



# Clan Hope Society Newsletter

Vol. 1, Number 4. October-November, 2010

## Notice:

Clan Hope is organizing another order for the Hope-Vere Tartan, WR780, preferred by Clan Hope, through our kilt-maker. This tartan must be specially woven and is only available by special order. Scottish tartan clothing - kilts, hostess skirts, scarves, fly plaids, Prince Charlies, etc. - can also be ordered simultaneously.

To participate, contact  
Christine Hope Papp at  
678-300-1667

or e-mail  
[presidentclanhope@gmail.com](mailto:presidentclanhope@gmail.com)

## Activities

### Coming Events:

#### Clan Hope will sponsor tents at:

Note: Due to scheduling conflicts, Clan Hope will be unable to host a tent at the Williamsburg Games.

October 15-17, 2010 Stone Mountain Highland Games, Stone Mountain Park, Alpharetta, GA

November 2010 "Kirkin (blessing) Of the Tartan" St Georges' Anglican Church at 10 AM Las Vegas NV

January 15-16, 2011 Central Florida Highland Games, Winter Springs Florida

January 29, 2011 Sarasota Highland Games and Celtic Festival, Sarasota Florida

February 26-28, 2011 Phoenix, AZ Highland Games, Phoenix AZ

February 26, 2011, Northeast Florida Scottish Games and Festival, Clay Co. Fairgrounds, Green Cove Springs

April 9, 2011, Dunedin Highland Games, Highlander Park, Dunedin Florida

April 16-17, 2011 Las Vegas Highland Games, Floyd Lamb Park, Las Vegas, NV

If you are in the area where Clan Hope is sponsoring activities, please drop by, visit with us and extend this invitation to any other Hopes in the area as well.

#### Recent Events :

#### Clan Hope Hosted Tents at:

September 17-19, 2010 Oklahoma Scottish Games, River West Festival Park, Tulsa, OK

July 8-11, 2010 Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, Linville, NC

June 4-6, 2010 Texas Scottish Festival and Highland Games, Arlington, TX

June 11-13, 2010 The Kansas City Highland Games, Riverside, MO

May 8, 2010, the Savannah Highland Games, Savannah, GA

(Ctrl + Click on the underlined entries to access photos)

## Clan Hope of Craighall welcomes the following new members joining since the last newsletter:

Louis Dean Hope  
LaRhesa McLean Gallion

Darrell and Linda Wilhite  
Lawrence Latimer Hope

## A Chosen Child

By Jennifer Ann Hartman Hope - Born Linda Carol Staley

### The Very Beginning:

I am an adopted child. I was born on May 27, 1945 and given the name Linda Carol Staley. Though my birth mother tried to keep me, it became clear to her that, as a single parent, she could not give me the life she wanted me to have. She took me to the Children's Home in Greensboro, N.C. shortly thereafter, where I lived until I was adopted the following December by a salesman and his wife, a homemaker. Atley and Harriett Hartman named me Jennifer Ann. On the trip home to Newton, N.C., I was placed in a basket in the back seat of their car. As the story goes, a cow ran across the road and my daddy had to hit the brakes to avoid hitting it. Since seat belts were rare back then and child restraints were non-existent, I flew out of the basket and rolled onto the floor of the car. My new mother immediately chastised him, yelling, "Atley, you're going to kill her before we even get her home!" Apparently she would have preferred to hit the cow. Perhaps that's why I've never cared for milk.

My adopted mother's response that day reflected years of maternal anxiety and struggle. As the oldest of five children, she yearned for five children of her own, but it was not to be. Instead, life dealt her several miscarriages before she finally gave birth to my older brother, James. After three more miscarriages, my mother's doctor advised her that she would be, "taking her life in her own hands" if she tried to give birth again and that he would not be held responsible. She got frustrated and angry but, undeterred, said that was just fine, she would adopt a child, and she did.

### A supportive family:

My earliest memories are of a happy home with wonderful parents, a normal older brother and a very loving extended family. I was told all of my life that I was a chosen child, which made me very special. I always felt loved and special growing up, despite the fact that my mother was a stern disciplinarian. Yet, she was supportive beyond measure, and spoke her mind when necessary. One time before I was old enough to attend school, I decided to test my entrepreneurial skills by taking a box of cookies, tying a string around it, and pulling it down the street from door to door, selling the cookies for a penny a piece. I was probably motivated by the desire for some gum or candy at the local Redbird's store. (Redbird was the owner's nickname.) Back then one penny would get you five sticks of gum, so the box of cookies must have been a gold mine to my young mind. All of the neighbors were wonderful sports, until I got to the local doctor's house. His wife was obviously disturbed by my actions and wouldn't buy a cookie. A while later, I remember seeing the doctor's wife standing at our front door giving my mother a fit for allowing me to do such a dreadful thing. My mother obviously admired my resourcefulness because she told the doctor's wife that I was just being industrious and that all she had to do was give me a penny and throw the cookie away, as the other neighbors had done. The doctor's wife must have realized how ridiculous she seemed, picking on a small child that way, because that was the end of that conversation.

One day when I was about five years old, my very best friend Patricia and I decided to go to the local drug store to the soda fountain. Remember the fountains where you could sit up on the high stool and get something to eat or drink? It was at least a mile from our houses to the store, and we had to cross a lot of busy streets, but since it was a small town, we made it without incident. Upon arrival, we confidently jumped up on the stools and asked the clerk, whom we knew, for everyone knew everyone in this small town, for ice cream cones. I recall the look on his face turning from concern to fear when he asked us where our mothers were and we proceeded to tell him rather nonchalantly that they were at home. Being big girls, we had just walked downtown to get ice cream cones. What was the big deal? He gave us each a cone. Knowing that my mother would make it good, I looked up at him from my barstool and confidently chimed, "Charge it!" I can't think of how many times I have said those words since then. The clerk made some phone calls and moments later our mothers were both standing beside us, rather put out, I suppose. Of course we didn't think we had done anything wrong. We weren't punished but got a good tongue-lashing on how we could have been killed on our ice cream quest.

My mother and daddy were big football fans. In North Carolina there are several rival college teams and my parents loved to go to the games with our next-door neighbors, a couple named Emma and Locke. My aunt Libby loved to come to our home to take care of my brother and me on these occasions. She would bring my cousin and spend the weekend with us. Patricia and I were playing outside on one of these visits and decided to go next door to Emma and Locke's house to look around in the basement. After several hours, my aunt couldn't find us and recruited the entire neighborhood to look for us. Someone finally heard a commotion in the basement next door and came in, about scaring us to death. We had broken all of Emma's full jars of jams, jellies, green beans and numerous other vegetables she had so lovingly canned. We had also gotten into Locke's fishing tackle and no one could quite understand how we had not hurt ourselves on all of the sharp objects it contained. The fishing gear must have inspired us to go fishing, because my Aunt Libby tells me that we turned on the water in an attempt to make our own fishing pond / swimming pool. Boy, were we in trouble! My loving aunt wanted to kill this adorable adopted child, but stopped short with a good spanking.

## Traditional Scottish Recipes

### Cauliflower and Bacon Soup



*Serves four*

#### Ingredients:

One pint (2½ cups) vegetable stock  
Half pint (1¼ cups) milk or fat free half and half  
1 large onion (chopped)  
8 slices crispy bacon (chopped)  
2 tablespoons vegetable oil  
2 medium potatoes, (chopped)  
1 small cauliflower, cut into florets  
Salt and pepper to taste

#### Method:

Fry the onion and bacon in oil for 5/6 minutes. Stir in the potatoes, cauliflower and stock and bring to the boil. Cover and simmer for fifteen minutes or until tender then add milk. Reheat gently and season to taste. As an added touch, you can grill a couple of pieces of bacon until crisp; crush and sprinkle on top of the soup in the plate before serving. For a thicker soup add 4 tablespoons of flour to the bacon and onion mixture after it is browned. Stir to coat mixture then continue with recipe.

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My trouble-making skills included my big brother James and his friends on another occasion. While playing in the small woods behind his friend Pete's house, across the street, they decided to start a fire. They got sticks from the woods and started it. Being the pesky younger sister, of course I ran home and tattled on them. But it was too late; when my mother got there they had talked Pete into trying to walk on the hot coals barefoot. In considerable pain, Pete was put in the wagon and rolled home, and then driven in the car to the doctor's office. I think that was when my brother decided I was a useless little girl and first wished my parents would send me back where I came from.

The boys got back at me when we would play in a nearby vacant lot. We often played softball, boys and girls together, but the games of hide-n-seek were the best! We always played right at dark and the boys knew they could take advantage of this by sneaking up on us and scaring us to death. They always did, but we always played. That was pretty stupid, but it must have been fun, too. I have a picture taken in that vacant lot of the girls in a line with our favorite baby dolls.

It was a very sad day when I was 9 years old and we moved away from Newton, N.C. to the nearby big city- Charlotte. We were there for just one year, my 4th grade. The only thing I seem to remember about Charlotte, is that it was where we lived when my mother was told that I needed a hearing test; I guess I didn't answer the teacher when she spoke to me. We found out that I was deaf in my left ear. I know now that poor hearing runs in my biological family, but at the time we assumed it was the result of an accident. I was riding my bike one day and a tire needed some air in it. I went to the corner service station and proceeded to put air in the tire. I didn't have a clue how much air to put in. The service man came out to help me, but I couldn't hear him tell me to stop and within a few seconds the tire exploded in my face. The next thing I remember, I was in the doctor's office. He washed out my eyes and said that I was very lucky to be okay.

After that year we moved again, this time to Montgomery, AL. It was hard for us due to the physical separation of my immediate family from our extended family. We had always been so close and now we were several states apart. Although we couldn't visit them as often, we still visited them regularly, including my maternal adopted grandparents, who lived in Valdese, N.C. My grandmother, Harriett Ramsay, we called Granny, and my grandfather, Pappa. Granny was the best and such a happy, jovial woman! She would *have* to be to put up with my mom and her brother and three sisters. I'm told my mom was always the loud, obstreperous one and that Pappa would respond to her the way he would respond to us, his grandchildren- by tapping his foot. Pappa had a way of firmly and rhythmically tapping his foot that told us that if we didn't stop whatever it was we were doing, immediately, we would be in *big* trouble. My grandfather could be very intimidating until you got to know him. We kids used to love to sit in his big red chair, but we knew the minute he walked into the room that his eyes would meet ours, telling us we had better get up out of his chair! Then Pappa would sit down in his chair and put us in his lap. He was a very loved and respected man in his small community and always gave much more than he received.

I always loved to visit Pappa and Granny, especially after we moved to Montgomery. We went every summer and I loved the big feather bed in the guest bedroom. I also liked for Granny to give me her wallet and send me to the corner store for something she forgot. The problem was when she used her wallet she could never remember where she put it. Sometimes it took us an hour to find it. One time we found it in the linen closet. Being the oldest granddaughter, I was allowed to take my cousins to the small town swimming pool and watch them. I was very important, don't you know. Of course, all teenagers are.

(To be continued in the next newsletter)

## Member's Corner

**Jerry Lee and Jeanne Marie Rice Hope, 1314 Horne St., St. Charles, IL 60174, [jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net)**

I am a retired engineer and Jeanne is a retired teacher. I was listed in Who's Who In International Engineering. Jeanne did part of her student teaching at Collier's Woods section of London, England. She lived on the campus of Southland's College, the Education Division of Rohampton Institute in the Village of Windeledon. Jeanne also sings with the Chamber Singers and the Naperville Chorus. We are both active environmentalists. During our working years, we traveled the world and since retiring Jeanne and I have continued traveling. We have lived in 14 U.S. cities and visited 44 of the 50 states. We or I have been to Canada, Mexico, Central America, USSR, England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, China, Japan, Philippines, Yemen, Egypt, South Africa, Costa Rica, Belize, Brazil, Grand Cayman, Grand Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic, St. Lucia, and Margarita Island. In 1977 I was arrested by the KGB and this is too long of a story to tell here. We can tell the story over a beer or two at one of the games. I think I enjoyed Cape Town and Hermanus South Africa more than any other place visited. The animals and birds were fantastic. I was there to develop manufacturing plants to produce food products, and they knew I was an Audubon member and/or Director so they made sure I saw many creatures. I had the opportunity to see Southern Right Whales calving. Jeanne and I also spent a week on a whaling research boat in the Silver Bank 85 miles off the coast of the Dominican Republic. We saw over 100 Humpback Whales, and Jeanne was able to swim with a mother and her calf. We do wildlife photography, are bird guides, and write stories for Illinois Audubon Society.

We have some family information back to Robert Milton and Catharine Allison Hope. We have photos back to James Crawford Hope. I knew all but one of their children. We also have some information on who the girls married and their children. This year we attended the Scottish Festival & Highland Games in Oak Brook, IL. We worked at the information tent. We had a great time and hope to attend next year's games at Inverness, IL. Anyone interested in having a Hope tent at this location?

## Postscript:

We sincerely hope you will make this newsletter your own by contributing items of interest to Hopes, Scots, Hope genealogists or any related subjects. Please help us share our Hope and Scottish information among clan members and friends! We will accept anything that is original or has the origin cited in the piece. Submit anything you wish to have included in our newsletter to: [gmhope@ufl.edu](mailto:gmhope@ufl.edu). We look forward to your contributions. Thanks in advance for sharing!