

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

VOLUME NO. 20

SPRING 1975

Personal Glimpses of Past MacDougalls

In the long line of Clan MacDougall family history, incidents stand out to give us a peek at vivid personalities.

We were reminded of this when we received a newspaper clipping from McDougalls in Edmonton, Alberta, concerning the reason Clan MacDougall was not with Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden. According to legend, the Chief, Alexander, had a very sore foot. The sore foot resulted from an argument with his wife over whether he should take part in the rising, or should remain on the side of England where MacDougall fortunes by now were fairly well stabilized.

The summons to lead Clan MacDougall into battle under the Stuart banner tempted Alexander greatly. But not his wife, and she kept at him about it. Actually, he may not have been as anxious to go into battle as he was to not be outtalked by a woman. Seeing she was about to lose the argument, his wife clinched it by pouring a pot of boiling water on his foot. Crying and moaning about the dreadful accident and how clumsy she was, she rushed off to get unguents and clean cloths and nursed him through a convalescence which kept him at home for the duration. After 1745, when MacDougall lands were restored to him, it can be assumed his wife also got in the last word.

Then there was Ian Ciar (John the Gray, or Grizzled) who became legendary in his own time. He was the most widely travelled of our early Chiefs. His journeys extended over 12 years and began when his forces, under the Earl of Mar, were defeated at Sheriffmuir and he went into exile.

Ian Ciar was probably about 36 when he married, and had been Chief for 17 years. Mary MacDonald of Sleat was brought as his bride to Dunollie with great pomp, but the honeymoon was hardly over when her husband set off to war in the Jacobite cause. His letter to Mary, written at Perth in November 1715, telling her to defend Dunollie Castle, is famous in MacDougall annals. He continued to write after he was forced to flee. His letters trace him from Sheriffmuir (near Stirling) to North Uist where he sailed in 1716 on a frighteningly stormy 18 day voyage to Brest, France, moving later to Bordeaux. One almost has to lay this out on a map to realize what a Herculean journey it was.

He could not write openly to his wife, of course, and used the name John Houston. The letters were addressed to different friends, and forwarded to Mary.

Ian Ciar left France in 1719 and legend grew up about him during the next nine years when, at times, he was said to be



Dunollie Castle proudly standing for over 1100 years when this engraving was published in 1789, with the emerging town and port of Oban in the foreground. Picture by courtesy of Hope MacDougall of MacDougall.

living in a cave on the shore of Loch Feochan. Legend also placed him in Ireland, in the Glens of Antrim, where he had an encounter with the "Red Robber" who was harassing the Earl of Antrim by robbing and murdering those who approached the castle. "In the first fury of the onset," it is reported from the Gaelic of William Campbell White, supplied by "D" through "Dunstafnage", "the robber was so pressed that he took a whistle from his pocket to call his comrades. Before he could put it to his lips, Ian cut off his arm. He then cut off his head and stripped him of his coat, on which golden guineas were thickly sewed. Putting a string through one of the ears, Ian carried the head and arm to the castle . . . where the Earl treated him with great kindness and gave him a promised reward (variously reported as a monetary reward or a letter of intercession for pardon)." Legend also has it that Ian returned once to Dunollie Castle where his foes where having a great dinner and ball and commanded them to take themselves off as fast as they could, and that they rose, left the castle, and withdrew to their camp!

Finally, not in legend but in fact, Ian was taken prisoner and in January, 1727, was conveyed from Newgate to Gravesend to be put aboard ship for Barbados. Just in time, at Gravesend, the pardon arrived for which Mary had worked tirelessly for twelve years. Ian Ciar and Mary were reunited for the last ten years of his life. Even in his death there was drama. When the Clan assembled to convey the remains of their Chief to

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We Find A Chief, And A Clan

By Mary McDougall

A light drizzle was falling and the autumn night was dark as we got into our car and waved goodbye to the man and woman standing on the stoop of the mansion house of Dunollie. The two misty figures, dressed in worn soft colored tartan skirt and kilt, were backlit by the glow through the open door. A small black Scotty dog stood beside them, sniffing the air.

It made an indelible picture on our minds and hearts. An end, as we thought then, to a heady and warming experience that could never be repeated.

The year was 1951 and we were taking leave of Colonel Alexander James MacDougall of MacDougall, 29th Chief of the Clan, and charmingly gracious Mrs. MacDougall, with whom we had just had tea. An honor which, until that day, we had not even known to dream of.

In 1951 Europe was just pulling itself out of the devastation and deprivation of World War II. Tourism, a substantial source of income prior to the war, was nearly non-existent. Forethinking governments sought ways to bring it back, and one of these was to invite travel agents to come and see for themselves that Europe was ready for overseas visitors. The French Government invited the American Society of Travel Agents to hold its annual meeting in Paris.

As delegates, Wylie and I flew over as guests of Air France, unpacked our gear, including evening clothes and long white gloves, and were ready to be shown.

The first function was the French Government reception at Hotel de Ville, a magnificent affair where one wandered up and down graceful marble staircases, through lush green conservatories, where orchestras played softly, where hors d'oeuvres were laid out on long candlelit tables as elegantly as only the French can, and champagne flowed. A lively setting for women in colorful evening dress and men wearing their medals and ribbons.

Right in the middle of it all, in the grand salon, Wylie and I came upon a most breathtaking figure — a young Scot in full dress kilt with a foam of lace under his chin and lace cuffs at his wrists. He was the head of a large carhire company in Scotland, and the talk turned naturally to his country.

He asked if we planned to visit Scotland before returning home and we told him we did, after we had completed the prearranged travel the French Government had set up for us through the Chateaux Country of the Loire and the trip through Spain and Mallorca set up by the Spanish Government. We said we planned to get a U-Drive car in Glasgow to poke about the country looking into things McDougall about which we remembered a little from stories told us by our parents and grandparents.

He offered to arrange for a car and driver for us for our week in Scotland, and we eagerly accepted. We exchanged business cards, thanked him, and told him when we would arrive in Glasgow. And then, during the several days we were in Paris attending meetings and official parties and visiting historic sights, we never saw him again. Among so many people, there was no reason why we should. But it was eerily like an early vision of Camelot. First we saw him in an aura of Scottish splendour, waving a magic wand for us. Then he disappeared.

So, as we made our way south, we began to worry. Had we been foolish to accept the almost off-hand offer of a man we had never seen before? Would he even remember having spoken to us at the huge reception? But when we reached London and phoned him at his office in Scotland we found he not only had not forgotten, he had everything arranged with, what he said, would be a surprise for us.

When we landed in Glasgow on one of those rare sparkly days, we were met at the airport by a substantial looking middle aged Scotsman, in immaculate chauffeur's uniform. The surprise

was that he was Frank MacDougall. He was the head chauffeur of the entire fleet of cars. And Frank was of the old school in maintaining a correct relationship between chauffeur and passenger. That is, when Wylie jumped out of the car in the rain to snap a picture, Frank got out also. To hold an umbrella over Wylie. When we drove up to a hotel where we were to spend the night, Frank went in and checked the accommodations and returned to give his approval before we were allowed to step out of the car or let our suitcases be carried in. When it was a luncheon stop, Frank consulted the management about a well placed table before we set foot on the ground. His rigid sense of protocol bears on the story.

Frank took us to the part of Scotland where Wylie's memory placed some of the family stories. Lovely Melrose Abbey was where, he had been told, youthful ancestors sometimes got their ancestral bottoms spanked for tearing their breeches climbing in the ruins. In Liddesdale we saw the kinds of trees from which our inherited wooden egg cups had long ago been made. We stood on the exact spot across the River Tweed from Kelso from which a steel engraving of the town had been made, and had hung in a heavy walnut frame over the sideboard in his grandfather's dining room for as long as Wylie could remember.

In chatting with the owners of several small MacDougall shops in Kelso — a boot shop, a fly-tying shop and others — Wylie issued a spur of the moment invitation to his newfound MacDougall friends to join him at the Ednam House that evening for talk and a drop or two of Scotch. Considering that, at the time, Scotch whiskey was almost all exported to bolster the economy, and that few Scots could afford or even find any because the supply was reserved for visitors, the Kelso MacDougalls thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of a convivial evening with an overseas McDougall whose bottle of Scotch whiskey was bottomless.

But our lack of purpose was bothering Frank and finally one day he said, "Are you not going to visit the MacDougall Chief?"

"The who? The what?" we chorused.

So Frank drove us to Oban where his uncle made proper contacts and we gratefully received a summons to appear at Dunollie late that afternoon for tea.

Colonel MacDougall opened the door. As he presented us to Mrs. MacDougall I realized suddenly that it was not just Wylie and I he was presenting, but Frank MacDougall as well. Frank had removed his chauffeur's cap and the three of us entered a cozy low ceilinged room where a fire burned on the hearth and tea things were laid out. The fact that Frank was invited, and would accept, gave me an inkling of proud clansmanship. Somehow it made the Chief, in his simple field kilt, seem even more imposing than he was. Mrs. MacDougall's quiet hospitality was part of it, too, as she urged us to have a second piece of cake and not to worry about their sugar rationing. Here, in this room, to be a MacDougall was to be part of the Clan family.

Colonel and Mrs. MacDougall were interested in hearing about things in the U. S. and Canada as, at that time, there was little personal contact between those living on one side of the Atlantic and the other. And we were eagerly picking up scraps of Clan history as the Colonel showed us his fascinating collection of Chiefs' dirks and memorabilia. But the real thrill of the visit did not come until Wylie, conversationally, asked if there were such a thing as the Brooch of Lorn.

"Indeed there is," Colonel MacDougall said, "and I happen to have it here. Would you like to see it?"

We all moved to the dining room, a handsome room with family portraits and silver and gleaming furniture — a very different background from the cottage type room where we had tea, keeping warm in those times of shortages at the open fire.

Colonel MacDougall almost reverently unwrapped the cloth from around a box, inside of which was another box that held the Brooch of Lorn. Without words, he put the Brooch in Wylie's hand.

Such moments are hard to describe. The mythical object was real. It was large. It was heavy. It's ancient beauty was compellingly of blood and battle.

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MEMBERS AT HAME AND AWA —

JACK, DIANA, CATHY, STEPHEN and CHRIS McDougall of Streetsville, Ontario, who attended their first Society meeting last July and hope to return this summer, have been having a busy year. They sold their hobby farm and moved to a temporary house in Streetsville where they had to build a temporary barn for their horses. Then, having bought 40 acres of land nearby, their next project was to choose a site in the bush at the front of the property to build a new home and barn, the rest of the land being in fields for the horses. Cathy has her eye on the bush section, too, to make riding trails for herself and her students. She has, among others, taught young Chris to post on her favorite horse, Breezy. Most adults in the family are afraid to watch, but Chris' enthusiasm for it is irrepressible.

At Christmas time JANET McDOWELL wrote that her husband, director CAPTAIN LESTER L. McDOWELL, had been named head of a Civil War Library and Museum in Philadelphia, a position in which he was eminently fitted and happy, and was living in Philadelphia during the week, while their home in Chatham, N. J., was put on the market. She wrote that daughter HEATHER, with Bill and Jennifer were well and happy, living in Maryland. And that daughter SHEILA was still in Colorado. We have recently heard that Lester McDowell has been stricken by a serious illness. Society members, especially those who knew the McDowells so fondly, are deeply concerned and hopeful for a speedy recovery.

The JOHN (MacDougall) McEVOYS spent a few weeks last summer in Cape Breton where, he says, they found a hot bed of MacDougalls.

Ebulent MIKE (Mrs. William J.) THORPE of Santa Paula, California, writes that the family had a month in Europe last summer, with a week of it in Scotland. She says that husband, Bill, is fine and is enjoying his airplane when he can find time. She adds, "all the children fly now", referring to DAWN who is in college, to LIAM in the 11th grade, and to MEGAN in the 8th grade. It is not clear whether she means they all qualify as pilots but, knowing the family, we would not be surprised. If the Thorpes come to the Gathering in July, as they promised to do, we will find out.



Chris McDougall of Streetsville, Ontario, anchor man of winning tug-of-war team at Highland Games last July, wants a kilt so he can wear a knife in his sock like the men do.

MACDOUGALL RECEIVES AWARD —



Member Hugh Cooke MacDougall was presented last September with the Department of State's Superior Honor Award for his services as consul in the American Consulate General in Lourenco Marques, Mozambique.

Hugh MacDougall has been a United States Foreign Service Officer since 1957, and has spent most of his career in Africa. He was awarded the Superior Honor Award once before, for service in the Republic of Guinea in 1961-63.

As reported in recent issues of THE TARTAN, he and his wife Eleanore have now been moved to Tanzania where Hugh MacDougall is First Secretary at the American Embassy in Dar es Salaam.

The Department of State is fortunate to have a man of such caliber and experience in African affairs in its Services. And Clan MacDougall is proud to have such illustrious members as Hugh and Eleanore in the Society.

Hugh Cooke MacDougall receives Superior Honor Award.

WE FIND A CHIEF . . . (Continued from Page 2)

Colonel MacDougall was telling us that he had gotten it from the bank vault to wear for a special occasion, we understood him to say it was for the celebration of their 50th wedding anniversary, and he would be returning it to the vault the next day. The Colonel even delicately unscrewed the boss to show us where the bones of a saint were kept, before he put the Brooch back in its boxes and wrapped it up again.

Wylie and Frank MacDougall and I were so moved that our leavetaking was brief, and sentimental. It was as though we were saying farewell forever to a long loved family. Something had happened to Wylie and me in our hour at Dunollie.

It was 1955 when we returned. This time with Wylie's brother John and Betty and their three teenage children, and this time we were expected. Colonel MacDougall had died two years previously but Mrs. MacDougall received us as graciously as before. A sumptuous sit-down tea was served in the dining room — no longer a cottage hearth or preciously hoarded sugar in the cake.

Assisting Mrs. MacDougall was her delightful and talented daughter, Hope MacDougall of MacDougall, whom we had not met before. And, although it was impossible for the new Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, to join us that day, she was represented by her vivacious and utterly charming husband, Leslie Grahame MacDougall. It was a jolly party. Mrs. MacDougall read us parts of the famous letter written in 1715 by Ian Ciar to his wife. The teenagers were captivated by the splendid trophy skins and heads, ornamenting the hall and stairwell, which Colonel MacDougall had brought back from India. Once again, for us at least, a sort of family feeling pervaded.

And once again, as we waved goodbye, Wylie and I felt it might be for the last time.

However, ten years later Clan MacDougall Society of the United States was formed and we, of course, did go back to Dunollie with twenty-two other Society members, at the Chief's invitation. Our feeling of clan family has comfortably matured with the years, but we do not forget the poignant moment, at tea that autumn evening, 24 years ago, when suddenly clanship had a meaning of collective solidarity, with Colonel MacDougall, the Chief, as bridge to generations who had gone before, and to generations still to come.

President's Message

You have all received a hand written Christmas Greeting from our Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall. Writing all of these notes was no small chore. It means, of course, that she has a real affection for all members of our Society, her clansmen.

An affection, it seems to me, which is exceptionally strongly returned by the members, especially those who have had the opportunity to meet and know her, as I wish all of you might. This two-way affection, of ten years standing, is a tie which may not prevail in other clan societies.

It was just ten years ago when Madam MacDougall, so to speak, found an infant overseas clan society on her doorstep. It is ten years in which we members and our Chief take pride. Your Board of Directors at the last meeting agreed that we should have an historical record of our accomplishments and our activities. The Board felt this historical background should be written and documented by someone with the knowledge and capability of turning out a top notch job. Fortunately we have such a man on our Board and, after some persuasion, he has agreed to tackle it. He is Neil A. MacDougall of Charlottesville, Virginia.

When Neil has completed his history of our Society from 1964 through 1974, I know we will have a document worthy of his efforts and of great value to us. Each year additional recordings will be made to keep it up to date.

I have a little story that could be called a prologue. It is of meeting Margaret Leonard at Linville and later, through her, of being invited to an annual gathering of McDougalls in Chicago.

At the early Grandfather Mountain Highland Games there was very little tartan worn. So, when my brother Wylie and I and our wives were having dinner at Eseeola Lodge and saw a little girl in a MacDougall tartan skirt, and she spotted our kilts, it was like a formal introduction to her grandparents, Margaret and Lowell Leonard of Hendersonville, North Carolina. Margaret is a member of a large mid-western family of McDougalls. Ed McDougal, our Vice President, is her cousin and Donald McDougal, our first Vice President now retired, is her brother.

This family made a practice of congregating once a year, at Thanksgiving. The Thanksgiving of 1964 was to be a special gala because Kate and Ed McDougal's houseguests, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall and Leslie Grahame MacDougall of Dunollie, Oban, Argyll, Scotland, were to be feted.

It was to this Thanksgiving dinner party at Onwensia Country Club on the north side of Chicago that my brother and I and our wives were privileged to be invited. After dinner, Leslie made a short address to the 50 or so McDougalls present and mentioned that he and Coline would like to see a Clan MacDougall Society formed in the United States. Our actual clan society history takes over from that point.

I would like to use this column to pay my respects and give my thanks to the many of you whose time and dedicated effort have made the Society what it is today.

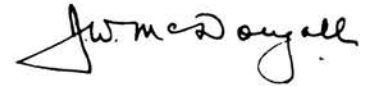
I would also like to remind all of you that to keep it flourishing we constantly need qualified new members. Don't you often find that when meeting a person, upon hearing your name he will say, "My grandmother was a MacDougall", or "I have an aunt who married a MacDougall"? When this happens, won't you try to get accurate names and addresses? These people are, of course, likely prospects. If you will send the information to me, along with any background of the circumstances, I will do the rest.

And now for our forthcoming annual meeting of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada, I hope that those of you who will be attending will read carefully the program of events as it appears in this issue because, for your convenience, we have made major changes in scheduling. On Friday, July 11, the Board Meeting at Sugar Mountain Lodge will start one hour earlier, at 3:00 p.m. The General Meeting follows immediately afterwards, at Sugar Mountain Lodge. And

we will all be on hand for the MacDougall Cocktail Party and Dinner which follows the General Meeting. There will be NO MEETING ON SATURDAY MORNING. This gives us a better chance to get comfortably to McRae Meadow and the MacDougall tent.

For those of you who cannot come, I can only tell you once more how much you will be missed.

Yours sincerely,



John W. MacDougall
High Commissioner



Members relaxing at Clan MacDougall tent on McRae Meadow.

1975 GATHERING

Linville, North Carolina
July 11, 12 & 13

Please make careful note of the new time and place for the Annual Meeting of Clan MacDougall Society. We look forward to a large enthusiastic turnout for the Meeting, which will be followed immediately by our most celebrated and delightful event, the MacDougall Scotch Treat Cocktail and Dinner party.

The program this year:

FRIDAY

- 3:00 p.m. Board of Directors of Clan MacDougall Society meets at Sugar Mountain Lodge.
- 4:30 p.m. General Meeting of Clan MacDougall Society at Sugar Mountain Lodge.
- 6:00 p.m. MacDougall Scotch Treat Cocktail and Dinner Party at Sugar Mountain Lodge.

SATURDAY

- 10:00 a.m. Informal get-together at MacDougall tent on MacRae meadow to watch Grandfather Mountain Highland Games.
- 9:00 p.m. The Tartan Ball (formal dress), seated at MacDougall tables.

SUNDAY

- 10:00 a.m. Church services on MacRae meadow with the Kirling of the Tartans.
- 11:00 a.m. Men join the Parade of the Tartans, marching behind MacDougall banner.

SCOTTISH BOOKSHELF

By Margaret MacDougall Allen

I get a kick from ferreting out, with the help of our Scottish librarian, things written about Scots or by Scots that I think might interest you. But lately I have been getting so few suggestions from you that I wonder if it would be a good idea to drop our book column. Collectively we could gather a larger and better selection.

Our "find" this time is "SCOTLAND: AN ANTHOLOGY" by Maurice Lindsay, published in 1974 by St. Martin's Press of New York. It is a selection of prose and poetry designed to give the reader as varied as possible an experience of Scotland. It covers more than eight centuries and is divided into sections dealing with Places, History, People, Pursuits and Pastimes, Mysticism, Religion, Countryside Concerns, Lovers, Humour, the Scots Character, etc. It would be an all time book to enjoy if one had it for one's own. Or it would make a handsome gift, though it is rather expensive — \$17.95. Author Lindsay in his introduction has written: "Scotland's a sense of change, an endless becoming for which there was never a kind of wholeness or ultimate category. Scotland's an attitude of mind."

Another book I enjoyed was "THE DARK TWIN" by Marian Campbell, an author who lives in a castle in Kilberry, Argyll. The story is laid 2500 years ago in the Scotland of the Bronze Age. It is the story of the birth of a king and a chosen contemporary who is raised with him to be a friend and counselor. It furnishes rather mystical but easy reading. As the author says, it is an inheritive history of ancient times.

"PRINCE CHARLIE'S BLUFF" by Thomas, a professor at Cardiff, Wales, published in 1974, is a story written from the papers of Lovat Fraser. It begins with the ending of the Battle of Quebec in 1759 and the removal of the Highland regiments to Virginia, where they swore allegiance to Bonnie Prince Charlie. It deals with politics and struggles up to the battle before Annapolis when the Stuart clans gain vengeance on the Duke of Cumberland.

"THE SCOTSWOMAN" by Inglis Fletcher, first published in 1954, and just out in paperback form, is a tale of Flora MacDonald's immigration to North Carolina with her husband and family. It tells interestingly of the personal problems in pre-Revolutionary times and is a very readable historical novel.

I understand we have an author of our name, Carl MacDougall, whose book "CUCKOO'S NEST" has just been published by Molendinar Press of Glasgow. The stories in this book are described as "Lesser-Known Folk Tales" and, although I have not read them yet, I understand from a review in Scotland's Magazine that there is nothing academic about the tales and that Carl MacDougall is a lively raconteur.

Author James Herriot's devotees, who found enchantment in "ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL", have probably already read his second book "ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL". In my opinion, the second book does not improve on the first one. It could not. It simply, incredibly, equals it.

Somehow, I find myself on the fence about author George MacDonald Fraser whose "MCAUSLEN IN THE ROUGH" I have just read. It is a medium funny book, not hilarious as was his "THE GENERAL DANCED AT DAWN". But many of his works I find not funny, and some grimly realistic. When you pick a George MacDonald Fraser book from the shelf, you really can't gauge what your reaction will be. This, I expect, is not so dependent on the taste of the reader as on the remarkable versatility of the writer.

I am looking now for L. G. Pine's "THE HIGHLAND CLANS" which starts with the 3rd century AD when people from northern Ireland came over to Argyll, Kintyre and the Western Isles. For one thing he is talking about "MacDougall country", at least in the beginning. And for another, as reported in "The Rampant Lion", author Pine delights me by observing the strangeness of the fact that Highland Scots, whose rebellion

ended at Culloden, have become symbolic of all Scotland. It is their dress — the kilt, the tartan — one thinks of as the National dress of Scotland. It is their descendants, all over the world, who keep alive the clan tradition.

You know my address: it is 323 Walnut, Allegan, Michigan 49010. Won't you please help me for the next issue if you think we should keep this column going?



Happiness is a 10th Anniversary of Clan MacDougall Society with smiling Howard D. MacDougall, past Secty. Treas.; A. Wylie McDougall, V.P.; John W. McDougall, Pres.; and John A. McDougall, present Secty. Treas.

TO MAKE A HAGGIS —

Will any of us ever forget the feast of song provided at our last MacDougall dinner party by Barbara (Mrs. George E.) McDougall with her Tartan Trio from Greenville, S. C.? Or the feast of piping music provided by Clan MacDougall's official piper, Harvey Ritch? Or the feast of Burns' oratory provided by Simms McDowell as he addressed the haggis? Or the feast of the steaming aromatic haggis itself, made with her own hands and provided by Mrs. Harvey Ritch?

Mrs. Ritch has let us have her recipe. Her quantities are not spartan because if one is making haggis there should be enough for a large and convivial gathering of Scots such as ours.

The following Mrs. Ritch counts on for serving 50 to 75 people.

- 1 pound bulk sausage
- ½ pound calves liver diced
- 3 (1½ ounce) envelopes of onion soup
- 4 cups quick cooking oats, toasted
- 6 cups water
- 1 teaspoon black pepper
- ½ teaspoon salt

Spread oats on baking sheet and bake at 400° for 8 to 10 minutes until toasted.

Sautee and scramble sausage.

Add liver and stir 3 to 5 minutes.

Drain off fat, then chop in food chopper (coarse blade).

Add onion soup, oats, water, salt and pepper and stir constantly over medium heat in large pot until mixture thickens.

Turn out into two rectangular 8½ x 4½ x 2 pans until ready to use.

It doesn't sound too difficult to make haggis, does it? But if yours turns out to be somewhat less toothsome than Mrs. Ritch's, you may want to stop by the attractive, well-stocked shop at Invershiel, close to Linville, called "Everything Scottish, Ltd." owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Ritch, to consult her about what you might have done wrong. At least you will want to thank her for the taste treat at the dinner party, and for sharing her recipe with you.

Ardchattan, where all the MacDougall Chiefs were buried, the day was so stormy that no boat could venture up Loch Etive. Therefore, in wind and rain, they buried him at Kilbride, resting place of his mother's family. He was the first of the House of Dunollie to be laid to rest in what has been ever since the family burial ground.

There are two MacDougall Chiefs noted for their tenacity, their ability to hold on. The first was Sir John MacDouall, 5th of Dunollie, called Ian Bacach (John the Lame), who defeated Robert The Bruce in 1306 and won from him his brooch, now known as the "Brooch of Lorn". The story of that savage struggle during which John clung so fiercely to Bruce's mantle that Bruce had to undo the pin and let the plaid fall to the ground to save his life is too well known to be retold here.

Less well known is the resoluteness of Admiral Sir John MacDougall, 25th of Dunollie, who was wearing the Brooch in 1824 when he steered the Royal Barge on Loch Tay with Queen Victoria aboard. The precious Brooch had only recently been restored to the MacDougalls, after having disappeared 175 years earlier. Queen Victoria admired it greatly and would have been pleased to be presented with it. But Admiral Sir John kept it pinned firmly in place.

Admiral Sir John's resistance to cajolery is easily verified, but many other traditional stories are not. As the family continues exhaustive research into Clan MacDougall history, as myths give way to historical facts, and as figures of the past are fleshed out into very human beings, it is likely the personal characteristics that bred the legends will still be there, however. Fortunately MacDougalls wrote, and received letters. And kept them, along with other documents. In old chests, boxes, drawers — in bundles where very old letters are mixed with more modern ones, where sometimes a missing letter turns up two years later and fills a puzzling gap.

The most ancient documents are not always the ones that cause headaches. Among the researchers, Patrick MacDougall, 23rd of Dunollie, is noted for having the most illegible handwriting in Scotland. It requires gruelling effort to put his life and times (1742 to 1845) together. So occasionally a researcher turns with relief to correspondence received by Patrick. Readably clear one such letter, of no historical significance, recounts for us a trip from Dunollie to Edinburgh made 150 years ago.

The writer, unlike the few travel authors of the era who were "discovering" the Highlands, was on more or less familiar ground. He took almost puckish delight in beating his own travel time, and in cutting travel expenses.

He left Dunollie, presumably by pony because he comments, "The pony I hope is not the worse for its journey it pleased me remarkably well."

Having ridden as far as Inverary, he crossed Lochfine. He does not tell us how, but he landed at Strachur on the opposite side. Now he took a gig to Ardentine, a distance of about twelve miles "where I expected to get a boat for Greenock but all the boats there being employed I was obliged to walk about four miles further down Loch Long to a place which I think is called Portnist."

From there he was able to get a "much more regular ferry" and had "a safe and cheap passage to Gurock 3 miles below Greenock (and very short likewise the wind being very faire)."

He had to walk only six miles then to Portglasgow, to a Mr. Campbell's, "who received me very kindly and with him I spent the night." The next afternoon he left by steamboat for Glasgow, reaching there just in time to get into a coach leaving for Edinburgh, which he reached about one o'clock in the morning.

Ten miles on foot, twelve by gig, a pony ride, three boat rides and a long coach ride do not seem to constitute the easiest of trips. But it pleased him immensely as he quickly got off a letter to Dunollie to let them know that "I find I have performed this journey more expeditious and cheaper than any time hitherto."

MEMBERSHIP —

Since the fall issue of THE TARTAN we have been happy to welcome the following new members to the Society:

James Doane LaRue, Jr. Hodgenville, Kentucky	Mrs. Bernice MacDougall Harlan Seattle, Washington
C. Blake McDowell, Jr. Akron, Ohio	Mr. & Mrs. Douglas S. Hampton Charlotte, North Carolina
Mrs. Adelaide Duval Wilson Ocala, Florida	Laurance W. McDougall, Jr. Cleveland, Ohio
Bonnie MacDougall Houston, Texas	Sister Florence Marie MacDougall High Level, Alberta, Canada
Donald Keith MacDougall Chicago, Illinois	Larry and Bonnie Watson Watertown, Ontario, Canada
John Darnell McDougall Muskegon, Michigan	Mr. & Mrs. C. R. Ryder Milton, Ontario, Canada
	Mr. & Mrs. John Alexander Hampton Cambridge, New York

And sustaining members:

Henry W. Sanders, Jr. Louisville, Kentucky	Mrs. Gus M. (Elizabeth S.) Griffin Louisville, Kentucky
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SINCEREST SYMPATHY TO —

MRS. BERNICE MACDOUGALL HARLAN of Seattle, Washington, whose father, member CHARLES BRYANT MACDOUGALL, passed away January 10, 1974.

Member JOHN S. MCDUGALL of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who lost his beloved wife in November, 1970.

MRS. W. BRADLEY GRANGER of London, Ontario, whose husband died early this year.

MRS. C. K. (ADA G.) MCDUGALL of Milton, Ontario, whose daughter, member MARGARET JOAN MCDUGALL, died last September following a year's illness. She was only 45 at the time of her death. Besides teaching, which was her profession, and music which was her hobby and in which she also held a teaching certificate, she had a special interest in genealogy and in banding together living McDougalls. She organized the annual reunion of her own family in Canada, which 99 members attended last July. And she was an ardent member of the Society, bringing in a number of new members. She is survived by many cousins and nephews and nieces who will miss her greatly, as will the Society. Her genealogical research, which was considerable, has been turned over to her nephew, David MacDougall of Oakville, Ontario.

MRS. WAYNE (GLADYS MACDOUGALL) ARMSTRONG of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, whose aunt MISS SARAH MACDOUGALL was one of the earliest member of the Society. Sarah MacDougall was 89 years old when she joined the Society, and 97 when she died in February 1973. Her interest in the Clan never flagged. In loving memory of her aunt, Mrs. Armstrong had donated one hundred dollars to the fund for making repairs on Dunollie Castle.

CLAN MAC DOUGALL SOCIETY

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