



Greetings from the Clan Society Stuart. (President)

Our Clan Little Society North America operates on a fiscal year starting on July first and business runs in two year cycles. We are now in the second year of this cycle, therefore, you have an opportunity to elect new primary elected officers or reelect those already in office. To accomplish the elections we establish a nominating Committee and ask for members to send the committee suggested names to be placed on the ballots.

The Primary Elected Officers and the immediate past Stuart make up the Board of Directors for, who are responsible for the smooth operation of the Society. The primary and present Elected Officers are:

Stuart	(President)	= Ross A. Little
Marischal	(Vice President)	= John E. Little
Secratur	(Secretary)	= "Bud" Little
Mailin	(Treasurer)	= Ellen M. Little

The elected officers are elected for a two year term and there are no restrictions on the number of terms they may serve. Generally most of the incumbent elected officers will wish to continue serving, however, they need to be formally reelected every two years. Please give us a helping hand by looking over the material outlining the duties of the Elected officers and send in your suggestions for officers for the upcoming two years. People who are interested in the Society and willing to devote time and energy to its operation are needed.

This has been a good year thus far. Thanks to all of you folks who sent in your membership renewal fees and forms. Our Quartermaster, James Kleparek, has a new supply of Clan Society Jewelry and our Tartan Manager still has 10-oz and 13-oz tartan on hand as well as a good supply of items made from the tartan. All-in-all we believe your Society is strong and healthy.

There are, however, some vacancies and a need for representatives of the Society in some areas and regions. If you are interested in a fun experience of representing the Society at local Scottish Games in your area, contact our Marischal John Little and he will assist you in experiencing a fun activity and helping out your Society!

Please keep in touch and send us your stories and photographs, Your Society Stuart,

Ross A Little

We are asking that each member consider your friends and members and see if some of them would consider running for an elective office in 2005

The Election of officers will be held at the BGM September 2005 at the Scottish Games in Tulsa Oklahoma

The four elected officers and their duties are as follows:

The **Stuart** is the **President** of the Society and the Chief executive officer of the Corporation, Clan Little Society, North America, Ltd.

The **Marischal** is the **Vice President** of the society, appoints the Commissioners and serve as their coordinator and sees to the day to day representation of the society.

The **Secratur** is the **Secretary** of the Society assisting in the operation of the Society as well as managing the membership roster.

The **Mailin** is the **Treasurer** of the Society and responsible for the management of Society bank accounts and depositing and distribution of funds.

Please list the names of Clan Society members you nominate to run for one or more of the elected offices. And mail the list to Ellen Conn, Nomination Committee Chair.

Steuart: _____

Marischal _____

Secratur _____

Mailin _____

Mail to:

Ellen M. Conn
3401, 71st Ave. NW,
Gig Harbor, WA, 98335

Raiders on the Border

By Margaret Jackson Young

Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey and Duke of Norfolk (1474-1554) called them "the boldest men, and the hottest, that ever I saw in any nation." Jean Froissart, the French priest traveling in Scotland during the reign of David II found them "good men of war, for when they meet, there is hard fighting without sparing. "As for William Camden, an Elizabethan historian, he tells us they were like "ancient nomads, a martial kind of men who, from the month of April into August, lie out scattering and summering with their cattle, in little cottages here and there, which they call shiels or shielings."

Highlanders, surely. But no, these comments were made about Border clansmen-families living on that much-troubled frontier between Scotland and England, where for centuries the possibility of pillage, arson, armed attack, sudden homelessness, kidnaping and violent death was rarely more than a few hours away.

Traveling by train from Scotland to England today, you don't notice the Border. Legally, one supposes, there is no such thing. If you travel by bus or car, depending which road you are on, you may pass a small sign with SCOTLAND on one side and ENGLAND on the other. Not much more. (Once, people liked to stop here and have their picture taken-one foot in each country. Nowadays, it seems somehow less of a novelty.)

It was quite different long ago, particularly during the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. The Cheviot Hills formed a natural frontier and gave us, then as now, a landscape of bleak loneliness. In addition, while England and Scotland remained two nations, and while Borderers organized themselves in frequently-warring clans, this was a region where lawlessness abounded.

The names are still in the area to this day ...Bell, Bum, Crozier, Hume, Kerr, Scott, with Annstrong and Elliot the greatest-if great is a suitable word-of them all. The list is far from complete. These are just some of the Scottish "riding" or "raiding" names. The men were known as reivers. The old Scots word reive, meant to steal, to take away. Traces of the old word are found in bereave.

The word says it all. These men lived and supported their families by a process of endless stealing and taking away. They made continual forays, sometimes crossing the Border, sometimes on one another. Why they lived this way is not hard to understand. From the time of England's Edward I until the days of Henry VIII, the Border was almost always a war zone, and, as can be seen in some parts of the world today, living in such conditions can trigger extremes of behavior.

Left to themselves, it is possible that the Borderers would have grown corn in their fertile valleys and reared cattle and sheep for food, for drought purposes, and for leather and woollen clothing. They might have had a surplus to trade with. They might even have built themselves some decent, long-lasting houses.

But why go to much trouble over a house only to see it

turned into a smoking ruin? Far better a primitive shack nestling close to one of the great defensive Peel Towers. Then, when the reivers came, you could take shelter with your few possessions inside the Tower. (Only, better remember to take your roof-beams along with you. If you have these ready, you can set up another place to stay in just a matter of days.)

The Borderer's fields didn't matter much either. He usually grew only a small quantity of corn for his own family. There was no incentive to labor in the fields when your crop was liable to be ridden through by a hundred or so men, set alight and the ground burned black.

It was a bit different with the livestock. If your cattle were "lifted," you did have some chance of getting them back if you were quick enough, brave enough, and had a few friends. After all, the reivers, now driving cattle, were forced to travel at the pace of the stolen animals. (Pigs, it is said, were particularly difficult creatures to rustle!)



The Old Tower of Bams, near Peebles. The plain rather grim edifices is topical of such strongholds throughout the Borders

If your cattle were stolen, the time had come for the Hot Trod. "To trod" meant "to trace" or "to track down," and track

the raiders down they did, sometimes by means of a hell-for-leather chase across the moors, sometimes by a game of skill where knowledge of the hills, of secret passes, of ways through the boglands, of short cuts and hiding places, was everything. And strangely, in a land of so much wild and lawless conduct, the trod had rules of its own, and so carried out, was perfectly legal.



Anderson Clan Peel Tower

This form of pursuit was lawful up to six days after the offence took place. If the chase was immediate, it was said to be a "hot trod;" otherwise, it was "cold."

Like stand-by ambulance men or firemen today, Borderers held themselves in readiness "to follow their lawful

trod with hound and horn, with hue and cry, and all other manner of fresh pursuit for the recovery of their spoiled goods." Commenting on this state of affairs, Dr. Perlin, a Frenchman, wrote, "The people are all armed, and the laborers leave their swords and their bows and arrows in a corner of the field." Such was their constant preparedness.

The alarm given, men would rush from every quarter to a pre-arranged meeting place. The hope was to thwart the raid. More often than not, though, the deed had been done and the raiders had gone. Then a posse would speedily assemble—a band of tightlipped, high-keyed lads, mostly all wearing the "jack," a loose tunic "of many folds of cloth, stuffed, quilted and covered in reindeer hide, though no doubt cow hide would have made an acceptable substitute." Heads were protected with a steel cap or bonnet. Most of the men would carry a spear and their swords would hang by their sides.

And so they would ride off into the night. (Of course, a raid could strike at any time, but night was most usual.) Men bearing spears would carry a glowing peat, lifted minutes before from their own hearths, on the spear-point. This was no mere



A pencil drawing of a Border reiver. Note the small, unspectacular looking horse known as a "hobblar." The rider wears the traditional steel bonnet, breast plate, leather breeches and boots. He has no colors or identifying badges and is armed with a long spear and his sword.

show of aggression. The lighted peat was an accepted form of identification. It signified to many a nervous householder that they need not be fearful. This was not a raid, even if it looked like one. It was a trod. Sword-happy farmers could relax. Men

were on their grim and legal business.

To maintain the legality of a trod crossing the Border, its leader at one time was required to "go to any man of good fame and sound judgment and declaring his cause, ask this man to witness the trod." But how to find such a man? And at night, in the heat of a kind of military exercise? Later, this rule was abandoned. It became necessary only to tell the first person encountered in a village or township exactly what was going on.

Not that everyone would want to be the person encountered. There was another rule—a man was duty-bound to assist a trod and, if asked, even to ride with it. In 1570, not following a trod could mean a fine of three shillings and fourpence, or seven days in prison. Before then, there had been the death penalty. And lang Aicky, in the Souler moor, Wi' his sleuth-dog sits in his watch rich! sure .. runs the ancient ballad, "The Fray of Suport," Suport being a place in Cumberland. It concerns an irate woman whipping up her friends and servants for the hot trod. (Sir Walter Scott described this ballad as being "by far the most uncouth and savage" he had come across.)

But without the sleuth-dogs, picking up the trod would have been nearly impossible, as would following the trail, once it had been found. So important were these animals that a Scots law stipulated that "if any man slays another man's hound, he shall watch upon that man's midden for a twelvemonth and a day, or shall answer him of all his skaiths (injuries) that him shall fall, for fault of his watch hound."



An old engraving of an ambush.

Escaping rustlers could do little against the sleuth-hounds, but they would slaughter one of their cattle and hope the dogs would stop to feed on the carcase.

The Border was a wild and lawless place. In the interests of tighter government, the whole region was divided into six "Marches," with Scotland's East March, Middle March and West March facing up aggressively to the three corresponding and equally aggressive English Marches.

Each March was governed by a Warden. No easy job, it was bit like being Governor of some rebellious colony in days of Empire. Yet it was a job for a gentleman. A March Warden had the power of a king and, as with colonial governorships, the position was usually occupied by a member of some great family. (The Warden of the Scottish Eastern March was most often a member of the House of Home. The family has estates in the region to this day, and a member of the family, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, became British Prime Minister in 1963.)

"Warden of the Scottish Eastern March." A good, ringing title. But what was expected of the man in this particular hot-seat and his five colleagues? His first duty was the governing of his territory in time of peace and its defense in time of war. To make this remotely possible, co-operation between Wardens was essential. So neighboring Wardens would come together to hold Courts of Law where cross-boundary offences would be tried and punishment meted out. These meetings-called Days of Truce-were supposed to take place about once a month, but so many things happened, they were always being postponed. But when they did happen, you could imagine something like this. . .

The scene, some remote spot on the Border. Quite likely it's raining. Through the mist two bands of mounted men-a hundred or so in each, and led by their Warden - approach one another. No one spurs forward. Caution is everything. Still a good distance apart, they halt. After some time, two or three men break ranks from the English side and ride up to the Scots lines. (Traditionally, it happened this way, with English making the first move.) The rest sit their horses and watch nervously. The outriders go through the formality of asking the Scottish Warden for Assurance of Peace, to last until sundown of that day, or indeed of the next day should there be a great number of cases, known as Bills of Complaint, to be heard. Assurances given, some Scots approach the English Warden with the same request.

When this is achieved, the two Wardens signal to each other by the raising of an arm. Now it is their duty each to warn



Peel Tower. These buildings were homes as well as watch towers. Wood was apparently piled on top and set burning to warn the neighbors of the approaching enemy.

his followers that the Truce, being agreed, must be kept. This piece of theater continues as the companies again move closer, still slowly and with much suspicion. (On more than one occasion these meetings have turned into bloody battles, and everyone here knows it.)

At last, the Wardens meet and embrace, and the men are free to intermingle.

Wardens might be good friends or bitter enemies. Amongst the men, there could be long-standing acquaintances, even relations, pleased to meet up with each other. On the other hand, someone might be waiting his chance to satisfy some terrible personal vendetta. So everybody keeps watching, just to be sure.

Meanwhile, a jury is chosen. The English Warden selects six Scots and the Scots Warden names six English. The trials begin and are gone through at some speed. As things proceed, a few pedlars set out their wares. Men who enjoy a wager lay odds on which accused will be declared "foul" (guilty) and which "clean" (innocent). A bit of gossip is exchanged. Maybe someone even buys a horse he's taken a fancy to.

The Wardens hoped, as they dealt with Bills of Complaint, to strike an overall balance between Scots and English. This required a little pre-arranging, and meant that before things began, each side knew the number of Bills to be "fyled" against it and the total amount to be charged in fines. They also knew that the situation for the other side would be similar.

On paper, it was all quite satisfactory and certainly suited any Warden with a tidy turn of mind and a strong desire to keep the peace. But individuals could be less than happy, as some Complaints were left aside. (One man who had 120 sheep "lifted" waited five years for his Complaint to be heard!) Others never came up at all.

However, it mostly worked out. Bills of Complaint one month, and, the very next time the moon was full, riding out to lift someone else's cattle. It was a way of life.

God sent the land deliverance

Frae every reiving, riding Scot;
We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe.
We'll sure hae neither stag nor stot.



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The following two articles were submitted by Clayton "Bud" Little CLSNA ,Secratur

1] Book Review SCOTLAND -The Story of a Nation ,

Certainly everyone interested in "Clan" stuff, must be hungry for more knowledge of Scottish history. I recently obtained a relatively new book on this subject which I consumed with great enjoyment. SCOTLAND - The Story of a Nation is not exactly an exciting title, but it hints at the nature of the writing. Magnus Magnusson knows how to tell a story, even a story that covers many centuries from the earliest inhabitants of that land we call Scotland right up to 2000 AD. The author combines narrative and analysis, viewing British history from the Scottish perspective. It is so readable, and so current, that I found myself sorting out the complicated royal successions with greater clarity than ever before in all my years of reading the histories of that land and its peoples. I especially appreciated the way Magnusson tied things together with quotes from Sir Walter Scott and images of monuments and scenes of today. I highly recommend this book to lovers of all things Scottish. It was published by Grove Press in 2000.

2] ROBERT LITTLE, THE REVOLUTIONARY TAILOR, by A. W. McDowell, M.D.

The following account was given to me by Robert Little, himself, who was in the Revolution. "Our company was just as lousy and ragged as beggars. How could we help it? Our pay was poor, our clothes were wearing out and we had nothing to replace them. At last the time came to fix up again. The Colonel issued the order. I was then the tailor of the company. 'The men must be put in more soldier like condition.' It was very easy to issue the command; to fulfill it was a different task. We could easily sew and patch; but where was the cloth, the material to come from? We hunted, gathered from all the families and friends around, and I, with my assistants, went to work. We overhauled, patched and mended. We got the clothes in such order that no more rags were seen. A grand dress parade was ordered. Our boys marched with head erect and a proud step. In fact a prouder set of men you never saw. For once in a long time they had a suit of clothes without any holes in them.

"The Light Horse saw them; they looked so fine they became envious. Then a second order was issued. This time it came from the Colonel of the Light Horse; 'Robert Little must fix up the Light Horse and put them in as good condition as the infantry.' This order was harder to

fulfill than the first one. Our people were patriotic, willing to do all they could to help the soldiers. We ransacked all the houses in the neighborhood a second time. We found cloth and other material. These we fixed up for the Light Horse. Still we were a little behind; something else was wanting. The Light Horse wore helmets on their heads. These were ornamented with horse tails. We had none of them to spare. We were now in a serious fix. At last I hit upon a plan. I selected twenty of the youngest, smartest men. I awoke them at twelve o'clock at night. At that time they started out, scoured the country for miles around. They drove every cow they could find. And I tell you each cow went home with a piece off its tail about as long as my hand. These I kept and placed them on the helmets of the Light Horse. On dress parade the Light Horse were out in all their glory. How happy they were! What a splendid appearance the cow tails in their helmets did make for my successful efforts I received the unanimous thanks of both regiments."

The above may bring a smile until one realizes that this must have taken place during that bloody winter at Valley Forge. It is interesting to note also that the Light Horse got its name from its Colonel, "Light Horse Harry" Lee, father of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Note: Robert Little (also spelled Liddle) was my great-great-great-great-grandfather, born in 1753 in Laycock Township, Pennsylvania. He enlisted at Morristown, New Jersey, in 1777, and participated in the battles at Short Hills, Springfield, Brandywine, Gernantown, and Monmouth. Robert married Isabella Barclay and they had ten children. Robert and Isabella are buried in the Lamington, New Jersey, cemetery across from the Presbyterian Church where Robert was a deacon. (Submitted by Clayton "Bud" Little)

NOTE from the editor: Thanks to all of you good folk who sent in stories - they are all great and will all show up in the Reiver when space is available.

FLASH



We just heard the shocking news , as this news-letter is being prepared, that the home of Al & Ruby Spannaus, Redding California, burned to the ground, along with homes of others on their street, during the Shasta Lake forest fire. Ruby has been the Society Seamstress for a number of years.

They have lost everything - except their lives, a motor home and car. Ruby says "They are now full-time RVers". Our sympathy is with them as well as our encouragement to start afresh after all these years.

Who will volunteer to fill the now open Important position of Society Seamstress?

Flash II



Bill Conn just suffered a massive stroke. Bill is husband of Ellen Conn, our ex Secretary and now Convener and acting Commissioner of the NW Region. He is, as of 8/20/04 in Rehab and recovering.

Bill drives and helps setup at the various games and Ellen is unable to continue without Bill's help. In true Clan tradition, James and Lois Kleparek, Quartermaster & Convener have **volunteered** to step up to fill in for Ellen & Bill until Bill is once more up and going.

Thanks Jim and Lois



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The proper headgear to be worn by Clan Little Society members is the royal blue Balmoral bonnet shown in the accompanying photograph of the bonnet on JC Little of Morton Rig Tartan.

Please note the color is royal blue, the dicing is black and white, the cockade is black and white, and finally the toorie is also black and white. This bonnet is special to Clan Little Society and has not been readily available on the open market. Some of our members have purchased bonnets which are not the proper color therefore, improper headgear for Clan Little Society members and officers. Please be sure your supplier provides you with the proper Balmoral bonnet of proper color and trimmings for the Clan Little Society

*Ross A. Little,
Steuart (President)
Clan Little Society North America*

Hers how to contact one of the Society's management team

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Due to lack of space all officers are not listed here. For the complete list of the Society Management Team, please call one of those officers listed here or check the Society Web-Page:

www.clanlittlesna.com

The Reiver

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