to be placed along with Horatio in the class of "gay deceivers" as you grossly deceived her as to your promised visit on your return from Blenheim — Have you carried Hoge to see Miss Lizzie Watson yet? I insist that it shall be done — & let me know how he was pleased with her — I gave her a glowing description of him when in Charlottesville. Tell Hoge that when I get to be General (which will be at a very remote period in the future, I think) I will carefully consider his application for Aide De Camp — Tell him he must get Miss Lizzie Watson to intercede for him — How do you like Melton as a teacher? is he as strict or more so than I was? You may rest assured that he is fully competent to prepare you for the University & to teach you for a good many years yet — Give my love to him & tell him that I would be glad to hear from him — Write soon & tell me about your Charlottesville trip — did you go to Mr. Watson's — Don't let thoughts of J.W. interfere with your studies —
Direct to Petersburg Va

Your aff: brother

J. B. Magruder

GENEALOGICAL SECTION



“History is the essence of innumerable
biographies.”

Thomas Carlyle

ROBERT JAMES MACGREGOR NEWLY ELECTED CHIEFTAIN

Robert James Macgregor was born in Lansing, Michigan on August 26, 1923. The eldest son of Carol and Helen Hewett Macgregor, he is a seventh generation lineal descendant of Rob Roy through his second son James Mor. His great grandfather, Moses McGregor, boilermaker, and his wife Jeannie Crawford emigrated to America in 1847. He was a son of James McGregor, weaver in Glasgow, and Margaret Lyle. In due course, Moses, his three brothers, and a brother-in-law had settled in Michigan, where each eventually established his own boiler works.

Jim grew up in Urbana, Ohio. He attended Syracuse University and George Washington University, where he was a member of Sigma Nu fraternity. In 1943 he was called to active duty with the Navy. After training at Dartmouth College and Harvard University, he was commissioned an Ensign and served two years as a supply officer aboard a destroyer escort in the western Pacific. His ship participated in the battle of Samar Sea, the invasion of Leyte, Luzon, and Okinawa, and the occupation of Japan, receiving three battle stars for these campaigns. Released from active duty in 1946 as a Lieutenant Senior Grade, he returned to George Washington University where he completed the requirements for a B. S. in Government and Business Administration, with a minor in History. Upon graduation he spent two years in Baltimore in radio broadcasting and public relations, during which period he became a member of the St. Andrew's Society of Baltimore.

In 1950, he entered the Life Insurance Profession with the Home Life Insurance Company of New York and has been actively associated with the Washington Agency of that company ever since. Specializing in life insurance planning, estate tax problems, and business life insurance, he is an agent for all forms of life insurance, accident and health insurance, annuities, pensions, etc. Jim is a member of the D. C. Life Underwriters Association; the Naval Reserve, Retired; the Sons of the American Revolution; a charter member of the Cosmopolitan Club of Bethesda; and the Bradley Hills Presbyterian Church, where he served as a trustee. Involved in Boy Scouting since the age of 12, having attained the rank of Eagle Scout, he organized a Scout Troop in his church, served as its Scoutmaster for 8 years, and has remained active as a committeeman ever since.

A keen student of Scottish history and culture, Jim has by extensive research become most knowledgeable in ancient and modern Macgregor history. Active in Scottish affairs, he is a member of the St. Andrew's Society of Washington, has served for the past three years on the Board of Managers of that Society, and is currently the Membership Chairman. In 1967 and 1968, he was chairman of their Tartan Ball. He is also a member of the St. Andrew's Society of Williamsburg, Va. Joining the American Clan Gregor Society in 1965, he was appointed librarian upon the death of Miss Regina Magruder Hill and was elected to that office at the 1966 Gathering. In 1967 he was elected ranking Deputy Chieftain of the Society. He acted as Master of Ceremonies for the banquets at the 1966 and 1967 Gatherings, and was the Chairman of the 1970 Gathering. He is a life member of the Clan Gregor Society of Scotland and also a member of the Scottish Tartan Society in Stirling.

In 1944, Jim married Marguerite Sue Spearman, of Mississippi and Washington. Of Macdonald descent on both sides as well as other clans, she too has been extremely active in Scottish functions and has worked closely with her husband in Clan Gregor and St. Andrew's Societies. Sue became Clan Librarian in 1967 and, among other services, has been responsible for all the floral decorations at the past several Gatherings. She is an artist, flower arranger and gardener of note. An active member of the Chevy Chase Womens Club, she was chairman of their garden club for two years. Sue also was interested in scouting, started a Girl Scout Troop, and was its leader for 8 years. She collects Scottish art and with her husband on a historical research trip to Macgregor and Macdonald country in 1969 made a beautiful photographic story of those Clan lands and their many historical sites. Sue and Jim both enjoy Scottish country dancing. They have two children. A son, James Bruce, who proudly wears the kilt, is a fifth year architecture student at Virginia Polytech; their daughter Karen Sue, a coloratura soprano, is a first year voice major in opera at East Carolina University. Both children have attended several of the Clan Gatherings, where Karen has entertained with Scottish ballads and Bruce has acted as photographer.

(Editor's Note: For a picture of R. James Macgregor see page 30.)

DANIEL LEE MAGRUDER

Photographed in April 1970, at the age of 17 months, Daniel Lee's picture is our frontispiece. His hose were knit by a doting grandmother and the outfit created by equally fond greataunt and uncle, who fashioned the badge on his cap from the bowl of a silver spoon and the silver mounting for the Sporan from a fork, both being pieces salvaged from a disastrous fire. His belt buckle was made from a piece of brass shell from World War II.

Daniel Lee is the son of Daniel Magruder (Clan number 1581), and the grandnephew of the late Clayton Lee Magruder (Clan number 1452). On his mother's side he is the grandnephew of William G. Parke II (Clan number 1608). Daniel Lee's mother, Suzanne (Carrère) Magruder is the daughter of Robin Carrère and Nancy Riggs (Parke) Carrère. Robin Carrère's mother also was descended from the Griers. Therefore, three out of the four grandparents of Daniel Lee Magruder are descendants of the MacGregors.

The Strong Character of Don Luis MacGregor

by Alfonso Trueba

(Published in the Mexican Newspaper "Excelsior" February 24, 1970)

Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. William H. Lloyd

"The person in the story I am about to tell belongs to a class now rapidly disappearing, that of the Gentlemen of Honor. He is not only a lawyer, he is a jurist, defender of the law and of liberty. In one of the stellar moments of his life he did not fail to stand up and expound in defense of the rights of man.

"This gentleman is 84 years old. For more than 22 years, he has loyally served the administration of justice as Secretary of Decisions of the First Room of the Supreme Court. As a man he is tall, thin, very pallid, bent with the weight of years. His hair is very white. He is called Luis E. MacGregor.

"An idea of the firmness of his character is shown in this episode. Don Luis was Secretary to the Mexican Embassy in Washington when President Carranza was assassinated. Upon hearing of this, he presented his resignation saying, 'I am ashamed to serve a country in charge of men who kill their president.' Don Luis was recently married, at the time, and did not have a cent. The people at the Embassy tried uselessly to have him withdraw his resignation, trying to show him the economic difficulties he was in. Lawyer MacGregor then offered himself to the Argentine Embassy serving as a translator to earn the money necessary to return to Mexico. He arrived there finally with one dollar in his pocket and appendicitis. He was then 35 years old.

"In Mexico, there was much spilling of blood in the decade of the twenties. Don Luis MacGregor, faithful to his role as a man of law, kept himself apart from the disorderly regime whose representatives killed without pity.

"Nineteen twenty-seven was a year of cruel persecution. On Sunday, November 13, an attempt was made on the life of Obregon in the park at Chapultepec. Neither the Minister of Public Affairs nor the Judges intervened in the investigation of the case. All the proceedings were in charge of Roberto Cruz. Detained were the brothers Augustin and Humberto Pro Juarez, the engineer Luis Segura Vilchis, and the workman Juan Tirado. The newspaper *Excelsior*, in spite of the mystery surrounding the proceedings, tried to keep the public informed on what was happening. On Wednesday, the 23rd of November, it published this notice: 'The Secretary of the Chief Inspector of Police, Lawyer Benito Guerra Leal, is preparing a voluminous report of the proceedings. Formed by police expediency it will be consigned to responsible authorities and put at their disposition so that they may pass judgment in keeping with their responsibilities.'

"Don Luis MacGregor, was the lawyer for the Judiciary Department of the Huasteca Petroleum Company. He is not a Catholic nor a positivist so he had no interest in the possible victims other than a human interest in their rights. His conscience rebelled against the possibility that a man might be executed without due process, without giving him the least opportunity to defend himself. Ignoring all counsel urging prudence, Don Luis took his hat and left his office on the Avenue Juarez on his way to the Courts of Justice for the District which was situated on Donceles Street next to the Church of the Enseñanza. His idea was to solicit aid in the name of the prisoners and obtain an immediate order to stay the execution of the assassins. He thought he could prevent the crime.

"After interviewing two district judges who showed him the door with their noses in the air letting him know they would not interfere in this political affair, Don Luis MacGregor interviewed immediately a third judge, the lawyer Julio Lopez Mase and asked him if he would dictate an order for the suspension of the shooting of these men which he knew was going to take place momentarily. This judge also refused to issue the order. Don Luis told him it was his most sacred duty and obligation to respect the rights guaranteed by the Constitution. 'These men are guilty of an attempt on the life of General Obregon', said the judge. Don Luis replied, 'Their guilt can only be established by a sentence given under judicial authority after having observed all the formalities of the procedure. Remember the mandate in Article 14 of the Constitution. No one can be deprived of his life and liberty until he has been brought to trial before a competent court in which they have complied with the essential formalities of the procedure. If they are guilty, they shall be punished under the law, but you must prevent them from being killed without a trial.' The judge obstinately refused to write the order. Precious minutes passed. Giving up in disgust, Don Luis ended by saying to the judge, 'You are failing in your duty, Judge. I hope that some day a son of yours does not find himself in the position of these people and have to turn to a judge so weak and of so little valor as Your Honor.' Judge Lopez ordered lawyer MacGregor out of the room, but as he was leaving the judge suddenly changed his mind. 'Wait', he said, 'at your demand, I will send the order of suspension.'

"Don Luis hardly knew the names of the four suspected criminals. He had read them in the newspaper *Excelsior*. A young student named Mariano Azuela, who worked in the Courts of Justice drew up the Suspension Order. Mr. MacGregor went out immediately accompanied by the actuary Guillermo Vasquez. They went to the Inspector General of Police whom they found in his office where now stands the building of the National Lottery. MacGregor and the actuary were taken into the presence of General Cruz. They told him about the order of suspension of the shooting. General Cruz rose in wrath and said he was tired of lawyers of the Coalition and their petitions. Lawyer Guerra Leal indicated to him that Mr. MacGregor did not belong to the Coalition nor was he a Catholic. The actuary also stated that the prisoners could ratify the demand and ask to be tried by a judge. General Cruz answered, 'This will not be possible as dead men cannot ask for a judge nor can they ratify anything.'

"In effect, the brothers Pro Juarez, Segura Vilchis, and Juan Tirado had fallen under the bullets of their assassins."

(Note: The data for this story I owe in the first place to Mr. MacGregor himself. At 84 years, his mind is very clear. As he resents all publicity, it took a lot of work on my part to get any information from him. The lawyer Salvador Barros Sierra also gave me some hitherto unknown data. The Minister Don Mariano Azuela confirmed that it was he who wrote the Order of Suspension, and he remembers the intervention of Don Luis MacGregor as one of the most beautiful lessons in honesty and right that he had received in all his life. — — Alfonso Trueba.)

NOTEWORTHY NEWS

COLONEL SIR GREGOR MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR, BART.

In October, our Hereditary Chief was notified that he was to return to Scotland at the end of February, 1971, and that he would be promoted to the rank of full Colonel upon assuming his new Command in Edinburgh.



MALCOLM and NINIAN MACGREGOR
at Lake Sunapee, N.H.
August 1970

Again in 1970, the two sons of Sir Gregor and Lady MacGregor enjoyed a summer vacation in the United States. This time they were in New England and are pictured on the shore of Lake Sunapee. Sir Gregor told of some of their activities there in his address to the Gathering. See page 32.

THE COLLEGE CROWD

The McAdams girls are busy with school.

Linda McAdams Gray is a 4th year art student at Madison College. She plans to teach Art in the High School at Luray, Virginia, next year. She and her husband, Emlen Gray, are living in Luray.

Barbara Kyle McAdams is a 2nd year art student at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Va.

Heather Clary McAdams is now sixteen and an active eleventh grader at Thomas Jefferson High School in Annandale, Va.

Joseph C. Tichy, Jr., is in graduate school at the University of Georgia at Athens, Ga., preparing to take his Doctorate in Neuro-physiology.

Sue Tichy is a freshman at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota, where she is taking a course in Creative Writing. She has been teaching poetry to Mexican-American drop-out students and in January started to teach poetry in the Public Schools.

Suzanne Shoemaker is at Virginia Polytechnical Institute studying preveterinary medicine. Her Coming Out Party was planned for December 1970, at the Arlington Holly Ball.

Two of our VPI students were able to attend the Gathering this year: *Bruce Macgregor* and *Rose Ann McGehee*.

Bruce Macgregor is taking his last year in Architecture at Virginia Polytech.

Karen Macgregor who is studying music at East Carolina University had the female lead in "Man of La Mancha". Last summer, she was the lead in the Wildwood Summer Theatre production of "The Threepenny Opera." Karen also does church solo work in Greenville, S.C.

Mary Natalie Peter, known to her friends as "Lee," graduated with Honors from Holton Arms in June 1970, and is now a freshman at Duke University.

Edith ("Edie") Peter is a Sophomore at Holton Arms, this year, while *Arthur Peter, III*, is a fourth grader at Landon School for Boys.

Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota, gives a free tuition scholarship to any student who is interested in studying the bag-pipes.

NOTEWORTHY NEWS

Clark MacGregor, former Congressman from Minnesota, named by President Nixon to the White House Staff as his principal adviser on congressional relations, assumed his new duties on January 3, 1971. In announcing the appointment, the President's Press Secretary said that Mr. MacGregor will bring a wealth of congressional and legislative experience to the White House. He will have the title of "Counsel" to the President, and is expected to bring some new ideas to the job.

Clark MacGregor has been close to President Nixon "personally, politically and philosophically," and is delighted with the opportunity to serve him in these matters. He believes that someone who has been a member of Congress as he has can strengthen and add to White House good relations with Congress.

During the spring of 1970, a delightful party in honor of Willet Clark Magruder, Jr., our State Deputy Chieftain for Missouri, was given by his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Philip R. Wheeler of Alexandria, Virginia.

Dr. Hugh Anderson who twice preached at the Kirkin' o' the Tartan in the Washington Cathedral, is now a member of the Edinburgh Divinity Faculty. He is one of the outstanding New Testament Scholars. Before going to Edinburgh Dr. Anderson was a member of the faculty of the Divinity School at Duke University, in Durham, N.C. Dr. Anderson has recently published a book, a commentary on the Gospel of St. Mark. (See p. 45, 1967 Yearbook)

NEW BOOK ABOUT MCGREGORS

A manuscript entitled "Alexander McGregor and His Town" is to be published in book form by the Library Board of McGregor, Iowa. The author is Mrs. Lena D. Meyers of McGregor, who worked 15 years on the story of the founder of the town and the tragic lawsuits between him and his brother James, which caused Alexander's widow to exhume the bodies of her husband and child and remove them across the river for burial in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Mrs. Meyers' book recounts the first time the McGregor name appeared in Scottish History a few hundred years after Christ. The story ends with the death of the last descendant of Alexander, Eloise McGregor who died in 1950.

CORRECTIONS

1970 Yearbook, page 15: In 5th paragraph, first line, change Archibald to Archie, to read: Mrs. Archie McGregor.

1970 Yearbook, page 40: In the last birth listed, the name Osborn should read Osgood: Robert Gilchrist Osgood.



DON'T FORGET
A GOOD TIME AWAITS YOU AT THE
1971 GATHERING

October 15 and 16
The Sheraton-Fredericksburg Motor Inn
FREDERICKSBURG, Virginia

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Mr. William C. Stokoe 659 Quaker Road Scottsville, New York 14546	1467
Dr. & Mrs. William C. Stokoe, Jr. 9306 Mintwood St. Silver Spring, Maryland 20901	1385 1584-A
Mr. David Barnes Stone 477 Westfield Street Dedham, Massachusetts 02026	1376
Mr. Galen Luther Stone New Delhi Department of State Washington, D.C. 20521	1371

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Mr. George K. Taylor 2501 Hackworth Street Ashland, Kentucky 41101	526	Mrs. Mario Ventura 55 North Shore Road Absecon, New Jersey 08201	1417
Mrs. Henry M. Taylor Ravenswood 8718 River Road Richmond, Virginia 23229	601-A	Mrs. George B. Vest 5005 Linnean Avenue N.W. Washington, D.C. 20008	154
Miss Susan A. Taylor 2475 Virginia Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20037	1085	Mr. & Mrs. Julian von Heisermann 1150 Fifth Ave. Apt 3E New York, New York 10028	1610-A 1474
Mr. Robert A. Temple Box 265 Lexington, Kentucky 40501	1364	Mr. Thomas M. Wade, Jr. 717 East 8th Street El Dorado, Arkansas 71730	300
Mrs. John H. Terry 2486 Kingsley Drive Macon, Georgia 31204	1346	Mrs. Annie K. Walker 958 Lumpkin Street Cuthbert, Georgia 31740	768
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Mr. Joseph C. Tichy, III 1109 Crowfoot Lane Paint Branch Farm Silver Spring, Maryland 20904	1048	Mrs. Lorne G. Ward 7345 North Oak Drive Glendora, California 91740	1362
Miss Susan E. Tichy 1109 Crowfoot Lane Paint Branch Farm Silver Spring, Maryland 20904	1577	Mrs. William C. Warren, Jr. 3669 Paces Valley Road N.W. Atlanta, Georgia, 30327	1333
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		Mrs. J. Austin Watson R.F.D.-1 Waynesburg, Pennsylvania 15370	1221
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