

THE BUCHANAN BANNER

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Volume XXXVIII Number One Winter

The Clan Buchanan Society International, Inc.

The Odom Library PO Box 2828 Moultrie, GA 31776-



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CO-EDITORS

MARDY & KAREN JENSEN

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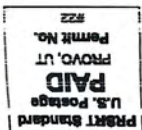
CROSSVILLE TN 38557 1004

PO BOX 1001

BARBARA B. PARSONS

*****AUTO**ALL FOR ADC 37099

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CLAN BUCHANAN SOCIETY, INTERNATIONAL, INC.

Elected Officers Executive Council

President-Ceann Suidhe
Kenneth A. Buchanan
4 Buttonwood Drive, Medford, NJ 08055
609-792-0640
ken.buchanan@hotmail.com

First Vice President– Tannist
Chester Gibson
P O Box 323
Unionville, PA 19375 610-793-1649
cmgdgibson@msm.com

Second Vice President, Am Fear Brataich
David J. Byrne
23 Rockridge Terrace
Prospect, CT 06712
1-203-758-0885
ctbuchanan@gmail.com

Secretary-Am Marisheal Tighe
Stacy Harper
925 East Confederate Ave., SE
Atlanta, GA 30316
770-366-5709
CBSI_Secretary@comcast.net

Membership Secretary, An Seanachaidh
Stephene Buchanan-Hinz
28274 San Martinez Grde Cyn Road
Castaic, CA 91388
805-501-9796 Fax 661-295-9544
ks_marketing@sbcglobal.net

Treasurer, Am Fear Sporain
Jim and Joyce Gibson
1704 Sterling Trail, SW Marietta, GA 30008-4428
770-427-6763 FAX 770-427-6552
jfgibson@bellsouth.net

Immediate Past President
Steve "Buck" Buchanan
330 Vine Street, Vacaville, CA 95688-8703
707-446-2825 FAX: 707-448-2825
phantomb2@aol.com

Appointed Officers

Co-Editors, The Buchanan Banner
Mardy & Karen Jensen
P O Box 220211
Centerfield, UT 84622-0211
435-528-5708
buchananbanner@hotmail.com

Clan Chaplain
Robert P. Buchanan
113 Irving St., Winston-
Salem, NC 27103-4420
910-723-5182

Clan Genealogist
Patricia "Patty" L. Hopkinson
962 Belmont Terrace #2,
Sunnyvale, CA 94086-5780
(h) 408-737-2366 (w) 408-577-1054
genealogist@sbcglobal.net

Attorney
Philipp C. Theune, Atty.
1763 Franklin Street
Denver, CO 80218
303-832-1150 Fax 303-845-6934
philipp@theunelaw.com

Quartermaster
Glenn R. Morris
2180 Jasper Way,
The Villages, FL 32162-3358
321-273-0403
coloradoscotsman@comcast.net

Herald At Large
Claude A. Buchanan
Gartincaber, 429 Kiwitahi Rd.,
Helensville, RD #2
Auckland, New Zealand
64.9.420.9719
cbuchanan@clear.net.nz

Clan Buchanan Society, International

Permanent Address
CBSI, c/o The Odom Library
P.O. Box 2828 Moultrie, GA 31776-2828

Corporate Address

CBSI
Mr. Joe Gates
705 S. State St., Dover, DE 19901

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Message
from the president
KEN BUCHANAN



'Greetings and Happy New Year!

I hope this issue finds everyone in good spirits and health.

The new year has been a very trying one for myself and my family, starting with the sudden loss of my step-dad, Bill Hadden, on January 6th. He was a CBSI and SAMS member, and best loved sitting track-side at Grandfather on Sunday's, rooting on the Buchanan kids as they ran the kid's races. His passing carved a hole in our hearts that will not soon heal.

Add in several crippling snowstorms and two exploding rear windows on our Envoy, and we headed into our first event of the year on Valentine's weekend with little momentum.

And then I walked into the Valley Forge Convention Center early Saturday morning. Met up with my fellow convenors of the 4-5 clans who attend events up here. Had wonderful reunions with vendors I've known for years. Greeted old friends, some terrific musical acts, raised a few, ate some Infamous Welsh Cookies — all in all, an amazing therapeutic weekend.

And now, as the spring festival season approaches, I remember how much this all means to me, and my family. How important it is to not just prepare for what's to come, but to remember where we came from. It defines all of us; makes us family, makes us one. We are the Clan Buchanan Society, and 2010 is going to be a great year for us. When this snow finally melts, let's hit the booths running and grow this incredible organization. I'm speaking now as a Regent, not as President, because I know where the real work gets done. And I can't wait to get started.

And as always, my e-mail is open — let's talk!

Slainte,

Ken

On The Cover: Opening Ceremonies of the New Hampshire Games, 2009, submitted by David Byrne

2010 Annual General Meeting at New Hampshire Highland Games



The 2010 Annual General Meeting of the Clan Buchanan Society International, Inc. will be hosted by Region 1 at the New Hampshire Highland Games September 17-19, 2010 in Lincoln, New Hampshire. Known for its diverse program, the New Hampshire Highland Games are one of the largest highland games in the Northeast United States and attract attendees from throughout the U.S. and Canada.

Set in the White Mountains National Forest in the picturesque Pemigewasset River Valley, the games are held on the slopes of the Loon Mountain Ski Resort. They are attended by upwards of 40,000 people over the course of the three day event. The games feature the Gathering of the Scottish Clans, with over 60 clans and societies, Massed Bands, Sheepdog Trials, Celtic World Music Concerts, the New England Regional Scottish Fiddle Championship, Heavy-

weight Scottish Athletics, National Highland Dance Competitions, Solo Piping & Drumming, Whisky Tasting, Scottish Harp (Clarsach) & other instrument competitions.

Because the area is a world renowned summer and winter resort area there are a variety of accommodations available ranging from small cabin motels to world class condominium resorts and everything in between. They feature some of the best in old style New England cooking and five star restaurants. In addition there are a number of entertainment venues sponsored by the New Hampshire Highland Games that provide the best in Scottish and Gaelic musical entertainment every evening. Free shuttle buses run throughout the area during the games making parking and attending easy.

(Continued from page 5)

Late September is the start of the famous New England autumn leaf natural extravaganza. The sides of the White Mountains will just be starting to show their annual display of reds, orange and gold. Crisp New England weather usually means brisk evenings and cool sunny days, although New Hampshire weather can be fickle and unpredictable. The time of year is perfect for enjoying all that the area has to offer: nearby Mount Washington (the highest point on the east coast), the North Conway Cog Railroad, numerous trails and hiking in the White Mountains, the breath taking Kangamangus Highway to North Conway and much more.

Plan to join your Clan leaders and the many members of the clan from New England and maritime Canada as we welcome all our Clansmen to one of the great highland games in America. These links will provide more information on all that the games and area has to offer:

www.nhscot.org
www.loonmtn.com

You can also email David Byrne FSA Scot, Region 1 Commissioner, at ctbuchanan@gmail.com for more information.



32nd Ohio
Scottish Games
27 June 2009

Submitted by: Lou Ann Miller
CBSI Co-Regent, OHIO

The 32nd Ohio Scottish Games were held in Wellington, OH on June 27, 2009. Mother Nature provided us with a temperature not too hot or too cool and thankfully no rain.

The Clan village was set up in the cattle barn once again. The Clan Buchanan display,

less the tent had a back drop of green and black sheer panels with a Rampant Lion throw in the middle. CBSI Ohio Co-Regents, Paula Harman (Mansfield) and Lou Ann Miller (Ashland) were again honored with the first place clan tent award (second time in three years).



The Parade of Tartans saw a Buchanan change this year. Last year's youngest Buchanan marcher, Ian Hewitt, was replaced by his baby brother, Grayson Hewitt. Big brother Ian was marching under his own power this year wearing his first kilt. Regular participant and Clan member, Wayne Singer, had been in an auto accident earlier in the week and wasn't sure he could march this year due to the pain in his left leg. He did march and found out three days later that his leg was actually broken in the accident. That's proof of Clan strength and loyalty! Also marching were Clan members David Ward, Cassie & Matt Hewitt, Greg Hewitt and daughter Julie, and Paula Harman. Certificates of Participation were given to the marchers in thanks.

Many visitors stopped by the Buchanan display throughout the day among them Carl and Becky Buchanan, life members, and Dan Watt. New CBSI members joining today were Dickson Robert, Kathleen Dawson and Allyn David Gibson.

You can check the Ohio Scottish Games website at www.ohioscottishgames.com for 2010 information. Hope to see you this year at your CBSI Clan Buchanan display.

CLAN BUCHANAN TO BE HONORED CLAN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Clan Buchanan has been chosen by the Clans Committee as Honored Clan at the 2010 New Hampshire Highland Games to be held in September. The New Hampshire Highland Games are the largest games in the northeast and will be held on September 17, 18, 19, 2010 in Lincoln, NH. Over 60 clans participate in the clan village and in excess of 40,000 people attend the games over the course of three days. The 2010 NHHG will also be the site of the Annual General Meeting of the Clan Buchanan Society International, Inc.

Alice Hattenbrun, Chairman of the NHHG Clans Committee, in her letter to David Byrne FSA Scot, Region 1 Commissioner for CBSI, wrote that the Clan Buchanan has been a staunch supporter of the games and the clan village for many years. She also promised "I will try to have electricity in your tent so you can recharge the batteries that run your colorful tartan!!"

In accepting the appointment David said that it was a moment of great pride to the Clan to be given this honor at such a great event. He also noted that being selected as honored clan in the first year that the AGM of the Clan was to be held in New Hampshire was a great opportunity for the Clan Buchanan to showcase it's membership and clan spirit to all the other clans.

CLAN BUCHANAN, NEW HAMPSHIRE INVITES ALL TO ATTEND THE AGM



BUCHANAN COUSINS
GATHER IN
EDINBURGH

By Barbara Burgess

The Buchanan Clan did not have an official tent at the Gathering but that didn't stop us from finding each other. Thanks to Jay Richardson of Southern California who organized a Friday night get together at Deacon Brody's Pub on the Royal Mile. Among those in attendance were, Jay Richardson and his wife from Southern California, Lorna, Sheri and her mother, Rowland and Kristi Behunin all from Utah, Walter from Texas (I believe) Charlotte Buchanan, and Laura and Barbara Burgess from Northern California.



Saturday was unseasonably and uncharacteristically hot and muggy weather as we set about enjoying the Gathering on the grounds of Hollyrood Palace. Prince Charles and Camilla kindly opened the games and a letter was read from Governor Schwarzenegger of California who apparently had a Scottish woman teach him English.

The Gathering itself was not quite as large as the Pleasanton Games with only two music stages and the athletic field. We met up with Malcolm Buchanan of Australia and Stephanie Buchanan, Membership Sec. of Clan Buchanan Society International and her family. We even met "Scottish Royalty," The Walker family of Walkers Shortbread in the tea pavilion.

Saturday night found the Buchanan Clan cueing (lining up) for the Clan March up the Royal Mile from Hollyrood Palace to Edinburgh Castle. Complete with their very own piper, one cousin on crutches and few more on walking sticks we all marched up the Royal Mile along



with an estimated 8,000 members from other Clans around the globe. The only thing that was missing, no one saw fit to bring a flask of the Family Recipe along. Stephanie and I commented how this never would've happened when cousin Milt

was alive. There would've been at least one or more flasks being passed around between the clans.

There are no words to describe the feeling of seeing the sheer mass of people who lined the streets of the Royal Mile not



to mention those in the apartments above the streets. They cheered and waved and waited for their Clan to go by, one lady waved her Buchanan scarf as we went by, unfortunately we were not able to persuade her to jump the

barricade and join us. It was a magical evening.

Sunday, many of the Buchanan cousins embarked on tours of the Highlands while a few of us stayed behind for a second day of the games. Those of us who stayed were treated to wet, muddy, typically Scottish weather while still enjoying artists, Dougie McLean, Capercalle and Britains' Got Talent winners The Red Hot Chili *Pipers*. It was truly was a Homecoming!

CLARINNIS - NOT JUST A WAR CRY!

From my Scotland Trip Diary
By Eric Bullard
SE 2 Commissioner CBSI

May 30, 2008.....

Dinnered until 10 pm last night having a wonderful conversation with a couple from England at the Duck Bay Restaurant on Loch Lomond. We had not made plans for lodging for the night as we had no idea it would take this long to drive from Edinburgh. What we thought would be a nice morning drive became an all day event.

Finally found a nice bed and breakfast. Not Victorian or any of that storybook imaginings of what a B&B should be but rather a nice clean house with an upper room and a willing couple who made us a traditional Scottish breakfast of eggs, toast, and five meats including haggis and black pudding. The black pudding was first for us both, and as adventurous as Kimberly is, probably our last.

The price at the B&B at \$80 US the night was much better than the \$400 the Duck Bay wanted. The Cameron House was the same and the Hungry Monk was \$200 but a real nothing room.

So we were in near striking distance of the Balmaha Marina down the B831 road, which we had come to understand was the nearest access point for the island the locals call *Buchanan's Island*. The traditional name is Clarinnis, pronounced Clare-inch, and as legend tells it, is the place the Buchanan would have called together his clansmen and septsmen in times of duty.

At the marina, there wasn't any obvious office for the renting of a boat to get out to the island, so I finally went into the maintenance room and found a guy who just happened to also rent out boats. It had begun a light drizzle, but nothing to detract me after coming 3800 miles, so I convinced Kimberly into a "Wee Dory" (small wooden John-boat) with a "Wee-motor" (10 hp pull start Evinrude) and off we went to the island we could clearly see across the bay.



Kimberly
Enjoying
The
Ride



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(Continued from page 9)

First off, Clarinnis is dwarfed by nearby Inchailloch island with its dramatic mountainous peak. But our little fish shaped island was all our tourist's eyes could see. Between the harbor and Clarinnis is a small hump the dock master called "the Ovens". Apparently in olden times, they would build a walkway that would float just under the surface in a random pattern that only the local clansmen would know. That way, those in the know could literally run out to the island for shelter, while any attackers would have to pick their way across the invisible watery path, all the while exposed to bow shot. It seemed like a bit of a fish story for the tourist, but hey, who am I to judge.

We puttered out to the island and decided to do a loop of it first to get a good lay of the land and the best place to land as the trees often grown right down to the waterline. As we began to round the far side of the island we noticed a camp set up on the island and a few fishermen hanging about their campfire. As we were a couple hundred yards out I made the off hand remark to Kimberly that "Those guys are camping out on 'our' island".



We finished the circumnavigation and made a landfall at the nearest point to the harbor on a nice pebble beach where the Scottish Parks Department had a sign stating that the island was part of their national parks system.



Our light drizzle had turned into a bit of "fine Scottish weather" at this point so I gave Kimberly my jacket. She wasn't interested in hiking the island, but rather chose to

find the driest spot she could find up under the trees where she could wait for me to come to my senses.



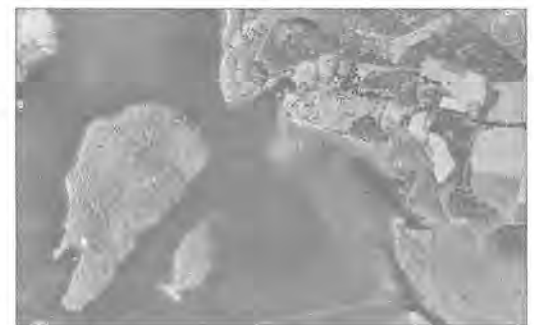
Interior of Island

I took off down the right side of the island taking GPS coordinates all along the way so I could easily look the island's area up when I got back state-side.

I eventually worked my way down to the fish camp and was greeted by the guys who had already pulled in a couple of nice salmon that morning. Probably the first thing the guys did was offer me a beer, a Stella Artois. They then proceeded to let me know that sound traveled well across water and that they were not in fact "camping on 'our' island but rather 'their' island. We all laughed and I agreed that we probably should have kept up the payments. We swapped a few fish stories and I admired their gear and asked them how they fished the loch. I had no sooner finished my Stella when they offered me a second beer, oh horror of horrors, a Budweiser. I thanked them and politely declined, promising myself a nice Guinness later instead!



Clarinnis dwarfed by Inchailloch



CLAN BUCHANAN

The Tale of the Black Lion

(Reprinted from The Buchanan Banner, Winter 1995 Issue, Volume XXIII, Number 1, Page 8)

The child asked her mother, “Mommy! See; everyone else has a yellow banner with a red lion on it. Why did these people change their lion to black? Sharp eyes! Good Question! Just why did Clan Buchanan change the color of the lion on our banner?”

Answer: We didn’t.

The first Laird of Buchanan, Anselan Buey O’Kyan, was an Irish prince, the son on the provincial king of southern Ulster and a fun-loving lad, who emigrated under pressure to the northern coast of Argyllshire and entered the service of Scotland’s King Malcom II. Dane-baiting was a favorite of the several services Buey and his “bhoys” performed for King Malcom.

Cantus, King of England and Denmark, to celebrate his birthday, had ordered the Irish nobility and gentry; to send to the Danish stronghold in Limerick a thousand of Ireland’s most beautiful daughters to dally with the Danish officers at the birthday festival. A thousand young fresh faced men gathered instead, including our Anselan, dressed in women’s habits, each with a skien or dagger hidden in their clothes, with orders to slaughter the Danes and seize the guard-house and open Limerick to the marauding Irish. The plan worked, but the Danish king attacked in 1016 and either killed the raiders or drove them out of Ireland, among them Anselan and some of his attendants.



For his service to King Malcom, he awarded Anselan with very considerable lands of considerable value, and also with very splendid arms. “The arms assigned by that king to this Anselan, upon account of his descent, and more especially upon account of his heroic achievements are, in a field or (golden), a lion rampant Sable (black), armed with langued Gules (clawed and tongued crimson), holding in his paw a saber, or crooked sword, proper (held in his right paw)” — this according to the historian William Buchanan of Auchmar in his account of the family

“The Family of Buchanan, published in 1732. The lion has sheathed his saber, but is otherwise unchanged in more than 950 years. This is one of the oldest arms still almost unchanged since its award, and it is quite proper for the clan to display it.

The Black Lion Rampant can be contrasted with the more often seen Red Lion Banner. The Red Lion is the property of the King of Scotland and is properly borne by him only. Many Scots ancestry in America fly the Red Lion Banner as an alternative to the Saltire as the national flag. We Buchanans, still obedient to the command of King Malcom, proudly bear the Black Lion by right of grant. That sharp eyed child had failed to notice, however, the five tears falling from our lion’s eye added in mourning for the last laird of Buchanan, John, who died without children in December 1682 and left the clan without a hereditary chief to this day.

REBUTTAL

The Tale of the Black Lion

By Milt Paras, Commissioner

(Reprinted from the Buchanan Banner, 1995, Volume XXIII, Number 3, Page 21)



In the winter '95 issue of the Banner there was an article titled "Clan Buchanan The Tale of the Black Lion". The author was not noted nor who submitted it for publication, so I must direct this letter to you (the publisher). Although the article was a sweet story, it is full of erroneous information, and it should be brought to the attention of the author, the wee lass referred to in the article, her mother and the Society. The primary reason is that the party who submitted the article, the little girl who inquired about the "Lion Rampant Sable" and those who don't know the reason why we can fly a "Black Rampant Lion" flag and read the article are now going around with miss-information and more than likely now telling others, in good faith of their new found knowledge about the Clan Buchanan and it's right to fly a particular flag.

If you check you will find that the Rampant Lion that is used by Scotland is registered with the Lord Lyon King of Arms and is property of Scotland only. Of all the Asian Lions, European Lions and Irish Lions, none are like it at all, it is uniquely Scottish and that stile has been used since approximately the mid 1100 but not because of any king's ethnic background, Irish or Pictish.

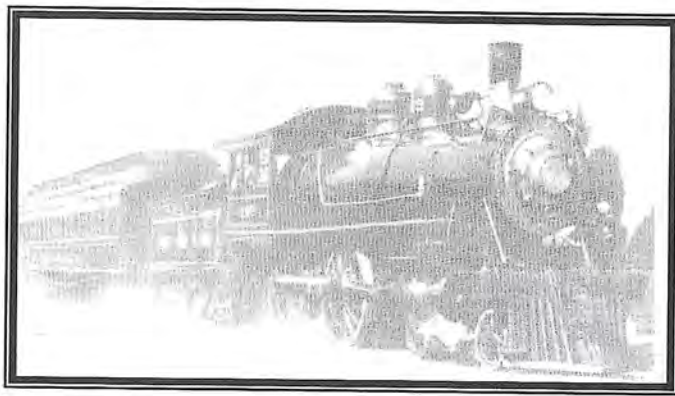
I am familiar with the historical documentation of William Buchanan of Auchmar and with no disrespect, I'm sure I'm not alone, reading his account is very dry and hard to concentrate on for very long. Nevertheless, in his description of the Chief's Arms, I do not find the account that is referred to in the article that was submitted for the Spring issue of the Banner. I have found accounts stating that the right for the

"Clan Chief" to incorporate the Lion Rampant Sable in his armorial bearing was due directly to the marriage of Walter, the third son of the twelfth Laird, John Buchanan, to the Royal Lady Isobel Stewart, in the 1400's and this gave him the right to the lion. This is also documented by Sir Iain Moncreiffe of that Elk, Lord Lyon King of Arms in his book on heraldry.

Since the 1400's on, the right of the Buchanan Chief's incorporating the Lion Rampant Sable (black) in his coat of arms was to denote that the Clan Buchanan laird has acclaim to the throne, though never seriously sought, it was that claim through the Stewart line, that give the rampant lion sable (black) the Buchanans, the Sanguine (red) already belonging to the Stewarts. Upon the death of John Buchanan of that Elk, the 23rd and last Chief of Clan Buchanan, the Clan

(Continued on page 14)





BUCHANANS NO. 999, 1893

The No. 999 is one of the most famous locomotives in the United States history, due to its claim as the first vehicle ever to reach — and exceed — 100 miles per hour. On May 10, 1893, while pulling the four-car “Empire State Express” near Batavia, New York the No. 999 hit 100 mph and more; one official calculated the top speed as 112.5 mph.

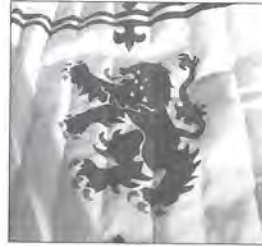
While that claim is doubtful, the locomotive had well exceeded the “century” mark and the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad launched a publicity campaign to spread the news to an excited public. William Buchanan was superintendent of motive power and rolling stock for the New York Central, and he personally supervised the No. 999’s design especially for the speed-record attempt.

Its large driving wheels, 86 inches in diameter, proved unsuitable for everyday wheels. The No. 999 is on display today at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, Illinois, in its greatly altered state.

(Reprinted from The Buchanan Banner, Winter 1995 Issue, Vol. XXIII, Number 1, Page 9)

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(Continued from page 12)

took the Chief's flag, splashed it with tears, to denote that we had lost our Chief and our lands and have flown it since to let the world know that we also have a "Claim to the Throne" of Scotland. No other Clan nor person other than a Member of the Clan Buchanan has the right to fly this flag.

I have never read any account nor have I been able to get a description about the exact number of tears that was splashed upon the Chief's Banner. The reason that there are five on the flags that the Clan Buchanan Society fly is that when Dale (*who was the wife of Milt Paras*) designed the flag for silk screening, five seemed to fit best.

While on the subject of what the little girl in the article asked and was told about the Lion Rampant Sanguine on a field of Or doubled treasured was only half right. First, the "Red Rampant Lion FLAG" is not a symbol of the Queen or a King, it is a symbol of Scotland. The banner (pennon, what is commonly now referred to as triangular shape) square or a rectangular if flown vertically is the sign of the King and now the Queen. It is used today primarily to denote location of residence of the Queen or a Royal envoy sent in her behalf but most important of all, to denote that there is Royal family present. Anyone who is Scottish can fly the flag mentioned in the article in the same manor that we would fly any "FLAG" but not a banner or pendant. I refer to an article that was published in the Highlander in 1992 by Euan Macpherson and I quote, "The Royal BANNER is thought to date back to the reign of King William the Lion (1165-1214). To understand what the Lion Rampant is, readers must first have an understanding of heraldry. Heraldry originated in the Middle-Ages to help kings deploy troops in battle. Messages could only be delivered by messengers. Therefore, it was of vital importance that the messenger took the right message to the right person. The heraldic designs, or coats-of-arms, were often painted on the shields and were simply mediaeval markers which allowed the king and his messengers to see where his various no-

bles were. Once one noble had adopted a heraldic design or coat-of-arms, no one else could use it for obvious reasons. Scottish history stretches back about two thousand years. In that time several Royal Houses have come and gone and scores of monarchs have lived and died. Many of these monarchs had more than one child....but only one child could inherit the throne. Many kings also had illegitimate children who were barred from inheriting the throne. Some legitimate kings were overthrown by rivals and their children, though of genuine royal blood, never inherited the throne.

As we count down through the centuries, we see that there were large numbers of princes and princesses who for one reason or another—never inherited the Scottish throne. Many of these princes and princesses married and had children and their children had children. Throughout Scottish history, there has always existed a large body of people who were of royal decent but who were excluded from the throne. As time passed, it is clear that the number of people outside the Court with royal-blood in their veins got larger and larger.

Euan Macpherson went on to say that he wanted to learn just how large that number really was, so he contacted the Scottish genealogist, Tony Reid of Edinburgh who told him that his personal feeling, and nobody is going to disprove it, is that nearly all indigenous Scots are descended from some royal line or other. Macpherson said that one could safely assume that most highlander readers will be of royal decent".

So, next time you see the Scottish Rampant Lion held aloft at Scottish occasions, reflect on the fact that there must be many Scots present who are of royal decent. And surely that gives them the right to fly this splendid flag!



ANNUAL BUCHANAN REUNION

Attended by: Mardy Jensen

I left home (Central Utah) at 7 a.m. to attend a family reunion about 200 miles away (Northern Utah). It would be the first time these two families had met in a joint reunion in over 50+ years. Their grandparents and our grandparents (common ancestors) used to meet every couple of years, but as time progressed and the stronger bonds of the older generation slid to the younger generations the common bond became lost.

This reunion was to be held in Liberty, Utah 200 miles to the north near the city of Ogden. The drive was not too interesting until I started up the Ogden Canyon. Then everything turned green. Remember Utah is a desert state and in the middle of the summer it tends to turn brown. So the green of the canyon was refreshing to the eyes.

At the top of Ogden Canyon is a high valley that is dominated by Pine View Reservoir. I turned north across the reservoir dam heading to Liberty that lies below the Ben Lomond Mountain on the east. What better place for a Buchanan Reunion!

The family in charge had rented a Girls Camp, Liahona. There they had RV camping, room for tents and a couple of cabins. There was also a large lodge with kitchen facilities and showers and a very large meeting room complete with a large fireplace.

Having had previous introductions to some of the Clan I was treated to an outstanding breakfast (it was a lot bigger than McDonald's

and much tastier and fulfilling).

After registering and buying my raffle tickets I spent several hours explaining how the two families were connected. The raffle is used to finance future reunions so as to assure the continuation of family ties. I had only two of my cousins show up from our side of the family, but that I hope will be a beginning of things to come.



When I arrived, all there was indicating it was a Buchanan Reunion was a 2' x 2' sign indicating such. Before I left home I grabbed my Clan Tent Tote Box, from which I extracted the Buchanan Flag and hung it on the fireplace. I found I almost had to protect it with my life as everyone there was envious and would have liked to take it home with them.



I also had thought ahead and printed up a dozen Clan Buchanan t-shirts which I donated to their raffle. It's a good thing that I did, because my cousin from my side of the family won the Grand Prize of the draw....an ancient set Buchanan Throw.

There were races run and baseball played, fresh corn husked and cooked and bar-b-qued ribs making is just a great day. It was truly an old fashioned day in the park with family and friends.



It was too bad that Red & Fred could not attend this year. These are the two special cousins that I met and got acquainted with at one of the Pleasanton Games while we were living in California and attending games there. But this weekend Red was undergoing a hp replacement and Fred had a graduation exercise he had to attend. Their brother, Clell officiated at the reunion and it was a good feeling to attend.



As a footnote: Red Buchanan had a stroke after his hip operation in August and was left with some serious physical impairment but is improving each day according to Fred.

I just spoke with Red's wife and I found out that he was still paralyzed and cannot speak but he does recognize and understand things going on around him. Best wishes to him and we all pray for his health and well being.

ANYONE PLANNING A SCOTTISH WEDDING FEAST?

A traditional wedding cake is a Dundee cake. The advantage of this cake is that it improves if it is made several weeks in advance of the wedding.

DUNDEE CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- Dash salt
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup currants
- 3/4 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds
- 1/3 cup candied fruit peel
- 1Tbsp. Grated orange peel
- 1 Tbsp. brandy or water
- Blanched, whole almonds for top

Beat butter and sugar in large mixer bowl until light and fluffy. Mix flour, baking powder, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt. Mix flour mixture, 1/4 at a time, and eggs alternately into butter sugar-mixture. Stir remaining ingredients into batter. Pour into greased and floured 8" spring-form pan. Arrange whole almonds in circles on top of cake. Bake at 300° until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean, about 1 & 1/2 hours. Remove rim of pan and cool cake on wire rack.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

Lorna Klose

It is with sadness that the report of Lorna Klose, wife of Region 10 (Southwest) Commissioner Wolf-Dieter Klose, passed away on January 16, 2010. Burial was held on January 23, 2010 on the Salt River Pima Indian Reservation.

Bill Hadden

Condolences to the family of President Ken Buchanan & family at the loss of Ken's step-dad on January 6, 2010.

The Clan Buchanan Society Inc. and the Buchanan Banner would like to extend our sympathy & condolences to the families and friends of those mentioned in Flowers of the Forest. Our prayers and thoughts are with you.

REQUEST FROM THE CO-EDITORS OF THE BUCHANAN BANNER

To: Commissioners, Regents, General Membership

RE: *Articles for the Banner*

Do you remember an article written by Mardy in one of our back issues about the Rain Barrel being empty? We know that there are a lot of things going on in our great Society and many interesting accomplishments by many of our members and families. We need to hear of them so that everyone can be aware of what it means to be a Buchanan.



This publication belongs to everyone and we want to report those things that will be interesting to everyone.

Send us reports from the games (which are starting up shortly), birthdays, weddings, anniversaries and awards and accomplishments of family and friends. We want to receive pictures accompanying all articles. When you send pictures please identify those pictured so that proper credit can be given to those involved and also granting us permission to print them.

C.B.S.I. - DECEMBER, 2009 BANK OF AMERICA STATEMENT

Prepared by Jim & Joyce Gibson
Treasurer, CBSI

Clan Buchanan Society International, Inc.
Business Economy Checking—Account

Statement period: 12/01/09 through 12/31/09

Number days in cycle: 31

Number of Deposits/Credits: 3

Debits: 3

Number of deposited items: 36

Beginning Balance: \$14,896.07

Deposits/Credits: \$2,120.00

Debits: \$850.33

Ending Balance: \$16,165.74

(This is the final installment of the list started in previous issues of the Banner)

100 THINGS TO DO IN SCOTLAND BEFORE YOU DIE

Submitted by: Buck Buchanan

72. Read *Lanark* Anywhere

Pay homage to Alasdair Gray by reading his 1981 debut novel, *Lanark*. Described as the Scottish Ulysses, it is a striking fusion of science-fiction and urban realism written with idiosyncratic beauty and enhanced with striking illustrations by Gray himself.

73. Loop the loop on the Clockwork Orange

The air may be stale and the upholstery seemingly not changed since the Seventies, but with two lines linking 15 stations in 24 minutes. Glasgow's underground railway—apparently known as the Clockwork Orange, but weirdly never called that by anyone—is simplicity itself. Sit back and watch a microcosm of Glasgow life get on and off as the likes of Hillhead and Govan whiz by in a pleasant blur. Not so pleasant, though, if you find yourself sharing a carriage with several dozen Old Firm fans, at which point the poor wee train becomes awash with spilt ginger and chips. www.spt.co.uk

74. Have a large Laphroaig

Drinking a large glass of Laphroaig diluted with a smidgen of freezing water as you sit out of doors with a few friends, watching the sun sink below the Hebridean sea is one of life's greatest joys—as long as there are no midges. Laphroaig, an Islay malt, may not be to everyone's taste, but it is a king of whiskies with a restless raw energy.

www.laphroaig.com

75. Boo and hiss at a Pavilion pantomime

A Christmas treat for kids of all ages, featuring Scottish celebrities, usually the Krankies, current

pop tunes and reaw Glasgow humour. Leave all the cynicism at the door, grab some popcorn, and have fun in one of the finest old music halls in the land.

121 Renfield Street, Glasgow, 0141 332 1846

www.paviliontheatre.co.uk

76. See the Really Terrible Orchestra Perform By Alexander McCall Smith, author

“Scotland is immensely fortunate in having the worst orchestra in Western Europe, the Edinburgh-based Really Terrible Orchestra, which now has a cult following throughout the world. This band of enthusiastic musicians—of which I am a member—gives regular concerts, which are a must. One would not want to go more than once (indeed one might not stay for the whole concert), but listening to the RTO's renditions of a wide range of music is an experience never to be forgotten. The best (that is, worst) RTO concert to catch is the Edinburgh Festival Fringe concert. It is cheap and the audience gets free glasses of wine before the performance. This undoubtedly helps. Pay particular attention to the sounds emanating from the trumpets and the oboes. An orchestral experience beyond compare, this is certainly Scotland's worst-kept secret.”

thereallyterribleorchestra.com

77. Pop into Plockton

If you would like to see what would happen if God was a Highland town planner, go to Plockton. This where they filmed Hamish Macbeth, but more than that it's an idyllic Highland hamlet lying at the end of Loch Carron, arranged in rows of painted cottages with manicured lawns and palm trees in front and magnificent mountains behind. In the summer you will have to contend with the artists and midges, but this is a small price to lap up some Highland perfection. Enjoy before they open a Starbucks.

www.plockton.com

78. Tour the Highlands on a motorbike

“I was 22 years old and it was the summer of 1985. I got in my racing green MGBGT and headed north. With no plans for two weeks I

(Continued from page 18)

stopped when I saw something beautiful, when I fancied walking up a mountain or just when I was tired. Drifting around I landed in Inverness, Kirkwall, Applecross, Ullapool, Skye, Mull and many others, everyone a glorious memory. I've done it again since and it was even better second time." (Pat Nevin, football pundit)

www.highlandrider.com

79. Read the Oor Wullie/Broons Annual

The Oor Wullie and Broons family comic strips have been appearing in The Sunday Post since 1936. The Christmas annuals collect the strips and give you something to read while chowing down on leftover turkey. Had Freud read The Broons, he would have known that there were, in fact, only three different types of possible joke: The Bairn mishears Grandpaw—hilarity ensues; Pa complains about some aspect of his family's behaviour and is later black affronted for same; a goat wreaks havoc at the But'n'Ben. Oor Wullie is even more purist; it's all about meeces and jeely pieces.

www.thatsbraw.co.uk

80. Float in the Hebridean Sea

"Ideally, the last thing you would want to do before you die should coincide with the fateful event itself. Rather than invent a desire, I would revisit one already experienced. I would float, whatever the season, in the emerald water of the Hebridean Sea at Ardnamurchan just I had done as a child, and before I closed my eyes for the last time, I would look up and over to the snows still lying on Ben Nevis. A more grave and imposing witness to my untimely end I could not ask for. (Toni Davidson, author)

www.ardnamurchan.com

81. Swing a fireball at Stonehaven

Can you be a swinger and not get burnt? Just go to Stonehaven on Hogmanay and find out. This has nothing to do with wife-swapping in Aberdeenshire, but the ancient procession of 45 men swinging 16 lb. balls of fire over their heads. In

line with local custom, the flammable throng make their way to the harbour where they douse the fireballs in the sea. Sadly, you need to be a local man to take part, but watching from the sidelines can be just as thrilling. With sparks flying everywhere, don't wear that shell suit.

www.stonehavenfireballs.com

82. Read the Thirty-Nine Steps and try to recreate Richard Hannay's journey

Clutching your well-thumbed copy of John Buchan's spy thriller, zig-zag across the moors and glens of Dumfries and Galloway by train, car and foot, staying in inns and under the spring stars, in the style of literary hero Richard Hannay.

83. Try Stand-up Comedy

"Are you an adrenaline junkie? Does bungee-jumping in the buff or roller skating down Ben Nevis high on Buckfast no longer give you that special thrill? If you're seeking to score that ultimate hit, then what better way to set your pulse racing than to get in front of a bunch of lagered-up heckle-meisters and try to make 'em laugh? Let's face it we all have moments (usually after a minor tussle with ten pints of Stella) when we think we're funnier than the Mayor of Funnytown. Most comedy clubs enjoy the gladiatorial sort of putting a mike on stage and letting a few have-a-go nutters take on the bloodthirsty punters. Those five minutes of sheer terror could be the start of something beautiful." (Gowan Calder, actress and writer) Red Raw open mic night is at The Stand Comedy Club, Mondays (5 York Place, Edinburgh) and Tuesdays (333 Woodlands Road, Glasgow). Phone Eva, 0131 588 7373, to book an open spot.

www.thestand.co.uk

84. Make and eat tablet

Support your local dentist by attempting to make the perfect batch of tablet, that overwhelmingly sweet taste of Scottish childhood. And eat some, of course. It would be a sin not to.

(Continued from page 19)

85. Experience the exhilaration of isolation

“Spend a week alone in a hut/tent/house by the edge of the sea on the coast of the island of Mull, any time from May to October. Watch herons and oystercatchers skim across the water, catch a glimpse of seals, dolphins, even an otter. Enjoy the scent of thyme, bog myrtle, heather, taste the salt on your tongue, have a freezing but exhilarating swim, see a million stars at night and the rose-pink cliffs at sunset. Sink into the stillness and peace.” (Kathy Galloway, leader of the Iona Community)

www.isle.of.mull.com

86. A Grand Tour

By Peter Lederer, Chairman of Visit Scotland
“Drive to Crinan for dinner at Crinan Hotel. See our dinner being landed and enjoy the best seafood in Scotland as you watch the sun down over Jura. The next day, take the charter to the Gulf of Corryvreckan, the second largest whirlpool in the Wester Hemisphere in the narrow channel between Jura and Scarba. The Royal Navy charts mark it as “caution” and it is sometime impassable for even the largest ships. A haunting place that captures the power of Mother Nature. Just listen and feel the experience. “Take a few days in August, or even a week, to really ‘do the festival’. The Edinburgh Festival is the best in the world, and every Scot should discover the city and see as many shows as possible. “Don’t miss the Military Tattoo. Go with your best friends for an evening that you will remember forever, featuring people and performers from all over the world, ending with tears at the sound of the lone piper on Castle wall and fireworks.” Crinan Hotel, Crinan by Lochgilphead, 01546 830 261

www.crinanhotel.com

www.edinburgh-tattoo.co.uk

87. Burn a Viking Longboat

Shetland’s Up Helly Aa, a massive fire festival, might be the most surrealthing you can experience in Scotland—1000 men dressed as Vikings, belly dancers, Gary Glitter, furry animals, all

singing as they walk through the freezing streets of Lerwick and then throwing their four-foot-high flaming torches into a Viking longship. If you do make it to Up Helly Aa, on the last Tuesday of January, make sure you get yourself a hall ticket—that’s an invite to one of the all-night private parties after the procession. Until you’ve been burlled around the floor by a bearded man who had to get your mates to hold his shield, axe and feathered helmet, you just haven’t lived

www.shetlandtourism.com

88. See Whisky Galore! On Barra

Take a brand new DVD copy of the 1949 Ealing film Whisky Galore! And head to Barra, in the Outer Hebrides. Renamed Todday for the film, Barra provided the backdrop for the tale of canny Scottish islanders trying to outwit an overzealous home guard to get their mitts on 30,000 cases of whisky aboard a shipwrecked vessel. Watch it in your Hebridean seclusion then take a walk along the beaches from the film. And keep an eye out for any bottles of malt washed in with the tide; it is, after all, based on a true story.

89. Eat haggis and clapshot

Scotland’s national dish is a surprising culinary treat, once you’ve caught the wee beastie. Haggis may not be the most aesthetically pleasing or tasty institution but, like the Proclaimers, it holds a worthy place in the Scottish psyche. Best served with a piper, someone intimate with the works of Burns and clapshot—an Orcadian creamy mash of turnips, potatoes and chives. Oh, and call it heresy if you like, but MacSween’s veggie haggis is as fair and sonsie as its meaty cousin.

90. Walk from Torridon to Inveralligin

“There’s nothing more calming than walking from Torridon to Inveralligin, watching otters play on the shores of Upper Loch Torridon and the heron take flight across the water. From the Shieldaig road on the south side, there’s the breathtaking sight of Liathach and Beinn Alligin with its mountain peaks of Tom na Gruagaich,

(Continued from page 20)

Sgurr Mhor and the Alligin Horns. Below these nestle villages of white-washed houses. This is the view that made me fall in love with Torridon seven years ago. It felt strangely special to me. Recently, when my mother got old family cine films transferred to video, there was the very same view filmed by my father, who died when I was 21.” (Edi Stark, broadcaster)

www.aboutbritain.com/Torridon.htm

91. Rock out at T in the Park

After celebrating its tenth birthday last year, T in the Park, like all good adolescents, should turn unpredictable, hormonally-charged and loud. Thing is, Scotland’s premiere rock and pop festival has always been like that. Years past has boasted a mighty raft of acts including: Dame David of Bowie, poodle-rocking ompers The Darkness, witchy fox-bothering Yeovilite Polly Harvey and—praise be—the reformed Pixies, back to prove they are the greatest band ever. Balado, near Kinross.

www.tinthepark.com

92. Visit The Hill House

“Of all the great architects, Charles Rennie Mackintosh is one of my favourites and his Hill House, Helensburgh, sums up all that is so special about his work. It was built as a domestic house and the Blackie family commissioned not only the house and garden, but much of the furniture and all of the interior fittings and decorative schemes. It fits together perfectly. Mackintosh’s work is reproduced in so many ways and much of it has become familiar—but there is something very special about seeing these genuine pieces in this original setting.” (Roger Wheeler, Chair of National Trust for Scotland)

Upper Colquhoun Street, Helensburgh,
01426 673 900

www.crmsociety.com/hillhouse.htm

93. See Billy Connolly in concert in his home city.

Seeing Glasgow’s favourite son being welcomed

back into the bosom of Glasgow, the city that forged his conversational wit, is a touching as well as an uproarious sight. The Big Yin may spend most of his time in the balmy climes of LA, but it will always be along the Clyde that his earthy take on Catholic guilt, sex, life, death and being Scottish will play to nothing less than rapture.

www.billyconnolly.com

94. Land on Barra beach in a plane

The cockleshell beach of Traigh Mhor on the northern tip of the island of Barra, is probably not the best place in the Hebrides for a picnic. The views are great, but you might get splattered by British Airways flight 8855 for your trouble. Traigh Mhor, you see, is also the island’s sole runway. With one flight a day Monday to Saturday from Glasgow (with a Sunday service in the summer), there are plenty of chances to experience this unique aviation anomaly. Just make sure the pilot knows when high tide is.

www.britishairways.com

95. Visit Hopetoun House

A Jane Austen novel made granite, just outside Edinburgh, this stately home is panoramic in its sweeping breadth and set in 150 acres of gardens, fountains and farmland. Advice to men: grow some sideburns, wear a billowy white shirt and take a dip in one of the ponds on the grounds. Apparently the damp, clingy look makes women swoon and bodices pop. Advice to women: wear a bodice. One of them popping ones. Hopetoun House, South Queensferry, near Edinburgh, 0131 331 4251

www.hopetounhouse.com

96. Strip the Willow

“One of the 100 things you ought to do in Scotland before you die is to learn that fabulous dance Strip the Willow. Lately, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and I, together with our spouses, and other members of both councils performed a Strip the Willowthon for the Leap for Meningitis Charity Ball. We felt extremely fit though some-

(Continued from page 21)

what relieved to have finished with the same number of limbs we started out with. Realizing the potential of Strip the Willow to raise awareness of Scotland, I have taught this dance to various foreign dignitaries. I therefore confidently predict that we will soon find Strip the Willow performed with verve and passion throughout Europe and further afield." Liz Cameron, Lord Provost of Glasgow)

www.scottishdance.org

97. Eat a Deep-Fried Mars Bar

You may want to call this tempura au chocolat, but whatever name you give it, the deep-fried Mars Bar has come to be emblematic of all that is wrong with the Scottish diet. Apparently invented in Aberdeen, the DFMB has lately been joined by the deep-fried Snickers and, we hear Maltesers, although that might be balls.

98. Travel on the Royal Scotsman

Billing itself as the most luxurious train in the world, The Royal Scotsman—which holds a maximum of 36 passengers—is certainly opulent, and its observation car affords the chance to marvel at the equally rich, Scottish scenery. For the ultimate trip book yourself on the seven-night Grand North Western tour for £4350 per person. Truly, this is Monarch of the Glen on wheels.

0131 555 1344

www.royalscotsman.com

99. Visit Joseph Beuys' Scotland

"Joseph Beuys, arguably one of the most important artists ever to visit Scotland, looked at the 36 postcards I showed him when I first met him in his Dusseldorf studio in 1970. They were classic views of Highland cattle in fields, heather-covered hillsides, Hebridean sunsets, Scottish castles, river-scapes of the Tweed and the Tay, Border abbeys, Fingal's Cave, the island of Iona, Edinburgh townscapes including Arthur's Seat, the Cuilins on Skye, the Forth Bridge and Stirling Castle. His reaction was "I see the land of Macbeth" and he visited here no less than eight times

to make 11 masterworks inspired by the Moor of Rannoch, Loch Awe, Fingal's Cave, and Edinburgh's Royal Botanic Gardens." (Richard Demarco, arts impresario)

100. Discover the Holy Grail

Christ's cup is said to be hidden in the vaults of Rosslyn Chapel, near Edinburgh, one of several wild rumours attached to the mysterious 15th century building, which is also believed by some to be home to a UFO, the ark of the covenant and fragments of the one true cross. This is one building that Elvis, surely, has not left. Roslin, Midlothian

www.rosslynchapel.org.uk

That completes the list of "100 Things to See in Scotland before you Die"



NEW ENGLAND #1

David J Byrne, Commissioner
23 Rockridge Terrace
Prospect, CT 06712
1-203-758-0885
cbuchanan@gmail.com

CONNECTICUT

Richard T. Byrne, Regent
P O Box 97
Norfolk, CT 06058-0097
860-542-5848

MAINE

Regent Vacant

MASSACHUSETTS

Stephen W Doherty, Regent
125 Plymouth Street
Middleborough, MA 02346-1205
acerridge@comcast.net

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Regent Vacant
Contact: David Byrne, Commissioner
Region 1

RHODE ISLAND

Gilbert B. Giles, Regent
8 Bow Street
Cranston, R.I.
401-467-6665
ctbuchanan@gmail.com

VERMONT

Richard T. Byrne, Regent
P O Box 97
Norfolk, CT 06058-0097
860-542-5848

NORTH ATLANTIC #2

Chester M Gibson, Commissioner
P O Box 323
Unionville, PA 19375
610-793-1649
cmgdgibson@msn.com

NEW JERSEY

Wayne R Buchanan, Regent
95 Watson Court
Howell, NJ 07731-5011
732-414-1023
wrhuch95@optonline.net

NEW YORK

James B Erb, Regent
3175 Brixton Lane, Apt. #7
Levittown, NY 11756-2835
516-520-8092

PENNSYLVANIA

Elaine Mc Masters, Western Regent
561 6th Street
Pitcairn, PA 15140-1201
412-372-0609

PENNSYLVANIA/DELAWARE

Kenneth A. Buchanan, Eastern Regent
4 Buttonwood Drive
Medford, NJ 08055
609-792-0640
ken.buchanan@hotmail.com

MID-ATLANTIC #3

Eric Bullard, Commissioner
18 Grove Street
Weaverville, NC 28787
828-280-4062
ericbullardagency@gmail.com

NORTH CAROLINA

Jim Buchanan, Co-Regent
3747 Evergreen Drive
Trinity, NC 27370
336-475-5163
buch1212@aol.com

Elmer (Junior) Watson, Co-Regent

209 East Moore Avenue
High Point, NC 22763-1831
336-259-9477
watsone74@ynhoo.com

VIRGINIA/MARYLAND

Karen L Wolfe, Regent
7952 Seven Woods Drive #E
Alexandria, VA 22309-1477
703-360-5198
wolfe.k@worldnet.att.net

WEST VIRGINIA

Regent, Vacant

SOUTHEAST-ATLANTIC #4

Bruce & Janet Gervin, Co-Commissioners
4611 Jocelyn Road W.
Jacksonville, FL 32225 904-928-0193
bgervin@bellsouth.net

FLORIDA

Bruce & Janet Gervin, North Co-Regents
(Address above)
GEORGIA
Terry K Buchanan, Regent
4599 Cedar Knoll Drive
Marietta, GA 30066-6900 770-928-8316
terrykbuchanan@comcast.net

SOUTH CAROLINA

Mary Bennett Stroman, Regent
P O Box 590
Pawleys Island, SC 39585-0590

MID-SOUTH #5

Barbara B Parsons, Commissioner
P O Box 1001
Crossville, TN 38557-1001
931-484-5501
clpbbp@citilink.net

ALABAMA

Jennie Cataldo, Regent
3443 Cedarbrook Circle
Trussville, AL 35173-2934
scotcat@bellsouth.net

KENTUCKY

Regent, Vacant

MISSISSIPPI

Regent, Vacant

TENNESSEE

Donna Richardson Alton, Regent
108 Caveton Road, 2-D
Knoxville, TN 37923
975-769-4035
cl_alton@webtv.net

GREAT LAKES #6

Commissioner, Vacant

ILLINOIS

Robert W Cormack, Regent
3636 Downers Drive
Downers Grove, IL 60515-1330
630-963-5866
mackilt504mp@aol.com

INDIANA

Robert D Buchanan, Regent
808 Avondale Drive
West Lafayette, IN 47906-1106
765-463-6553
rbuch51@aol.com

MICHIGAN

Regent Vacant

OHIO

Paula Harman, Co-Regent
371 Third Avenue
Mansfield, OH 44905 419-522-0537
bison371@msn.com

Lou Ann Miller, Co-Regent

128 E Liberty Street
Ashland, OH 11805-3358 419-281-3232
louamiller@cs.com

WISCONSIN

Regent Vacant

MID-WEST #7

Commissioner, Vacant

MINNESOTA

Chris Lachter, Regent
1288 Rice Street
Saint Paul, MN 55117
651-489-5631
lachcr526@msn.com

IOWA

Douglas G Gibb, Regent
4811 Lakeview Drive
Des Moines, IA 50311-3326
515-279-6670

KANSAS

Regent, Vacant

MISSOURI

Jim Brewen, Regent
900 Guenzler Drive
Imperial, MO 63052-1716
636-464-7800
buchananst@charter.net

NEBRASKA

Mark Masterton, Regent
2410 4th Avenue
Scottsbluff, NE 69361
308-632-5805
masterton.mark@gmail.com

NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA

Charles E Wier, Regent
13732 Nuthatch Road
Rapid City, SD 57702-0569
605-341-5812 F: 605-388-0281
charlie@blackhillsecuritieshop.com

SOUTH CENTRAL #8

Robert B Kinniburgh, Commissioner
809 NW 37th Street
Oklahoma City, OK 73118-7107
405-521-0793
moinbob@aol.com

ARKANSAS

Daniel C Tullos, Regent
9 Juniper Drive
Searcy, AR 72143-6405
501-268-9373
tullosc@harding.edu

LOUISIANA

Thomas G. Mungall III, Regent
1153 Springlake Drive
Baton Rouge, LA 70810-7011
atheling@cox.net

OKLAHOMA

Mike Rusk, Regent
5612 South 75th East Avenue
Tulsa, OK 74145-7735

TEXAS #9

Ellis Buchanan, Commissioner
7738 Crooked Road
San Antonio, TX 78252-2613
210-437-2608
lbuchanan3@satsx.rr.com

Don & Saralyn Watt, North East Co-Regents

17 Circle Park Court
Mansfield, TX 76063-3224
817-473-6429
scotman111@aol.com

Donald & Jeanne Jackson, North West Co-Regents

2406 SW 26th Avenue
Amarillo, TX 79109-1902
806-355-6493
d_jackson@sbglobal.net

Wil R Gibson, Jr., SE Regent

33340 Willow Road
Waller, TX 77484
936-931-2811
Wil-gibson@yahoo.com

Ellis & Lea Buchanan, SW Co-Regent**SOUTHWEST #10**

Wolf-Dieter Klose, Commissioner
8912 East Thomas Road
Scottsdale, AZ 85256-4206
602-990-1356

ARIZONA

Sam & Deb Neihardt, Co-Regent
313 West Highland Drive
Gilbert, AZ 85233-7725
480-632-9254
dneihardt@prodigy.net

COLORADO

Thomas W. Medlin, Regent
4015 Whittier Drive
Colorado Springs, CO 80910-2546
719-597-3398
tommedlin@qwest.net

NEW MEXICO

Tom & Michele Buchanan, Co-Regents
1813 Stanford, SW
Albuquerque, NM 87106-3324
505-765-1288

UTAH

Mardy Jensen, Regent
P O Box 220211
Centerfield, UT 84622
435-528-5708
marker@telco.net

WYOMING

Denzil V Coleman, Regent
P O Box 20441
Cheyenne, WY 82003-7011
307-631-2069
druid7@worldnet.att.net

CALIFORNIA/NEVADA NORTH #11

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NEVADA
Cindy Thames, Commissioner
715 Cochise Court
Fremont, CA 94539
510-435-3803
ladybuchanan@yahoo.com

John J Brice III, Regent

995 La Vista Court
Morgan Hill, CA 95037-5354
408-779-9253
johnjb3@garlic.com

NEVADA

Tom & Judy Siegle, Regent
9245 Palmento Court
Reno, NV 89523
707-747-6736
bugart@775.net

CALIFORNIA/NEVADA SOUTH #12

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NEVADA
Gil Sawyer, Commissioner
P O Box 2238
Rosamond, CA 93560
661-305-6275

Stephene L Buchanan-Hinz, Regent

28274 San Martinez Grde Cyn Rd
Castaic, CA 91384
805-501-9796 F: 661-295-9544
ks_marketing@sbglobal.net

PACIFIC NORTHWEST #12

Timothy D Gibb, Commissioner
5006 22nd Avenue SE
Lacey, WA 98503-7051
gibbtg@msn.com

ALASKA

David A & Joanne S Teague, Co-Regents
3368 Doll Drive
Anchorage, AK 99507-2064
907-562-6996
dteague@dcf.net

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OREGON-WEST OF MTS.

Douglas K B Baily, Co-Regent
227 Southwest 3rd Avenue
Canby, OR 97013-1847
503-775-1847
angusogl@canby.com

Jamie Raehelle Walton, Co-Regent

2804 Northeast 42nd
Portland, OR 97213
503-282-8615
amethystrowmoon@otmail.com

WASHINGTON

Chlain E Lust, Regent
4401 37th Avenue SE Trlr #76
Lacey, WA 98053-3546
360-456-1697

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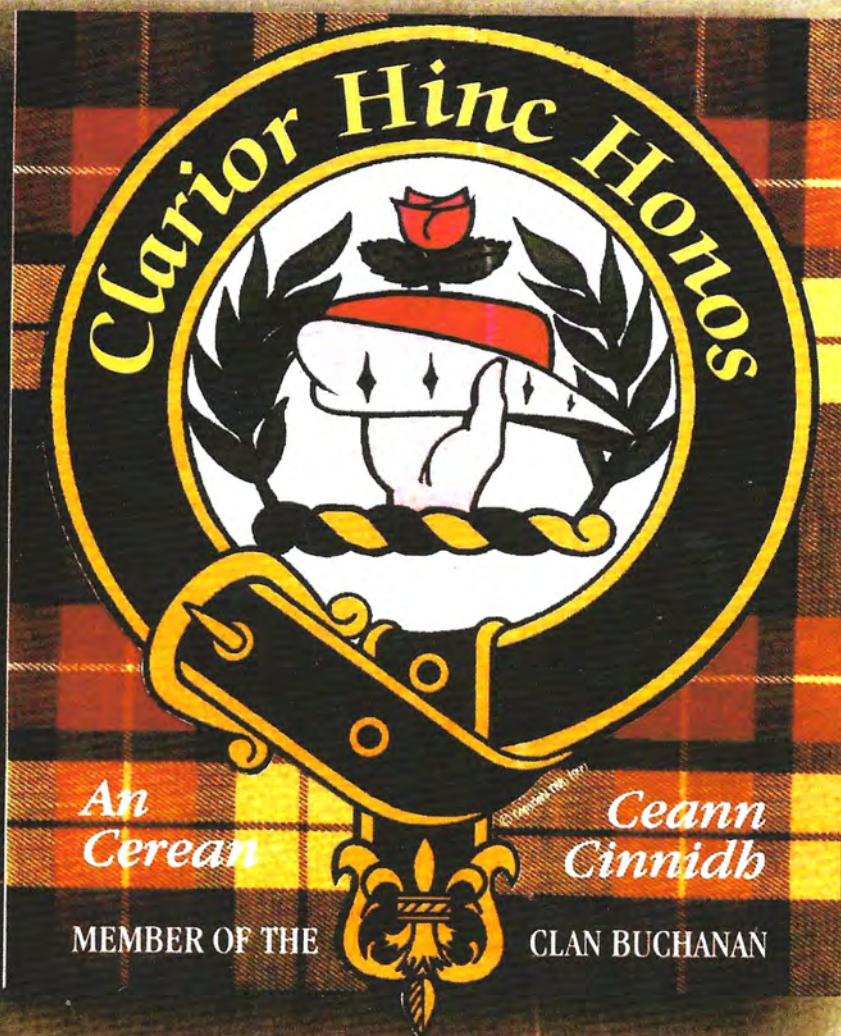
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