

SEA SONS CHRISTMAS

Merry Christmas

"IN DEFIANCE"

Happy New Year

Edition #3

Printed by Carl B. McBrayer

1 December 1979

'Twas the day before Christmas, and still as a mouse,
When I climbed up the steps to the County Courthouse.
The records were all nestled so snug in their bed,
While visions of ancestors danced in my head.
I said not a word but went straight to my task,
Now where were those records? Whom could I ask?
I heard a slight noise and turned with a jerk,
And came face to face with the County Court Clerk.
He had a round face and a ring full of keys,
He smiled just a bit which put me at ease.
When I asked for some records I showed all my teeth,
And my halo encircled my head like a wreath.
He showed me the marriages, will books and deeds,
Birth records and deaths, Now they'd fill my needs.
Then laying my pencil alongside my nose,
I slipped off my shoes and wiggled my toes.
My hand and my clothes were all covered with dust,
(When searching old records such things are a must).
I gave a great sigh as I closed up one book
And picked up another "I'll just take a look".
Some answers I found; Some I did not,
Something found when you've NOTHING is still quite a lot.
The search is not over-Not by any means,
I'm sure I'm related to some Kings and some Queens.
As I worked the clerk said, "You've just five minutes more.",
So I closed my notebook and hit the front door.
I heard him exclaim as I went out of sight,
Happy hunting to you nuts and we're closed for the night.

The preceding poem was submitted by James Earl McBrayer of Morehead, Kentucky.

With the holiday season rapidly approaching - one year drawing to an end and a new one about to begin - it is only appropriate that each of us stop a moment to reflect on the memorable events of 1979, the good fortune we have been granted and, probably the most important, the good health with which most have been blessed.

There have been some instances where problems have had to be faced, hardships endured, and ill health overcome, but each of us should be thankful for our individual lives, families, and health. As someone once said, "If you think you have had it bad, just look around. You will always find someone who is in worse shape."

As for the new year... There is always a 'better tomorrow', but it will be only as good as we make it. So, let's make it the best.

In the family genealogy department our fortune has been rich during the past year. The loan of Carl "Skipper" McBrayer's research notes and material was a bountiful blessing of wealth. New data has been personally collected; much has been individually submitted; and all has been added to the family files, which, happily, has created a 'bulging of the seams'. New interest has been generated in the family history and many 'old flames' of interest, which had dwindled over the years, has been rekindled. Support for various family projects and functions are intensifying. The prospects for a grand new year of even greater family participation is evident.

The past year also witnessed the creation of this newsletter, "In Defiance". Though begun with a slow 'fizzle', it has now 'boomed' into existence and the mailing list contains almost 100 names. More subscriptions are being received daily. It is being sent into approximately half the states in America. It is said that "wine grows better with age"- it is our hope the same holds true with "In Defiance"- that it improves with time.

I hope to be able to always include items that will be of interest to each of you, and as time progresses, hope that my writing ability will improve! It is also my sincere hope that more of you will take an active participation in YOUR newsletter and will submit your stories and items of interest for publication.

The new family genealogy book is progressing slowly but smoothly, but it is becoming more apparent that more than one volume is going to be required to include all the info which is on file. The initial volume will probably contain just the male generations, followed by the second which will cover the female lines and the third with the lineage of the Brier branch, who are direct decedents of the youngest son, David, of our immigrating ancestors William and Rebecca McBrayer.

You shall be kept informed on the book's progress and eventual availability through this newsletter.

As a personal note I want to take this opportunity to say: From my house to yours, my wife, Pat, my children, Jack and Evelyn, and myself, wish to extend to each of you a sincere and heart-felt seasons greetings. May all have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May each of you be blessed with prosperity and good health for 1980.

Carl, Pat, Jack, Evelyn McBrayer

REUNIONS

OKLAHOMA.....

The sons and daughters of Thomas Humphrey McBrayer (7th generation through the Ga. branch of the family) had their family reunion and get-together at Arrowhead Lodge, Okla., on the 17, 18, and 19 of August of this past year.

Reports Andrew N. (Bill) McBrayer of Bartlesville, Okla., "We had 37 adults and 18 children present, with only my oldest sister's two daughters not in attendance. It was really a happy and enjoyable occasion. We had a picnic on Friday and Saturday and a 'sit-down' dinner in the Lodge on Sunday."

Nancy Gleason of Omaha, Neb., daughter of Bill, was the coordinator of the event and "was responsible" for getting everyone together.

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KENTUCKY.....

The tenth annual McBrayer reunion was held in Morehead, Kentucky, on August 19, 1979. A very good attendance was reported with representative of the family attending from Kentucky, West Virginia, Ohio, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Montana, and Texas.

Chairman of the association, James Earl McBrayer, introduced the new visitors and gave a brief resume of the history of the family, new findings in the genealogy research and discussed the proposed newsletter and the book.

A very encouraging reaction was demonstrated concerning both items and many expressed a desire to be placed on the list for both.

The affair has been held in several locations during the past ten years, however, it has been unanimously decided to continue to hold it at the Morehead (Ky) city park where it has been held for the past two years.

One item of particular interest to those present was the fact that the chairman has succeeded in locating the grave of his great-great grandmother after a search of some twenty-five years.

Her husband, James R. McBrayer of the fourth generation, died on 4 June 1880 and was buried on the farm in Rowan County, Ky. In 1889 his widow, Anne Saunders (Sanders) McBrayer, went to visit her children some fifty miles away in what is now Boyd County, Ky. It was there that she was stricken ill and died. Since it was a hard two day trip by wagon, there was no choice but to bury her there.

"As her monument was broken and fallen, and as we had replaced James R.'s monument three years ago, we discussed the matter of replacement of her monument. It was suggested and later decided to remove her grave to the side of her husband where we are sure they both would have wished it in the first place.", reports J. Earl. A collection was taken for this purpose and all seemed pleased to know that after ninety years the remains of the two beloved old folks would again be reunited.

Many expressed hopes the gathering would continue to grow as clansmen from greater distances are becoming more interested and are planning their summer vacations around the affair.

The date for the reunion is the third Sunday of each August- the place is the Morehead City Park in Morehead, Kentucky, which is located four miles south of I-64 half-way between Lexington and Ashland, Kentucky. For further information call 1-606-784-7974 or write: J. Earl McBrayer, R.R. #5, Box 306, Morehead, Kentucky, 40351.

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MARRIAGES

Tonya McBrayer, b 15 Dec 1958 in Springfield, Ohio, dau of Darrell and Mary Helen Campbell McBrayer, was married 25 August, 1979 to Dwight Driever. Our best wishes to both

Marriage congratulations go out also to Donna Sue Wolf, daughter of Fay Maxine Hardage Wolf and granddaughter of Floy E. McBrayer Hardage. (Floy was the daughter of Eli Wellington McBrayer who migrated from North Carolina to Arkansas shortly after the Civil War.)

Donna Sue married James Luker of Cuero, Texas, on 9 September, 1979. They have no children. Their home is in Cuero. Our best wishes and good fortune to both.

DEATHS

Thomas Morris McBrayer, 8th generation, son of Thomas H. and Nannie Lou King McBrayer, (Georgia branch) born 13 Aug 1909 in Tampa, Florida, passed away at his home near Hollis, Harmon County, Oklahoma, Saturday, 25 August, 1979. He is survived by his wife, LaDessa Motley McBrayer, a son, Thomas Henry of Hollis, and a daughter, Tomala Lee McBrayer Howard. Interment was in the Hollis Cemetery.

(Delayed Report) Carl Vernon McBrayer, 8th generation, son of Matt and Anna Lee Adkins McBrayer, born 12 December 1920 in Shelby, Kentucky, died at the home of his sister, Ruby Christine McBrayer Cox on 7 September, 1976. He was unmarried. Ruby and her husband, Doyle Lee Cox, have recently retired to 2750 E. Bonanza Rd. 118E, Las Vegas, Nev., 89101. They had previously made their home in California.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

There is an interesting story connected with the birth of Samuel McBrayer, 2nd gen, son of William and Rebecca McBrayer, immigrating ancestors, who settled in the Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania in 1736-37.

Samuel, from records located, was born in 1736. It has always been thought he was born in either Northern Ireland, shortly before his parents left for America, or in Pennsylvania, shortly after they arrived in this country. Now comes this story from James Earl McBrayer, of Morehead, Kentucky:

"When I was a child there was a legend in our family that our ancestor was born on a ship coming from Ireland, although at the time we did not know his name or anything about him. Now that we know the family came from Ireland in 1736-37, it is quite possible that he was, indeed, born on the ship since we have information to the effect that, often, when a child was born during the crossing, the birth was not recorded until the landing was made. Therefore, it may be a true legend, although it is just that as there is no current documentation."

(Note: This Samuel, with his wife, Elizabeth, and their small child, William (b 1764), left the family farm of "Williamsburg" in Cumberland County (now Franklin Co.), Pa. about 1765, and in the company of his older brother, William, and his wife, migrated to the Carolinas. Most of the lines in America today generated from this individual.)

This might be an area for some research.

THE FAMILY TARTAN

In recent weeks several inquiries have been received requesting information as to whether or not the McBrayer family has a tartan of its own and if so what is its availability.

In short.....YES, THE MCBRAYER FAMILY DOES HAVE A TARTAN. Though lost for over 200 years, it has now been found and extensive research has been conducted to prove its authenticity.

As to its availability.....a small quantity has been reproduced, using identical materials and dyes as was used in the original, however, during the research to prove its authenticity.

city, it was discovered that the plaid and pattern had never been registered with the Lord Lyon of Arms in Scotland and until this can be accomplished, there exists an understandable reluctance to parcel out much of the material. The fear is present that someone who has no family plaid of their own might "adopt" the design as their own, have it registered, and prevent our family from ever claiming ownership.

A drive is about to be "kicked-off" to raise funds to register this plaid in the McBrayer family name with the Lord Lyon. The process, from initial indications, is a rather expensive process as somewhere around \$2000 will be needed. This, of course, will require much financial help from the family. No one person can or should have to shoulder the entire cost. It is hoped that enough can be raised through these family contributions to register and protect OUR TARTAN.

Any information concerning the tartan will be passed along through this newsletter. Any donations to the fund to have it registered should be sent to either:

Ethel Brier Koller
3100 College Ave
Berkeley, Calif
94705

or

Carl McBrayer
412 Char Lane
Midwest City, Okla
73110

Be sure when you send a donation to specify and indicate that it for the REGISTRATION FUND.

The following story is published in this newsletter with the permission of Ethel Brier Koller, author, and family researcher, who has accomplished extensive research on the McBrayer/MacBroire family in Scotland, and is one of the leading authorities in this area. The scene for the story was 1978. Our thanks to Ethel for sharing it with us.

SCOTTISH ROUTE BACK TO ANCESTORS
by E. B. Koller

When we left our hostess, and "Sutie", the black dog, at 8:30 on a Friday morning for a trip to Edinburgh, we had no idea as to the strange turn of events the day would bring - how our lives would never be quite the same again.

There were five altogether, our hostess, and the four of us Californians on holiday as guests at our friend's red, sandstone house in the Royal Burgh of Lochmaben in southwestern Scotland. Two had never been to Scotland, so we had to decide what we as a group would like to see. For the most part there were no problems.

Edinburgh is about a two-hour drive, so we left early, choosing the slower, more picturesque, less traveled road through the countryside.

We exclaimed over a house with a roof of thatch and a doorway that looked as though it had been built to accommodate someone less tall than the average Californian.

We parked on a 'lay by' to read the inscription on a cairn built beside the road to mark the spot where an early day patriot became a martyr for his country. Cairns dot the landscape, but usually they are way out in a field of long damp grass, which involves climbing over at least a couple of barbed wire fences in order to read the inscription, all the while keeping one eye on rather unfriendly looking cows, and the other on the ground to see where it is safe to walk. We didn't look at many cairns.

We never tired of looking at the pastoral beauty of the Scottish countryside, the centuries old Beeches, the Thorns, the Chestnut trees in full bloom, the baby lambs and the sheep dogs, the numerous stark remains of castle and keep that dot the landscape.

Our hostess had an errand of her own that would take most of the day. We parted company with her and with "Sutie", the great black dog, at Edinburgh Castle. We arranged a meeting place and reservations for dinner at "Old Mill" at Blyth Bridge, on our return trip to the home of our hostess.

At the castle we arranged to have a guided tour of the outer buildings, mostly for the ben-

efit of the two who had not been here before, but also to refresh our own dimming memories. No matter how many times one goes to see the castle high on the rock outcroppings above the city of Edinburgh, there is always something that was missed on an earlier visit, and too, the exhibits do change occasionally.

We poked around for about two hours looking at suits of armour, old guns, banners, costumes and displays of silver. By this time we were all getting tired and thinking of lunch and hoping for a good cup of coffee. We were of one mind on this and went off to find the Castle Tearoom to reserve a table by the window where we would be in a good spot to watch the preparation for the firing of the cannon, a ritual that takes place every day of the year at one o'clock.

My romantic imagination overcame me at this point, and I visualized a great victory against a formidable enemy, the tide of which was turned at 1 p.m.

Fortunately my common sense re-asserted itself before I wandered farther in this sentimental vein. The cannon is fired at 1 p.m. from a parapeted wall walk, to give the locals the correct time of day. The clocks are set accordingly.

For lunch we had the most delicious and tender veal and we found the good coffee we were hoping for.

We watched the firing of the cannon and talked for a while about what we had seen (St Margaret's Chapel, founded more than eight centuries ago, and other exhibits of interest to us), when someone said they had seen a sign pointing out the Jacobite room.

We talked a little about the Jacobites, and how Scotland might be if the Highlanders had won the day at Culloden for the Bonnie Prince, Charles Edward Stuart, who was attempting to restore his father, James III, to the throne of Britain. And how, in spite of their victory, the Redcoats went about putting the last fatal shot into the wounded Scot, who was no longer in a position to do much about anything, earning for their commander, the Duke of Cumberland, the title, "The Butcher".

We went our separate ways, each looking at the collections of Jacobite relics, including the Colors carried at Culloden by the Stuarts and their opponents, the 4th Foot.

Lois, one of our party, walked quickly across the great hall and grasped my arm. After one or two false starts, the only word she uttered, or that crossed her lips, was "come". There was such a tone of urgency in her voice that my pulse was raised considerably. Almost at the same time we all converged to see what "urgent" matter had taken such a hold on a normally easy going Californian. She silently pointed to an old piece of Tartan, in the end of a display case in the Jacobite Room in Edinburgh Castle.

It was our family Tartan. There was no question about that. There it was. In that ancient fragment of fabric was the tangible connection to our own family past.

The accompanying card simply said "Very Old Before 1745. Name Unknown".

And tears came to my eyes and to Lois and probably to the others also. I was so overcome that I didn't notice and we stood there holding hands, unspeaking. Where did this voice come from? How did this faded, fragile, moth-eaten fragment of hand-loomed woolen get into the Jacobite Collection?

I looked again at that ancient piece and then closed my tear-filled eyes. Why I did this was not quickly apparent to my own newly jolted consciousness. But while my lids remained closed, I ran over in my mind the Jacobites, who were for the most part Highlanders, fighting for the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne.

Closing my lids was impulsive - to make sure that my vision had not deceived me. And there spread before me in my mind's eye was the whole scene. I saw the mother of the son who did not return to his lowland home, and she cried out to the heavens, "Why, oh Why," as has been cried out through all the ages by the women who have borne the sons who did not return.

And the mother turned toward the lonely Highlands, half hidden from view behind their purple mist,

Above the moon was a single glowing star, vivid and pulsing, and then she lifted her face to the heavens and she began to sing.

"If I must die, then let me die
While still my lute is strung,
Before the birds have left the sky
And all their song is sung
If I must go, then let me go
While still I feel, and still I know,
That earth is fair and all aglow,
And God and I are young."
It was her son's Hymn to the Morning Star.

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In the two hundred and forty plus years our family has been in America MANY relatives, both past and present, have served and fought for the principles in which they believed. The family name has been connected with every war and conflict since 1736. Many served unscathed; others were wounded. A large number gave their lives, while others suffered near intolerable conditions as captives and prisoners-of-war. The following story is of one such individual. His name is James David McBrayer, Jr. J.D. was born 9 Sept 1916 in Lorena, Tex. He was the son James David and Julia Ann Locke McBrayer, whose father had moved to the area from Mouse Creek, Tenn., in the late 1800's. He is the seventh gen in America.

Our appreciation to J.D. for sharing this story with us. It appeared in the Dallas (Texas) Morning News on 25 July 1979 and was written by Bob St. John.

The train was moving the prisoners of war from a camp near Shanghai north along the Yangtze River, and he knew it was about time. Four Japanese guards sat in the middle of two groups of prisoners, herded animal-like into each corner of the freight car.

It was near midnight and quiet, the silence punctuated only by the sounds of the train vibrating along the track. The guards, tired and bored, seemed to be dozing, but he would wait maybe five minutes to make sure.

The escape had been 2nd Lt. James McBrayer's idea, and although he had told the other prisoners about his plan, only three others had said they wanted to go along with him. They were Marvin Huizenga and John McAlister, who, as McBrayer, had been captured in Northern China, and a pilot named John Kinney, who was taken prisoner when the Japanese had occupied Wake Island.

Certainly the chances were slim. The guards, alerted, would shoot them without asking any questions and the chances of jumping from a moving train without breaking a leg or worse were not good, especially in their current physical condition. McBrayer's weight had dropped from 170 to 100 on the diet of watery soup and rice. He had dysentery, goodness knows what else. But the others were as bad, if not worse off.

It had all happened so quickly. He was a career officer from Lorena (near Waco), and had been stationed in Northern China. The Japanese and Chinese had been fighting a so-called undeclared war since 1937, but the invaders from Japan had stepped up their effort and now seemed to be throughout China.

It had become obvious the United States eventually would enter the war and, in fact, a ship, the John Adams, had been sent to evacuate the North China Marines. They would be taken to the Phillipines and by December, 1941, most of their guns and supplies had already been sent.

But with great suddenness, the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor on a gray morning Dec. 7, 1941, and declared war on the United States. Then they had marched on the Marines and taken them prisoner. That was about three and a half years earlier, and when rumors began to circulate that the prisoners were being moved to Japan to work, McBrayer knew he had to try to escape.

They had stolen a saw and smuggled it onto the train. Slowly they'd sawed the bars on the small window, the noise hidden by the steady roar of the train. And now it was time.

McBrayer said a short prayer, lifted himself up to the window and looked down at the track, hidden in the darkness below. The train, he knew, must have been going 30,35 miles per hour, but he'd made the decision and it was too late to turn back.

He dived out the window, curling up in a ball as he hit the ground, bounced and rolled down an embankment. In what seemed hours but truly was only seconds, he came to a stop. He was afraid to move, afraid he'd broken a leg, an arm. His back hurt. So did his left hand.

The train moved away, getting quieter and quieter. McBrayer rolled over on his back. A light rain felt good on his face. He got up, crouching. His back hurt but he could move. He looked at his left hand and saw one of his fingers was grotesquely bent to the side. He pulled the finger back as straight as he could get it. He didn't know where the others were...whether they'd been injured in the jump. He only knew they had agreed they'd head for the mountains and, hopefully, find guerrilla forces fighting against the Japanese.

He walked west, using the stars as his guide, most of the night and then hid through the next day in a cave near the river bank. When it was dark again he began to walk again and collapsed, near daylight, in a wheat field. He was hungry, thirsty, and knew he couldn't go much farther without food and water.

He saw an old Chinese man walking down a nearby road. He had to take a chance and came out of hiding and asked the man for water. He spoke Chinese well and had no problem talking to the man.

The man told him he had no water but to follow him to his house.

"I didn't know where I was going, what would happen, but I had no choice," McBrayer was later to recall. The man's house was a hut where his wife, children, chickens, and other animals lived. But McBrayer was given food and water, and after resting for two days, the old man got a guide to take him to the mountains. The old man said he hated the Japanese.

The guide came early the next morning and they began walking toward the mountains. "He wasn't at all friendly, looked suspicious, and I kept thinking he was leading me to the Japanese to turn me in," McBrayer said. "but I had to take chances."

The guide stayed about 100 yards in front of him so he could run or obviously disclaim him if they ran into a Japanese patrol. One patrol came close but they hid in the brush and the soldiers passed.

Once they rested and the guide looked at his neck. "I had lice on my neck," McBrayer said. "So did the guide. When he saw the lice on me we became friends. He talked the rest of the way and I walked along side him."

When they got to the mountains the guide stopped. He seemed afraid. McBrayer asked him what was the matter. "There are bandits up there," said the guide. "Life is nothing to them. They kill and rob you, whether you are the enemy or not. I go no further."

McBrayer thanked the guide and started walking slowly into the mountains. About halfway up, two men jumped out of the brush, one in front of him and the other behind. The man in front pointed a rifle at his head and the one behind jabbed him hard in the back with a bayonet.

The man kept jabbing him in the ribs and back....., urging him forward toward the other man who pointed the rifle at his head. He had been told about the bandits who roamed these mountains with no loyalty to anybody and how they'd kill a man and hack him to pieces for the shirt off his back.

This he thought could be the end. I've escaped the Japanese, diving headfirst out of a moving train, survived so many close calls and now I'm going to be killed by two punk bandits.

McBrayer was weak, his weight in prison camp had dropped to 100, but he thought he might have a slight chance if he whirled around, grabbed at the rifle in his side and dropped to the ground and attempted to wrestle the rifle loose and fire at the man in front of him. He probably would be killed but after three and half years as a prisoner of war a man becomes

philosophical about death, which could have come at any time and never was a surprise.

But he spoke Chinese well and began to explain his situation to the men.

They lowered their guns and told him to follow them. They told him they were communist guerrillas, followers of Mao Tse-tung, and they would take him to the leader of their band and perhaps he could be traded to the Nationalists for money or goods. They had heard money was available from the Americans to be paid for escaped prisoners who were returned.

He followed them for two and half days, deeper and deeper into the mountains. They were on the camp before he knew it. It was there, hidden in the rocks and brush. He was taken to the leader, a squatty, dirty man with one eye, who said he had something to show him.

That something was the other three prisoners McBrayer said had escaped the train with him. The guerrilla band had found them all wandering in the mountains. The one-eyed man felt very good because he knew they could be traded for money and goods.

The communists treated them well, giving them money and fattening them up. McBrayer had no shoes and none could be found in the camp big enough to fit him. So one day the guerrillas saw a peasant walking along a path in the mountains. They stopped him and told him they'd kill him if he didn't give them his shoes. He did and they gave the shoes to McBrayer.

The Americans were taken to rallies in the mountains in which speeches were made and giant pictures of Mao, Lenin, and Stalin were on display. They were asked to take part, to sing the National Anthem, but none of them could remember all the words so they did the Marine Hymn. "If they are still alive there are some Chinese who still believe the Marine Hymn is the National Anthem," McBrayer said.

Arrangements were made and communist guides took them on a zig-zag pattern to avoid Japanese patrols, through the mountains to a rendezvous point with the Nationalists. En route, they came upon an American intelligence officer operating a short-wave radio and relaying news of Japanese movements. The man was Captain John Birch and he had a small boy helping him.

They stayed with Birch for a few days and when they left he smiled and gave them a bill for \$40,000 for lodging. McBrayer still has the bill. Birch was later immortalized by the society that bears his name when, after refusing to give up his arms, he was shot and then hacked to pieces by the communists 10 days before V-J Day and became the "first hero killed during the Cold War".

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They finally located the Nationalists and an exchange was made. The American forces were contacted and a C-47 was sent to pick them up. "In all, I figured I'd gone 1,200 to 1,500 miles through China, mostly on foot," said McBrayer.

When he got back to the United States he pondered calling Helen, a girl to whom he'd been engaged when he'd first been sent to China in 1939. He hadn't seen her in five years, three months and only two of her letters had gotten through to him while he was in the prison camp. He felt certain she'd forgotten him by then, perhaps married, but he decided he'd phone anyway.

"Helen," he said, "This is, uh, James McBrayer. Uh, are you still available?"

"Where are you?" she asked. "I'm on my way."

They have now been married 36 years. McBrayer retired from the Marines as a colonel after serving in Korea. He got his Ph.D. and currently is teaching international politics and serving as director of graduate students in the political science department at Georgia State University in Atlanta.

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A special note of thanks: to Juanita (Nita) Carpenter of Mangum, Okla., for her generous contribution to the research fund.

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There have been several telephone calls and letters from concerned members of the family regarding inclusion of material they wished to provide- inclusion in the new genealogy-. I would like to clarify at this time. All material received before completion will be included. Any data received later will be added to the permanent files and when sufficient data has been accumulated, a separate addendum will be printed or all the subsequent material will be added to the quarterly newsletter. ALL data will be made available. So keep it coming.

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More participation is needed from the Alabama branch of the family, so I urgently ask all relatives of this line....contact your aunts, uncles, cousins, etc.; explain our endeavors and seek their help in obtaining additional information.

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An effort was recently made to contact many new members of the family. Over 150 letters were mailed, and of these 30-35% were returned as "undeliverable", etc. The response has been rather slow on the remainder which evidently reached the parties. I sincerely hope that more interest will soon be generated in this group. Your help is needed. For those who have replied....my sincere thanks!

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Keep your family stories and items coming. We will attempt to include all of it in both the newsletter and the book- or one or the other.

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NEW ADDITIONS

Patrick Allen and Charleen McCrary McBrayer (son of Donald W. and Janette Lambertz McBrayer of Ethan, S.D.) are the proud parents of a new son, Peyton Michael McB, b 27 Jun 1979.

Donald and Janette are proud grandparents still the second time as their daughter, Joyce McB Freidel and her husband, Keith, have a new son, Jay Edward Freidel, born 29 Sept., 1979.

Our congratulations to both proud parents and to the grandparents.

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Financial report

Bal o/h as of 1 Jun 1979	11.50
Total Received: From 1 Jun thru 1 Nov. 1979, included are subscription for NL, COA and donations	412.90
Total paid out: includes supplies, envelopes, paper, and stamps	169.70
Total Bal in Account includes a \$100 check for a pre-order for books	254.70

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