

The Sporrán

Davidson of Davidson



Arms Of The Chief



July

2011

News From

The Clan Davidson Society

(USA)

Clan Davidson International Gathering Takes Kansas City Scottish Highland Games By Storm!!

“Reports of rampaging Davidson Highlanders and their strikingly beautiful ladies running amok on the Games field and in the nearby Argosy Hotel are wildly over-exaggerated”, states Dave Chagnon, Sennachie of the Clan Davidson Society in the US. Story continues on Page 3.



Donna Davidson Hicks (WA) and Helen Davis (FL) carry the “Margaret Davis Bailey - Evelyn Chagnon-created Davidson Banner” followed by the Davidson Field Marshall, Matt Dawson, to lead off the KCSHG Parade of Tartans. The nearly 150 Davidson Clansmen Regiment in the Parade outnumbers all other Clans, combined, and capture the hearts of the crowd!

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Davidson Clansmen from around the USA and the World gathered in Kansas City in June for the first-ever Western Hemisphere Clan Davidson International Gathering. Top Row, from left: Rick Davis FL, Ann & Bob Davidson UK, Helen Davis FL, Rich Halliley GA, Nick Hide UK, Avon Moffatt AUS, Katrina Hide UK, Elaine Davidson NC, Frank & Suzanne Davidson AUS, Dave Chagnon AR. Bottom row (all by himself): Patrick Davis SC.

A Ceann Cinnidh Cumhne

(The President's Thoughts) by Rich Halliley



Wow! What can I possibly say that adequately describes the recent June weekend in Kansas City for the Clan Davidson International Gathering? Nearly four weeks have passed since we all gathered together, and I am still in awe of the experiences we had! Every moment of the weekend remains clearly in my mind! Every handshake and hug of nearly every person in attendance is indelibly etched in my memory banks forever!

I just can't believe what a perfect gathering it was. Despite concerns for the weather (though several of us got drenched late Friday evening!) and the river (which decided to recede and not flood us out), the conditions were absolutely super for the entire weekend. More importantly, everyone arrived safely, despite a few folks that reported a travel glitch here and there.

I thoroughly enjoyed serving, along with my son and a few others, as an official golf-cart shuttle driver to and from our Davidson tent. It gave me a delightful opportunity to share a 5-minute drive and chat with Davidsons near and far!

The committee members for KCSHG were very accommodating to all of our needs. OK... it did take some time to get our big tent up, but once that was complete everything fell into place. Riverfront Park offered everyone a great view of the rapidly rising Missouri River. The KCSHG had musicians, pipe bands, athletes and a plentiful variety of vendors. These Games were certainly worthy of our gathering and enjoyed by all. How can anyone forget the Friday Night Torch Call to the Clans, Tartan Parade and the Sunday Kirkin' O the Tartan service?

A colossal thank you goes to a host of folks who not only pulled this event together, but kept it running smoothly throughout the entire weekend. There's not enough room here, but surely I must start out by thanking Dave and Evelyn Chagnon for their dedicated efforts in overseeing this project from start to finish. In addition, I sincerely thank our Missouri RD's, Pam and Wayne Davis and family for being the gracious organizers for the Clan Davidson Tent. I especially want to thank the host of volunteers who tirelessly helped at the tent as well as at the Argosy Hotel (speaking of which, what a fantabulous hotel!). Lest I forget, my heart fills with admiration for our honorable guests from the UK and Australia! They made the long trip, shared their stories and anecdotes with us, and added beautiful color to the *Davidson tartan fabric* weaved by all the folks gathered in spirit together for this memorable weekend.

Thoughts and words continue, however this edition of *The Sporrán* should fairly illustrate to all of you the fantastic time we had at CDIG-KC. While I realize some of you could not attend, many of you had us in your thoughts and we had you in ours in Kansas City. So, in closing, I would like to dedicate this time we shared to our Clan Chief Jock, his wife Mary, and all Davidsons everywhere. I just wish we could do this every year. *May we?*

We Gathered... Aye!

Rambblings From The Sennachie - International Gathering

by Dave Chagnon

By the time you folks read this, about a month and a half will have passed since the Clan Davidson International Gathering became a reality. I had a lot of difficulty figuring out how to start this article, there's so much to tell and so many people to be remembered and thanked.

CAVEAT: In the course of writing this article about the CDIG, it became very apparent that 1) some people are going to get their toes stepped on by exclusion, albeit inadvertently; 2) some people are going to feel slighted because I failed to mention their work-contribution, again, inadvertently; and, 3) I have tried my level best to be correct in all that I will report in this article, sending out emails asking for information and so on. So what follows is absolutely the best information my aging memory and the reports of others can provide. I could only be at one place at one time and for much of that time I was being pulled from pillar to post. If this caveat describes you, rest assured that your efforts were greatly appreciated at the time and chalk up my failures to being human and prone to make errors. If anyone who was left out (inadvertently) will let me know, I'll be delighted to print an addendum in the next newsletter.

But first, for those of you who may have been auditioning for one of the GEICO Insurance ads and living under a rock, let me present a background story of how this Gathering came about...



How It All Came About

For many years I thought it a sad state of affairs that we, as a nation-wide organization, always held our all-member meetings (Annual General Meetings or AGMs) at a place in the South East corner of the USA, either at Stone Mountain, GA (Stone Mtn HG) or Huntersville, NC (Loch Norman HG). Since I live in the middle of the country, I had to make a journey of either 600 or 700 miles (one-way), but for those who lived even further west than did I, their journeys got downright excessive. Expecting the Society's leadership to constantly pay for their personal expenses that would go along with holding the AGM in the more distant parts of the realm wasn't reasonable, and the Society has never had the funds to pay those expenses.

Oh dear, what to do?!?

The Davidson Clansmen in Colorado had frequently extolled the virtues of using the Longs Peak festival (Estes Park, CO) for a national Society meeting, but the timing of the event (mid-September, when school was in session) as well as the logistics of getting TO the event made this an undesirable venue; too bad, because it's otherwise a wonderful place for a Clan Gathering.



Longs Peak Festival venue in Estes Park, Colorado has been considered as a possible site for a nation-wide Davidson Gathering, but ruled out because of timing and logistical issues.

Oh dear, what to do?!?

Then, in the fall of 2009, I had occasion to finally meet face-to-face with David & Patty Davisson who had trekked in from Omaha, NE (some thousand miles away). They suggested having a nationwide Gathering at the Kansas City HG. Kansas City? Can't get much more central to the Lower 48 of the US than KC... this is what inspired the germ of an idea which blossomed to become the Clan Davidson International Gathering at KC. I took the idea to the Society's leadership and, voila, they bought into it!

When I got back home to Arkansas that fall, I checked out the website for the Kansas City Scottish Highland Games (KCSHG) and saw it was held on the 2nd weekend in June - could be a bit warm, but the timing was ideal with most schools in the US being in recess for the summer. How about the location? Hmmmmm, the EH Young Riverfront Park in a suburb of KC, right on the banks of the Missouri River - very pretty and, what's this? - immediately adjacent to a first class hotel (The Argosy Casino Hotel and Spa) as well as a more moderately priced hotel, the Super 8 Hotel, directly across the street from the Argosy. Hmmmmm, the ol' brain was churning with possibilities.

But, what's this? The KC International Airport is just 10 miles up the road from the Games-site and the two hotels next-door? OOOooo the brain really started churning! I sent off messages to my old friends in the UK, Australia and New Zealand to ascertain possible interest in holding an INTERNATIONAL Gathering in the US. Back came the responses (YES) and the Clan Davidson International Gathering was now officially alive and well and was rolling!

I made contact with the KCSHG leadership and they were thrilled with the idea and promised their full support. I made contact with the various CDS-USA Regional Directors and they were thrilled with the idea. Most importantly, when I contacted Pam & Wayne Davis, Regional Directors for R14 (which embraced the KCSHG) and got their thoughts on the matter and their enthusiastic promise of support, I was "over the moon" as they say. Larry and Angie Davidson, now-retired from their role as Regional Directors for R14 also promised their support... and the itty-bitty snow flake of an idea



embedded by David & Patty Davisson in the brain of an aging Sennachie began morphing into a tiny snowball, picking up mass and speed as it started down the mountainside.

We were so sure the event would be held, and in conjunction with the KCSHG, but there was no way we could handle the huge number of details in time for the 2010 KCSHG, so we opted for 2011 instead, with lots of things still to be determined, like, how were we going to fund this monster? Fund it?? What was it going to cost???

Oh dear, what to do?!?

The event was first advertised in the January, 2010 edition of *The Sporan*. The initial responses I received were very positive; leading me to think there might be as many as a hundred Davidson Clansmen show up for this shindig. Wow! Maybe this thing will really work!

After Larry and Angie Davidson made a scouting expedition to the Argosy and gave it a glowing report, it became apparent the Argosy Casino Hotel and Spa would make THE ideal host-hotel for the event. I made a jaunt to the KCSHG in June 2010 and met up with Wayne & Pam and Shannon. Those folks know how to set up a Clan Tent, I guarantee!! Mizz Pam is fastidious and ingenious when it comes to decorating the tent, and their level of expertise became even more apparent when a sudden weather squall took down half of the Clan Tents at the event, but not Pam's - no siree. Wayne and Pam had those tent sides up in just a minute or two, battened down the hatches, got everything secured... and didn't even raise a drop of perspiration. Wayne, Shannon and I got soaked, though, trying to assist other Clans in their distress. I was more than impressed and thrilled that Pam and Wayne were willing to take ownership of the CD tent for the CDIG.

I met with Ken Hamm, an official of the Argosy, and he offered one heckuva deal for meeting rooms and rental rates for guest rooms for the Davidson Clansmen. The only guaranty we had to make was a very reasonable minimum sales revenue to the Argosy, which would be met if we had a decent attendance at the banquet.

By the time the July 2010 edition of *The Sporan* was published, the Host Hotel lodging details were finalized and published... the snowball was growing...

But wait, what about that part where the question of how were we going to fund this growing monster comes in? Oh dear, what to do?!?

The Society already had a fund-raising scheme in process, the Clan Davidson International Cookbook. This was the brainchild of our fearless Treasurer Elaine Davidson, and produced by our witless Sennachie; but there was no way would any proceeds from that pick up the tab for the CDIG.

And we had the sale of Dinner Tickets which would, hopefully, cover the cost of the Argosy's "guaranty nut", but what about the rental costs for the circus tent we'd need, and how about some decorations for the Dinner, and it sure would be nice to have a souvenir program for this goat-rope, etc etc etc... the potential expenses continued to mount.

The next fundraising brainstorm came from Pat Davis (Web Marketing Director), how about event-specific polo shirts! So Pat, assisted by President Rich Halliley, went off into the blue in pursuit of this objective and found a pretty good deal on a pretty good polo shirt, with an especially nice and well embroidered CDIG Logo - Clan Crest. Of course we would have to order a minimum of a gross of the things at a cost of around \$3,300, and (after final pricing was established) sell 95 of the things before they were paid for and we could actually look to make a few bucks to put towards the ever-rising costs of the CDIG, but what the hey, we can do it!

Tom Davisson and Jennifer Bozeman (RDs for R16, Colorado) thought a "formal" whisky tasting event might be good for raising funds for the Society's charitable activity, the sponsoring of under-privileged kids in Highland Dance classes. OK, great idea, let's go for it! This wouldn't help us with CDIG expenses, but it was still a great idea and for a very worthwhile cause.

But, beyond any shadow of a doubt, the BEST fund-raising idea was put forth by our Procrastinator-in-Chief, Richard Halliley. Rich proposed establishing a Sponsorship Program. Richard threw out some ideas, they got kicked around, and eventually we settled on the details. This single fundraiser provided \$3,000 (net) which gave us the cushion we needed to move the other fundraisers along to the point where they became profitable, and made it possible for me to get some sleep at night as the day of the CDIG drew nearer and nearer and we got behind and behind...



The CDIG Is Ready To Roll!

The Sennachie's 5'x10' trailer, piled two-layers deep with storage tubs and large suitcases of polo shirts, cookbooks, programs, and all sorts of stuff is packed and ready.

KC or bust!.

Eventually we reached the break-even point in mid-April, we had the “guaranty nut” with the Argosy covered with Dinner Ticket sales, the polo shirts were paid for, the cost of publishing the cookbooks was covered, the cost of producing the Programs was covered, the cost of the whisky for the tasting event was covered, etc etc... WHEW!!! Life became fun again! After that it was smooth sailing right up to the day of the CDIG. Well, except for worrying about the rising of the Missouri River with the threat of having the Riverfront Park and maybe the hotel flooded, and the always present possibility of being washed out by a monsoon or any of the other things that steadily generated stomach acid for me. But, hey, at least the event was paid for and the CDS-USA wouldn't go bust!!

Let The Games Begin!

The Clan Davidson Tent at the KCSHG was a monster, 40 feet on a side. As previously mentioned, Pam and Wayne Davis had agreed to take ownership of setting up the tent arrangements (tables, chairs, vending area, picnic area, yada yada - all the things that go into a smoothly running area for a couple of hundred Clansmen, women and children) and overseeing the tent's decoration.



Cirque du Davidson as it nears completion late Friday afternoon, before the hordes descend upon it. Note the strings of lights inside the tent.
Photo by Darwin Davidson



Contrast the Davidson Tent (above) with that of all the other Clan Tents - as represented by the Douglas tent illustrated here.

As overall organizer for this event, I designated Pam as the Official Tent Tsarina (after she agreed, with plenipotentiary powers over the tent and everything in it. We had many volunteers to be Pam's Slaves for the undertaking. Slave Jack Davidson (IN) did yeoman duty in stringing the lights with his loooooong arms and tall bean-pole body. The Tsarina's family were all put to task and their contributions were legion... husband Wayne was everywhere, putting up lights and banners, shuffling tables and on and on. Others of her Clan include (in order of age) Maggie (and new husband Jessie), Katy, One "L" Wil, and, my favorite, Shannon. Others hard at work on the tent include (in no particular order) David & Patty Davisson (NE); Rick & Helen Davis (FL); Willie Minkel (FL); Jack & Earlene Mobley (NC); Jane & Rich Halliley (GA); Nick & Katrina Hide (UK); Jim and Frank Davidson (AUS); and, of particular note, James Halliley, who seemed to be everywhere, were all among the legions of the Tsarina's Slaves. There were others, but this is about the best I can come up with, considering I had been tossed to the lions back at the Argosy's Constellations Room.



With the banners unfurled in the breeze, the Davidson Tent is open for business!
Photo by Gary Davis

[Please note that this list might be missing some folks, while inappropriately heaping kudos on folks who were actually busy doing other things. There was a ton of activity going on at different venues and no one was particularly concerned with documenting the details!]



A Davidson (Davis) Family to be proud of!!
From Left: Shannon (16); Wil (18), Katy (20), Maggie (22), Wayne (more than 22), and Madame Tsarina Pam (also more than 22). This crew did a HUGE and wonderful job at the CDIG, for which we all owe them tons of gratitude!
Photo by Darwin Davidson



Wayne on the pipes.
Photo by Sharon Morrison



Shannon on the pipes.
Photo by Ruth Ellinger



Right: Madame Tsarina models the latest in the St. Louis Dress Tartan Sett. Photo by Tom Davisson
Far Right Top: Wayne and Shannon square off with practice swords to see who has to do the dishes when they get back home. Photo by Sharon Morrison
Right Bottom: Wayne pipes for his dinner on Saturday; and with the Davidson Tartan bagpipe cover presented to him by Frank Davis (FL). Both photos by Darwin Davidson.



Friday Afternoon Reception Snapshots

(Note: Most of these photos were provided by Kathy & Gary Davis FL)



Jan & Bob Davidson WA and Bob Davidson UK



Doug Ikelman & Frank Davis FL resolve a few of the world's problems.



Jim & Wil (one "I") Davis wonder who Shannon is running after.



Jan Davisson IA eyeballs her CDIG Logo polo shirt while grandson Zack, daughter-in-law Diana CO, son Tom and husband Lynn look on.



Alice & Clay Davidson NC chat with Frank Davidson AUS (we see the back of Franks head)



Amy Guthrie TX and Mom, Jenn Bozeman CO get acquainted with Katrina & Nick Hide UK



Matt, Ian, Paisley & Stacey Dawson



Giving up on Frank as being incorrigible, Doug moves on to Ann and Bob Davidson UK



Wondering if they got off the bus at the wrong stop, Gary & Julie Davidson IN look on in fascination.



Earlene Mobley and Jim & Pat Little chat about things in NC.



Gordon & Jeanette Dey MN with President Rich Halliley GA



Jim Gallion MO chats with Treasurer Elaine Davidson NC



More North Carolinians - Carolyn Davidson, Betty & Bud Davidson



Trish Davis SC, Judy McNeil NC, Peg Davis SC & Gary Davis FL



A Gaggle of Aussies!
Frank & Suzanne, Avon Moffat and
James Davidson



The CDS-USA Marketeteers compare
notes... Pat Davis SC & Jack Mobley
NC



Willie Minkel FL has his ear bent by
Jane Halliley GA



Willie Minkel, Rick & Helen Davis,
all from FL



Pat Davis SC mans the vendor table
with Gary Davis FL



And last, and certainly the least of the
bunch, the Sennachie greets Rick
Davis FL, Peg & Trisha Davis SC and
Helen Davis FL.



I do know that our tent, which was supposed to be erected by the rental people around noon on Friday, didn't get erected until after 4 PM and that everyone involved in the decorating and set-up process had to work double-time to get a beautiful job done before festivities for the evening commenced around 6 or so.

Meanwhile, Friday afternoon, I was going crazy at the Argosy's Constellations Room, greeting newcomers and passing out the goodie-bags of pre-purchased stuff to the right people (polo shirts, cookbooks, dinner tickets, etc). John and Caroline Lisle were busy setting up their Davidson DNA Project table; Gary & Kathy Davis (FL) were of immense help with the vending operations, assisted from time to time by others too numerous for me to remember. Elaine Davidson was able to provide some relief in handling the crush, as was Matt Dawson and Oscar Davidson. There were others, too, but, for the most part, the entire Friday afternoon was and remains a blur... a good blur with memories of warm feelings as I got to meet so many fellow Clansmen whose names were heretofore only entries in the database.

Friday evening was spent under the now-erected and wonderfully decorated Clan Davidson tent. Madame Tsarina and her "Slaves" had done a fantastic job in a very short period of time. Our tent was truly a thing of beauty, with strings of white lights and flags and Davidson banners of all manner.

Sherri Grant, President of the KCSHG, had promised the Clan a keg of Schlafly beer and there it was, properly iced with cups to boot. She also provided us a golf cart for the duration and we practically wore the wheels off it shuttling people and stuff from the hotel to the Games field. James Halliley became notorious for his ability to strike fear in the hearts of his passengers as he speedily wended his way through the throngs and around corners... sometimes too speedily, but no one was killed or even maimed. Ken Elder, the KCSHG Clan Chair, was consistently helpful and eager to please. He should have been, considering the regiment of well-armed Davidsons with which he had to deal. ☺

The KCSHG had a Clan welcoming and torch lighting ceremony. Wayne Davis, as RD for the region, represented the Davidsons and read a list of States represented at the CDIG (30). Frank Davidson, President of CDS-Australia, and Bob Davidson, Chairman, CDA-United Kingdom announced the presence of the Davidsons from those far-distant lands. It was clear to all present that the Davidsons had a special reason for being the KCSHG Honored Clan of the Year!

(Continued on Page 13)



Davis & Ruby Babcock TN meet up with their grandson Hans Sissel KS

In and Around the Davidson Tent

(Note: The tent photos were provided by many people)



Ian, Matt, Jenn, Jim, Dave, Amy and Bob compare notes on Bob's Washington State Apple Squeezins, something we've been reading about for years!



Margaret Davis Bailey AR & Avon Moffat AUS - Instant Old Friends!



Jenn sneaks a sample of The Squeezins



Stand back, says Jack, let me at it!



It's MY turn, says Jack Davidson, while Amy patiently waits her turn.



Enticing more flies into his Squeezin Trap, Bob entertains Carolyn Grattan AUS & Barbara Pointer AK



In the meantime, James Halliley takes a break from his driving duties.



Oscar Davidson AR taking a break.



Author Ruth Ellinger FL meets Vice President Caroline Davidson-Kock CA



Jim Gallion models his Trews O' Many Colors



Robert & Sharon Ochsenhirt KS receive thanks from the Sennachie for their promise of great weather.



Jack Davidson IN and Genealogist John Lisle NH discuss mutual Davidson Roots



Jack & Earlene Mobley NC take a turn at manning the Davidson Table



Larry & Angie Davidson and their family. Steed Bell, Larry, Emily Bell, Andrew Bell, Julie Bell, Angie, & Allison Bell



Day Davis Jr TX visits with the Washington State Davidson Posse



Marketing Manager Pat Davis - Open for business!



Darwin Davidson ME chats with UK cousins Bob Davidson & Nick Hide



West Coast Gals meet in KC - Glass Artisan Tina Crabtree, Caroline Davidson-Kock and Penny Newberry



Angie Davidson KS listens while Evil Ev Chagnon tells lies about the Sennachie.



Roy Barker OH wonders when (IF) missing wife Lissa, lost in an airport somewhere, will turn up.



"When shall we three..." Avon AUS Elaine NC, & Ruby TN swap recipes.



A gang of Davis', Dawsons and Davidsons welcome Pam with the Best Clan Award

A Few More Tent Photos... AND The Whiskey Tasting!



Raynor Morrison OR & the Sennachie



Day Davis Jr TX with Davis Babcock TN



Sharon Morrison OR
"I LOVE Nurses!"



Jennifer Bozeman & Tom Davisson (RDs for R16) go over the line-up for the Whisky Tasting Event. This was a fundraiser for the Colorado Youth Highland Dance Program



L. The Sennachie checks his tasting notes as the eager tasters get warmed up for the event. Other photos show the spirit of those who are supporting this charitable fundraiser, illustrating the gusto with which they participated.



Although we had a bit of rain late Friday evening, Saturday morning dawned bright and blissfully cool. The Davidson tent quickly filled and the fun of meeting your fellow Clansmen from all parts of the USA and the world began. The beer keg did a brisk business, by the way.

The Tsarina and her cohorts did a grand job, manning the Clan's "business" tables, while Pat and Peg Davis (SC), assisted by Tina Crabtree and Penney Newberry (CA) did a magnificent job running the Clan's vending tables. Ruth Ellinger, author of the Wild Rose trilogy, and her husband Wright (FL), lent an air of erudition to the affair as Ruth cheerfully signed copies of her books. Elaine Davidson (NC), Jack & Earlene Mobley (NC) spent quite a bit of time providing back-up relief to the table workers, but Tsarina Pam really caught the brunt of the duty. Our back-up relief recruiting mechanism was one of the few failures of the entire weekend, sadly.

Ev Chagnon made a presentation about the wonderful "Hands Across The Waters Friendship Quilt" project completed 8 years in the past. The quilt was graciously brought to the CDIG by Roy and Lissa Barker. John Lisle (NH) made a quality presentation on the general matters of genealogy and the Davidson DNA project, specifically. This was very well received by the throng.

Saturday noon was approaching and the designated Davidson Field Marshall, Matt Dawson (NM), had his hands full as he attempted to bring some order to the many dozens of Davidson Clansmen marching in the event's Parade of Tartan. The Parade was led by, who else, the Davidsons! We had dozens of banners and flags flying, leading the 150+ Davidson Clansmen as we wove through the Clan Village, receiving a great reception and loud cheering from the spectators. It quickly became apparent that the Davidsons in the Parade outnumbered the rest of the 30+ Clans there, put together! We had a regiment of Davidsons... too bad we couldn't have been as well represented on certain battlefields of the past...

Saturday afternoon the fund-raiser event, a whisky tasting, was on the agenda. Sales of the tickets were brisk, sold out, actually. The net proceeds will go to the Colorado Youth Highland Dance Program, something the Clan has supported for many years courtesy of Tom and Diana Davisson, R16 Directors. Tom Davisson was in charge of this event, assisted by Jenn Bozeman. They allowed the Sennachie to make a fool of himself as he tried to read semi-serious "tasting notes" amidst the tomfoolery and hecklers.

Throughout the course of the day, we were graced by the display of talents of the family of Wayne & Pam Davis. Wayne switched from piping to sword play to piping to sword play et al. And what's a sword-fighting display without an - ta da - opponent? This role was played with gusto by Shannon Davis, the youngest of the Davis' four children at age 16. Shannon is also well along the path to becoming a piper of some skill as well. I really like Shannon... she's bright and pretty and spirited and portends well for the future of the CDS-USA in the mid-West.

The full day's activities were followed by the CDIG's premium event, a formal Highland Dinner in the Athens Room in the Argosy Hotel. Each dinner table and presentation table was exquisitely decorated with glowing arrangements of red roses and Davidson Tartan. While others were at play on the Games field earlier, a small but dedicated group of Davidson Clanswomen (dubbed the Gang of Flower Fairies) were hard at work in a "secret" room back at the Argosy, making the decorations. The Flower Fairies were Ev Chagnon (AR), Margaret Bailey (AR), Anne Davidson (UK), Paisley Dawson (UT), Stacey Dawson (NM), Mary Dean (NC) and Jane Halliley (GA).



Nearly 130 Davidson Clansmen gathered together to break bread, share a dram and enjoy the company of their fellows. Our Official Piper, Wayne Davis, piped most masterfully as the Society's Executive Committee and Board of Directors gathered to welcome everyone.

The buffet spread provided by the staff of the Argosy was, simply, superb. We dined on sirloin steak, crab-stuffed flounder and Mesquite Smoked Chicken. The selection of sides and salads was most abundant and all fresh and wonderful. And the dessert selections? Unbelievable! The dinner followed by a message of welcome by Rich Halliley, CDS-USA President. He read to the group a letter of greetings from our Chief, Alister "Jock" Davidson of Davidston, and introduced our overseas visitors. We now know all about them, since Mr. Halliley spent a lot of time on individual biographies on nearly every overseas attendee... Thankfully, those overseas visitors were considerable more brief in their address to the group.

Regional Directors were introduced and the work they do was acknowledged as being the life blood of the CDS-USA. Rich presented gifts of appreciation to Elaine Davidson and the Sennachie for their work on making the CDIG a reality. The Sennachie was presented with a framed letter of thanks and congratulations sent from our Chief and read by Madame Vice-President, Caroline Davidson-Kock.

Awards of Merit for services to the Clan "above and beyond" were presented to the following: Rick & Helen Davis, Regional Directors (R9), & Board of Directors; Matt & Stacey Dawson, Regional Directors (R16), Director of Charitable Activities; Tom & Diana Davisson, Regional Directors (R16); Wayne & Pam Davis, Regional Directors (R14); Pat & Peg Davis, Regional Directors (R8), Director of Web Marketing; and last, and surely the least, Rich Halliley, Regional Director (R 9) and current President. These are the latest additions to the Society's Hall of Fame.

Saturday Evening Photos

(Note; Virtually all the photos of the Dinner were provided by Darwin Davidson)



Rick & Helen Davis - RDs for R9



Stacey & Matt Dawson receive their Award of Merit from the Sennachie



Wayne & Pam Davis RDs for R14



Tom & Diana Davisson RDs for R16



Pat & Peg Davis RDs for R8



Rich Halliley receives Award of Merit from the Sennachie

Dinner Vignettes



Mark & Cindy Roupe - New Lifetime Members in CDS-USA



Jerry & Susan Cook with Jan & Lynn Davison



David & Patty Davison RDs for R13
Their idea blossomed into the CDIG!



Robert & Mary Dean with Kathy & Gordon Dean



Jack & Earlene Mobley with Bud & Betty Davidson
Jack is the Am Fear Fardach



Bob & Jan Davidson RDs for R18
Also famous for his Squeezins!



Margaret Davis Bailey with son Richard Bailey



Frank & Susan Davis



Pat & Jim Little



Angie & Larry Davidson
RDs for R14 (Ret)



The Overseas Crew
Bob & Ann Davidson - Nick & Katrina UK; Avon Moffat,
Suzanne & Frank Davidson AUS



Amy Guthrie with Mom Jennifer Bozeman



"Official" Photographer
Darwin Davidson
15

The Sennachie presented several “gag” gifts to the Clansmen who played key roles in the nearly seamless execution of the CDIG. First among these was a gaudy tiara (with flashing gems and feathers) and a wee jug of top-shelf vodka (\$2.19 for a ha’ pint) to the Tsarina of all the Russias and our very own Cirque d’Davidson Tent, Pam Davis, for her fantastic accomplishments in managing the Davidson Tent. Patrick Davis did a wonderful job being in charge of the vending operations for the CDIG and he was given a wonderful medallion of appreciation, created specifically for the occasion by Ev Chagnon. No mention has yet been made of the two Official Photographers, Trisha Davis and Darwin Davidson. They were tireless in their endeavors to document the event and each was presented with a roll of 35 mm photo film (expiration date, September 1997) for their efforts made with their digital cameras. Matt Dawson was the happy recipient of a Beanie Baby Black Panther, signifying his thankless role as the Parade Marshall, charged with herding 150+ Davidson “cats” into some semblance of order for the Parade of Tartans (good luck with that). Lastly, Rick Davis, our official Head of Internal Security, was awarded a vintage 1991 Gulf War I deck of playing cards, illustrating the 52 “most wanted” Iraqi war criminals; remember those? And for the organizers of the Whisky Tasting, Tom Davisson and Jennifer Bozeman, the Sennachie reached into his bonnet and pulled out a tiny jug of uisghe beathe for each of them, with a Clan Davidson label, he found in Scotland.

A raffle was held with the principal prizes being the glamorous table decorations. Also offered as prizes were 4 walking sticks hand-made by Bob Davidson, Regional Director (R 18). Bob also presented larger sticks of his creation to several of the overseas visitors and several of the officers of CDS-USA.

Ev Chagnon had a surprise gift for President Halliley, a marvelous sample of needle-craft art, a set of “gutchies” created with portions of the Union Jack and Clan Campbell tartan. This signaled President Halliley’s entrance into the hallowed ranks of the holders of the Royal Order of the Gutchies... he is its first (and probably last) member.

Frank Davis of Ocala Florida (and his dastardly henchmen, Rick & Helen Davis... no relation) captured the podium to make yet another presentation, and a bit more serious, if overly drawn-out and long-winded, in nature. After a tediously long story, in which the Sennachie was cruelly abused and slandered, the award was finally revealed: The Poodle Puppy Poop Award. I won’t sully this publication with all the scurrilous details of the story, but catch Frank at a Highland Games sometime and he’ll bore you to death with the details. Frank did, however, have a happier presentation, that of a very nice Davidson Tartan Bagpipe Bag Cover. After telling the story of this item, going back to the days when Frank was a pretty decent piper in his own right, Frank bequeathed the cover to Wayne Davis, a very nice gesture. This put a fitting end to the evening’s festivities.

And More Dinner Vignettes



Julie & Gary Davidson
Mom & Dad of the
Indianapolis Highland Games



Debbie Mecca (lower L) with
Mom Doris Sorrells, winner of a
Bob Davidson Walking Stick



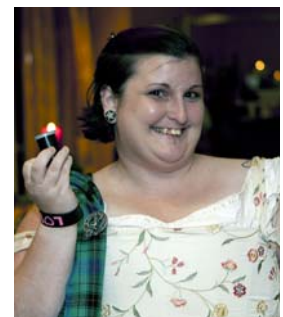
Aussies James and Jim Davidson



CDS-USA Leaders of the Future?
Ian & Paisley Dawson with
the Sennachie



Frank Davis’ Monument -
The Call of Dooty Award
for the Sennachie



Patricia Davis with Film Award
for being Official Photographer



Vice President Caroline Davidson-Kock reads the Chief's Letter of Congratulations to the Sennachie while President Halliley looks on.



Madame Tent Tsarina Pam Davis with new Tiara and Bottle of Vintage Vodka (NOT!)



Vendor Extraordinaire Pat Davis with Money Bags Award



Whisky Tasters Unanimous - Jenn Bozeman and Tom Davidsson with wee Davidson-Labeled Whisky Jugs



Rich Halliley with Order of the Royal Gutchies Award, created by Mistress of the Needle, Evil Evelyn Chagnon



The Sennachie gets his ear bent during Jane Halliley's presentation of her inspired Memory Book

Sunday morning presented another great-weather day, this time for the Kirkin O' the Tartan Ceremony. Surprise, surprise... the Best Clan Award was presented to (drum roll, please) Clan Davidson! Using criteria established by the KCSHG, the award is voted on by all Clans represent at the Games. Clan Davidson was the overwhelming winner, garnering 95% of the vote (or so I was told). While I might justifiably be accused of editorial bias, Clan Davidson did make a pretty showy presence in all aspects of the KCSHG. (Award photos on Page 18)

After two days of intense activity, Sunday proved to be a time of mellow socializing, contemplation and, sadly, a saying of good-byes. Bob & Jan Davidson (WA) and their daughter, Donna Davidson Hicks, brought numerous samples of the results of all those "apple squeezins" they've been telling us about for years - delightful stuff! And then... the keg was long-dead, the many bottles of Uisghe Beatha were down to the dregs, the coolers were nearly bereft of their contents... it was time to pack up the tent and think of the return journey to our many homes in so many different places; Davidson Clansmen all, regardless of our places of birth or residence, a Global Clan, indeed!

Clan Davidson (USA)
Officers:
From Left - Dave Chagnon, Chairman, Board of Directors, Membership Registrar & Seannachie;
Pat Davis, Member Board of Directors, RD 8, Web Marketing Director; Rick Davis, Member Board of Directors, RD 9



Clan Davidson (USA)
Officers:
From Center: Matt Dawson, Director Charitable Activities , RD 16; Caroline Davidson-Kock, Member Board of Directors, Vice President, RD 19; Elaine Davidson, Member Board of Directors, Treasurer, RD 8; Rich Halliley, Member Board of Directors, President, RD 9.
Not in Picture: Jack Mobley, Am Fear Fardach; John Lisle, Genealogist

It's Official!

CLAN DAVIDSON Voted BEST CLAN in the LAND

OR at least at the Kansas City Scottish Highland Games...



Ken Elder, KCSHG Clan Chair, presents the BEST CLAN AWARD to Wayne & Pam Davis, CDS-USA Regional Directors for R14. Witnessing the presentation is Karen Kerr Miller and her children Perry Miller Carpenter and Cole Miller.





A word about our host hotel, **The Argosy Casino Hotel and Spa**... we've all heard stories about casinos and their affiliated hotels, some good, most bad. During the course of my former employment, I had many occasions to stay at most of the casino hotels that line the Mississippi Gulf coast for 10 miles. Although I'm not a gambler, many of the hotels offer reasonable accommodations and accept the less-than-generous Government approved per diem rates, thus making them good places to hold meetings and so forth. I have also stayed in Crowne Plazas, Westons, Sheratons, Hiltons and other higher-end hotels around the country. I can categorically state with no hesitation that The Argosy is absolutely the best hotel I have ever stayed in, bar none.

The special room rate they offered Davidson Clansmen (which included breakfast for two in their fantastic Terrace Buffet) was incredibly generous. The staff were uniformly and consistently cheerful and willing to go above-and-beyond. My contact person for negotiating rooms and overall event terms was Ken Hamm. My contact person for the Reception and Banquet was Alison Lalumia. Both Ken and Alison were cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent and did triple back-flips to make the CDIG a most memorable event.

Alison made arrangements to have her staff off-load my trailer (loaded to the gunnels with polo shirts, cookbooks, glassware etc) and store it in a secured location. When she discovered we needed access to this stuff on an ad hoc basis, she had her staff move the stuff to the Aegean Room, a nice sized meeting room, giving us virtually unrestricted access for the duration. We could not have pulled this event off as well as we did without the always-cheerful assistance of Alison Lalumia and her wonderful staff.

The Friday afternoon reception set-up was managed by a gentleman named Marcello. There was nothing I asked of him that he didn't leap on and get done in nano-second time, all very cheerfully and super-friendly. Whatta guy!!

The manager in charge of the Saturday evening banquet was Ann. Her arrangements were impeccable and beautiful, the food items were replenished and kept hot (without being overcooked), the staff attentive without being intrusive... what a magnificent affair. Thanks, Ann!

A huge gang of us settled in at the Argosy's restaurant, the Crazy Olive for a parting Sunday night repast. The staff cheerfully moved tables and got us all seated in jig time, all 40 of us! Orders were taken and food and beverages began arriving like they do this sort of thing 10 times a day. What a nice place!

And if anyone that might read this thinks I'm secretly on the payroll of the Argosy, you have another think coming... I do not recall hearing anyone at the CDIG say anything negative about their experiences at the Argosy; indeed the praises I heard ranged from great to utterly fantastic and unforgettable.



To paraphrase President Halliley in his opening remarks, WOW, what a happening! Now, as to Halliley's contention that we do this on an annual basis? OK by me, but I'm outta the event organizing business! Will someone step up to the plate for me??

Post Script: Remember how lovely that little park perched on the edge of the mighty Missouri River was? A week after the CDIG, the River rose up and reclaimed Riverfront Park and it's been under 10 feet of water for the last month. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find that all the permanent fixtures were a total loss, and that many of those pretty adolescent Bald Cypress trees through which the Parade of Tartans wended its way are with us no longer. What a shame, but you can't beat Mother Nature...

Post Script 2: I hope you liked all the photos contained in the extended report on the Clan Davidson International Gathering. They are just a fraction of all the photos sent in by many Clansmen. I have "cleaned" all the originals, standardized the format to JPEG, renamed the individual photos with the names of the people in the photo and have this body of work available on a single computer disk. Unfortunately, this body of work is WAAAY too large for an on-line repository. If you would like a copy of the disk, please let me know (sennachie@earthlink.net). There will be a \$5 charge payable to the Society to cover the cost of production and mailing.

But Wait... Just One Last Thought on the CDIG

Words of Wisdom and Enlightenment From a Self-Professed Dumb Blond Girl

by Carol Belding Jepson



When I returned home, I sent out a general query to many of the membership who attended the CDIG. I asked the recipients what the CDIG had meant to them. I was looking for someone other than me to express their thoughts about the event... was it worth all the fuss and feathers, the incredible expenditure of time, effort and resources? Most of the responses I received, while welcome, really didn't hit the mark I was looking for... except one.

*The response from a new member in Iowa, Carol Belding Jepson, hit the nail precisely on the head. In a really honest and introspective way, Carol described exactly what my motivation was back in Stone Mountain 2009 when David & Patty Davisson planted the seeds of the CDIG in my ear. In her words, here is what Carol had to say about the **Clan Davidson International Gathering**...*

What the CDIG meant to me... the dumb blond girl. It was my first Clan Davidson event. I felt like I was among family. I felt everyone was very open and receptive to me and my hubby. They included me and gave me a chance to be me without judging me. I never felt like an outsider. Deep down I didn't know what my Scottish roots were before. But now I know what they are!

Family and roots are so important in this world. I loved meeting the family members from down under and across the pond. At my hotel when checking out, the two gals from Australia, Avon and the other gal, Carolyn - I asked them for one last photo together. We had the hotel desk clerk take it. As Avon stood next to me and put her arms around me and grabbed me tight, I felt a closeness that I can't explain, realizing that she and I probably way down the blood lines share these roots and I felt a closeness to her - something I haven't felt in a long time.

The whole weekend was a blast and it wasn't just the wearing of my newly procured Davidson tartan but knowing I have linked up to part of my past and my history and that some clues to my lineage were in place. Another highlight was a guy I have known well who lives in my town and was at the KC highland games. He was coming to the Clan Davidson tent to meet up with one of his military buddies from Texas who was a Davidson. They hadn't seen each other in 30 years. I got photos of them together and that was neat to know that they had come together after 30 years... all at the Clan tent and at the Highland Games.

And to you Dave, even though I made a comment about my State not being on one of those pretty ribbons, it didn't really matter, because I am Scottish, I belong to Clan Davidson and I felt whole... that's all that mattered.

Well, wee blond girl... I don't think you're sae dumb at all; your feelings were shared by all there, but none of them expressed them so eloquently or with so much feeling. Thank you for sharing this with us!

In one of those odd twists of fate, Carol was the officiant at the Handfasting Ceremony of David & Patty Davisson three years ago. As they say, what goes around...



Letter From Alister (Jock) Guthrie Davidson of Davidston and Lady Mary
to the Attendees of the Clan Davidson International Gathering



Wisdom comes from Sincerity

CLAN DAVIDSON SOCIETY IN NEW ZEALAND INC.

Clan Chief: Alister Guthrie Davidson of Davidston
President: Stu Davidson, 28 Puriri Crescent, Edgcumbe 3120, Bay of Plenty
Phone +64 7 3049756, Email s.davidson@xtra.co.nz
Secretary: Maureen MacDonald, 10 Kingston Street, Lower Hutt
Phone (04) 577 2225; Email maureenmac@xtra.co.nz

May 22, 2011

To: All attendees of the Clan Davidson International Gathering of June 2011

I am sorry that my wife, Mary, and I are not able to be with you on this magnificent occasion, the 30th Anniversary of Clan Davidson SocietyUSA. Unfortunately long distance air travel is not something we can cope with these days and, at moments like these, we sincerely regret that is the case.

I am sure that your preparations, led by Dave Chagnon and his willing band of helpers, will have produced an event that will be second to none and of which Clan Davidson will be immensely proud. We still have vivid memories of the Loch Norman Games we attended all those years ago and I see that many of the people we met at that time are still actively engaged in Clan Davidson affairs. Thank you for your continued efforts and participation in Clan Davidson.

We send greetings from afar to all in attendance, particularly to Elaine, Dave, Jack, Caroline, Jim and Deborah, Darwin and Jackie with whom we spent many happy moments.

Mary and I look forward to hearing all about the festivities in due course and we send our best wishes to you all.

Alister (Jock) and Mary Davidson

Letter From Alister (Jock) Guthrie Davidson of Davidston and Lady Mary
to the Clan Davidson Society (USA) Sennachie



Wisdom comes from Sincerity

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IN NEW ZEALAND INC.**

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May 22, 2011

To: Mr. David Chagnon

Re: Clan Davidson International Gathering

Dear Dave,

At long last the waiting is over and the large event that has been occupying so much of your time and energy for so long is about to come to fruition. Knowing you, I feel sure that Clan Davidson's interests will be well to the forefront and we will be a strong participant in the festivities.

Dave I am sure I speak for many of your fellow Clansmen when I say that without your drive, energy and enthusiasm, this celebration of 30 years of Clan Davidson Society – USA would be but a pale imitation of what you have organized. Your willingness to take charge and lead your team of assistants in creating such a grand event for Clan Davidson is greatly appreciated by me.

I look forward to seeing some photographs of the event, the people participating in it and those who have made it all happen.

Once again we congratulate you and thank you for the efforts you have made on behalf of Clan Davidson, not only in respect of this event but for all you have done over many years for Clan Davidson. You are **not** allowed to retire!!

Yours very sincerely

Alister (Jock) Davidson

List of Attendees at the International Gathering
in no particular order... you just have to look closely!
And there might be a few missed... so sorry!

Kimberly Aday - Muscle Shoals - Alabama
 Scott Aday - Muscle Shoals - Alabama
 Davis Babcock - Crossville - Tennessee
 Ruby Babcock - Crossville - Tennessee
 Margaret Davis Bailey - North Little Rock - Arkansas
 Richard Bailey - North Little Rock - Arkansas
 Roy Barker - Dublin - Ohio
 Lissa Barker - Dublin - Ohio
 Carol Belding-Jepson - DesMoines - Iowa
 Kevin Jepson - DesMoines - Iowa
 Jenny Bozeman - Fort Collins - Colorado
 Dave Chagnon - N. Little Rock - Arkansas
 Evelyn Chagnon - N. Little Rock - Arkansas
 Verla Christensen - Shenandoah - Iowa
 Jerry Cook - Altoona - Iowa
 Susan Davisson-Cook - Altoona - Iowa
 Ross Holmes - West Des Moines - Iowa
 Amanda Petty-Holmes - West Des Moines - Iowa
 Tina Crabtree - Signal Hill - California
 Effie Crawford - Osceola - Iowa
 Alice Davidson - Asheville - North Carolina
 Angie Davidson - Lawrence - Kansas
 Betty Davidson - Charlotte - North Carolina
 Bob Davidson - Winlock - Washington
 Carolyn Davidson - Charlotte - North Carolina
 Bud Davidson - Charlotte - North Carolina
 Clayton Davidson - Asheville - North Carolina
 Darwin Davidson - Deer Isle - Maine
 Donna Davidson Hicks - Winlock - Washington
 Elaine Davidson - N. Wilkesboro - North Carolina
 Frank Davidson - Paddington - NSW - Australia
 Gary Davidson - Pendelton - Indiana
 Jack Davidson - Speedway - Indiana
 Jan Davidson - Winlock - Washington
 Jeff Davidson - Ellettsville - Indiana
 Jim Davidson - Charlotte - North Carolina
 Jim Davidson - Australia
 James Davidson - Australia
 Julie Davidson - Pendelton - Indiana
 Kathy Davidson - Ellettsville - Indiana
 Larry Davidson - Lawrence - Kansas
 Oscar Davidson - Searcy - Arkansas
 Patrick Davidson - Leavenworth - Kansas
 Joyce Davidson - Leavenworth - Kansas
 Peggy H. Davidson - Charlotte - North Carolina
 Samuel M. Davidson - Charlotte - North Carolina
 Suzanne Davidson - Paddington - NSW - Australia
 Ann Davidson - Royston - Cambridgeshire - UK
 Bob Davidson - Royston - Cambridgeshire - UK
 Caroline Davidson-Kock - Brea - California
 Chris Davis - LaVista - Nebraska
 Frank C. Davis - Ocala - Florida
 Gary Davis - West Palm Beach - Florida
 Helen Davis - West Palm Beach - Florida
 Kathy Davis - West Palm Beach - Florida
 Pam Davis - St. Louis - Missouri
 Rick Davis - West Palm Beach - Florida
 Susan Davis - Ocala - Florida
 Wayne Davis - St. Louis - Missouri
 Patrick Davis - Hanahan - South Carolina
 Margaret Davis - Hanahan - South Carolina
 Patricia Davis - Hanahan - South Carolina
 Day B. Davis Jr. - Campbell - Texas
 Jeri Davis Jr. - Campbell - Texas
 Evie Murphy - Campbell - Texas
 Earl Davison - Waukesha - Wisconsin
 Marion Davison - Waukesha - Wisconsin
 David Davisson - Papillion - Nebraska
 Diana Davisson - Littleton - Colorado
 Jan Davisson - Urbandale - Iowa
 H. Lynn Davisson - Urbandale - Iowa
 Patricia Davisson - Papillion - Nebraska
 Tom Davisson - Littleton - Colorado
 Ian Dawson - Ogden - Utah
 Matt Dawson - Albuquerque - New Mexico
 Paisley Dawson - Ogden - Utah
 Stacey K. Chambliss-Dawson - Albuquerque - New Mexico
 Mary S. Dean - Youngsville - North Carolina
 Robert W. Dean - Youngsville - North Carolina
 Gordon Dey - New Ulm - Minnesota
 Jeanette Dey - New Ulm - Minnesota
 Ruth Ellinger - Brandon - Florida
 Wright Ellinger - Brandon - Florida
 Jim Gallion - Springfield - Missouri
 Bob Davidson - Niles - Illinois
 Bonnie Davidson - Niles - Illinois
 Jim Davidson - Aurora - Illinois
 Don Davidson - Sycamore - Illinois
 Glenn Kisch - New Castle - New Hampshire
 Carolyn Grattan - Sydney - New South Wales - Aus
 Amy Guthrie - Dallas - Texas
 Rich Halliley - Braselton - Georgia
 Jane Halliley - Braselton - Georgia
 James Halliley - Braselton - Georgia
 Lauren Monger - Decatur - Georgia
 Katrina Hide - Whetstone - London - United Kingdom
 Nick Hide - Whetstone - London - United Kingdom
 Doug Ikelman - Atlanta - Georgia
 John Lisle - Nashua - New Hampshire
 Caroline Lisle - Nashua - New Hampshire
 Jim Little - Thomasville - North Carolina
 Portia Little - Thomasville - North Carolina
 Judy McNeil - N. Wilkesboro - North Carolina
 Debbie Mecca - Ashland - Kentucky
 Willie Minkel - West Palm Beach - Florida
 Earleen Mobley - Charlotte - North Carolina
 Jack Mobley - Charlotte - North Carolina
 Avon Moffatt - Brisbane - Queensland - Australia
 Barbara Moffitt - Smyrna - Georgia
 Robert Leroy Moffitt - Smyrna - Georgia
 Raynor Davidson Morrison - Olympia - Washington
 Sharon L. Morrison - Olympia - Washington
 Sharon Ochsenhirt - Lawrence - Kansas
 Robert Ochsenhirt - Lawrence - Kansas
 Barbara Davis Pointer - Toledo - Washington
 Kathy Bradbury - Turner - Oregon
 Margaret Potter - Aumsville - Oregon
 Cindy Roupe - Topeka - Kansas
 Mark Roupe - Topeka - Kansas
 Mark Bayer - Arlington - Virginia
 Vicky Davidson Schwartz - Arlington - Virginia
 Doris Sorrels - Carrollton - Missouri
 Maggie Moll - St. Louis - Missouri
 Jesse Moll - St. Louis - Missouri
 Shannon Davis - St. Louis - Missouri
 Katy Davis - St. Louis - Missouri
 Wil Davis - St. Louis - Missouri
 Zack Davisson - Littleton - Colorado
 Ben Davidson - Urich - Missouri
 Bernita Davidson - Urich - Missouri
 Charles Aday - Hillsboro - Albama
 Dinah Aday - Hillsboro - Albama
 Mike Mecca - Ashland - Kentucky
 Kim Ritchhart - Carrollton - Missouri
 Hannah Ritchhart - Carrollton - Missouri
 Hayden Ritchhart - Carrollton - Missouri
 Jack Foster - Spickard - Missouri
 Steed Bell - Lawrence - Kansas
 Julie Bell - Lawrence - Kansas
 Emily Bell - Lawrence - Kansas
 Andrew Bell - Lawrence - Kansas
 Allison Bell - Lawrence - Kansas
 Margaret Haverstic - Moundville - Missouri
 Penny Newberry - Alamogordo - New Mexico
 Neal Bedworth - Alamogordo - New Mexico

Reports From The Regions

Report From Region 9 by Rick & Helen Davis, Regional Directors (FL)

Northeast Florida Scottish Highland Games, February 26th, 2011



It all started on a beautiful Friday evening in February. The clans were gathering for another night of food and revelry at the Hilltop Inn in Jacksonville, Florida. Plates were overflowing with a fantastic array of hors d'oeuvres. The main course gave you a choice of roast beef, turkey or haggis, which was a little on the dry side but not bad. Needless to say the water of life was also flowing in abundance! The honored Clan was introduced and speeches made and yet another promise of good weather for the next day's games!

The next day, Saturday, started out very early, remember the water of life was flowing the night before! Lo and behold we awoke to nice balmy temps in the mid 60's and NO rain. The weather gawds truly co-operated on this day. By afternoon the temps were in the mid 70's and still no wind, rain or freezing temperatures. For anyone that has attended an event in Jacksonville you know how unusual this is. It turned out to be a fantastic day!



My lovely wife assisted in getting our tent setup on time and ready for the throngs. Needless to say they came, as it was the best weather I can remember in over 6 years! For their assistance in the tent many thanks to Frank and Susan Davis and Cheryl McDavitt. It gave my bride and me a chance to go out and visit the many vendors. Yes, she did manage to spend money on a new outfit!

Clan Davidson was well represented for the parade of tartans with a dozen Society members including a new member who was given the honor of carrying our banner. We're already looking forward to next year's games in Jacksonville!

Journey Of A Lifetime - The CDIG by Rick & Helen Davis, Region 9 Directors

It all started on the morning of June 8th around 5:30 am. Helen and I and our good friend Willie Minkel began our journey from West Palm Beach, FL, to Kansas City, Mo. and the International Gathering of Clan Davidson. We like many other clan members were driving or flying to this great event with high expectations of having a chance to meet fellow Clans folk that we know only by printed name in our Sporrán newsletter.

In the St. Louis area we saw the damage caused by recent tornados, and other than the normal highway construction we see all over this great country of ours, our drive was pretty uneventful. That is until we got in the Kansas City area. My faithful GPS decided to take a vacation and stop talking to me, so needless to say we got lost and wound up in Kansas City, KS. We did manage to get turned around and find our way back across the river only to find that our route to the Argosy Casino & Hotel was again routed through a detour and more construction.

When we finally got to our destination, the Argosy, we were very impressed with what our tired eyes were looking at. Check in went smoothly and we were soon in our large beautiful room. Did I mention the shower and bathroom is bigger than our kitchen back home? We did a quick freshen up and headed downstairs to meet with my brother Gary, Dave Chagnon and Jack Mobley. A round of drinks was consumed and we all returned to our respective rooms and a promise to meet in the lobby later for a visit to a local eatery.

The local eatery turned out to be the Country Café and we were impressed that they had 16 of us seated within 15 minutes, all with no advance notice. The food was good but the camaraderie that evening was even better.

Early Friday morning it was time to eat a fantastic buffet breakfast and then head out to the WWI museum to see the other part of my birthday present that my wonderful wife got for me. We toured the museum for about two hours, you could take longer as there is so much to see, then headed outside to find the paver brick inscribed with my name and dates of service in Vietnam. Obligations on my part to help set up our Clan tent and the rain made our decision easy to head back to the hotel. Our very large tent was suppose to be set up and ready for us at noon but Murphy's Law kicked in and it



Intrepid travelers, Willie Minkel,
Rick & Helen Davis

was closer to four before we could start to help get things set up. Jack Mobley and I, along with a lot of our Clan members, Wayne and Pam Davis leading the way, kicked into gear and got the tent decorated in record time. Back to the room for a quick shower and then everyone moseyed down to the Clan tent for an evening of laughter and fun meeting with other Clan members from near and far! The night ended with hearty good nights and promises to continue the fun on Saturday.

Fast forward to Saturday and the Parade of Tartans. It was truly a sight to behold! With almost 150 Clan Davidson members present we outnumbered all other Clans present for the parade. It made me very proud to be a member of our Clan as we walked the parade route and heard loud cheers and a lot of applause from everyone. It is a memory that I will cherish and remember for years to come. Anyhow, back to the Clan tent for cool refreshments and a few drams of the good water. Around 3 pm the official Clan Davidson Whiskey Tasting began. It very well attended by those of us who like “the good water” and do not mind sampling more than one brand. We actually had 9 brands to taste. Some of us got a little carried away with the sampling but I won't mention any names (Pat). Needless to say at the end of the day a grand time was had by all.

Next on our agenda was the formal Clan Dinner at the Argosy.

Talk about a class act! The staff at the Argosy treated us like royalty and the food was fantastic. Speeches were made from our visitors across the big Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Rich Halliley, our USA Clan President, did a superb job as emcee for the evening. USA Clan Board Members were introduced. Did I mention the food was fantastic? A drawing was held and many nice gifts were handed out. Awards were then presented, some serious and at least one not so serious- our own Dave Chagnon the recipient of the latter.

I'll explain how this not-so-serious award came about. Frank Davis (Ocala FL) along with other members of the Clan decided that Dave's excuse for missing the Stone Mountain games, in October of last year (and my hand fasting wedding to Helen) was a very lame excuse. He bowed out attending because at the last minute he had to poodle-sit his new puppy. Devious minds were set into motion, plans made up and a certain person who is good at wood working had the honor of making Dave's award. At the appropriate time Helen and I wheeled out the award and Frank began his speech. Dave was summoned to the podium area where he was unsure of what was about to happen. When given the cue Helen and I placed the award on a table and uncovered this work of art. The look on Dave's face was priceless. If you were not there you missed a special Kodak moment. Dave's poodle poop award brought the house down. More roasting was in store for Dave that night but I'll save him from further embarrassment and not go there. The night ended with a hearty thank you to all present for making our Gathering such a fantastic success!

Sunday morning came way too early but as always Clan Davidson members were there early and ready for another fun and final day of our gathering. I almost forgot to mention that some very good homemade wine from Washington (courtesy of Bob & Jan Davidson and their daughter Donna Davidson Hicks) found its way to our gathering! It was MmmMM good! Alas the time came to break down our tent and, I have to say, it was also done in record time.

Goodbyes were said with promises to keep in touch and members started their trek back to the Argosy. Some of our members left for home Sunday and most of the rest left on Monday.

Our journey home took 3 days as we made several stops. The first was a Confederate Cemetery located between Kansas City and St. Louis. Very beautiful and well kept grounds for such a somber place.

We made several tries to find a Harley dealer open and succeeded in St. Charles, Mo. We were also in phone contact with Rich Halliley and his lovely wife Jane. We decided to meet up and spend the night in Paducah, KY. Dinner at Pizza Hut, back to rooms for a wee dram and off to bed.

Next morning up early, ate breakfast, said our goodbyes and headed home again. Our next stop was the Jack Daniels Distillery in Lynchburg, Tn. The tour lasted a little over an hour. The town of Lynchburg is rich in history and I recommend a visit to both the distillery and the town for those that have never been there. A bonus for us was the Harley Davidson motor clothes store where we purchased a shot glass and poker chips for our collection.

Good things come to an end and we had to leave once again for our trip home. Next stop for the night was in Forsyth, Ga. A long day made for three tired travelers. Up early and on our last leg to sunny south Florida. In all we put over 2,800 miles on the car. Saw a lot of sights, made new friends and had a journey that was priceless!



Rick Davis carrying Ol' Glory in the Parade of Tartans

Report From Region 11 by Davis & Ruby Babcock, Regional Directors

The new venue for the Smokey Mountain Highland Games was a complete success! Maryville College (Maryville, Tenn.) provided a wonderful setting even though the weather was HOT, about 95 degrees in the afternoon.

Participation was great with lots of Clan Davidson people visiting the booth, especially on Saturday. Help from the Bakers (Grant Baker was an officer in CDS-USA back in the early 90s) from Atlanta and the Macys from Maryville was a delight.

These Games had several pipe bands from Knoxville and North Carolina; a host of athletes including females took part; and an outstanding parade of dogs. New members to the Society include John Davidson, Ron Day and Josh Davidson, all from Maryville, plus the renewal of Sallie Macy. All in all, the 2011 Smokey Mountain Games were the best ever for Clan Davidson!!

Then came the Glasgow (KY) Highland Games at Barren Lake State Park. Again we had HOT weather, this time 97 degrees. All went well until a wind-shear toppled several clan tents on Sunday afternoon. Needless to say, it ended the games two hours early. Tents and displays from several of us were blown all over the site. It was scary!

Michael Davis and Marjorie Deese made Clan Davidson a more real part of their family as they joined the Society. Marjorie's late husband, Bill, was a part of the Clan until his death. Many Davidson's stopped by to visit and to buy T-shirts.

Unfortunately, the powers that be cut the pipe band participation so that we had a small band only on Saturday. A few individual pipers played for special events. We were disappointed with the Glasgow Games this year.

Ruby and I were lucky to be among the fortunate ones to attend the Kansas City Games and the International Clan Davidson Gathering! It was just outstanding!! Our Sennachie really outdid himself in the planning and all that went into this event. The venue, although a bit smaller than other Games, was perfect for the gathering of Davidsons! We enjoyed it all.

The banquet food was better than we have ever had, even on cruises. Dave asked for suggestions following the event; we only have one: let's do it more often... even if it can't be "international".

(Oh, aye... and ye can do the year's worth of planning and work and "salesmanship" that went into this one! Sennachie - ☺)



Report From Region 13 by David & Patty Davisson, Regional Directors

In addition to The Minnesota Scottish Fair and Highland Games (Saturday May 14) and the Central Iowa Celtic Festival and Highland Games on June 18, we also plan on being at the Celtic Festival and Highland Games of the Quad Cities at Centennial Park in Davenport, Iowa on September 17.

In 2010 Patty and I attended the same Games/Festivals and had a "Great" Time. We really enjoy representing Clan Davidson at these events, talking to old friends and new friends alike.

We had a great time in Minnesota with Susan Stewart and her husband Doug. They helped us out with breaks and getting to know more about that event. We, also, were able to visit Glenn McDavid again and watching the reenactment group that he belongs to in action, (Clann Tartan). Here's an URL to some pictures: [<http://pics.livejournal.com/gmcdavid/gallery/0009wxt7>]

The Central Iowa Celtic Festival has always been a favorite of mine. It is held on the front lawn of Living History Farms in a suburb of Des Moines, Iowa. The promoters, Garry and Kris Knapp, are very good friends of Patty and I. We see them quite frequently during the summers at Scottish/Celtic events and Renaissance Faires. They have their own vendor's tent and sell many Celtic products. [<http://2celts.com/mysitecaddy/site3/>]

The Quad Cities event is quite picturesque. It was moved from the Scott County Fairgrounds and is now held in downtown Davenport, right alongside the Mississippi River. One of the men in charge is Darren Low. He is from Scotland and is very knowledgeable about all things pertaining to Scotland.

The last two events we have been attending to help out the Region 14 Directors, Wayne & Pam Davis.

We had a wonderful time last year and look forward to another one this year.

(David & Patty were at the CDIG where they unveiled their wonderful new Clan Davidson Banner. This was selected as the backdrop for the "formal" photos taken by Darwin Davidson at the CDIG Banquet. Sennachie)



Flowers of the Forest

The following information was compiled from several sources and was provided by Elaine Davidson (North Wilkesboro NC), Jim Davidson (Bahama NC) and Jack & Earlene Mobley (Charlotte NC)

Huntersville, North Carolina, June 28, 2011

May Davidson, the sixth great-granddaughter of Maj. John Davidson of Revolutionary War fame; joined the illustrious first families of Mecklenburg County when she was buried Monday at Rural Hill in the Davidson Burying Grounds, with a spray of white orchids on her casket.

Ms. Davidson was the last surviving direct descendant of Major John Davidson and his wife, Violet, that was born and raised at Rural Hill. May and her siblings had not married and this brings an end to six generations of the Davidson Family that lived at Historic Rural Hill. The Davidson Family of Rural Hill and Holly Bend were one of the most prominent family's of Mecklenburg County in the 18th and 19th centuries. The historic homestead was purchased by Mecklenburg County in 1992. It has been operated by Historic Rural Hill, Inc., a non-profit organization, as an historic site, working farm and the home of the Rural Hill Scottish Festival and Loch Norman Highland Games since 1994.

The Davidson Burying Grounds, across Neck Road from the old plantation house, is a roll call of famous Mecklenburg settlers. The Davidsons, the Alexanders, the Brevards, the Springs families whose names live on in our streets, our towns, our colleges.

Gen. William Lee Davidson, for whom Davidson College is named, was a member of this old family, as was Ephraim Brevard, for whom the town Brevard is named.

May Davidson was born and raised at Rural Hill in Huntersville - originally 5,000 acres of gently rolling meadows and forest - owned by the Davidson family from 1760 until 1992.

She died at The Pines in Davidson on Wednesday. She was 92.

The Rev. Ed Wayland gave thanks to God for May Davidson, "one who journeyed with us these many years."

Funeral-goers - some wore hats and some mopped brows - crowded in the shade of a holly tree to talk about their late friend. They described her as an elegant, quiet lady, always someone you could depend on."

John Lyles, a retired minister and friend of the whole Davidson clan," said Davidson was "elegant, reserved and a genuine lady. Genuine," he said, "as in real."

After graduation from the Woman's College at Greensboro (now UNCG), Davidson worked for the state Department of Agriculture in Raleigh. In the mid-1970s, during the Watergate hearings, she worked for U.S. Sen. Sam Ervin.

No matter how hard you might pump May Davidson for inside information about the hearings, someone said, she never divulged a word.

Like her ancestors before her, she was dignified and loyal.

Her ancestor John Davidson (1735-1832) was a Mecklenburg magistrate, a justice of the peace and a signer of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence in 1775, along with several of his family members. Davidson and Thomas Polk, another early settler, petitioned the N.C. General Assembly for a public road from Mecklenburg County to the coast. And with Martin Phifer, another pioneer, Davidson presented a bill for the "public establishment of learning" in Charlotte. In his spare time, he was a blacksmith and a major in the Mecklenburg militia.

John and his wife, Violet Wilson Davidson, are believed to have had 63 grandchildren.

After Monday's service, funeral-goers gathered for lunch across the street at the white clapboard house, which replaced the original brick Georgian plantation house that John and Violet built in 1788. The clapboard house, as well as the 265 acres of the original parcel, was sold to the county in 1992.

Guests sat at picnic tables under spreading oaks, enjoying sandwiches - cream cheese and olive, ham, pimento cheese - pound cake and iced tea.

Conversation turned, naturally, to the past.

Someone recalled how Gen. William Lee Davidson's horse, borrowed from the major's stables, came galloping riderless up to the, major's house after the Battle of Cowan's Ford in 1780. When the Davidson family saw the horse, they knew immediately their cousin had been killed. They found the general's body in a creek, stripped of its uniform and, they buried him 'secretly that night, at Hopewell Presbyterian Church on Beattie's Ford Road.

Another recalled that John and Violet started married life together in a two-room cabin they called Rural Retreat. Eventually, they built Rural Hill, the four-story Georgian, with a basement. It stood 98' years, burning in 1886. The chimneys still stand, as does a double row of boxwood that led to the original house.

May Davidson and her sister, Elizabeth, preserved the plantation records and journals, some going back to the 1830s, and donated them to UNC Charlotte.

What Davidson funeral would be complete without Davidson descendants?

Though May Davidson was the last direct descendant of John and Violet to be born and raised at Rural Hill, there were cousins on hand: Robert Davidson, a son of the late Chalmers Davidson of Davidson College, and his son Robert Jr, of Columbia, S.C., as well as Jim Davidson of Bahama, N.C. Someone asked Robert Jr. what it meant to him to be a Davidson.

He paused, chin in hand. "I wear that name proudly," he said.

"Is it ever a burden?" someone else asked. "When I have to behave," he said with a smile.

I had occasion to meet May just once, in 2003. She was, indeed the Le Grand Dame of the old school and a perfect delight to be around. Her passing marks the end of an era not just for the Davidsons of south west North Carolina, for the entire Clan.



Greg Dean is a long-time member of CDS-USA who resides in Pinehurst, TX. He sent this notice to me a few months ago. It's always a sad day when we lose one of our own and Becca sounds like she was one of the best.

Rebecca Elizabeth "Becca" Beavers Dean, 56, of Magnolia, Texas, passed away on Aug. 23, 2010 at her residence following a long courageous battle with cancer.

Rebecca was born Sept. 2, 1953 in Bonham, Texas, the daughter of James Ellis Beavers and Mary Eliza-beth Shinpaugh Beavers. She was a 1972 graduate of Bonham High School and received her Bache-lor's degree in Psychology from Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, Texas. Rebecca married Greg Dean, April 5, 1986 at the First Presbyterian Church in Bonham. She worked for the Missouri Pacific Railroad and the Union Pacific Railroad in Houston, Texas and Omaha, Nebraska for 10 years.

She later returned to Sam Hous-ton University to receive her teacher's certification. Rebecca was a gifted educa-tor and taught in Conroe ISD and Montgomery ISD where she had to resign in May of 2010 because of her health. She was a member of the George Blakey Chap-ter of the DAR in Bonham. Rebecca enjoyed reading, canning, crafting and bak-ing cookies. She was pre-ceded in death by her father Feb. 14, 2010.

Surviving are her hus-band, Greg Dean of Mag-nolia; son, Jason Dean of Magnolia; mother, Mary Beavers of Ravenna; brother, Edward Beavers and wife, Lynn of Joshua; nephews and nieces, Paul Moore, Bobby Moore and wife, Stevie, Dusty Moore, Cassandra Beavers and Brittany Beavers; and great-nephews, Corey Moore and Jessie Moore.

From Times Gone By

“Brigadier General William Lee Davidson, American Hero” by Debbie Sorrels Mecca

This is the second of a three part series about General William Lee Davidson, an American Revolutionary War-era North Carolinian. Debbie is the 4th Great Grandchild of William and an enthusiastic supporter of all things Davidson.

The first part of this saga was published a year ago in the July, '10 **Sporran**.

Part II - Frontier Youth, the Making of a Hero



William Lee Davidson was the son of George Davison (later Davidson) who came from robust Scottish stock by way of Ireland's Plantation of Ulster, Legacorry, County Armagh. By 1700 the flourishing Irish woolen trade had become a threat to the industry in England causing the crown to pass the Woolen Act to protect the textile industry at home. Before long, economic depression set in around Ulster. Rents went up and crops failed while disease destroyed numerous sheep. By 1718 the first group of Scotch-Irish immigrants had been forced to set out for America and further migrations followed.

George settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania in the 1740's where son, William, was born in the year 1746. Different accounts show George as having settled in “Chestnut Level” or “East Nottingham Township”. Scotch-Irish settlers were encouraged to move to the frontier in order to provide a buffer against possible French and Indian hostilities; as such, the Pennsylvania frontier was a precarious place to live.

High land prices, government dominance by the Quakers, and disputes pertaining to Indian ownership of the land probably inspired George to leave Pennsylvania and join the caravans on the Great Wagon Road to the South. Travel on this road on a good day might consist of 10 miles with many of the family

walking behind a wagon much of the way. Most travelers fashioned their own wagon or cart as the great Conestoga wagons were not produced until after 1750 and the path further south prior to this time would not have been widened yet to support the larger wagons.

It is suggested that George may have broken up the trip for a time with his brother, John, who had secured land in Beverly Manor on Christian Creek, May 1738. [Tinkling Springs Presbyterian](#) congregation area lay between Staunton and Waynesboro, in what was then Augusta County, Virginia. At that location, a Presbyterian Church was established in 1740, a log building measuring 24 by 50 feet. John Davidson must have travelled on with George and his former Pennsylvania neighbors who would have arrived at the same time in order to obtain land within a close proximity of each other in North Carolina.

Travel down the Great Philadelphia Wagon Road, which had been known prior to 1744 as the Great Warriors' Path, provided no easy journey. At times a horse was ridden by a father, a child seated behind, followed by other members of the family with the mother bringing up the rear with the smallest child in her arms. Prior to the Davidson's travel; two Moravians had described an arduous journey in 1743 down the Great Warrior's Path which brought them five months later to Georgia.

A traveler was lucky to find one home a day where perhaps basic food could be purchased but most likely slept under the stars





The Great Wagon Road

where they were likely awakened early to the cry of wolves. The road was crude and at times still little more than a path barely wide enough for travel winding endlessly up and down steep hills. Traveling down that Great Wagon Road as a child of two or three, William survived the rough journey through the backwoods. This early passage surely opened his eyes at a very young age to new adventures and learning experiences which began an imprinting process beyond his years.

“Carolina Cradle: Settlement of the Northwest Carolina Frontier, 1747-1762” describes Davidson’s Creek as a rather lengthy stream that rises in the southern portion of present-day Iredell County and flows south-westward into the Catawba two miles south of the Granville line. The upper reaches of this creek became the center of a third accumulation of pioneers on the northwest Carolina frontier prior to the summer of 1749. Not only was the Davidson’s Creek settlement the earliest to be established as far west as the Catawba River, but it also became the nucleus of the Centre Presbyterian Congregation, established sometime between 1752 and 1755. On November 26, 1748, a grant of 650 acres was surveyed for John Davidson (or Davison)...chain carriers were James Templeton and George Davidson.

John Davidson died in 1749 on the headwaters of the creek bearing his name. His 650-acre survey was granted to his brother George, who also acquired additional tracts in 1752 and 1753. James and John Templeton were described as neighbors of George from East Nottingham Township and several other family and friends became settlers to the area and are mentioned along with them from Pennsylvania tax lists.

Within a decade after the first settlements, a “frontier” aristocracy, of office-holders, including John Brevard and Alexander Osborn, became prominent citizens in the area. As these friends became early justices and assemblymen, George would have been on the inside of the “courthouse ring” and comparatively safe from exploitation by land agents. It is now impossible to determine the exact location of the Davidson log cabin; however, tradition locates his home-place on the east side of Davison’s Creek to the right of the Centre Church road, now a spur west of modern Statesville highway.

We can likely assume this home was in direct proximity to the Great Wagon Road, also known as the “Catawba Trading Path” or the “Georgia Road”, as George was licensed to operate a tavern there by 1755, refreshing guests with standard fare such as cornmeal mush, hog, hominy, and wild game as well as “Home-Brewed Ale,” “Loaf Sugar Punch,” rum, whisky, wine and English beer.

If this combination log home/tavern/ordinary were the typical structure, it would have been built of sawed or hewn logs forming four sides with dovetail joints. On the inside, wooden pegs provided a substitute for metal in pinning puncheons and ceilings without nails but for the roof, iron spikes or homemade nails were used to fasten down clapboards. Usually there was but one large room about twenty feet square with privacy sometimes respected by partitions of curtain or plank. More than one window was a luxury and glass panes were almost nonexistent. Most houses faced south to let the sunlight in the single door and all were close to springs. The meals were cooked over an open hearth in cast iron pots.

One can imagine that these meetings with strangers provided young William with many of the skills that served him well as a citizen and later as a military leader. Listening to the astonishing news of Ben Franklin’s experiments with lightning from northern travelers would have opened the household’s eyes to happenings well beyond their frontier experience. As newspapers were not available, the Taverns became a place where locals gathered for outside news as well, creating a further bond with their community. Selling food and drink was a lucrative occupation until prices for services and shelter were set. This



reasoning could explain why George failed to apply for a tavern license after 1756.

On a trip to the county seat in Salisbury, William may have witnessed culprits in the pillory and stocks near the jail or a public flogging—less gruesome, indeed, than a gouging match which deprived a belligerent of his eyes. William would have also enjoyed the 25-mile ride to Fort Dobbs and a visit with Captain Waddell at the garrison which protected the frontier from Indian raids.

Both war and worship obsessed the frontier Calvinists who were of extremely “high religious voltage”. The most stabilizing event in the realm of religion during Davidson’s youth was the coming of ministers to his area. As faith was at the core of the Presbyterian settlers, [Centre Presbyterian Church](#) was developed soon and ministers, some of which would later become “fighting parsons” during the Revolution, inspired the congregation greatly, one of these was [Alexander McWhorter](#), brother of Jane



Ft. Dobbs

McWhorter Brevard, William’s future mother-in-law. Family history and lessons from old-country experience were learned by listening to the patriarchs’ reminiscences of Centre’s elders relating chiefly to religious persecutions. The bible would have been the cornerstone of faith and the rule of conduct in the home with few other books being owned by a family. Of the book learning of William Lee, his earliest biographer, “Light-Horse Harry” Lee says he “was educated in the plain country manner at an academy in Charlotte...”

This academy of learning would not have been Queens College in Charlotte but was likely a boys’ school at Sugaw Creek Church about three miles from Charlotte. Sugaw Creek Academy owed its reputation to “classical” curriculum though an “English education” was doubtless obtainable. Instruction was probably by Joseph Alexander and Joel Benedict, with the most potent back-country influence in intellect as well as in religion coming from the Reverend Alexander Craighead, later known by Mecklenburg’s patriotic historians as the “Father of Independence” in the Carolina Piedmont. Many of these leaders had been educated at the [Princeton College](#) in New Jersey which was founded in 1746 in order to train Presbyterian ministers (later Princeton University).

It was not an easy life and youth toiled alongside adults. Frolic and games were replaced with endless chores and duties which were the norm. Older boys were enrolled in captains’ companies and showy musters were the envy of the young, enamoring them to the profession of arms.

George Davidson, Senior, died in 1759 or 1760 leaving William Lee fatherless at about age thirteen. He was hardly an old man for he left children young enough to require guardians, “my trusty and well beloved Friends Alexander Osburn and [John Brevard](#), Esqrs.” If George were a contemporary of his friends, he had barely passed his prime: Brevard was about 45 and Osborn 50 in 1760. The fact that such prominent men were with whom George placed his confidence is the best testimony to his character and worth. The influence of such instruction would have instilled a passion for liberty for which son William, the future General, would dedicate his life.



The mist curls through the glens where William Lee grew to manhood, learning his woodsman skills that would last a lifetime.

In the frontier struggle for survival, thirteen was an age of responsibility and filial obligations and the passing of his father may well have shortened Davidson’s boyhood; however, education was never slighted by our frontier Calvinists. To be a good shot was as obligatory as sitting a horse. Judging by William’s future popularity, he was endowed with good humor and modesty, won friends easily and was influenced by the right people. A contemporary was later to comment on his “popular manners and pleasing address.”

William lived for a time with his cousin, George Davidson, son of his uncle John, who was 18 years his senior. The spring of 1767 found Lieutenant William Lee and (cousin) George Davidson escorting Governor William Tyron into the Cherokee country. A peaceful settlement was reached with the Indians over land disputes and His Excellency complimented the men of Rowan and Mecklenburg on “the

closeness of their firing” which was a prelude to the cries of Cornwallis’s Redcoats that the rebels of the piedmont were “the best marksmen of the world.”

William returned to Centre as a veteran. If his newly acquired dignity impressed none other than Mary Brevard, it was worth the effort. Will had reached his majority and his guardians, Alexander Osborn and John Brevard were no longer custodians of his patrimony. On December 10, 1767, he was given permission to marry. The ceremony was likely performed by Justice Brevard, father of the bride and former guardian of the groom. A back-country wedding was typically full of lusty and bawdy good humor with guests riding in from twenty miles around bearing gifts of venison, bear meat, turkey or pork. The day began with strength exhibitions by the men: races, wrestling matches and gander pulling. The women exhibited their prowess at preparing a feast with much pride. During the ceremony the bride might feign an overwhelming modesty and have to be chased and dragged back by the maids. Rum, whisky, ale and beer were expected of the father of the bride and reels and Irish jigs lasted far into the night.

Mary Brevard had been reared in one of the half dozen locally accepted first families. The Brevards displayed an early inclination to intellectuality. Coming from French Huguenot stock, Mary was acquainted with so worldly a thing as an English novel and was to name a daughter “Pamela” several years before the Revolution. William and Mary continued to live in Centre congregation, their home on a small rising across Davidson’s Creek from the meeting-house. Life would have been full of endless chores for the frontier wife. Will’s preference was certainly soldiering but his hand was often put to the plow. One of the more congenial activities of a “plantation owner” would have involved raising, breaking and trading horses which provided a matter of pride of ownership as well as a medium of exchange in the piedmont.

Will identified himself with established forces of law and order as early as 1770 at which time he was appointed constable for his district. He would have been responsible for keeping peace and carrying out the decisions of the justices. In the capacity of taking census for taxable inhabitants, Will would have required a tactful approach and a genial disposition in order to have been invited into the homes of his neighbors.

End Part II

Note from the author: A final chapter in the story of William Lee Davidson will be shared in my final article, detailing William Lee’s military service and his place in America’s Revolutionary History. As in all writing of historical events, facts have been gleaned from many sources to find an acceptable path to what is hoped to be an accurate picture of a time in history and the persons being depicted. I welcome corrections and comments at dmecca@yahoo.com and have thoroughly enjoyed comments to my prior edition: ***Journey of Discovery to 4th Great Grandfather William Lee Davidson***

Reference materials include but are not limited to:

“Piedmont Partisan, the Life and Times of Brigadier-General William Lee Davidson” by Chalmers Gaston Davidson.

“Carolina Cradle: Settlement of the Northwest Carolina Frontier, 1747-1762” by Robert W. Ramsey

“Great Wagon Road: From Philadelphia to the South” by Parke Rouse

“Davison/Davidson Family: The Descendants of William and Elizabeth Davison of County Armagh, Ireland”
By Robert Stephens Hand”

Internet links:

“The Way We Lived in North Carolina” [<http://www.waywelivednc.com/before-1770/wagon-road.htm>]

“Learning North Carolina” [<http://www.learnnc.org/lp/editions/nchist-colonial/2030>]

“The Scots-Irish From Ulster and The Great Wagon Road” [<http://www.learnnc.org/lp/editions/nchist-colonial/2030>]

“General William Lee Davidson” [<http://forum.davidson.edu/archives/encyclopedia/general-william-lee-davidson/>]

Fathers of the Greatest Generation - The Thomasville Blues

by Jim Little, Member, CDS-USA

One of the many wonderful things that happened to me at the CDIG was the opportunity to meet and get to know a pair of members in CDS-USA, Portia (Pat, as she prefers) and Jim Little. Although we chatted several time during that great CDIG weekend, it wasn't until I was packing my trailer in front of the Argosy for the return trip to Arkansas that I was made aware that Jim had joined the ranks of authors the CDS-USA boasted.

*Pat casually mentioned that Jim had written a book about one of his ancestors' participation in the Mexican border skirmishes with Pancho Villa and subsequent action in WW I. Pat went on to ask me if I would like an article about the book... silly girl! So it came to pass that the following article came into my possession. It will further come to pass that this book will soon take its place on the CDS-USA website marketing pages alongside our International Cookbook and the works of Ruth Ellinger. In the meantime, here's Jim's tale of how **Fathers of the Greatest Generation - The Thomasville Blues** came to be written.*



Jim and Portia (Pat) Little both have Davidson ancestry back in the 1800's and both have a keen sense of history, especially that of their home state of North Carolina. The couple has known each other all their lives but went their separate ways after high school graduation and had families of their own. In 1998 at their 35th high school reunion the friendship was rekindled. Pat was a widow and Jim was newly single. "It was a perfect match," according to Jim, and they were married in 1999. Returning to their native Thomasville, the couple has lived there since.

Genealogy became Pat's passion as she began trying to find their roots. She was very successful with both sides and has traced Jim's "Little" family back to 1776. That's where the Davidsons come in: Jim's ggggrandfather Robert married Elizabeth Davidson in 1833. Pat's ggggrandmother was Margaret Davidson. Stewarts and McDuffs are also in Pat's lineage.

History makes strange twists and turns sometimes. "Since I was a small boy," Jim said, "I had always wanted to write a book, but I had no idea what to write about. It wasn't until I came back to Thomasville and became involved with the local Memorial Day Ceremony that I realized the book had been under my nose all my life." He noticed that there were commemorative stones at the local park for deceased veterans and sought permission to place one there for his grandfather. "I knew my grandfather was in World War One and that he served on the border with Mexico before that," he said. "Other than that, I didn't know much about him at all since he died when I was only two years old." His name was Robert O. Little and was born in Randolph County, NC in 1888, ggrandson of Robert and Elizabeth Davidson Little.

Having received permission to place the stone, Little figured he had better find out more about his grandfather. "That's when the amazing story started to unfold," he said. "I began researching newspaper accounts dating back to 1909 of his National Guard unit, 'The Thomasville Blues' as they were known then. That resulted in several trips to the North Carolina Archives and History and to the National Archives and Records Administration at College Park, Maryland. What I found was just amazing and relatively unknown."

What started out as just a few pages about his grandfather became a much bigger story, one of national interest that had scarcely been told in almost 100 years. "One of my cousins had pictures made of and by my grandfather when he was stationed in El Paso, TX, in 1916 and 1917, as



Jim & Pat (Portia) Little

his company and others across the United States, guarded the border while General John J. 'Black Jack' Pershing pursued Pancho Villa throughout Northern Mexico. I had no idea those pictures existed," Jim said. Further research allowed him to put the pictures in chronological order and interpret more of the story.

On March 28, 1917, the National Guard began their journey back to North Carolina. Before arriving at their homes, the United States declared war on Germany on April 2, 1917, signaling our entry into the Great War which had been going on in Europe for three years. Thomasville and the rest of the National Guard units in North and South Carolina plus Tennessee were formed into the Thirtieth Division, part of the Second Corps, and were sent to Camp Sevier, SC, for training. "A few of the pictures from my cousin depicted winter scenes which were a mystery until it was discovered that South Carolina experienced the coldest winter in their history in 1917-18, halting training for over a month," Jim said.

After their arrival in France, the 27th and 30th Divisions were given to the British (contrary to United States policy) and essentially were forgotten by Pershing. The Thirtieth's doughboys were the first Americans under arms to ever enter Belgium and took part in a battle near Ypres from August 31 through September 1, 1918. "They lost a lot of good men," said Jim "and because the 30th was orphaned, so to speak, were never reinforced." Almost one month later the Thirtieth and Twenty-seventh Divisions were ordered by the British to attack and break the Hindenburg Line which was thought to be impregnable by both sides. The British had tried several times over the course of the war, but were thrown back each time. "Now it was up to the Americans," said Jim. "At 4:50 a.m. on September 29, 1918, with the 27th on the left and the 46th British on the right, the North and South Carolina boys began the assault and had pierced the Hindenburg Line by 8:30 a.m. The 27th (American) and the 46th (British) were pinned down all day, so it was the 30th alone who accomplished the break-through," according to Little.

"The odd thing is," says Jim "the British took full credit for it. On line accounts and countless books, even the National World War One Memorial in Kansas City all state, '...the British, assisted by the Americans...broke the line.' But first-hand accounts and actual battle records make it clear that the British did not move at all that day and the 27th was pinned down. That fact was recognized by all the commanding generals at the time but has been lost to history today. My goal is to give credit to the North and South Carolinians through the book which I have written."

Appropriately titled Fathers of the Greatest Generation: The Thomasville Blues, copies of his book can be found in the North Carolina Archives and History and the National World War One Museum Archives. If anyone wishes to purchase a copy you may do so by e-mailing Jim at tvillefathers@triad.rr.com. The book sells for \$20 which includes shipping and a modest contribution for CDS-USA.

"My wife and sister have told me that my grandfather would be proud of me," says Jim. "I hope so." He is also quick to give credit to his wife Pat, who encouraged him all along the way, and helped him keep organized. "Without her I would never have finished the book and fulfilled my life-long dream," he said.

Jim adds: Before the book was finished, the stone which started it all was dedicated on August 30, 2009. All of Robert O. Little's grandchildren, except one who was too ill, were present along with many great and great-great grandchildren, too. The familial link was thus ensured for at least another generation or two.



Earlene Mobley shares a libation with Jim & Pat Little at the International Gathering Friday Afternoon Reception



The Road To The '45 - The Beginning of the End for the Stuarts

by David McNicoll

This is an historical treatise regarding the events leading up to the last of the Jacobite rebellions in Scotland, The '45 (as in 1745).

*Several months back, I received an email from David McNicoll, who is the Managing Director of Highland Experience Scotland, a New York City-based Scottish tour business. We exchanged several messages after which he made the offer of an occasional article for **The Sporrán** if I was interested. OMG, I thought, he has got to be kidding! We chatted a bit more and here's the result, an extremely well written and researched article about the beginning of the ultimate demise of the House of Stuart in the affairs of Scotland.*

David has promised to follow this up with future articles if this one meets with the approval of our readers. I feel confident that such approval will be forthcoming, with alacrity!

Background: Over the course of 1688/89 the so called 'Glorious Revolution' swept away the autocratic Stuart monarchy of James VII (II of England); and, replaced it with a fresh constitutional agreement laid out between the new king, William of Orange, and his Parliaments. In England this new arrangement was called the 'Bill of Right', and in Scotland, the 'Claim of Right'. It ushered in a new age, where the king was subject to his people and forced to defend the law, not arbitrarily create it. Constitutional change was only part of the revolution, for at its heart lay religion. Great Britain was a Protestant nation with little stomach for a Catholic king, and certainly not one as arrogant as James VII. The defeat of James' Scottish followers, known as Jacobites, at Dunkeld in 1689, and then of his main army in Ireland the following year [the Battle of the Boyne - Sennachie], seemed to cement the Protestant succession and the new regime; but in reality the storm clouds were only beginning to gather.



William of Orange

The Story Begins: In 1700 a ten year old boy in London died of smallpox. This was not an unusual event by any means, but the victim was no ordinary boy. He was William Duke of Gloucester, second in line to the throne. William of Orange was ailing, and his heir Princess Anne, Gloucester's mother, was unlikely to have any more children, so a solution to the looming succession crisis was required. James VII had three children – Mary, Anne and their half brother James (born amid the crisis in 1688); and with Queen Mary dead and Princess Anne childless, the natural choice in an ideal world would be Prince James. There was however one major impediment – he, like his father, was a staunch Roman Catholic; and, neither the fiercely Protestant English nor Scottish parliaments were prepared to go down that road...



The Act of Settlement

So, in 1701 the English Parliament enacted one of the most important, and controversial legislative bills in British history: the Act of Settlement. The Act brought together all the ideas, beliefs and demands laid out in the Bill of Right, formalising on the statute the rights and prerogatives of the monarch. From here on, sovereignty in Britain would be expressed as the Crown in Parliament. It was a monumental shift of power, but this was only the start. At the heart of the new Act was the question of the succession; and fundamentally, the barring of Catholics from that succession –

“An Act for the further Limitation of the Crown, and better securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subject : And that all Papists, and persons marrying Papists, shall be excluded from,

and for ever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, and the dominions thereunto belonging or any part thereof”.

Thus, from that day to this the British monarch cannot be a Catholic or marry a Catholic. Furthermore, the Act outlined that on the demise of William and then Anne, the Crown would pass to Princess Sofia of Hanover (great-granddaughter of James VI of Scotland), and subsequently her heirs. The Act is specific that the senior living descendant of Princess Sophia will be king or queen, without proclamation and whether they wish it or not (it actually requires an amendment to the Act for a king to give up the throne); and this remains the law. In 1707 the Treaty of Union was enacted between Scotland and England to form the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and Queen Anne was insistent that the Act be incorporated into the union to pave the way for a peaceful succession across her kingdoms. Her wish was not to be realised, and the chess pieces began to manoeuvre themselves around the ailing queen. Finally in 1714, Anne died and in accordance with the Act of Settlement the British crown passed to George of Hanover, the late Princess Sophia’s son; who was crowned in Westminster Abbey as George I. Despite being a Protestant he wasn’t exactly popular – he couldn’t speak English and would spend most of his time in Germany.



The Plot Thickens: John Erskine, Earl of Mar was snubbed by the new king, and taking umbrage he decided to become a revolutionary. The original Jacobite rising of 1689 was led by a maverick genius, John Graham of Claverhouse; who would die spectacularly at his moment of victory at the Battle of Killiecrankie, and it was a hard act to follow – and to be honest Mar simply wasn’t up to the task. There was plenty of Jacobite sympathy in the Highlands, where clan chiefs tended to follow their own instincts rather than the wishes of the Westminster mandarins; although the sympathy for the Catholic faith and the autocratic Stuart family wasn’t as strong. Indeed, plenty of the chiefs were simply looking out for their own interests: it just so happened that armed rebellion was one way to achieve those interests. It was an age-old pastime for the warlords and robber barons that ruled the Highlands.

The First Jacobite Rebellion, The '15: The Earl of Mar’s Jacobite Rebellion of 1715 began amid a fanfare of pipes and banners on the slopes of Braemar: he gathered a fair sized force of heavily armed clansmen and headed south. His rhetoric was good, and his retinue impressive enough that the exiled “king”, James Francis Stuart, made preparations to come to Scotland and claim his birthright. The Government were always a step ahead, and they dispatched the experienced Duke of Argyll to meet the Jacobite army before it reached the Lowland stronghold of Stirling. Argyll, chief of Clan Campbell, was known to his followers as Red John of the Battles (*Iain ruadh na fechdainn*), and a seasoned campaigner of the European theatre of war. The two armies met on the cold, frozen morass of Sheriffmuir above Dunblane; and, while the battle was fairly inconclusive in itself, John Campbell had stopped Mar and his wild Highlanders in their tracks. The Rebellion was over before it began. Then James Francis arrived (well, after a bout of chicken pox and horrific sea-sickness). His timing was awful, and his supporters were unable to even get him to Scone for a ‘coronation’.

James Stuart never had an opinion on anything, he spent his whole life sitting on the fence and lacked the kind of spirit and devil-may-care attitude that a rebellion needs in a leader if it is to succeed. Realising the jig was up; James simply slunk away, and devoted the rest of his days to cultivating languid exile. The '15 was over, Jacobite sympathy was on the wane and the mercantile classes in Edinburgh and Glasgow were aligning themselves with their ilk in London. These money men would make sure nothing would disrupt the flow of wealth. Politics was changing too – with an often absent king who couldn’t speak English, actual day to day power was shifting to his ministers; and in particular the new office of Prime Minister. These men, like the merchants, were in no mood to surrender their new found power to a failed, autocratic and Catholic dynasty.



James Francis Edward Stuart
“The Old Pretender”

The Dynasty Languishes: The Stewart (Stuart) dynasty, which had ruled Scotland for over 350 years, was crumbling; the exiled court moved from France to Italy as guests of the Pope and into cloistered retirement. Jacobites at home in Scotland, trying to take advantage of the wars raging on the continent, attempted another rising in 1719, which got no further than Glen Sheil; and the Government tightened its grip. Many of the Jacobite chiefs had their lands and titles forfeited; and under the auspices of General Wade, the army constructed a number of fortresses across the Highlands linked together with a new road system to improve communications between them. The Scottish Highlands were under lock and key. The Stuarts never had unanimous support from the clans, but by the 1730s Jacobites were in the minority, and the cause seemed to be over: but, a new star was on the rise in far distant Italy.



Bonnie Prince Charlie - The Young Pretender
 Prince Charles Edward Louis John Casimir Sylvester Maria Stuart

Enter The “Bonnie Prince”: Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the eldest son of James Francis, was a real live wire in his youth; an emotive lad, he’d been brought up amid the disappointment of the Stuart demise and exile – and the denial of his ancient blood-right, stirred a passion in him. Born in Rome in 1720, the man who would be immortalised as Bonnie Prince Charlie was a bright spark amid a melancholy world of lost dreams; and he grew up hearing the tales of brave clansmen with unflinching loyalty. So, when in 1743 his father made him Prince Regent in exile, with plenipotentiary powers, a seed was sown. He pawned his mother’s fabulous jewellery (the famous Sobieski Jewels), borrowed money from the Pope and the King of France and began setting in motion his plan for invasion and recovery of the throne. 18th Century British politics was complex, interwoven and aristocratic. Political parties were embryonic, titles and money ran the show: control of the Crown lay with ruthless career politicians; the nobility; and the rich merchant classes. This was the real mountain Charles had to climb, and he had no idea it was ahead of him. Closeted away, he saw a counter-revolution as a romantic, part religious, part dynastic campaign – not until it was too late did he see the big picture, and how woefully naïve and inadequate his attempt really was. But, all that was a long way off as spring turned to summer in 1745.

The Plot Thickens More: He sent spies to Britain to gauge the potential support for his cause. The Scottish Jacobites would be the core of his following, but it seemed that many Tories north and south of the border secretly supported him, and would rally to his standard if the time came. The French king was also hinting as the possibility of major financial and military support, should a rising gain the success the Prince was hoping for. This fact alone probably lost the Prince much needed support – in this lay the possibility of turning the clock back to the days of the autocratic Stuarts governing without Parliament, financed with French money. Too many important people in Britain had too much to lose, for this ever to be a possibility. The Prince was kept in the dark about all this – and so, buoyed up with the promise of genuine support he launched his campaign.

With French money and arms, Charles fitted out two ships – the Elisabeth and the Doutelle, and set sail from Brittany to Scotland. The Elisabeth, the larger of the two and containing most of the gold, men and weapons was near sunk by the Royal Navy and limped back to France; while the Doutelle managed to evade the British ships and landed on the Island of Eriskay on the 23rd of July 1745. He was met by Alexander MacDonald of Boisdale (younger brother of the Clan Ranald Chief), who, despite being a staunch Jacobite, saw nothing but failure and disaster in this latest Stuart enterprise. The Government had warned the Highlanders to expect severe repercussions should they support a rebellion. He told the prince to go home, to which Charles famously replied “I am come home”.



The Landing: He was able to garner a few supporters and sailed on to the Mainland, arriving in Glenfinnan in mid August. There he met with a couple of other chiefs, but principally Cameron of Lochiel. If the mighty Cameron refused to join his adventure then the whole scheme was sunk, so the prince mustered all his bargaining and charm to convince Lochiel to join. Finally, he appealed to the one weakness all chiefs suffered from – vanity. On the 19th of August, Donald Cameron agreed to follow his prince and rally his clan. The Royal Standard was raised, the pipes skirled across Loch Sheil and the '45 Rebellion was born.

To Be Continued

Note: As mentioned above, David McNicoll runs Highland Experience Tours, which specializes in vacation packages to Scotland including whisky trips, clan and family history tours, bespoke packages and numerous daily departures. For more information -[www.highlandexperience-usa.com]

A Langnappie* From the International Gathering!



Nessie guards the swords



Frank with bagpipe cover for Wayne



The Evil One and her Sister!



Dig in!



East meets West Avon & Caroline



Elaine with a pretty smile.



Sennachie models Pam's Tiara



“While visions of uisghe beathe dance through his head...”



The party’s over...
it’s time to call it a day..



One For The Road!

** A “lagniappe” (pronounced “lan-yap”) is a good Cajun term meaning a small gift given with a purchase to a customer, by way of compliment or for good measure; bonus - like a “baker’s dozen”.*

Miscellaneous Detritus

Kilt Strap Extenders

Gents, have you had a few too many beers lately? Or, perhaps, a few too many barbecued turkey legs? Have you been hitting the haggis just a bit too vigorously? WARNING! These activities lead to that dreaded condition known as “My kilt has shrunk!” (Trust me, I know)

Is that your problem, Bunky? Then I have just the thing you need, kilt belt extenders! Or, more technically correct, at least according to the vendor who is handling these little gems, “kilt strap extenders”. They’re available in either sets of two or of three, for both the gent’s kilt and the ladies kilted skirt.

They’re carried by The Celtic Croft at [<http://www.kilts-n-stuff.com/>] at a reasonable \$20 or \$25 the set.

An Unusual Scottish Tour Service

New Clan Davidson Association (UK) members Robert Fraser and spouse Helen Davidson Fraser, located in the Cramond section of Edinburgh, Scotland, are the proprietors of a private tour company called the Afternoon Tea Tour Company. They have, as Nick Hide, Hon. Membership Secretary of the CDA-UK puts it, “a cracking good website”, [www.afternoonteatours.co.uk]

Nick suggests that Davidson Clansmen from the US planning a trip to Scotland might be well advised to consider booking the services of this tour service operated by fellow Davidsons.

Take a look!

CDIG Commemorative Video

One of the many things that have sprung out of the after-math of the Clan Davidson International Gathering is a ton of photos and several video productions. More on this topic will be found elsewhere in the edition of The Sporrán. This particular mention is at the request of Clayton and Alice Davidson, CDS-USA members residing in Asheville NC.

Clayton is offering for purchase a Video production on DVD (.vob format) lasting about 30 minutes highlighting various aspects of the CDIG. The video production embraces both moving video footage as well as still-life photos.

Although not a professional production, it does have its moments.

Clay’s asking price is \$20, with the proviso that if the purchaser doesn’t like it, they can keep it for free. Contact Clay at [amcl2000@yahoo.com] or by mail: 400 Wesley Drive, Apt 268, Asheville NC 28803.



Clan Davidson Society (USA)
David G. Chagnon
Sennachie & Membership Registrar
7004 Barberry Drive
North Little Rock AR 72118
USA

[Address Service Requested](#)

Davidson Organizations Around The World

In addition to our own Clan Davidson Society (USA), there are three other Davidson organizations to be found in the world. All of these sister branches publish newsletters and journals from which your Sennachie frequently and cheerfully reives material. Please feel free to support these fine worldwide Davidson efforts!

Australia

Clan Davidson Society in Australia, Pres. Dr. Frank Davidson, 23 Elizabeth St., Paddington NSW 2021, Australia
Annual subscription is AUD25 per year. [<http://clandavidson.org.au/index.php>]

New Zealand

Clan Davidson Society In New Zealand, Maureen MacDonald, Secretary, 10 Kingston Street, Lower Hutt, New Zealand

Membership is \$20 Annual; \$200 Lifetime (US)

NOTE: The CDS-NZ is now on-line at [<http://www.clandavidson.org.nz/>]

United Kingdom

The Clan Davidson Association., Nick Hide, Hon. Membership Secretary, 58 Chandos Avenue, Whetstone, London N20 DO, UK

Membership is œ10 per year. [<http://www.clandavidson.org.uk/>]

Thanks From The Sennachie

The Sennachie would like to thank all the contributors for their thoughtful submission of material for this newsletter. The Sennachie offers heartfelt apologies for any heavy-handed editing to which he may have subjected these submissions!

A special “thank you” to Margaret Davis Bailey for her on-going assistance with mail-out preparation of *The Sporrán*. Thanks!!

And once again an extra special thanks to ALL the contributors who so thoughtfully submitted their material to the butchery of the Sennachie. Without their efforts, you folks would have to live with my efforts... and we all know how pitiful they can be! An extra special thanks to all the Regional Directors who graced us with the Reports and photos; also, Debbie Mecca, Jim Little & David McNicoll and everyone who provided photos of the CDIG.

For a current copy of the List of New Members, the Officer List, a current Membership Roster or a ton of other information about the Clan Davidson Society (USA), go on-line to our website at <http://clandavidsonusa.com>.

The Sporrán is published semi-annually in January and July. Written material may be submitted to the Sennachie on paper, CD, to my snail mail address (7004 Barberry Drive, North Little Rock AR 72118), or electronically via Internet e-mail to sennachie@earthlink.net.

Cut-off dates for submissions are May 15th and November 15th, more or less.