

The TARTAN



Clann MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

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FLYING BANNERS AND FLAPPING KILTS

by Bunch S. (Mrs. Gus M.) Griffin

If you are one of the 300 certified MacDougalls who did not make it to the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games in Linville, N.C., last July, please read on.

Written by a MacDougall freshman, a first-timer at The Games, this is admittedly a pitch to enthruse you, too, into signing in at our clan's red, green, and white striped tent next July 10 and 11, 1976.

Woven together and all wrapped up in colorful tartans, the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games are a family reunion, a track meet, and a county fair.

Tartans in flying banners and flapping kilts representing at least 50 clans are all over MacRae Meadows. Be it the MacDougall or almost any other, there is no thrill greater than the sight of a tartan dressed Scot marching to the music of a pipe band. From Atlanta, Asheville and Annapolis spirited pipe bands came to join the Grandfather Mountain Highlanders Band. Souls were stirred every time they played.

It's a people-watchers' paradise. You have to see it to believe it. No way, MacDougall clansmen, can a second-hand description cheer your hearts the way a personal appearance at The Games will give you instant joy and happy memories forever.

Just two action-packed days made a MacDougall believer out of me. Of all the clans who gather at Linville every year none tops ours for friendliness to newcomers and leadership to The Games. Whether they were veteran Games-Go-ers or perhaps second-timers, only one up on us, they welcomed us so cordially that we (my husband Gus and I, and my brother Henry Sanders and wife Pat) look forward to going back next July and getting to know them better. Come join the group!

Our annual business meeting sparked the family reunion spirit. Its flame got fanned at the MacDougall dinner party where at least 65 clan members and guests surfaced in time for the Scotch treat cocktail hour.

To this newcomer the meeting touched lightly on interesting topics such as Who's from Where in our Society, traditions of Highland dress, and lineal descent according to Scottish hoyle.

Because he has since The Games sent us a complete file of THE TARTAN, now we know that A. Wylie McDougall of New Orleans, editor, has published columns of information since 1965. He and his wife, co-editor Mary McDougall, could be called our clan's directors of education. By re-running selected facts and clan lore from past editions of THE TARTAN they might enlighten other MacDougalls-come-lately who like us must want to know more about their kith and kin.

Of interest to new members should be excerpts from the messages from our Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, Baroness of Dunollie, whose personality comes through her printed words. What a treat we missed by not being in the fold when she was the guest of honor from Scotland at the 1969 Games.

Marie B. McDougall, formerly of Atlanta and now of Palmetto, Florida, is another wife who helps keep MacDougall banners flying. She has up-dated the society's growing roster, so it was announced at the business meeting. Her husband, John A. McDougall, is secretary-treasurer. Although she is a McDougall by marriage, Marie couldn't make newcomers more welcome at The Games if she had been born in Dunollie Castle.



Your reporter "Bunch", second from right with husband Gus M. Griffin and her brother Henry Sanders and wife Pat, all of Louisville, self-styled "Society freshmen".

At the banquet the first-timers got to know the regulars. What showmen they are! All of a sudden we heard the skirl of the pipes and then saw a procession of handsome gentlemen piping in the haggis. Now, haggis is a pudding indigenous to Scots. It's good too, I discovered, as made by Mrs. Harvey Ritch.

Harvey Ritch, a member of our clan and Pipe Major of the Grandfather Mountain Highlanders Band, did the piping, followed by John W. McDougall, High Commissioner and President of our society, who carried the haggis on a huge platter. Then G. Simms McDowell, Jr., Charleston, S.C., preceded his son, Simms III carrying in the silver MacDougall quach filled with MacDougall's "Oil of Joy".

A quach is a small drinking cup and this one is 230 years old! It's a family heirloom of Margaret MacDougall Allen of Allegan, Michigan. (See THE TARTAN Vol. 1, No. 7) By tradition the piper's pay is always a quachful of Scotch whiskey.

Sir Lawrence Olivier himself could not have recited Robert Burns' Ode to the Haggis more eloquently than did Simms McDowell, Jr. With super eclat he recited from memory, "Fair fa' your honest face, Great chieftain o' the pudding race . . ." and then ceremoniously carved the haggis with his dirk.

Post-dinner entertainment featured a sing-along with Marshall McDougall of Erie, Pa., playing the piano. If it was a Scotch Goldie Oldie he knew the tune better than the diners knew the words.

The real blast for perhaps 20,000 people, The Games themselves, jammed MacRae Meadows from 9 a.m. 'til dusk Saturday. In its heyday P. T. Barnum's circus never put on a greater show. Friendly people arrived on all kinds of wheels from Rolls Royces to motorcycles. Camping out in the woods

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Singer Arthur Gordon Mason with Marie (Mrs. John A.) McDougall at cocktail party.

were families and young collegians from all over America and even Canadian provinces.

All day long Highland dancers almost from the cradle to the grave did their flings, reels, jigs, horn pipes and sean triubhas. They were judged before bleachers of proud parents and devotees of Highland dancing.

If piping is your bag, you could look and listen in another direction where competitions attracted crowds.

Right in front of our tent there was the open side drumming competition. Eddie Aston was trying for his third win of the drumming trophy that is awarded by Clan MacDougall Society each year. And we were there to cheer him on to that third victory.

Simultaneously track events circled the field. Perhaps the loudest cheer honored the winner of the 26-mile marathon.

While the dancers were dancing, pipers piping, drummers drumming, dash specialists dashing, and milers running, more athletes were warming up for the Scottish events. By noon Saturday MacRae Meadow was swarming with beautiful people both on and off the field. It takes kilts, we decided, to make any bearded man look handsome.

The Avery County Rescue Squad's lunch stand supplied part of the county fair atmosphere. From nearby Newland and Jonas Ridge families, three generations deep, reached for hot dogs along with kilted visitors from New York and Georgia.

Serving as hospitality centers for the clans were tents of many colors. The MacDougalls' is the brightest of all. Besides its red, green and white striped top, a ten foot long banner with Clan MacDougall appliqued on it let the passing throngs know who we were. Admired as our clan's chief soprano, Barbara McDougall, Greenville, S.C., made the banner.

The four pipe bands passed in review before the 1975 Games' guests of honor and then massed in midfield. How unforgettable is the tune and beat of "Scotland, The Brave"! Most spectacular of the ancient Scottish games were the cabar and sheaf tossings. The kilted gentlemen who did the tossing looked bigger than professional football linemen.

Wearing a plaid suit with a matching hat, a rosy-cheeked older lady was walking around the field on the arm of a younger man who looked to be her son. Spectators and participants of all ages were speaking to her. "That's the famous Agnes MacRae Morton, a founder of The Games," it finally dawned on us. Like a serf paying homage to her noble lady, we introduced ourselves as MacDougalls from Kentucky and thanked her for staging The Games.

Some total strangers got real chatty, especially the shoppers at the booths where Scottish importers displayed their wares. Experienced clansmen traded shopping tips and advised hopeful buyers of Highland clothing. For sale were top quality kilts and jackets as well as inexpensive souvenirs.

Serving as grand marshal of The Tartan Ball Saturday night was our High Commissioner and President, John W. McDougall, a Vice-President of the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, Inc. We MacDougalls, 80 strong, basked in his reflected glory. Presiding over the festivities as expertly as if he had learned how in Edinburgh Castle, he introduced each distinguished guest and clan leader and his lady as they stepped on the dance floor to form the grand march.

What a glamorous sight 900 formally dressed ladies and gentlemen in a tartan bannered ballroom, most of the men wearing formal kilts. The real eye-poppers were their evening jackets, either a velvet coat with lace or ruffled jabot, or a black coatee with silver buttons. Their formal fur sporrans had silver frames like ladies' handsome evening bags. Bet some of the wives use them for that "back home".

As for the gals, they are supposed to wear evening dresses to show off their clan colors. Tartan sashes are pinned on the shoulder with a heatherish silver brooch. Who-wears-her-sash-where made for controversial chatter. Clanswomen hang their sashes on right shoulders, so we were told, and wives of high officials pin theirs on left shoulders. But don't take that for gospel. It's probably wrong.

In between dance sets the Grandfather Mountain Highlanders performed and David Alexander's nationally famous Grandfather Mountain cloggers entertained. They got and deserved a standing ovation.

Arthur Gordon Mason sang "These Are My Mountains" and other all-time favorite songs. "Auld Lang Syne" closed the beautiful evening on a sentimental note.

Bright and early Sunday morning the clans gathered for a beautiful outdoor church service. Just outside the entrance to MacRae Meadows hundreds of North Carolina natives and clansmen sat on the hillside. A spirit of oneness was among these people of widely different backgrounds and callings, who sang together, "Come before Him and rejoice", and "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult". Worshipping God in prayer and song, the congregation looked up the hillside to a huge boulder which served as a rugged pulpit for the hefty-sized kilted Reverend Dougald Lachlan MacLean.

A traditional ceremony called Kirking of the Tartans closed the worship service. Each clan's official banner was carried to the boulder-pulpit by the clan's chief officer. After a blessing, the banner bearers marched onto the athletic field.

Here, in another colorful tradition, the Parade of the Tartans formed ranks. Clansmen, no ladies, of all ages marched behind their flag bearers. The pipers piped and the drummers drummed, and clan after clan passed in review.

Finalists in the ancient sports tossed cabars and sheaves Sunday afternoon until winners were declared. Others competed in weight throwing, Highland wrestling and tug-o-war. Fred Bahnson put on a sheep herding demonstration with his Scottish sheep dogs stealing the show.

Then mid-afternoon across the field came a smartly marching band of 20 pipers and 12 drummers who surprised us by halting at our MacDougall tent. To honor us with a Tattoo. It featured our own Eddie Aston, and David Wonsey, lead stroke for the GM Highlanders, as well as Joe Ritch, Harvey's son, on the big drum. And Pipe Major Harvey Ritch himself, of course, leading the

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From Canada the John W. McDougall family arrives for Clan events: left to right Front Row: Muriel Ryder, Connie Middlebrook, Eileen McDougall; Second Row: Alberta Hackenbrook, John W. McDougall, Bonnie Watson, Larry McDougall; Back Row: Larry Watson. ▼



SCOTTISH BOOKSHELF

By Margaret MacDougall Allen

This summer at my lake cottage I've kept busy with two things. Reading is one, and the other is trying to keep the bank, and what used to be a lovely beach, from washing away. I may lose the struggle against erosion but, bookwise, I think I've got some winnings for you.

On this 200th anniversary, looking back through all American history, no man bearing our name stands out like Major General Alexander McDougall. For the first time, a full length biography has just been published, "ALEXANDER MCDUGALL AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN NEW YORK", written by Roger J. Champagne.

Against a background of the changing American viewpoint between 1770 and 1783, the author breathes life into the man who became a major general before he ever saw combat, who was commandant at West Point with no military training except that gleaned from Thomas Symes' "Military Guide for Young Officers". The man whose family background was farming and who as an immigrant boy actually peddled milk on the streets of New York; the man without formal education who read the works of Plutarch and Seneca, Locke and Montesquieu, and also read Somers and Blackstone on common law. The man who, without early seafaring experience, became a tough sea captain and privateer. Who, with a speech impediment which made public speaking difficult, gained practical experience in the tactics of political organizations and meetings which took him into the Provincial Congress and, later, to the Continental Congress.

The man who was indicted for seditious libel and went to jail for 80 days because he refused to post bail or change the views he expressed in "To the Betrayed Inhabitants of the City and Colony of New York" — and spent another 12 weeks there the same year, for the same offense. The man who borrowed 1,000 pounds on his own credit to pay his troops, New York's First Regiment; and who carried the cause of the impoverished colonial soldiers and officers to the Congress, many times.

The man who, after seven years of military service, 10th ranking general officer below George Washington — relied on and respected, and involved in public affairs on the national level — returned to New York City with health, wealth and personal possessions gone, without an estate or a profession.

The man who then became president of New York City's first bank even though the Senate would not grant it incorporation. The man who, in days when the aristocracy of landed gentry and men of inherited wealth and position looked down on anyone of another strata — that man who came close to establishing a place in future society for a "selfmade man".

Author Roger Champagne's ALEXANDER MCDUGALL will keep you reading, recommended to all members. Present edition costs \$12.00, so you may want to contact your library.

"KING JAMES — VI OF SCOTLAND — I OF ENGLAND" is published by Alfred A. Knopp and written by Antonia Fraser whose "Mary Queen of Scots" is internationally famous. This book makes equally entertaining reading, with Fraser vividly picturing James' life. A poet king who was prime mover behind the authorized version of the Bible, and a patron of Shakespeare and Donne.

Less readable, but meaty for the history buffs, is "THE STEWART KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND" written by British author Caroline Bingham and published in 1974 by St. Martin's Press. It brings the family history up from the 14th century to the reign of James VI and I, showing Scotland's progress toward nationhood. It seems to me more like a textbook, excellent for reference. And I learned from it that it was Mary, Queen of Scots, who changed the spelling of the family name to Stuart.

Marie (Mrs. Howard) MacDougall was enthusiastic about "KINGS ROYAL", and now so am I. Author John Quigley writes an absorbing novel of a great whiskey dynasty where makers of malt whiskey battle against any acceptance of blended whiskey. Malt versus blend doesn't sound very earthshaking, but author Quigley makes it seem so.

"GRANDFATHER AND THE PRIESTS" was recommended to me by Robin McDowell Wells. Written in Taylor Caldwell's own easy style, it has the special story of "The Tale of the McDougalls".

Back in 1973 Mrs. Alex B. McDougall of Palos Verdes, California, introduced us to author Lillian Beckwith in "The Hills

(Continued on page 6.)



Myres S. McDougall and President Ford.

PRaised BY PRESIDENTS —

It was 200 years ago when the first President of the United States singled out a MacDougall for highest praise. General Alexander McDougall, sailor, soldier, merchant, writer, bank president, "Son of Liberty", was described by George Washington as "a brave soldier and distinguished patriot".

But it was only last April when President Gerald Ford lauded Clan MacDougall Society member Myres S. McDougall. The two men had met when Gerald Ford was a young assistant football coach at Yale and Myres McDougall was a faculty member of the Yale Law School. Anxious to study law, Ford had discovered that before being admitted to the Yale Law School he would have to have personal interviews with three distinguished members of the faculty. One of them, in his case, was Professor Myres McDougall.

In an address at the Yale Law School Sesquicentennial Convocation, President Ford jocularly recounted that McDougall in a recent speech had claimed to have kept notes of their interview which, under appropriate headings, said of Gerald Ford: good looking, well dressed, plenty of poise, personality excellent. Then, under another heading: informational background, not good. The President said he also had happened to keep notes on Myres McDougall, which read: good looking, well dressed, plenty of poise, personality excellent. And, under another heading: informational background on football, not so good.

With the next day set apart as a climax to Myres S. McDougall's 41 years on the faculty of the Yale Law School, President Ford addressed him directly: "Myres, all I can say is may your retirement provide you with the same riches of fulfillment and satisfaction your career has already brought to the students of Yale."

At the luncheon honoring Myres McDougall, among the 350 people gathered in Commons were students of his from sixteen different countries. His past students, literally, are all over the world. They include Cabinet members, Senators and Congressmen, Governors and Mayors, leaders of the legal profession and the business community.

They shared, according to Dean Goldstein, "the magnitude of the enterprise he (McDougall) was engaged in. It was no less than reshaping the entire field of property law to encompass the new policy, planning and decision making perspectives. It was a magnificent experience — sharing his boldness and energy and vision."

HAE YE AN EAR FOR IT?

By Harvey S. Ritch
Official Clan Society Piper

To most people in this country, says famous piper John MacFadyen, the bagpipe sounds best played in open air on a fairly distant hillside; to the initiated it sounds great in a concert hall; but the truly ardent would love it in a telephone booth!

I belong to the telephone booth group myself. However there are few of us, even among the some 25 million "Scots" in North America, who do. In establishing ourselves in the new world, we lost touch with the bagpipe and are now but slowly regaining it.

MacDougall though, of all clans, should have a headstart in bagpipe appreciation.

We made our own bagpipes, for instance, earlier than recorded times. We were particularly well fitted to do this because we were expert woodturners. Our bagpipes became treasured instruments not only in Scotland, but in England and on the continent. For over 300 years our reputation grew and it was not until 1911 that the last of the MacDougall pipemakers, Gavin, died and his celebrated shop in Aberfeldy was closed.

We were performers, too. As early as the beginning of the 16th century we had our own piping school at Dunollie and, from schools branching out during the years, Scotland acknowledged many great MacDougall pipers, the champion of champions being Duncan MacDougall, for more than fourteen years the favorite piper of Queen Victoria.

Inevitably, MacDougalls were composers also. Music was in our blood. Pipemakers, composers, performers, competitors. Yes, we knew our pipes. And those of us who did not play them were discerning listeners.

Today, I suspect, most of us barely listen. A marching band, of course, excites us. Especially if it is playing "Scotland the Brave". Stirring, and familiar to us. How much more we might enjoy it, though, if with our inner ear we could hear that it sounded exactly as if it were one giant pipe playing. If we knew that to get this effect all chanterers were tuned to B flat, with drones tuned to the chanter, bass drums tuned to the bass drone of the pipes and snare drums to the tenor drones. A single magnificent voice, composed of many.

Too technical? Well, this is ABC compared to listening intelligently to most tunes composed for the single piper. They are divided, more or less, into "Salutes" or "Welcomes" and "Laments" for individuals or sometimes historic episodes. The piobaireachd (pronounced pea-brock), which originally simply meant bagpiping but finally supplanted the ceol mor (pronounced kayol) as the classical music for the pipes, is repetitious. It provides variations on a theme which show off the virtuosity of the piper. It is the essence of pipe competition.

There is, for instance, a fairly well known piobaireachd called "The Lament for Captain MacDougall". It was composed by Randal Mor MacDougall, last hereditary piper to the Chief, and written in mourning for Captain Alexander MacDougall (1785-1812), eldest son of Patrick 24th Chief, who died when fighting under Wellington at Ciudad Rodrigo in the Peninsular War. Would you, with untrained ear, enjoy listening the some twenty-eight minutes it takes to play this classic Lament? Would you? No way!

However, the piobaireachd is based on the theme, or melody, or "ground" as it is called, on which the variations are written. The ground could be played for you in three or four minutes. A few minutes which might interestingly be devoted by present day MacDougalls to MacDougall music.

We are so rich in MacDougall bagpipe music, and most of it we have never even heard. One exception was when beginner young Scott Swanson, at our dinner a couple of years ago, struggled manfully with the march "Mrs. MacDougall" which is one of three tunes, "Colonel MacDougall of Dunollie" and "MacDougalls Jig" included in William Ross's book of 1885.

Not to belittle Scott's efforts or those of other aspirants, there is a matter of long and good training to make of them bagpipe players of solo caliber. Some, of course, don't make it. And some don't care, continuing for a lifetime to punish instrument and audience with wails and squawks. There is no secret in my interest in qualified piping schools. Or in well trained pipe bands. Long may the enthusiasm for piping flourish, and good pipers proliferate. As they do, I know you'll find pipe music more palatable, and thrilling.

In searching for just the right MacDougall music to appeal to modern ears, we should go back to the time of Alistair Mor



Drummer Eddie Aston winning MacDougall trophy for third consecutive year

Hae Ye An Ear For It?
(continued)

MacDougall (1635-1709). He was not the first of the hereditary pipers, but is the first we know by his Christian name. He started the so-called Pipers of Kilbride School. Kilbride, as we know, is just outside of Oban and has the MacDougall family burial ground. Alistair Mor played, and is believed to have composed, "Latha Dhunabharti" a Cumha or Lament, "The Day of Dunaverty" in memory of the massacre of so many MacDougalls (and others) at Dunaverty Castle Kintyre in 1647.

Ranald Ban MacDougall, a finished performer, succeeded his father at the school and as hereditary piper. He is thought to have composed "Cis An Righ", the King's Taxes. From his hand came "Failte Iain Cheir", the Salute to Ian Ciar of Dunollie, and "Failte Chleinn Dhughail", Salute to MacDougall. After Ian Ciar's defeat at the battle of Sheriffmuir and his long absence from the country, at his death it was Ranald Ban who composed and played "Cumha Iain Cheir", the Lament for his heroic Chief.

Ranald Mor MacDougall, grandson of Ranald Ban, we have already met as composer of the Lament for Captain MacDougall. He also wrote, earlier, "Failte Chaptain MhicDhugall", Salute to Captain MacDougall. He was the last of the line of hereditary pipers to the Chief, a family of pipers that had produced Dugall MacDougall, for many years piper to MacDougall of Gallanach and noted competitor, and also the great Duncan MacDougall, pipemaker of Aberfeldy and artist supreme of his day.

Part of what we may call MacDougall music was written about us and not by, or for, us. "Brosnachadh Catha", or Battle March is about the skirmish between the MacDougalls and the Campbells near Loch Scamadale in the thirteenth century. "Colla Mo Ruin", Caisemeachd or Warning, is a tune sometimes shared by the two descendants of Somerled, MacDonald and MacDougall. "Caisteal Dhunola", Dunollie Castle March was composed by Norman MacLeod, a native of Rasaay. And there is "Moladh Moraig", a very old march.

A Salute, a March, a Lament? Which from our treasury of MacDougall music would please us most today? Unheard, we will never know. Would you vote to listen, with a purpose, to a few, or parts of a few?

Could MacDougalls ever be completely deaf to mighty tones that once resounded triumphantly in our vaulted ancestral halls, or to the great pipe's sob of sorrow in a swirl of mist at graveside? Or could they fail to turn an attentive ear to the strains of "The Maid of Lorn", composed by the late Pipe Major A. Lawrie about 1920 for our present Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, Maid of Lorn?

VOICE OF THE TREASURER

Society membership dues are payable each year on the 1st of August.

Are you one of the few who neglected to mail your check? Please do it now — TODAY.

John A. McDougall, Secty-Treas.
5318 Palmetto Point Drive
Palmetto, Florida 33561

President's Message

For the past five years Mrs. Joanne Harvey has held the post of Librarian and Genealogist of our Society. She has done a splendid job, to put it very mildly. She started from scratch and her files hold important genealogical histories of many of our members. Mrs. Harvey is a trained Librarian and Genealogist and she has done a professional job for us. She is the mother of two lovely high school age daughters. Her family duties and graduate work in the Library field have meant that she has had to give up her post with us.

Fortunately, Donald MacDougall, one of our Directors, has agreed to take over as our Librarian and Genealogist. Donald is a retired executive of the Firestone Rubber Company. He is a student of genealogy and has travelled extensively in Scotland. Knowing Donald as I do, I know he will do a dedicated job to serve our Society. Donald's address is 315 Afton, Akron, Ohio 44313. I know he will be glad to help any member who cares to write to him.

There are certainly compensations for being the President of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada. The experience I have just had is only one of them. Mrs. McDougall and I are just back from Toronto, Canada, where I presided at a reception and dinner party that our Society gave in honor of our Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall.

Madam MacDougall had been vacationing in western Canada with her sister, Jean, and brother-in-law, Dr. Steven Hadfield. Her flight back to Scotland called for a stopover in Toronto. Having learned of her plans, a reception and dinner party was suggested and approved at our July membership meeting in Linville.

Never before had there been a meeting of any kind of our Clan MacDougall Society in Canada. John R. McDougall of Mississauga, Ontario, made all arrangements and was Chairman



Madam MacDougall of MacDougall at Toronto reception with Edward D. MacDougall, Howard D. MacDougall and John W. McDougall.

of the affair. The reception and dinner party was held in a private dining room in the Four Seasons Sheraton Hotel in downtown Toronto on Monday evening, September 29th.

Madam MacDougall greeted graciously the fifty members and guests who attended. Many of them were old friends who had visited Dunollie Castle, others she had met in 1969 when she came from Scotland to the United States to be the Honored Guest at our annual membership meeting and the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games.

Following the reception, dinner was served in an adjoining room. Madam MacDougall, her sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Steven Hadfield, and Mrs. MacDougall and I sat at the head table with the others seated at round tables beautifully set with white cloths and shining silver.

Edward D. McDougall, our Vice-President from Chicago, said Grace and, as first speaker of the evening, told of his long friendship with Madam MacDougall and how, in 1965, she encouraged him to organize a Clan MacDougall Society.

Dr. Hadfield spoke briefly of their vacation trip and the scenic wonders of western Canada and told a comic story or so of the MacDougalls of Oban.

Mrs. E. A. Everson, an old and dear friend of Madam MacDougall, flew from Montreal with her daughter and son-in-

law, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Campbell, to be at our party. Mr. Campbell, who is President of the St. Andrews Society of Montreal, spoke of the present friendly relationship between Campbells and MacDougalls, after the enmity which existed for many years.

Howard MacDougall of Jamesburg, New Jersey, who had been host to Madam MacDougall and her husband when they came to the United States in 1969, told of their trip to Linville together for the Games and what an exhilarating experience it was for him and Marie to be with our Chief and her husband, Leslie, on this visit.

As last and honored speaker of the evening, Madam MacDougall's talk was inspirational. It dealt with our Society's lead in strengthening the ties between Scotland and the United States and Canada. She told us of being entertained royally in Edmonton by our member Allen McDougall. She let us all know she appreciated greatly the reception and dinner party in her honor and promised she would never forget our hospitality.

On this note we adjourned our first gathering of our Society held in Canada and a very successful gathering it was. I wish all of you could have been there with us.

Yours sincerely,

John W. McDougall

John W. McDougall
High Commissioner



G. Simms McDowell III, MacDougall Party Chairman, with H. Phillip McDowell and John W. McDougall, Jr.

CONGRATULATIONS —

To PATTI and ROBERT FICKER of Hendersonville, N.C., on the arrival of EDWARD ELLIOT FICKER, born July 27, 1975. Patti's grandparents are Margaret and Lowell Leonard and Patti is the girl whose wearing of the MacDougall tartan twelve years ago (mentioned in the President's Message THE TARTAN Spring 1975) led the way to the forming of the Society.

To BARBARA and DONALD A. MACDOUGALL on their 40th wedding anniversary which they recently celebrated with a happy family reunion. Reports are that grandchildren "Smiling Willie" and nineteen-month-old Allison stole the show.



Scene stealing "Smiling Willie" (son of Wynne and Neil MacDougall) at clan tent.



Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr.

AUTHOR, ANGLER AND CLERGYMAN —

Dr. Arthur R. MacDougall, who has recently become a member of the Society, is considered by many the best author of fishing and out-of-doors stories in the country. Some two hundred of his short stories have appeared in *FIELD AND STREAM*, *SPORTS AFIELD* and the *TORONTO STAR*.

Paradoxically, he has also contributed serious articles to the *CHRISTIAN CENTURY* and the *CONGREGATIONALIST* during his lifetime of writing.

Born in Enfield, Maine, in 1896, he is the son of a Baptist minister and carpenter, and grandson of Daniel Alexander MacDougall, a Highlander who became a Glasgow lawyer. He did not follow his father's footsteps in the ministry until after he had served in the first World War. Then, having graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary, unlike his father who moved from parish to parish in several states, Arthur settled for a pastorate in one community, the lovely town of Bingham, cradled in the hills of Maine, where for thirty years he travelled the upper Kennebec Valley christening, marrying, burying and sharing the joys and sorrows of the people. For his service and for his erudition, Colby College granted him an honorary Doctorate of Divinity.

The Kennebec River, the wilderness ponds, the hills and mountains fed his spirit. As he sometimes relaxed, with fly-rod in hand, he visualized a character whom he named Dud Dean — fisherman, uncomplicated naturalist, peace-loving sportsman — about whom he wrote stories for the sporting magazines.

They became so popular that in the mid-forties Coward McCann published a reprint of the stories in two books: *DUD DEAN AND HIS COUNTRY* and *UNDER A WILLOW TREE*.

In 1948 Dr. MacDougall published a book of his poems, *FAR ENOUGH FOR ALL THE YEARS*. His latest book, *THE TROUT FISHERMAN'S BEDSIDE BOOK*, published by Simon and Schuster, has been called a masterpiece of "one of the country's outstanding writers about the pleasures, pitfalls and romance of angling". But his tales are read and enjoyed by people who do not fish or hunt. His wit and wisdom are concerned with more than fishing or hunting or tramping the river banks. His writing as his son, member Walter A. MacDougall, says is an expression of man's search and attainment of something beyond and finer than himself.

THEY WILL BE MISSED —

TAINE G. McDougall of Flint, Michigan, passed away on August 5, 1975. He was one of the first Life Members of the Society. During his later years he spent much time at his home in Bermuda, but he never lost interest in the Society and corresponded with some regularity with Madam MacDougall in Scotland. His cousin, Gilbert W. McDougall of Skaneateles, N.Y., tells us his health had not been good lately and he had entered McLaren Hospital in Flint shortly before he died at age 85.

FLYING BANNERS AND FLAPPING KILTS *continued*

combined Grandfather Mountain and Asheville Highlanders. Imagine the thrill, to have a Tattoo played just for us!

Having settled in our own mind that now we had heard and seen everything, this large-winged thing appeared in the sky near the peak of Grandfather Mountain. "Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's Super Man." And it was a super man of sorts, a champion hang glider who had jumped off the mile-high peak of Grandfather. Just for fun, too.

For fun the likes of which you have never known before, we suggest you come join your MacDougall cousins at THE GAMES next July.

BOWLING GREEN'S VICE PRESIDENT —

Member Richard A. Edwards has been named vice president of Bowling Green State University, at Bowling Green, Ohio. His new duties will include a wide range of administrative functions as well as a liaison for the University with various federal agencies.

Prior to joining the Bowling Green staff in 1971, Edwards was a special assistant to the director of the National Science Foundation in Washington, D.C., and also served as a Congressional liaison specialist.

One of our more recent Society members, Richard Edwards is married and has three children.

CLAN PHOTO ALBUM —

There's something good about a kilt. And something bad. The bad is it costs so much. The good is it's durable enough to last forever. A bonus is that it never goes out of style.

This struck us as we were putting together a Clan MacDougall album of snapshots we had taken, and had received from members, during the past ten years. There were no sartorial funnies in the old pictures. They just showed us having fun together at parties and at our clan tent, in earnest conclave at meetings, and high stepping in parade formation behind our banners.

In a handsome Clan Album, which has lots of blank pages for the NEXT ten years, we have a permanent place now for an informal pictorial history of our Society.

We hope you will continue to send two or three of your favorite snapshots to keep the Album growing. Please remember to identify the people in the photograph, and the place or occasion if important, on the back of the snapshot. Our names and our doings of yesterday and today will survive that way — for tomorrow's clansmen.

The Album will be on display at our annual meetings for everyone to leaf through and enjoy.

SCOTTISH BOOKSHELF *continued*

is *Lonely*". I've just finished another of her books, "THE SPUDDY". How Miss Beckwith can come up with a story about a boy and a dog that is different from other stories about a boy and a dog, I don't know. But she does, in this heartwarming tale of life in the Hebrides. I want to read more of Beckwith. Her books have delicious titles to choose from: "The Sea for Breakfast", "The Loud Halo", "A Rope in Case", and "Lightly Poached". All, I believe, are about her homeland, the Hebrides.

And listen to this. Penguin has come out with five paperbacks authored by John Prebble and published by Seeker & Warburg, with names that give you a hint of good bedside reading you may be able to pick up at the paperback stand: "Culloden", "The Highland Clearances", "Glencoe", "The Darien Disaster", and "The Lion in the North".

Then there is "THE TROUT FISHERMAN'S BEDSIDE BOOK" by member Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr., which has been ordered but not yet received. How about one of you men reviewing this for me? I am sure it is not for sportsmen only, but maybe I would miss some points.

Don't forget me, and do write: Mrs. Don E. Allen, 323 Walnut St., Allegan, Michigan 49010.

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