



The Tartan

Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

VOLUME NO. 30

Wylie and Mary MacDougall - Founding Editors

SPRING 1980

CRYSTAL ANNIVERSARY

OUR FIFTEENTH YEAR

With this thirtieth issue of THE TARTAN, we herald the fifteenth anniversary of our Clan MacDougall Society. Our handy guide to social niceties labels the fifteenth anniversary as the "crystal anniversary." Without any fear of being guilty of hubris, we would term this the fifteenth anniversary of a crystal among clan societies.

Speaking of crystals, it is a little known fact, but one which is verified, that Clan MacDougall once had a wondrous crystal - a talisman which legend says was brought back from one of the Crusades. It was much prized and greatly respected as a charm of good fortune.

Those who founded our Clan Society were not in possession of this fabulous crystal. They had nothing but zeal, sound judgement, joy, and tenacity with which to assure a propitious beginning. These qualities they gave without stinting. They seem to have considered that nothing less was expected of our clansmen and women. Nothing less was expected and nothing more was necessary. The TARTAN under the genius of Wylie and Mary MacDougall became an example of excellence while the Society under our President and directors and through the willing support of its members has become known for its propriety, its exuberance, and its warmth of genuine kinship.

We salute those whose labor of love created this Society of MacDougalls and its Septs; we salute our Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, whose support and judgement has been indispensable; and we salute all kinsmen and women across these two nations and abroad on this our crystal anniversary.

No person knows the story of our Society more intimately than John MacDougall. In his President's Message, found in this issue of THE TARTAN, and in his choice of a quotation from our Chief, John has eloquently stated the character and pulse of our Society. We find in our president's message the source of that grand aim which is printed upon our membership certificates and which remains the fundamental goal of the Clan MacDougall Society.

During the past fifteen years, the growth of Scottish societies and gatherings has been phenomenal. Recent listings compiled by the Council of Scottish Clan Associations gives 172 clan and family societies, 268 Scottish service and social organizations, and 122 major Highland games and events within the U.S. and Canada. The Blue Bonnets are over the border! The true Gael and the followers are abroad. Amidst all this upwelling of interest - which is sometimes comically ridiculous, often authentic, and always heart warming - the Clan MacDougall Society has been growing - a new Chapter in Nova Scotia and increased representation at gatherings across our two nations. This issue of THE TARTAN brings several accounts of these representations and gatherings which we hope will inspire similar efforts and furnish hints to those inspired.

Anniversaries are celebrations of the past, but they are also invocations to the future. They are a pause in the onward flow of events when we (like the old, Celtic effigy of the twin headed god) look both forward and backwards - back to the significance of what was and forward to the meaningful consequences that shall be. It seems fitting to include in this anniversary issue thoughts upon the Galley of Lorn that perennial symbol which through a voyage of both victory and death has kept Clan MacDougall company for over eight hundred years.

OUR SOCIETY AT THE VIRGINIA GAMES

Alan Miles MacDougall

Each of the Scottish games held in this country, and in Scotland for that matter, has its own character. At Grandfather Mountain and Stone Mountain it is the beauty of the site that influences all the goings on. At the Virginia Scottish Games held each July in Alexandria, Virginia, it is the warmth of the occasion. Two summers ago that warmth came from 110 degree weather; last summer, although the day was warm and humid, it was the warmth of hospitality and the heat of athletic competition which were most memorable. Clan MacDougall had a large part to play in the hospitality and not a little to do with the success of the athletic part of the day.

The weekend began with a formal reception at which our Clan MacDougall Society was represented by this author and by Commander and Mrs. DeWitt MacDougall Patterson. After the formal festivities we country danced until after midnight, finishing with a particularly rollicking version of "Montgomery's Rant." Montgomery, himself, never danced it so well!

The next morning I was up bright and early to organize the MacDougall tent at the games. We had an excellent corner location with a nice breeze. The green tent which the games association provided went well with our tartan. As a careful student of John MacDougall, our Society President, I knew exactly how to set up a clan tent. One item at our tent proved to be an eye-catcher as the day went on. It was a giant poster photograph which I took on a visit to Oban in September 1978 of Madam MacDougall of MacDougall standing below the ruins of Dunollie. Watergate, the condominium in which I live in Alexandria, provided two five gallon coolers; one of which I filled with ice water to mix with MacDougall's oil of joy and the other was filled with lemonade. It is probably going to ruin our image, but the fact is that as the day went on and the heat got worse, the lemonade proved considerably more popular than the oil of joy.

Linda Major arrived accompanied by her son, Chris. Jerry McDowell was next on the scene. She is Linda's mother and was up from Virginia Beach. The Pattersons with Nancy Patterson's father, Captain Schetky, arrived next, and we had our team of host and hostesses for the day.

It was a good thing too, because clanspeople and friends came from all around to join us. I had written a note to all clan society members in the Washington area asking them to join us for the games, and many came. I had also sent a note to all the MacDougalls in the northern Virginia phone book and a number of the "telephone book MacDougalls" also joined us. Society members Jock and Christine MacDougall came down from Baltimore. I particularly appreciated having them cheering me on when I danced a country dance demonstration in the afternoon. The temperature was well into the eighties and the dance floor was hot concrete. I needed all the cheering I could get.

Chief Dode MacIntosh, honor guest of the games, stopped by to pay his respects. Chief MacIntosh is a former president of both the Clan MacIntosh and the Clan Hamilton Societies and is a chief of the Creek Indian Nation. He was brilliantly attired in his MacIntosh kilt and Creek Indian bonnet. He had opened the games with something (con't on page 6)

MACDOUGALLS AT THE DELCO SCOTTISH GAMES

Nellie Macdougall Parks

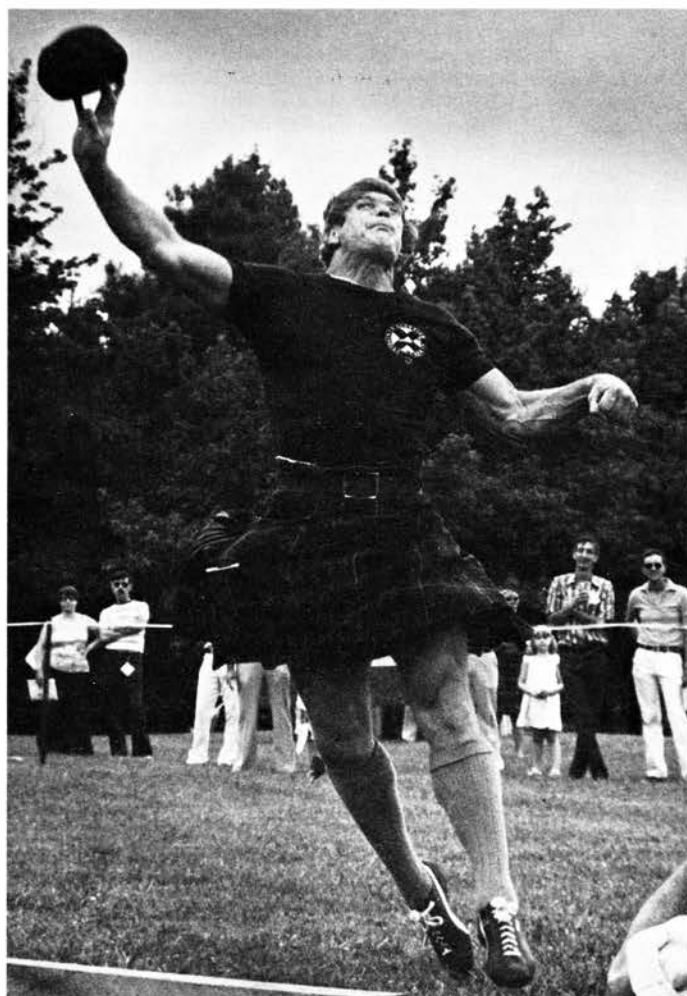
(Editor's Note: The Delco Games held at the Deveau Show Grounds in Pennsylvania are noted for piping and dance competitions. Last summer there were only four clan societies officially represented; one of which was our own. Our MacDougall tent was pitched by Nellie and her husband, Warren Parks, who printed upon his name tag "Clan Member-In-Law" but whose work and enthusiasm was equal to any son of Dugall. The following report of this their first society tent venture provides both useful hints for those considering "manning" a tent and a point of view worth contemplating.)

Because our very first experience was with the Clan MacDougall Society Tent at Grandfather Mountain Games, we think of a clan tent first as a hospitality tent for Society members to find cover from the sun or rain, a pleasant place to rest, and to meet and visit with other members and friends new and of long standing.

We regard promotion of Clan Society membership as a natural outcome of inquiries which would come as visitors to the games looked for their clan connections. We certainly made and displayed a prominent Society sign and hoped that through our efforts the small number of Society members from our metropolitan area might be increased, but we were not primarily a recruiting booth.

We had a large picnic jug of lemonade and an ice chest full of extra sandwiches - for the food concessions at Delco are jammed and there is no place for picnicking. Our display boasted a 28x22 poster with an 8 inch drawing of the clan badge done by Warren, tartan across the table, notebook of past issues of *The Tartan*, and numerous information sheets in plastic folders. The latter included Society information sheets, notices of the annual Society's meeting, the gathering at Antigonish, and a map red-arrowed to games' locations where our Clan Society is represented. Warren hung lines around the "eaves" of the tent in front and two sides and hung the display sheets

(con't next column)



Brian Oldfield setting a record at the Virginia Games. Photo credit: William M. McDowell

from these lines. A lot of people looked at these and stopped to ask questions. These folders helped to keep track of information sheets we wanted to display but not lose.

We felt we lacked a large display of the names of the Clan's Septs.

Watching other clan societies at Delco, I could see that our interpretation of the purpose of a clan tent was not universal. Some blocked the entrance to the tent with their table of literature, and the chairs behind were clearly intended only for those who "worked the table." They had everybody who came near them sign a guestbook; when I asked a member of one society how they used this roster, she said it was just thrown away. A representative of another society came over to our tent and asked what we were selling to earn money. He told us that they were always selling something. We liked the hospitality tent we experienced at Grandfather Mountain, and this is what our concept remains.

One fact stands out from our day at Delco. People who attend Scottish games are looking for their clan connections. Clan society tents are the "roots" that make the games more than just another country fair. Wouldn't it be too bad to turn these tents into just another concession? Especially since there are plenty of Scottish importers already selling everything Scottish people could want.

At Delco we learned how interested children are in learning of their own Scottish heritage. A young girl brought her Dad's business card and asked for help, hoping McDuell belonged to our Clan. Two young boys left us on the run for the Scottish Ancestry Tent when I suggested the organization might have more information about their clans than we would give them. One very small visitor to our tent, who had to climb up in a chair to be high enough to talk to me over the table, leaned forward to say so wistfully: "I'm not Scottish; I'm just a tourist." Doubtless her parents had explained. Clan society tents add much to highland games for children as well as adults, but not if they are just a place to sign your name in a throw away book or to buy a balloon.



Nellie Macdougall Parks welcomes visitors to the MacDougall tent at the Delco Games. Photo credit: Warren Parks

A FAMILY KINSHIP ALIVE FOR 150 YEARS

Lloyd R. McDougall, Jr.

Archibald McDougall was born in Tarbert, Argyshire, Scotland in 1808. He immigrated to Canada in about 1829 and settled on a pioneer farmstead in Mimosa, Ontario, about forty-three miles from Toronto. There he married Margaret Milloy of Kintyre who's family had preceded him from Scotland. They had seven children, one of whom was my great great grandfather, Hugh John McDougall. Hugh married Cathrine McArthur in 1859 and their eldest son, Edward Archie McDougall, my grandfather, was progenitor of some one hundred and twenty kinsmen who have kept his grandfather's memory and their kinship flourishing to this day.

It seems that Archibald McDougall's family was close perhaps due to their religious ties as members of the Disciples Church, Independent Fellowship. As the extended family grew to the point of aunts, uncles, cousins and grandparents, it became more difficult to keep close contact. The family began to plan a special yearly reunion held on a summer Sunday so as not to interfere with bringing in the hay. I remember those family reunions in Guelph, Ontario. We would have 150 to 200 folk (including all the in-laws) attending.

(con't on page 3)



**PIPE THE SUMMER'S GLORY IN
AND DRUM IT UP THE GLEN,
THE SUN IS IN THE LASS'S SMILE,
ITS FLAME IN HIGHLAND MEN.**

Photo Credit: International Gathering of Clans-1979

Kinship, con't

Preceding my recollections, I have photographs of my father in attendance at one of our family gatherings back in the mid-1930's. My great aunt, Mrs. Pearl Storey (nee McDougall), who was ninety-four in February, recalls many gatherings from before my father's time - all having the same warmth and kinship.

In recent years these family events have included prizes for the youngest and eldest, the one who came from furthest afield, and for the winners of foot races, three legged races, rolling pin toss, and shoe toss. There is much reminiscing by older folk and catching-up on what's been happening in other parts of the family while the kids play hide and seek or go swimming. Often the men play football. In the late afternoon, we gather around several long rows of tables for grace and a pot-luck supper of large proportions and including lots of good home cooking.

The closeness maintained by these reunions has led to occasional, impromptu gatherings. Last fall my father's cousin, Fred McDougall, held a barn dance - he on fiddle, my great aunt, Minnie, on piano, and some friends to make the group complete. They played for hours. We roasted "franks" and boiled corn on the cob.

I count it a blessing to have had a family like mine. As I think of clansmen immigrating to North America, I hope that, although they may have left a close family on the other shore, they formed and will form the makings of an even closer one here as Archibald and Margaret McDougall did for us so many years ago.

SCOTTISH HERITAGE FESTIVAL

(sponsored by New Jersey Highway Authority)

Marie MacDougall

Saturday, September 29, 1979, could not have been a gloomier day. When Howard awakened me, and I couldn't see across the street, I thought bed was a better place to stay. However, we had committed ourselves to representing CLAN MACDOUGALL at the Festival in New Jersey - the 7th Annual Gathering, and the third with Clan representation. The State has been enthusiastically supporting ethnic days at the beautiful Garden State Arts Center and we have enjoyed being there to find any local MacDougalls.

In desperation, after phone calls from 7:30 on (no answer as on a Saturday, no State business was going on) I had an inspiration and phoned the State Troopers for that area. One Answered, 'Yes miss, the tents are up and if you just give those Scots some Scotch, they won't care what the weather is like!' We decided to pack and get on our way. We arrived early enough to get a good table and set up our little show. There were only four other clans that showed up for registration and displays this year, but if we are all a little persistent and 'spread the good word' we should grow as the Grandfather Mountain Games have. Anyway, there was plenty of good Scottish hospitality and from Kearney, N.J., where I understand there is a large Scottish settlement, we had delicious little meat pies and other goodies typical of the home country.

Because of the inclement weather, some of the activities had to be cancelled. It is customary to have the caber toss, sheep herding, etc. and the dancing and bands in the morning. Then in the afternoon, the large auditorium, seating 5,000 people, is filled to listen to entertainment which is generally 'music hall' type-entertainers from Scotland whose humour can be rather broad at times, some dancing and piping and some excellent singers.

I think our table was effective. We had Barbara McDougall's beautiful clan banner on a backdrop and the tartan cover on the table. Quite a number of people stopped to visit with us, unfortunately, not many MacDougalls, but we may have a few new members who signed their names. THE TARTAN was passed out quickly and we just tried to make certain it went to our own kin. Next year, we'll hope for better weather and see if we can't get our Clan Crest displayed, too.

Earlier in the summer, Howard and I were invited to be guests - and wear our tartans - in the beautiful and historical town of Cranbury. People from that pre-Revolutionary town had entertained girls and boys who were traveling around the United States with a good pipe and drum band from Edinburgh. The setting was charming - a beautiful little park next to a lake with a charming Victorian bandstand for some of the leaders of the band. They were good. We were surprised at the large turnout and the number of men wearing kilts. So, in our own small way, we are trying to make people aware of the Clan and have a great deal of pleasure visiting with any Scots around and comparing notes on their activities.

ITEMS OF NOTE

A citation and plaque was awarded to Society member MARY C. MACLELLAN of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, by the Antigonish Highland Society for outstanding contributions to the preservation of Scottish culture. Mary's work in behalf of youth - twenty years of service as treasurer and fifteen years as secretary in the 4-H organization was also recognized by an award of appreciation.

DR. ROD MCDUGALL of Edmonton has discovered that bran in one's diet stimulates the secretion of bile acids thus aiding in the elimination of cholesterol crystals, those gremlin builders of gall stones.

Congratulations to STEPHEN LIDDON SIMMONS, son of Society member Stephen Simmons, on his recent marriage. STEPHEN AND MONICA STELLA were married on December nineteenth at Hacienda "El Novillero," near Bogota, Columbia, South America.

Congratulations to Society member CAROL ELIZABETH LANDER and to KENT WORTH PORTER who were married on December nineteenth at the Annandale Methodist Church in Annandale, Virginia.

ALAN MILES MACDOUGALL has been elected vice president of the St. Columba Scottish Country Dance Group. Thanks to Alan, who donated the MacDougall Tartan banner, our colors are also being displayed at the functions of the Saint Andrews Society of Washington, D.C.

Society member Dr. ROBERT D. MACDOUGALL, dean of Cornell's Division of Summer Session, has curated an exhibition of color photographs, "Beyond the Tiji," at Cornell University's Museum of Art. The exhibition explored Indian architecture as a "divinely revealed art." Robert is the son of Director Howard and Marie MacDougall.

Congratulations to MARTIN and RUTH MCDUGALL of Seattle, Washington, who announced the arrival of JAMES ANDREW, born November 8, 1979. Blessing on thee little man!

Our bonnets are off in salute to Society member MONROE A. MAJOR. "Alex" has been awarded the Commander's Award for Civilian Service, the second highest among the Army awards to civilians. This medal is given in recognition of a service which will warm the heart of taxpayers and good Scots everywhere. Alex has saved the people of the United States a sum of money "in excess of twenty million dollars." Alex is presently Deputy of Civilian Personnel, Eighth United States Army, and is stationed in Korea.



Society President and High Commissioner John W. McDougall leads the MacDougalls in Tartan Parade at Grandfather Mountain.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Our most worthy editor, Walter Macdougall has made it crystal clear in his lead article that this is a banner year for the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada. And why shouldn't it be? As we pass our fifteen year milestone we can boast of a membership nearing the five hundred mark. Forty-five are Life Members. Sixty-six are new members that joined in 1979. They were from twenty states and eight Canadian provinces. We now have members in forty-five of the fifty states and in nine of the twelve Canadian provinces.

Since this is an important year for our Society I would like to pass on to you an inspirational word or so for you to stop and consider. In January 1965 our Chief wrote a letter for us that went to prospective members. What she said in three paragraphs of her letter are better expressed than any words of mine. I quote "It is with very great pleasure that I hear of the successful start of the Clan MacDougall Society in America. It is sometimes said that the days of the Clan are over, that we must look forward to the future and not look into history, but this is overlooking the fact that there is a great deal of good in the past which can be carried forward into modern life.

One of the unhappy features of the time we live in is the diminishing influence of the home and family life. In days past, the Clan in its best sense was essentially a family affair in which all its members depended on each other for mutual help and support. A modern Clan Society brings together people whose ancestors came from the same country and background, and who have a mutual interest in preserving the many wonderful qualities and traditions which made their ancestors pioneers in a new world.

On my visit to the United States and Canada, I was tremendously impressed by the pride the many MacDougalls I met took in their names and the feeling of kinship with each other, and it would be a wonderful thing if they were to join in a clan Society to meet and exchange views, and to bring their heritage of good Scottish ancestry and all it implies to help in the building of a better world."

I believe what Madam MacDougall said in 1965 was very true and to the point but even more to the point in 1980.

It is a gratifying fact to realize that members come into our society because of their pride in their family and in their fine Scottish heritage. Since our initial membership drive in 1965 we have not had a membership drive as such. Word of our society has been passed on to families and friends. Urgent inquiring letters from prospective members follow and that is how our membership has grown.

This year I would like to send a special invitation to all those loyal members who have not been able to be with us so far, to join us at Linville the second week end of July. It is a special year too for the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games. It is the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary and the Jubilee year of the Games.

To end my message, I would like to express my appreciation for the confidence placed in me as your president for fifteen years and I pledge you that I will do my best to execute my duties toward the continued growth of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada.

THEY WILL BE MISSED

The members of the Clan MacDougall Society express their sympathy:

To Dr. Robert A. McDougall, M.D., and family on the death of Robert's father, RUSSELL P. MCDUGALL. Russell McDougall died at the age of 75 on October 27, 1979. He is survived by his wife, Ernestine Alberts McDougall, two sons, three grandchildren and by one great grandson. Russell was a retired professor of education and Director Emeritus of Indiana State University's Audiovisual Department.

To Marjory and Margaret McLeod of Toronto who lost their mother, MRS. R. CARTER (MACDOUGALL) MCLEOD, on September first. Mrs. McLeod was ninety-seven and had been a member of the Clan MacDougall Society since 1965.

To John D. MacDougall on the loss of his father, JOHN D. MACDOUGALL. Society member John MacDougall died at age sixty-four after a prolonged illness. He was a resident of Worcester, Massachusetts, and the son of Duncan and Margaret (MacMaster) MacDougall both of Cape Breton Island.

To Mrs. Mabel McDougall Rogers of Murray, Kentucky, who lost her husband, HILLARD ROGERS, on October 12, 1979.



MacDougall Youth marching before Chief's car at Antigonish. Joe Barrigan in front, George Macdougall with Tartan Banner, Donald MacDougall with the Chief's own flag, and Chris McDougall marching proudly between. Photo Credit: Martha Horr



THE GALLEY OF LORN

A Voyage Into the Past and the Future

The symbolic ships, those ships of human imagination and faith, are ancient and universal. We see these ships of the soul and ships of state spreading their sails and dipping oars through the ages. They are carried by the currents of fate and are pushed by the winds of adventure to the outermost isles.

Nowhere in the annals of mankind has the ship symbol been more prominent than among the clans of the Hebrides and the western Highlands. Only among the "sea-plowing" Norse is there a like preoccupation, and this similarity is not accidental. It is from Scandinavia and out of what Sir Iain Moncreiffe has characterized as the "dawn of heraldry" that the symbol of the royal galley comes to so many Scottish clans.

The voyage of the royal galley begins, as do most ancient accounts of beginnings, with the gods. It begins with those northern gods of mist and sword whose names have been given to the days of our week. In this northern pantheon, Nerthus was the earth mother. Her galley was the crescent moon. The Peace Kings of Uppsala claimed descent from Nerthus, and her galley became their royal symbol to be passed down to the Manx Kings and the royal houses of the Norse raiders. By direct passage, the galley of Nerthus became the black galley of Lorn - a royal symbol upon the waters of the western isles and the Highland kingdom which was to be called Argyll.

Col. Alexander MacDougall of Macdougall (see *Tartan*, No. 4) in writing an introduction to that excellent but unfortunately short lived publication, *The Galley of Lorn*, wrote, "... the Galley of Lorn (is) a title which has always been associated with Clan MacDougall, for was it not this galley which proudly sailed the firths and stormswapt seas of Lorn under their progenitor and warrior, the mighty Somerled."

Among the fleet of heraldry and the insignia of the proud "galley-clans," the Galley of Lorn - The MacDougall Galley - is unique with its crescent shape, its beacon, and its dragon heads at both bow and stern.

Ancient examples of this galley symbol still exist - the seal of Chief Alexander of Argyll made in 1292 and the Arms of the MacDougall Lords of Lorn and Argyll represented on the Balliol Roll of 1332. One would expect the flamboyant pen of heraldry to have transformed the ancient moon galley, but look at the galley as depicted upon the Arms of our present Chief. The crescent shape remains unadorned by embellishments of castles fore and aft.

The beacon which flares at the Galley of Lorn's masthead is an emblem as ancient as the moon galley itself. Celtic lore abounds with references to beacon fires. They are the sacred symbols of beginnings and of the establishment of kingdoms. In ritual the beacon stood for the ascendancy of power and dominion. In cosmological terms as well as those of higher human aspirations, the beacon signaled the pouring out of light and order which pushes back the darkness. Once established the beacon represented continuation and that vigilance required to prevent the darkness from returning. Sir James Monteith Grant, Lord Lyon King of Arms, informs us that the beacon has been an integral part of the MacDougall Arms since early times.

(con't on page 6)

HONORED GUEST

Clan MacDougall had a very special representation at the Jacksonville Highland Games held in April. Our Society President was the Guest of Honor.

The 46th Fighter Squadron of the U.S. Air Force, "The Clansman Squadron," (see *TARTAN*, Fall 1976), the members of which wore Glengarry bonnets and the MacDougall Tartan in honor of their first Commander, was also present at the Jacksonville Games.

We are looking forward to a full report from John!

CLAN CAIRN

Our new Society Chapter in Nova Scotia is continuing with its plans to erect a clan cairn in Antigonish. The cairn will have a cast insert of our MacDougall Clan Crest. The plans for the cairn are being drawn by John H. MacDougall, Chapter President and a professor of engineering at Saint Francis Xavier University.

CLANSMAN WELL PROTECTED

Charles MacDougall of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, reports that during a recent stint at the hospital, his doctor, nurse and the woman who cleaned his hospital room were all MacDougalls. Charles writes that he was "well protected in case the Campbells attacked."

SCOTTISH BOOKSHELF

Margaret MacDougall Allen

D. K. Broster has written a trilogy that is very readable and interesting. The books are involved with the Jacobite Rebellion and its results. The three novels are published by Penguin Books and are: *The Flight of the Heron*, *The Gleam in the North*, and *The Dark Mile*.

The first book, *The Flight of the Heron*, begins with raising the standard of Bonnie Prince Charles. Ewen Cameron, a young Scot, left his home and joined the Jacobites. A friendship began between Ewen and an English officer ends in tragedy.

In *Gleam in the North*, which describes the years following Culloden, Ewen tries to save his cousin, Archie Cameron, who is on the run. *The Dark Mile* continues the account of unsettled conditions. Clan loyalties contribute to a Romeo and Juliet love story in the Highlands.

The Scottish Highlands by John A. Lester is a book which I really enjoyed and thought how nice to read and have if one were going to Scotland. It is published by the Arco Publishing Co., 219 Park Avenue, South, New York. This book deals with the seven "crofting Counties" including Argyll and has sections on "What are the Highlands," history, industry, development, flora and fauna, along with a short story guide. There is a gazetteer of place and proper names, photographs, and an excellent section featuring road maps.

So You're Going to Wear the Kilt by Charles Thompson is a book for one who is thinking about buying a kilt and wondering how and where to wear it. The author is chairman of The Council of Scottish Clan Associations' Committee on Tartans and Heraldry.

James K. MacDougall, whose first novel was *Weasel Hunt*, has written a second novel, *Death and the Maiden*, a private eye mystery with David Stuart again the protagonist. Stuart is asked to serve as a go-between in the kidnapping of a five year old girl. He is helped by a sympathetic police sergeant, hindered by a corrupt sheriff and finally aided by a college friend in bringing to conclusion a most difficult task.

FRUGAL MCDUGAL

There's an eight foot, bucktoothed, tartan wearing squirrel on the loose in the aircraft plants of the Boeing Company. The squirrel's name is "Frugal McDougal."

The creation of industrial engineer John Hertha and artist Jack Stables, Frugal McDougal is out to save energy, and he seems to be accomplishing his purpose. Despite plant expansion, Boeing, with the help of Frugal and its employees, has cut energy consumption by a third! In his task Frugal McDougal is assisted by an assortment of energy saving reminders - Frugal McDougal pens, coloring books, T-shirts, and penny pinching wallet cards. His travels aren't limited to the confines of Boeing's plants. He prefers being with the Tacoma Scots Pipe Band, but he turns up in classrooms, ball games, and any other place where he can get his message across.

To all this old Somerled, King of the Hebrides and Regulus of Argyll, would probably say "nuts," but if Frugal can save energy, we won't knock his efforts.

(Thanks to Society members Martin and Ruth MacDougall of Seattle, Washington, for this item.)

Virginia Games, con't

different than the usual "My wife and I are so happy to be with you today . . ." speech. Instead he let out with a Creek Indian turkey war whoop which out-bagpiped the bagpipes.

The athletic competition was perhaps the best seen in recent years at highland games in this country. Former Olympic shortputter Brian Oldfield from Sunny Vale, California was the overall winner. Brian, who broke the game's record for the 56 pound weight (15 feet, 8 inches) and the 17 pound stone put (58 feet, 1 inch), set a new world mark in the sheaf toss. The sheaf cleared 25 feet, 4 inches, when the contest had to be stopped because the bar could be raised no higher. Fred Vaughan from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, a favorite in recent years at Grandfather Mountain, broke the national record by hurling the 56 pound weight 37 feet, eight inches. Keith Tice set a new record in the 22 pound hammer throw with a 95 feet, 10 inches.

The day ended with a bang, just as DeWitt Patterson and I put the last of the chairs in my car and struck the tent, a dandy thunderstorm broke out and sent the crowds scattering.

The games ended officially on Sunday morning with a church service according to the prayer book of the Church of Scotland. All in all it was a fine weekend. We look forward to having more MacDougalls join us next year when the games will be a two day event.

Galley of Lorn, con't

We all have a picturebook image of the Viking ships with their dragon prows. The Galley of Lorn has a dragon head bow and stern. Again we are indebted to Sir James, Lord Lyon King of Arms, for the information that there are numerous illustrations which show Norse longboats with this two-headed feature. It is thought that the Galley of Lorn inherited its dragon heads, fore and aft, from the royal insignia of the Manx Kings. The ornamentation is ancient and doubtless symbolic.

Recently we saw the following quotation: "There are two lasting gifts we can give our children - one is roots and the other wings." The ancient Galley of Lorn, the galley of Clan MacDougall and its Septs, bears such a precious gift with its dragon heads looking to the past and to future shores and with its flaming beacon of aspiration and faith. It is a galley for voyage even to the uttermost isles and a ship in which to sail home once again.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The second edition of ISLAND OF KERRERA, MIRROR OF HISTORY, Miss Hope MacDougall of MacDougall's fascinating chronicle of a MacDougall island still in the hands of our Chief (see TARTAN, Fall, 1979), is now available through the editor of the TARTAN. The new edition, with improved photographic reproductions and binding, is \$9.85 for Society members in the United States and \$11.75 for members in Canada. Please make checks payable to Walter M. Macdougall when ordering this book through the TARTAN.

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS MCCULLOCH

The McCulloch House in Pictou, Nova Scotia, is built from brick which traveled from Scotland as ballast in the holds of sailing ships. It was built to last, and is a proper memorial to the long lasting and visionary contributions of its past owner, Thomas McCulloch.

It was a blessing to the entire Province of Nova Scotia when McCulloch came to Pictou in 1803. Minister, doctor, teacher and naturalist, Thomas McCulloch was to be the Province's greatest pioneer educator and proponent of the opportunity for higher learning regardless of one's position or creed. Through his efforts Pictou Academy opened its doors in 1817 to a countryside in which even basic schooling was considered a luxury. But this was only the beginning. For twenty years, this fellow clansman labored unrelentingly for funds and support. In 1838, he became the first president of Dalhousie College.

In his private life, McCulloch was a dedicated ornithologist whose collection brought a visit from James Audubon and a lifelong friendship with this authority on the birds of America.

In 1973, during the celebration of the landing of the "Hector", Princess Alexandria withdrew the tartan folds unveiling a plaque in the wall of the McCulloch house. The tribute was to Thomas M. McCulloch and his fellow countrymen who kept faith with that grand acclamation that we shall know the truth and the truth shall make us free.

(Editor's note: McCulloch is a Sept of Clan MacDougall and a proud Highland name.)



Black hair streaming
In the chilled night wind,
She gazes at him dreaming,
Lost in deep sleep.

Leannan Sidhe, Leannan Sidhe!
Enchantress fey, mistress of the mists
From across the Western Sea,
Seeking souls of the mortal best.

Singing, she calls the sleeper
In a voice deep and sweet
Plunging into his mind deeper,
Telling of future feats.

Thig, thig a mach, she sings
Mo ghraidh, mo chridhe,
The soft words sting
With the desire of the Sidhe.

Waking, he sees the woman fair,
An Leannan Sidhe, undying lover,
With glistening jet hair
Reflecting the moon above her.

A' Ghealach, the moon,
Blesses their long path
Across the churning waves of An Cuan
To the land of the Tir Nan Og.

He is one more for the land of the young,
Another for life everlasting,
In a land where living songs are sung
And love is forever.

And An Leannan Sidhe
Is pleased.

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Gaelic: Sidhe, fairy; An Leannan Sidhe, the fairy enchantress; thig, come; thig a mach, come out; mo ghraidh, my love; mo chridhe, my dearest; A' Ghealach, the moon; an cuan, the ocean; Tir Nan Og, the land of the young.

Note: The Leannan Sidhe (Lan-awn shee), like all dwellers in the land of Faerie, has many attributes. All agree that she is beautiful. Some say that she gives genius to the poet and inspires the artist but with a price. Those who are under her spell "burn their candles at both ends." Well, it's spring and time for Celtic fancies and for a little candle burning at both ends.

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