

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

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Nothing is Constant but Change

By Joanne H. Harvey

We will find our membership in Clan MacDougall Society more rewarding if we level some of the common barriers which block our understanding of our clan ancestors.

We assume, if we think at all about their lives, that they existed in a pastoral, if not idyllic, society planting, harvesting, hunting, fishing, enjoying the protection of the Laird and the instruction of the Dominie in his wee Kirk. Our usual comment on what we think formed the daily life of the Scot in 1840, taking my own ancestor's time as an example, is that everything was so much simpler then! A closer look will show many similarities in the complex lives of John McDougall of 1840 and Joanne Harvey of 1972.

We both live under political systems which, while not necessarily operating to our exact wishes, are reasonably stable and beginning to show at least a little concern for the welfare of the individual. John would be horrified at the amount of regulation and regimentation, of identifying one's self and being recorded which Joanne takes for granted. Joanne is appalled at the callous unconcern of the government of the British Isles in 1840 about the physical and mental welfare of its citizens, the uncertain sanitation of food and water, the absence of what she considers the most rudimentary social services.

John has behind him the heritage of a minority people, defeated bloodily in many wars, proscribed, penalized, forbidden to exhibit the clan plaid or play the clan music. He sees the English King as a despised ruler from whom little good can be expected.

Joanne, as a result of John's struggles, has always been a member of the favored majority, sharing in a small part in her country's decisions and progress. Her family's experience is that Christianity, work, and learning are the successful means to the Good Life.

John has struggled for the little education he has, values it deeply and is resentful that he was unable to complete his Baccalaureate or later in the New World unable to find work suitable to his intellectual interests. Joanne attended tax-supported schools for 17 years, has been able to fully and satisfactorily use her specialized education.

John lives in a society which is seeing a rapid transition from small individual farming units to large consolidated operations, directed by often absentee landlords. Joanne lives in a society which sees the same thing happening, plus a rapid growth of



Genealogist Joanne Hartz Harvey, with husband, Kenneth, and daughters, Laura Ellen and Mary Ruth.

large industry and a consequent drop in the value of small operations which can be directed by the individual.

John's one skill, farming, has been inadequate to make his family economically prosperous, and he has not had opportunity to learn or market a new skill. Joanne has marketed her skill successfully, but sees that continuous re-education will be necessary.

John's moral code, while expanding as he grows and is faced with new experiences, has continued to be respected, appropriate to community standards. The values he brought with him from Scotland have proved to be those which are recognized among Canadians and Americans. The moral code Joanne has learned is under great pressure in the face of new beliefs, attitudes, facts and theories. John could rest on the certainty that his mores would be as suitable for his grandchildren as they had been for his grandparents. Joanne sees that her own children are developing beliefs somewhat differing from hers.

Which life is the richer? Who has a truer understanding of our experience in the world? We cannot judge, but as we understand more deeply the lives of our ancestors we find more meaning in our own.

The Five McDOUGAL BROTHERS

John McDougal, fourth born of the remarkable five McDougal brothers, became Governor of the state of California.

In California annals he has been variously portrayed as an able and popular man, as a wit or comic of sorts, or as a man whose talent was drowned in whiskey. Each description has its element of truth. John McDougal's turbulent short life, he died when he was only 48, was like a sky rocket.

While nothing in John's early years essentially fitted him for statesmanship, this can also be said of other men thrust suddenly into public life in states that were just emerging from pioneer times.

Born in Ross County, Ohio, in 1818, John as a youngster worked in the store, then accompanied his family in their move to Indianapolis.

His brother Charles had by then secured his first appointment as assistant surgeon at Fort Dearborn. His brother David was already working toward an appointment to Annapolis, and his oldest brother has been established in Indianapolis for four years.

Personable, restless and ambitious John, not quite fourteen, managed to get himself into service in the Black Hawk War. Between Indian skirmishes he marked time in the family trade until 1841 when he was appointed a superintendent of the Indiana state prison at Jeffersonville.

Five years later he married. However, instead of settling down to married life as a prison official, following the outbreak of the Mexican War that year, he set off as first lieutenant of an Indiana volunteer company. McDougal's regiment, attached to General Wingfield Scott's command, saw action from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. John returned with the rank of captain.

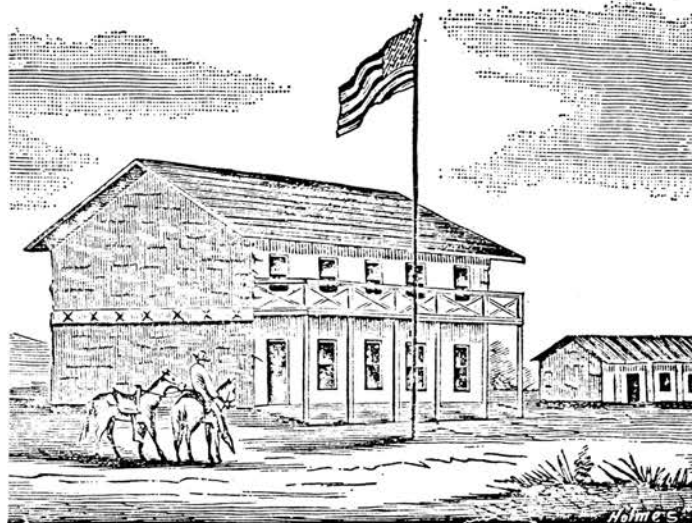
Captain McDougal now discovered that his younger brother, George, had gone to California where he had become a successful merchant in the Sacramento area. California sounded good to John. With his wife he headed for New Orleans to take passage to Panama. It was in New Orleans in mid-December 1848 that the McDougals and their fellow passengers heard of the California gold discovery.

From Panama John obtained onward passage on the now famous voyage of THE CALIFORNIA which brought the first gold seekers to San Francisco. On this voyage John and his wife made a good impression: "McDougal was an exceedingly useful and agreeable traveling companion and his amiable wife by those winning ways . . . constantly held in check what might have otherwise been an undesirable degree of boldness and push".

Needless to say, like most of the passengers, John set out for the gold fields as soon as he landed in San Francisco on February 28, 1849. Within a month, however, he abandoned prospecting and accepted an offer to manage his brother's store in Suttersville while George returned to Indianapolis.

This was a financial disaster for George because John bankrupted the store by advertising the sale of its goods at cost. Such prices caught public attention, as did his next brief venture of packing supplies to miners on extremely easy credit.

Inadvertently or by design he was creating an image of himself as the people's friend. In April, 1849, not two months after he had first set foot in California, John was one of fourteen men elected to frame a code of laws for the Sacramento district. Next, barely five months later, he was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention at Monterey.



The first capitol in California, destroyed by fire in 1853, was built of adobe and housed the Assembly in the upper story while the Senate occupied the largest of four rooms in the lower story.

John McDougal now struck his stride as a campaigner. People said he had superior natural talents and an extremely sociable and companionable disposition. On November 13th they elected him the first Lieutenant Governor of the state by the largest number of votes cast for any candidate running for an office.

Lieutenant Governor McDougal, installed December 20, 1849, became the first President of the California senate. He was 32 years old. He was riding a high wave of popularity which was to carry him through 1850.

It was not until January, 1851, when Peter H. Burnett, California's first Governor, resigned and the Lieutenant Governor automatically became Governor of California that John McDougal's strength in office was to be tested.

In evaluating his career as chief executive it should be remembered that to launch a new state many basic things were required: the establishment of state boundaries, of state hospitals for the sick and mentally ill, of a system of public education and a state university, of equalization in state financing, of appropriate laws to develop federal land, of the exemption of homesteads from forced judgements, of laws governing the problem of 200,000 Indians and militia organization for defense, of laws concerning slavery and concerning the immigration of foreign criminals, and of laws regulating proceedings in both criminal and civil cases.

On most issues which were pending or acted upon during his term, Governor McDougal followed the general thinking of his time. Whoever the chief executive might have been, things would probably have evolved about as they did.

On certain things, however, John McDougal had strong individualistic views. He deplored the use of other state constitutions as models in drafting a constitution for his own state. "This House has originality enough," he told them, "to form a preamble of its own." And "I desire to see in this constitution at least a few lines of our own manufacture."

On the question of state militia and of protecting the settlers he called on his own experience. He felt it was the place of the federal government to protect settlers but, if the federal government would not assume the responsibility, that the state should have an efficient militia to call on, properly provisioned and compensated. Up to then volunteers had loosely grouped themselves, paying out of their own pockets for what they needed, and answerable to no one in particular for how they dispensed the protection. Furthermore he believed that at least

the higher ranks of the militia should be appointed, instead of being selected by the men as was the common practice, to insure the capability of its officers. The legislature saw the validity of his points and enacted measures to carry them out.

This took care of one source of armed groups which were accustomed to operating outside the law "for the public good". It did not take care of another more formidable one. The vigilantes. In the new state where crime was admittedly rife, and made more flagrant by excesses of the gold rush, groups of local citizens had set themselves up to administer speedy punishment. The vigilance committees represented large and powerful segments of the state's population. The fledgling Governor pitted himself against them.

He fired proclamation after proclamation aimed at bringing the vigilante groups to terms with established court procedures. He struck out at them by using his power to grant reprieves and to commute sentences. Whether he was a dedicated defender of law and order as it would seem or whether, as his detractors were soon to overwhelmingly charge, granting reprieves and thundering at vigilantes was a vote-getting trick, it certainly did the luckless ones he "saved" no good because the vigilantes got their hands on them and hanged them anyway.

In March, 1851, it had been said of him "at this moment there is no man in the state who possesses more personal friends than John McDougal". By May the citizens of Napa hanged him in effigy!

In May also, just four months after he had taken the oath of office, John McDougal failed to get the renomination for Governor which he had hoped for and expected.

He finished out his year as chief executive, still reprieving and commuting sentences.

In January, 1852, he sent his only message - a calm, clear, excellent one - to the third session of the legislature. But at the same time he also sent the legislature, the body over which he had presided just a short year before, his resignation as Governor of California! His resignation, so curiously timed at almost the end of his term, was not accepted and was even stricken from the journal.

John McDougal was still a young man when he stepped down from office. Afterward he fought a duel with a newspaper editor who had criticized his administration; he became a sort of party hack in minor politics; and finally he became an addicted alcoholic. He died of apoplexy in San Francisco March 30, 1866.

The feeling grows that he has not been fairly treated by historians. This may have been partially because, in later day reporting, his career and life became confused with that of Senator James A. McDougall, a man who indulged in flamboyant costumes and pompous ways. Foppish and pretentious John was not, as the host of "friends" he alienated could testify.

It may have been because after he actually turned alcoholic it was assumed that immoderate drinking had affected his executive ability. However, while he was still Governor excessive drinking was not even hinted at by his bitterest enemies - a charge they would hardly have overlooked had they had any basis for making it.

In any case the name John McDougal, one of the prodigious family of five brothers, is indelibly written on the rolls of the state of California as its first Lieutenant Governor, its first resident of the Senate, and its second Governor. He was a man who must have had great personal charm, whose stand on due process of law turned out to be political suicide, and who faded ingloriously from the public scene. His tenure in office was too brief for sound judgement of his potential had fate granted him a second term.

SCOTTISH BOOKSHELF

By Margaret MacDougall Allen

I have been appointed to set up an information exchange for the Society about Scottish reading material, with a column in THE TARTAN, and I am feeling a little panicky. I love to read. I hate to write. But I will do my best if everyone will help me make it a real exchange of information.

Last week I went to the library where my good friend who is a Campbell with a Cameron grandmother, showed me some childrens and young adult books, as they are listed, about Scotland. I brought them home to read myself.

My favorite was the "BLACK FOX OF LORNE" by Marguerite De Angeli. For 12 year olds up to any age, it excitingly tells a familiar story of the Vikings, of a shipwreck and two boys, twins, who meet Gavin the "Black Fox of Lorne", of clansmen at war, of the brooch that was lost, of meeting with Alan MacDugal and the war cry of "Victory or Death", ending with Alan MacDugal as master of Lorne, made so by Malcolm, King of Scotland.

Then there were a number of books by Jane Duncan, who lives in Scotland and writes delightful descriptions of the Highlands. I read "CAMERONS AT THE CASTLE", one of several with the same characters, four young people who visit their aunt near Inverness. All sorts of fascinating things happen to them - smugglers, ghosts in the castle, a plane crash, finding the white hind and the lost jewelled crucifix.

For adult fare of the light summer type, I do recommend Harvey Howells' "THE BRAW AND THE BONNY". It is an amusing story set around Oban and Glasgow. It begins in the Edwardian age and goes to the end of World War I. Anna Dougal is the heroine, a widow who takes over the farm and makes a success of it, one of the first women to drive an automobile. There is a bit of love interest, of course, to keep you reading the novel about a clever businesswoman. Another colorful Scottish tale of Harvey Howells' is "BIDE ME FAIR".

One of the newer novels, "A FALCON FOR A QUEEN" by Catherine Gaskin, is a story of the Scottish Highlands in the 1890's. The events that follow Kitty Howard's arrival at her grandfather Macdonald's distillery not only hold your interest but remind the MacDougalls who toured Scotland together several years ago of their visit to Grant's distillery.

For more serious reading, and recommended by Captain Lester McDowell for a permanent place on your bookshelves, are two books by C. R. MacKennon: "TARTANS AND HIGHLAND DRESS" and "SCOTLAND'S HERALDRY". The titles are self-explanatory. Also highly recommended by Captain McDowell is "THE CLANS, SEPTS & REGIMENTS OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS" by Frank Adams. All three books are published in England and Scotland.

And if you would enjoy just looking, especially if you have been in Scotland, there is a book of beautiful landscapes and buildings. It is "SCOTLAND" by Eric Linklater & Edwin Smith. Divided into four sections, Edinburgh & Glasgow, the Lowlands, central Scotland, and the Highlands and Islands, with detailed notes about the plates, it will recall many familiar places. A very lovely book.

I think, too, you will find John Kenneth Galbraith's story of a Scotch settlement in Canada entertaining. It is called "THE SCOTCH", and is laid in a community along Lake Erie where Galbraith grew up and writes of his own real knowledge.

For a Scottish book column there is no problem at all. There are so many exciting books of all kinds. Write and tell me about them. Give me a brief sketch if you can. My address is: Mrs. Don E. Allen, 323 Walnut Street, Allegan, Michigan 49010. This is our job to do together.

It's fun being a MacDougall, isn't it?

President's Message -

I am still aglow from the warm friendship experienced in being with fellow clansmen last July in Linville at our membership meeting, at the Highland Games and at the Tartan Ball.

It was very gratifying to me to attend the eighth annual meeting of our Board of Directors, and to have ten of our twelve members present. Last year we talked about electing some of our younger members to the Board. This year we did something about it.

Of the members nominated, five were selected: RICHARD HOWARD MACDOUGALL, son of our Secretary-Treasurer, a Vietnam veteran, presently in business in New York City; LT. NEIL A. MACDOUGALL, son of Mr. & Mrs. Donald A. MacDougall, formerly a professor at St. Andrews School, Middleton, Delaware, and now at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville; G. SIMMS MCDOWELL, III, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. Simms McDowell, Jr., of Charleston, South Carolina, where Simms is a practicing attorney; A. WYLIE MCDOWGALL and JOHN W. MCDOWGALL, JR., who are my sons and are vice-presidents of John W. McDougall Company Inc. in Nashville, Tennessee. These five young men are in their late twenties and early thirties. Each of them has accepted election to the Board with much enthusiasm. I am sure their participation will strengthen our Society in the years ahead.

The Board also initiated a plan we believe will add greatly to the enjoyment of those who come to Linville for the annual meeting. Next year we will have a MacDougall "Scotch Treat" cocktail and dinner party on Friday evening prior to the Saturday morning membership meeting. I'm sure it will be fun, but it has the more serious side of providing the opportunity for new and old friends to get together and know each other better. This year, for instance, we had MacDougalls at the meeting from thirteen states and Canada. An informal social occasion lets us get better acquainted. Boys and girls of any age, with their parents, will be most welcome at the party; and members of course may bring personal guests. More details will come along later.

Another innovation is the plan to organize ourselves so that Clan MacDougall and its Septs will be more clearly identified at our tent during the two days of the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, and so that prospective members who drop by are properly introduced and informed concerning our Society. Forty thousand people attended the games this year. If, among them, we have clansmen who can readily locate us, and if they are made to feel welcome when they do, we should add each year quite a number of valuable new members.

Speaking of new members, and space never permits me to give you interesting particulars about each new member as I would like to do, I do want to mention that we now have our first member who permanently resides outside of the American continent. Member Henry McDowell of Celbridge, County Kildare, Ireland, writes that he loves America, has been here twice, and hopes one day to be fortunate enough to attend one of our meetings. We hope so too.

With this issue of THE TARTAN, we are sending you a copy of the Minutes of the Eighth Annual Membership Meeting, feeling that these minutes will be of interest to those who have not been able to attend. The minutes record the thanks of our members to those dedicated individuals who keep our records, Mr. & Mrs. Howard D. MacDougall, and who publish THE TARTAN, Mr. & Mrs. A. Wylie McDougall. By this message, I want to add my personal thanks. These particular MacDougalls deserve the credit, to a large extent, for the success of our fine Society.

BACKGROUND BITS

Newly elected Director G. Simms McDowell, III, was born August 14, 1943, in Roanoke, Virginia, and moved to Charleston with his parents after the second World War. He graduated from the University of the South, Sewanee, in 1965 with a B.A. in history.

Following graduation, Simms joined the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve and was stationed in Key West, Florida, aboard the USCGC Diligence. In the fall of 1966, he entered the University of South Carolina School of Law, from which he graduated in 1969 with a Juris Doctor degree. In the fall he entered the private practice of law in Charleston.

A handsomely eligible bachelor, it is no wonder his club memberships include the Bachelor's Society of Charleston. But Simms McDowell's interests are broad and his participation in them effective. He is a member of the St. Andrews Society of Charleston and a charter member of the St. Andrews Society of Columbia, S.C. He belongs to the New England Society of Charleston, and to the Society of the Cincinnati and the Society of Colonial Wars. He also belongs to the Rotary Club.

He is President of the Sewanee Club of Charleston and is on the Alumni Board of Porter-Gaud School. Professionally, McDowell's memberships include the Charleston County Bar Association and South Carolina Bar Association.

Simms teaches Sunday School at Grace Episcopal Church where he was an acolyte and President of YPSL.

Back in 1968 he was campaign manager for Frank K. Sloan who was running for Congress in the 2nd Congressional District of South Carolina, losing the campaign but capturing 46% of the vote. And presently, he is a petty officer in the Coast Guard Reserve and a candidate for a commission in the Coast Guard Reserve as JAG Officer.

He says, "I am pleased that I was selected to be on the Board of Clan MacDougall. It was an unexpected honor. I hope I can justify it." There is no doubt in the minds of those who know him that Simms McDowell will.



Clan newlyweds Wynne & Neil MacDougall and Dianne & Earl Prevost meet at the Highland Games.

President's Message (continued)

While I am passing out bouquets, I want our new Life Members to know how very much their generosity is appreciated. The other Life Members, I am sure, already know. Is there a better way to perpetuate our proud heritage than to support the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada in such a manner?

J. W. McDougall

High Commissioner

YULETIDE IN SCOTLAND —

What is the holiday season really like in Scotland? What are traditionally Scottish customs as opposed, say, to British? What is, and was, the festive food? What the drink?

These are questions we asked Madam MacDougall, because bits we had read confused us about Christmas trees and a "Wishing Ceremony", about "First Footing", about "Auld Hansel Monday", and about the magic of the Rowan tree.

Our Chief was quick to explain that until quite recent years Christmas was not kept at all in Presbyterian Scotland. Work went on as usual, shops were open and there were no church services.

She went on to say, however, that her own family, belonging to the Church of England, did observe Christmas much as we do in the States and Canada. There was Church in the morning, a big dinner in the middle of the day with turkey, plum pudding, mince pies, and the table decorated with crackers. As a little girl she hung up her stocking and opened her presents when she woke up in the morning. They had a Christmas tree. The children on the estate and the estate workers all came for their presents. Thus one's Church, whether home was a castle or a crofter's cottage, determined how December 25th was spent.

But for all of Scotland, Madam MacDougall tells us, New Year's Day is the big holiday, with shops closed and work at a standstill. The celebration really gets under way with "First Footing". This is at any moment past midnight of New Year's eve.

According to legend, it brings luck to the house if the first person to cross the threshold on January first is a "dark" man. So blondes keep away; a brunette is the emissary of good luck. He is supposed to bring with him food and warmth for the house, a peat for the fire or a lump of coal, and a bannock. He is greeted by the householder and the lady of the house. The host gives him a glass of whiskey and, following one old custom, the lady keeps smiling while the first footer breaks the bannock over her head!

A bannock, for the record, is a bread about the diameter of a meat plate, made of flour, barley meal, salt, buttermilk and soda, baked on both sides on a griddle. The lady, therefore, does not necessarily face New Year's day with a headache.

In Oban at midnight all the ships in the bay sound their sirens. And from midnight on open house is held in the people's homes.

"When we were at Barcaldine Castle," Madam MacDougall says, "we used to have a party for our neighbors. They would come in about nine and we would show some slides, talk and have coffee and cakes. At midnight someone dark would knock at the door and come in bringing the traditional gifts. We would all drink to the New Year, usually a big bowl of hot spiced red wine, and sing Auld Lang Syne. Lately, not being young, none of us are keen on turning out at night!"

Dunollie through the years, however, has been the scene of much holiday festivity and our Chief shares with us excerpts from the diary of John, fourth son of Admiral Sir John MacDougall of MacDougall and his wife Sophia Elizabeth. The family consisted of nine children, six sons and three daughters, at this time ranging from about 12 to 24 years old. John's diary reads:

Thursday, 25th December 1851 - Being Christmas Day read the Liturgy and a Sermon together in the forenoon. Dined a party of 12 at 5 p.m. In the evening played at "Hunt the Whistle", "Blind Man's Buff" and other games amidst shouts of laughter and general good humor.

Saturday 25th December 1852 - Being Christmas Day, we read prayers and Sermon at home in the morning. Went to Oban

DESIGNED FOR MACDOUGALLS —

Described and pictured herein are a few strictly MacDougall items which can be ordered for personal use, or as gifts, should members be interested. THE TARTAN editors will be happy to send full instructions for ordering. (Write to A. Wylie MacDougall, 816 Governor Nicholls, New Orleans, La. 70116.)

BROOCH

Since 1306 MacDougalls have revered the Brooch of Lorne (full story in Fall 1967 issue) as their most cherished and famous possession. A copy of it in gold, half size, was made and presented to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught in 1911 at the Scottish Historical Exhibition where the Brooch had been lent for display. Aside from this, no copies existed except small replicas for use of the immediate family, such as the lovely one worn by Madam MacDougall on all but the most compelling of state occasions when the real Brooch is then taken from its vault in the bank. Now a leading Hong Kong jeweller has, on order, modelled a brooch from a picture of the Brooch of Lorne. It is white gold, 3 inches in diameter, with pearls on the spires and a center stone of palest angelskin coral. The center boss on which the stone is mounted, like the real Brooch, unscrews to form a reliquary. Copies would be made only on order from a MacDougall, not for general sale. Price about \$500.

CHINA

Dinner plates and cups and saucers, white, banded in Royal blue and gold, with the MacDougall crest in the center, crest grounded on black with blue, silver and red, have been designed by a noted purveyor of hand decorated fine china - also in Hong Kong. Dinner plates about \$5 each. Cup and saucer, both with crest, about \$6.50. Other pieces of china could be furnished.



MacDougall brooch modelled after the Brooch of Lorne.

with Louisa and Kitty and called on Old Nurses, the Wards Rankines, etc. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Kilmore, came to dinner. (Minister of the Church of Scotland). Dined at 6 o'clock, and in the evening played at Forfeits, Blindman's Buff, Hunt the Whistle and several games.

Friday 31st December 1852 - We all passed the evening playing at Blindman's Buff, Hunt the Ring, Forfeits and several other games. Subsequently we adjourned to Sophy's room and played at Cards. We were also engaged for some time in manufacturing a large quantity of "Old Man's Milk" which was made with whisky, cream, sugar, lemon juice, nutmeg, etc. Precisely as the clock struck twelve, we sallied forth through the house wishing everyone a happy New Year. After enjoying ourselves very much we separated and retired for the night.

STATIONERY

Semi-formal foldover notes for ladies, with small MacDougall shield engraved center top, all in natural color or with shield in brown, green, red, etc., and narrow border of same color. The plate, which Society members are welcome to use, is at stationers in New York. Price about \$22 for 50 sheets of notepaper with envelopes.

BOOKPLATES

MacDougall crest in line drawing for bookplates in clansmen's libraries. Price about \$14 for 500 bookplates as pictured or with name omitted. Add about \$10 for personalizing the name.



MacDougall crest china from Hong Kong.

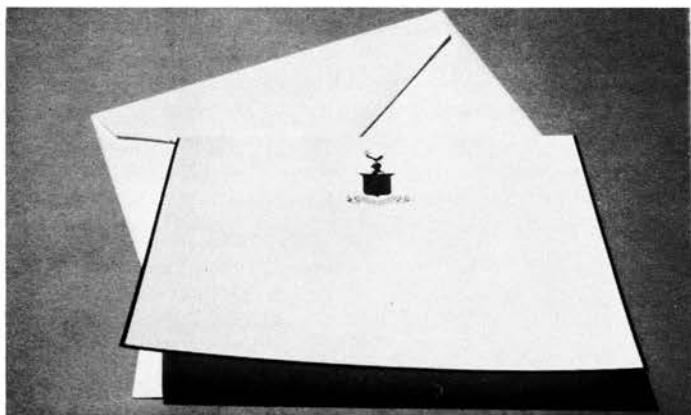
They Will Be Missed

DR. MARY STUART MACDOUGALL, illustrious member whose life story appeared in the Fall 1967 issue of *THE TARTAN*, died in June 1972 after a long illness. Her funeral was held in Gaines Chapel on the Agnes Scott campus and, in lieu of flowers, donations were made to the Mary Stuart MacDougall Biology Museum at Agnes Scott College.

MRS. L. C. McMURTRY of Fort Erie, Ontario, an early member of the Society and sister of member Jack Milne, passed away in March 1972 after a serious emergency operation.

COLONEL JAMES R. McDOWELL, Society member and father of Dr. John W. McDowell of Rome, Georgia, passed away in November 1971. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. J. R. McDowell of El Paso, Texas.

GILBERT A. McDUGAL, retired personnel administrator for the AEC, died of a heart condition in Idaho Falls in June 1972. He is survived by his widow, five sons and two daughters, and by eight brothers.



Engraved MacDougall shield notepaper.

Tip of our Tams to . . .

The MacDougalls appointed to fill special positions in our Society who faithfully and generously work for us all.

OFFICIAL PIPER: Harvey S. Rich, personally appointed by Madam MacDougall of MacDougall on her visit to the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games. With privileged pride MacDougalls delight in his piping for them on the meadow and at Society functions.

OFFICIAL GENEALOGIST: Joanne Hartz Harvey, appointed by the President, voluntarily has undertaken the prodigious job of genealogical research for the Society, with increasingly important results.

REFERENCE LIBRARIAN: Margaret MacDougall Allen, appointed to the newly created post of co-ordinator for a Scottish book information exchange among members. Her first column appears in this issue.

ENTERTAINMENT CHARIMAN: Marshall McDougle, in charge of social affairs for the Society in connection with the annual meetings. Assisted by a committee, he is setting up the new MacDougall Scotch Treat cocktail and dinner party for 1973.

CLAN TENT CHAIRMAN: John A. MacDougall, of Atlanta and Florida, in charge of the important gathering place for MacDougalls at the Highland Games, assisted by a committee to supervise placement and erection of tent, appropriate display and clan information, and greeting of prospective members.



MacDougall crest bookplates.

SEPTS OF CLAN MACDOUGALL —

The "what" and "why" of clan septs is no mystery. Many of our own Society's most valued members belong to one sept or another of the clan proper.

However, it is important to keep reviewing the "who" of our septs so we do not fail to recognize a fellow clansman, or he to be able to correctly identify himself as one of us.

The word "sept" itself probably derives from its archaic use meaning a boundary. In ancient times the boundary could be the walls of a small enclosure or it could be the outside limits of a roughly defined area large enough to encompass family groups who banded together, under the strongest, for mutual protection and sustenance.

Thus "sept" came to refer to the outlying family group rather than to the geographic boundaries within which it was feasible to join forces.

So, besides those who bear the name MacDougall in any of its spellings, all the following, also with a variety of spellings, are clansmen historically bound together by our forebears:

CARMICHAEL . . . CONACHER (MacConacher) . . . COUL (MacCoul) . . . COWAN (MacCowan) . . . CULLOCH (MacCulloch) . . . DOWELL (MacDowell) . . . DULOTHE (MacDuloth) . . . GUGAN (MacGugan) . . . HOWELL (MacHowell) . . . KICHAN (MacKichan) . . . LIVINGSTON . . . LUCAS (MacLucas) . . . LUGASH (MacLugash) . . . LULICH (MacLulich).