

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

Volume II, No. 12

Wylie and Mary McDougall, Founding Editors

Spring 1986

Foundation Supports Three Clan Projects

By John W. McDougall, High Commissioner

Every year hundreds of MacDougalls and other visitors from all over the world visit the ruins of Dunollie Castle. It is just out of Oban, on the west coast of Scotland. They wonder at the antiquity of the old fort that has stood on a rugged promontory, overlooking Oban Bay, for over eight centuries.

Unless the visitors have studied Clan MacDougall history they will know very little more about Dunollie Castle when they leave than they did when they arrived. A fortunate few may have climbed to the castle with our Chief or a member of her family and been told something of the castle's history, as they were guided about the grounds. Our Chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, has been concerned because so many visitors climb down the hill, knowing so little about what they have seen.

The directors of the Clan MacDougall Society Foundation have seen here an opportunity to carry out one of the objectives of the Foundation. We have voted unanimously to have erected on the outer wall of Dunollie a cast aluminum plaque. There will be on the plaque, in reasonably large letters a brief history of the castle. The plaque will be cast and sent to our Chief to be erected, under her direction, as soon as the project is approved by the Scottish Board of Monuments.

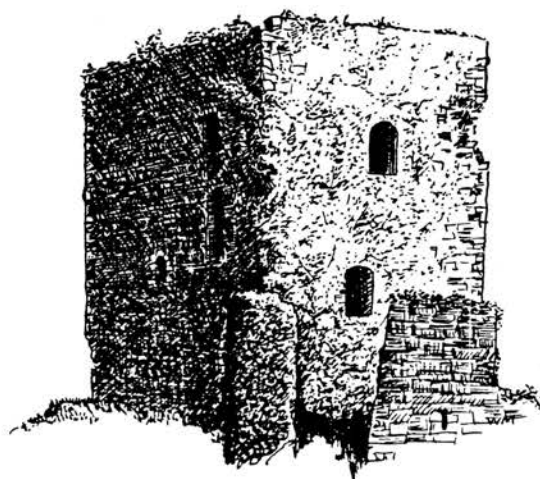
This is not the first of the Foundation's projects to get under way. The four books that tell of Clan MacDougall history and heritage, mentioned in my article in the last issue of *The Tartan*, have been given and sent to colleges and universities in North Carolina, South Carolina, Kansas and Georgia.

Our first scholarship will go to the North American Academy of Piping, Mount Pleasant, SC. The pipers and drummers that entertain us at our annual cocktail party and dinner are graduates or students of that school.

The three projects mentioned above are just the beginning of the good work planned by the Clan MacDougall Society Foundation. The Board of Directors has accomplished this much since our last meeting. For various reasons they have abandoned the project to erect a cairn on the battlefield of Dalrigh where the MacDougalls were victorious over Robert Bruce.

Because of the efforts of our member David MacDougall, attorney of Janesville, WI, and his firm, Brennan, Steil, Bosting and MacDougall, the Internal Revenue Service has approved the Foundation as a tax free charitable trust. It took considerable work to accomplish this, and David and his firm have donated their time

See Foundation, Pg. 4, Col. 1



Reprinted from Journeying in MacDougall Country

Dunollie — North and West Wall

(Editor's note: Following is the proposed inscription for a cast aluminum plaque to be mounted on the outer wall of Dunollie Castle.)

Dunollie Castle

Over one thousand years ago, an important fortification called Dun Ollaigh was established on this promontory as a part of Dalriada, the ancient kingdom of the Scots.

In the 12th Century, Somerled, whose lineage mingles with the royal lines of Scot and Norse, arose to become king in the Hebrides and Regulus of Argyll. Dougall, his eldest son, inherited Argyll and the islands to the west and was the progenitor of the MacDougalls of Lorn and later Chiefs of Clan MacDougall.

The castles of Dunollie and Dunstaffnage became the principal seats of these powerful lords. While the date of the existing keep is uncertain, parts of the structure and the north curtain wall probably date from the 13th Century. It is likely that Ewan, Lord of Lorn and third Chief of Clan MacDougall, looked down from this place upon the fleets of King Alexander II of Scotland and King Hakon of Norway, both of whom sought Ewan's alliance.

Dunollie was besieged by Cromwellian troops in 1647 and was again attacked following the Rising of 1715 when the castle was bravely defended by Mary MacDonald of Sleat, wife of exile Iain Ciar, 22nd Chief of Clan MacDougall.

The ravages of time and war led to the abandonment of Dunollie in 1746. After more than 800 years, this site still remains in the hands of the Chief of Clan MacDougall and holds a special significance for members of the Clan family now spread around the world.

President's Report



John A. McDougall

Another milestone in the history of Clan MacDougall Society was reached in January when Judson N. McDougall of St. Louis, MO, was issued membership number 1100. Eleven hundred new memberships issued in the past 21 years. I think that is a pretty good number. And to give credit, where credit is due, it was mostly due to the efforts and ability of our High Commissioner, Founder and President Emeritus, John W. McDougall, Sr. His leadership has been the spark plug, the key to the accomplishments that have been made.

The Stone Mountain Highland Games are held each year in October. This past year the weather was about as perfect as it gets here in Atlanta, which is to say that it was as near perfect as it gets anywhere. (Yes, I am a wee bit prejudiced.) Early morning was crisp, clear, with temperatures in the low 60s. Later in the day it was sunny and in the high 70s. The Clan members that are descendants of Lola B. McDougall — the Honikers, Leroy's, Hotchkiss, and a few more, hold their annual family reunion on this occasion. Some of them come from Florida, Michigan, Connecticut. They make it a very festive time.

The honored guest at Stone Mountain was The Right Honorable Godfrey James Macdonald, Lord Macdonald, Chief of the name and arms of Macdonald, High Chief of Clan Donald. When Lord and Lady Macdonald were making their round of the Clan tents and stopped at Clan MacDougall tent, they found members Deaderick and Ann Moon on hand to greet them. They all greeted each other as old friends. It seems they had met previously, about 11 years ago, in Chattanooga. Deaderick had given the Lord a per-simmon that made a favorable and lasting impression.

Highland Games are becoming very numerous around the country. Every few days an announcement of a new one arrives in the mail. They are a good form of family fun. I strongly recommend that all members attend a couple a year. First, of course, Grandfather Mountain, Linville, NC, where we hold our annual meeting. And second, one in your own region of the country where you can get together with other Clan members of your area.

Society President

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John A. McDougall".

Flowers of the Forest

The officers and directors of The Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada extend their sincere sympathies to the families of the following deceased kinspeople:

Dr. Curtis MacDougall, author, professor and a longtime leader in journalistic integrity, died Nov. 10, 1985.

George MacDougall, a retired farmer who resided in Burnham, ME, died Feb. 10, 1986. His daughter, Gloria Cota, writes that her father enjoyed his association with members of the Clan family.

Mrs. Myrtle E. MacDougall, 86, died March 8, 1986, in a Charleston, SC hospital. She was the mother of Howard W. MacDougall of Charleston.

In Memorium Dr. Curtis MacDougall

With the death of Dr. Curtis MacDougall on Nov. 10, 1985, there passed from our earthly ranks a distinguished intellect whose attainments and honors fill a lengthy situation in *Who's Who In America*.

Author, politician, professor and longtime leader in the field of Journalism, Curtis MacDougall spent his life in an unflinching and unstinting dedication to human equality, to the celebration of reason, and to the reporting of the truth. Generations of newspaper men and women have been inspired by Dr. MacDougall, either from a classroom experience or from his classic texts *Interpretive Reporting*, *Understanding Public Opinion*, *Covering the Courts*, and *Hoaxes*.

With characteristic energy and spirit, Curtis MacDougall continued writing when most men are willing and anxious to retire. In 1983, *Superstition and the Press* was published. At 81, Dr. MacDougall completed *Spilling the Beans*, an autobiographical account of his (and others) defense of freedom of the press and of thought during the McCarthy era.

Descended from a line of our Clan that lived upon the Isle of Iona, Dr. MacDougall was a manifestation of what we like to feel is the tradition of Clan MacDougall and the finest that can be said about humankind — the courage and the honesty to live by the highest values and insight that one possesses. He was a fighter — unafraid of controversy, undaunted by defeat, and unspoiled by success.

We salute this MacDougall clansman for his accomplishment, and we remember his kindness and understanding.

Walter M. MacDougall

MacDougalls Meet in Michigan

By Suzanne McDougall

There *are* MacDougalls in Michigan — a whole bunch of them! And, at last, they are getting to know one another.

It all began last December when I decided to contact the other Clan members living in Michigan. One thing led to another, and ...

Our first "event" was a Burns Dinner sponsored by the Detroit Burns Club. We were there at the invitation of Burns Club vice president Jim McDougall. Three Clan families shared haggis with Jim's family and other club members and their guests. (Unfortunately, Jim was attending his father's funeral in Scotland and could not be at the dinner.) Dan Eisaman was declared Michigan Clan MacDougall Piper by those present and represented us by piping during the evening's festivities.

A pot luck supper was our second "event," held on March 23rd. Eleven MacDougalls were present to share good food and good fellowship.

Future events planned are a summer picnic and a Clan Tent at the Alma Highland Games in May. We hope all MacDougalls at the Games will stop by and see us.

Anyone interested in being on the Michigan Clan MacDougall mailing list should write to: Suzanne McDougall, 26521 Barrington, Madison Heights, MI 48071.

Highlands Cast Spell as Romantic Enchanter

By Walter M. Macdougall

Being richly blessed for a second time, I have again journeyed in MacDougall country — that Highland world which long, long ago a poet described as a “lovely land to the eastward, Alba with all its wonders.”

As the train climbed its highroad from Glasgow to Oban, I wondered if the thrill felt during my first experience could be sensed a second time. Certainly the weather had no intention of assisting by casting enchantments.

It was July, An t’Luchar in the Gaelic calendar, the month of light and brightness, but this July offered, at best, watery glimmers in a summer so rainy that a MacDougall wit observed that she couldn’t see what Noah had to fuss about.

The weather was not welcoming me at the gateway of romance but rather at the iron-bound door of reality, and for such a welcome I am most grateful. One must be on his or her guard in Scotland against enchantments, for under the spell of the romantic and of the charming one can miss the Highlands altogether.

Of course, one could do worse than enter and leave the Highlands by the gateway of romance. One could, for instance, end such a journey as did the urbane and clever Samuel Johnson believing that “seeing Scotland is only seeing a worse England.” All the same, the best assurance against such a dismal waste of opportunity is to enter the Highlands with no “Brigadoon” illusions. Keep the steel blade of realism between yourself and the romantic enchanter should be the traveler’s motto when entering the land of the Gael.

One must acknowledge that the riches of the Highlands are not those of the larder or the coffer-box. Here passing the window of the railway coach was a country where the green layer of physical sustenance is thin — like a threadbare carpet often broken and showing a floor of stone. One can sense the austerity of this land passing by, and one can meet the naked truth face to face as I was to do below the barren heights of Dun Crutagan and above a gray sea rounding the stony heaths of Degnish.

I stood in a hollow amidst the braken where riverlets gurgled in drainage ditches newly grubbed from the mire. Beyond the hollow

and upon the hillside rising through great rocks to the craigs above, two shepherds waved ragged shirts and yelled curses at their dogs and the newly sheared sheep. There was nothing pastoral, nothing of an open-handed land, in that morning of cold rain.

No romantic caricature, with which I am familiar, serves to explain the Highlander’s love for his homeland. Perhaps it was Matthew Arnold who best placed the poet’s finger upon the pulse and the sinew of the Highland Scot — a spirit which he described as “...passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact.” To feel such a stalwart reaction within oneself is to know something of the resonance which exists between the Highlander and the grim-splendor of his homeland.

The “despotism of fact” dwells in the Highlands forever twined with a sublimity beyond description. The train labored northward amidst a mountain grandeur — the sweeping, uplifting magnificence of the Highlands — where the creative command, “Let there be light,” still reverberates between the dark craigs. The far mountains were the color of ultramarine and those farther still a cobalt purple. Upon the slopes there shown the tinsel of a hundred waterfalls. Closeby the hills were somber with earth colors until a shaft of sunlight, striking sideways and as a beam of faith, laid a swath alive with radiance like an emerald on dark velvet.

Here was Alba with all its wonders under a mantle of ever flowing mist and ever changing cloud. Clouds are as much a part of the Highland topography as are the hills. Of course, there are days which are cloudless. There are days when the landscape is bauld, but the Highlands seem not to have been created for such “fair weather”. The Highlands are a stage set for a more dynamic counterpoint of mist and rainbow, of dark cloud and coruscating waters. “Ceo,” the Gaelic word for mist, has a double significance. The word also means “amazement.” The evening was filled with amazement. Like wraiths of white dragons, the mist explored the secret recesses of the mountains and descended the corries as the ghosts of great waterfalls seen in the slow motion of another world.

The clouds did not clear as daylight grew dimmer. They parted in ragged rifts to show the blue of the high dome. An unseen sun was burnishing the misty regions. Here close at hand, the woods and the moor were a nether world dimly lit by reflections from a higher realm. From a cluster of trees on the far edge of the moor, windows glowed with a homey warmth — shinning from a lone house below the smoking mountains and the darkening sky.

I was surprised by the religious turn my thoughts were taking. Had I let down my guard and failed to keep the steel of logic and the blade of realism between my mind and the enchanter? Was this some unexpected and more clever trick, or was I realizing what in my excitement I had failed to fully comprehend during my first journey?



Dunollie Castle

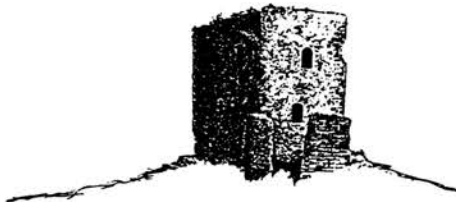
See Highlands, Pg. 4, Col. 1

Foundation

and effort at no cost to the Foundation or the Clan MacDougall Society.

Is it not always so in any organization, a small group of members usually do most of the work? This is true of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada. One reason is our members live in 46 of our 50 states and in eight Canadian Provinces. This does not mean our members are not loyal, enthusiastic members. One out of every eight members is a Life Member. I am positive most of our members would like to take an active part in the affairs of our Society and would gladly donate their time and effort if distance and circumstance permitted. All of us, I am sure, appreciate the time and effort given freely by those that plan and conduct our meeting, keep our books, write the articles and edit *The Tartan*, and do all the other chores necessary to keep us among the leaders of the Scottish Clan Societies.

Your directors would like to take this opportunity to thank all who have contributed to the Foundation. If you feel you would like to do more for our Clan MacDougall Society, why not consider making a donation to the Foundation. Remember, it's deductible on your income tax, too.



Highlands

Here in this chiarascuro land — this place of light and darkness, of grim-splendor — the Highland chalice is forever being raised in communion above the despotism of fact. I should have realized why Christianity took deep root here among a race of Gaels — the Gaels which one English poet, speaking half a truth, described as a race that God had made mad, "for all their battles are merry and all of their songs are sad." Strange misfits for a gentle gospel, perhaps, yet the Gael would understand a story of how a band of disciples once sang a song and went out into the night and how there dawned an Easter. The Gael would understand, for he lived in a hard and stony land where eternal mystery is wrapped in the wonder and amazement of the mist.

The train came to a stop beside Oban's wooden station in a dingy evening of palpable grayness. Across the rain-ringed water and hidden by a dark slope rises Dunollie, high seated above the sea. There, before the ruined tower, we shall stand on a new morning. We shall look outward upon a world of wonders — upon a new testament of beauty. We shall look upon the expanse of blue sea fading to near whiteness before the mountains of Mull raise a wall across the horizon. We shall look to the land of cumulus where the Hebrides keep the rim of this Highland world. And the gulls will rise and turn into the wind with the slightest tremor in the arch of their wings as they feel the unseen current which lifts them.

NOTE: The writer's first visit to the land of our Highland ancestors has been recounted in *Journeying In MacDougall Country*, a book written for our Clan family. This book of 200 pages is more than a travelogue. It is a travel guide to which has been added a wealth of information along with fascinating bits of that folklore with which Lorn is so richly endowed.

Illustrated with pen and ink sketches, colored plates and maps, *Journeying In MacDougall Country* is an intriguing companion for those who have traveled in the land of our ancestors, who plan to do so, or who have always wished they could. \$10.50 post paid. Walter M. Macdougall, RFD #2 Box 98, Milo, Maine 04463.

Clanspeople On the Go



Walter and Judy Macdougall of Milo, ME, send word, with unabashed pride they note, of their three sons. **Capt. Arthur Macdougall** has been awarded both the Army Achievement Medal and the Meritorious Service Medal. He is a signal officer with the 2nd Battalion, 30th Infantry, in Germany. **Malcolm Macdougall** was married Oct. 19, 1985, to **Cynthia Dianne Johnson** of Johnson City, TN. Having graduated from Harvard, Malcolm entered a management training program at the Electrolux plant in Bristol, VA. **George Macdougall** is graduating in May from the University of Maine as a civil engineer.

★ ★ ★

John McDowell Moore's daughter, **Margaret Hardwick**, presented John with a new grandson, **John McDowell Hardwick**. **Margaret and Michael Hardwick** live in Cincinnati, OH, and are enthusiastic members of the Society.

★ ★ ★

Hugh C. MacDougall is back in Washington, DC, after a tour of duty in Rangoon, Burma. As Coordinator of Political Studies at the State Department's Foreign Service Institute in Arlington, VA, he is in charge of organizing training programs for Foreign Service Officers engaged in political analysis and reporting.

He writes: "Eleanor and I have returned to our little house on Washington's Capitol Hill, and enjoy being back in the States."

★ ★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. A.J. MacDougall, of Wasilla, (Anchorage) AK, are recent life members who hosted a Clan tent at the 4th Annual Alaskan Scottish Games and Gathering of the Clans last year. **Jan MacDougall** writes that their son, **Malcolm**, is still flying for the Navy. He is stationed at Patuxent River, MD, and has been promoted to chief petty officer.

Jan has considerable experience in putting together special cook books and suggested Society members might want to publish a Clan MacDougall Cook Book. Our Society president, **John A. MacDougall**, would like to hear from anyone interested in pursuing this project.

★ ★ ★

Buzzy Bramble, #1 grandson of Society President **John A. MacDougall**, placed fourth, out of a field of 12, in the amateur caber toss at last year's Stone Mountain Games. And on Feb. 27, **Buzzy** and his wife, **Pam**, became parents of **Brittany Lee**. Congratulations on both counts.

★ ★ ★

From Buenos Aires last December came holiday greetings: "The very best wishes for a happy Christmas and prosperity for 1986," from **Guillermo R. MacDougall** and family. Thank you.

★ ★ ★

Welcome to another life member family, **Fred C. McCullough**, of Oak Ridge, TN, and his wife, **Etna Little Palmer McCullough**. **Fred** worked on the atom bomb project at Oak Ridge, and after World War II he designed and built the first large scale plants for the production of the radioisotopes Carbon 14, Phosphorous 32, and Iodine 131 which were used in medical treatment and research. **Etna** is a medical doctor and pioneered the use of radioisotopes in medical treatment for patients.

The Scottish Bookshelf



By Nancy W-McD. Van Valkenburg

The Clans of the Scottish Highlands by R.R. McLan with text by James Logan is an extremely rare, two-volume quarto work, so we were pleased to discover that it has now been republished complete in one volume. One of McLan's remarkable color plates represents each clan covered in the original edition.

The celebrated popular historian, Lady Antonia Fraser, is the author of a specially written and very readable foreword for the republication. It is also supplemented by endpapers which show the location of the clans. Clans are also placed in alphabetical order, unlike the original, which makes it easier for modern readers. Otherwise, the book is a faithful and complete reproduction of the original.

The Highland Society of London first commissioned the major undertaking of Volume I and it was financed by private subscription with Volume II following shortly afterwards. A journalist from Aberdeen, James Logan, who was at one time the Secretary of the Highland Society of London, wrote a short essay for each clan. For each clan, he included information about its history, location, armorial bearings and dress. It is good to note that the work and contributions of the Highland Society are still bearing results nearly a century and a half later and might give us encouragement when we wonder if our work and contributions are worthwhile.

The complete re-publication of *The Clans of the Scottish Highlands* by R.R. McLan with text by James Logan, a redesigned one-volume edition with additional material, is copyrighted by Webb and Bower Ltd. and published in 1985 by Crescent Books, distributed by Crown Publishers. One can find "The Mac Dugals" on page 108 of the re-published edition.

★ ★ ★

Following are portions of the publishers comments on Jean MacDougall's book, *Highland Postbag*, The Correspondence of Four MacDougall Chiefs, 1715-1865.

"Bundles of old letters, smelling faintly of cedar wood and West Highland damp...tell of the Jacobite Iain Ciar, 22nd Chief of the MacDougalls, and his three successors, Alexander, Patrick and John...(the story) patiently reconstructed by Jean MacDougall, sister of the present Chief. Some of the tantalising gaps in the narrative have been filled in by stories passed down generation by generation in the family; others from folklore as Iain Ciar is still a legendary figure in the district.

"He and his great-grandson John carried on the warlike tradition of their forebears, leading adventurous lives and travelling far from their native homeland, though for very different reasons. The ancestral lands having just been restored to him, Alexander stayed at home during the 1745 rising, though his brother was out with Prince Charles Edward — the letters reveal the delicacy of the situation. He was the last Chief to reside at Dunollie Castle, the ancestral home of the MacDougalls...

"The hundred and fifty years covered by the letters coincide with a major change in the way of life of the Highlands. The defeat at Culloden in 1746 marked the end of an era. The clans, as units of society, were destroyed, though the feeling of kinship has survived to the present day. The letters are of great interest not only for the variety of events they describe, but also for the changing attitudes and beliefs they reveal."

Shepherd-Walwyn (Publishers) Ltd. 26 Charing Cross Road (Suite 34), London, WC2H 0DH. \$15 for surface mail; \$17.25 air-mail.



G. Simms McDowell, Jr. delivers a stirring rendition of Bobby Burns' *Ode to the Haggis* at annual dinner in Eseeola Lodge, Linville, NC.

Annual Meeting July 11

The annual meeting of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada will be held at 4:30 p.m. on Friday, July 11 in the pavilion building at Eseeola Lodge, Linville, NC.

At that meeting the officers and directors report to the general membership on the prior year's activities and present plans for the coming year.

The membership meeting follows meetings of the boards of directors of the Society and the Clan MacDougall Society Foundation.

A Scotch Treat cocktail party and dinner will follow in Eseeola Lodge. The cocktail party (BYOB) starts at 6 p.m., the dinner at 7. Special entertainment during the cocktail party will include the perennial favorite — performances by members of the Grandfather Mountain Highlanders under the direction of Pipe Major Harvey Ritch.

The dinner program this year will feature a slide presentation and talk on MacDougall Country by Walter M. Macdougall, author of *Journeying In MacDougall Country* and former editor of *The Tartan*. Walter recently returned after his second trip to Lorn. Some observations from that visit appear elsewhere in this issue of *The Tartan*.

The annual meeting and dinner is just the beginning of a great weekend at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games which get under way the morning of July 12 and conclude the afternoon of Sunday, July 13.

New Dues Collection Method Implemented

The Clan Society has grown a great deal in the last several years and the task of sending annual dues notices has grown with it.

In order to lessen this burden a bit and to use more efficiently the (volunteer) time that I have to apply to it, I have modified, slightly, the system for sending the notices.

Formerly, all the notices were sent out in one large batch at the beginning of the Summer, just before the annual meeting. This meant that they all came back in one big batch just as Jeanne and I were packing to go to Grandfather Mountain or just as we got back and were gearing up for the Virginia Scottish Games. In order to spread the load out, beginning with the notices for the 1985-86 year, I have spread the mailing out over several months. That way the returns come in at a slower pace and can be processed more quickly.

All the notices this year were mailed by Thanksgiving and you should have gotten yours sometime in the Fall. Not all the members have sent in their dues, although a few come in every day. If you have not paid for the current year, please send in a check for \$7.50 (one of the last great bargains!) for regular membership or \$25 for sustaining membership. Life membership, which saves us all a lot of trouble, is only \$100.

If you have any questions about your dues please give me a call during the daytime at (202) 373-2491 or in the evening at (703) 329-8828. Thank you for your cooperation.

Yours 'aye,

Alan M. MacDougall
Secretary-Treasurer

Washington MacDougalls Have Scottish Night Out

The skirl of pipes filled the far reaches of the Capital Center arena in Landover, MD, on the evening of Dec. 9, 1985, as the Pipes and Drums of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Band of the Royal Marines performed for an enthusiastic audience.

In the best seats in the house, front row center, a group of Clan MacDougall Society members and friends especially enjoyed the performance. Jeanne MacDougall arranged for the block of tickets months before the performance and was able to make them available to Clan Society members at a discount price.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders are the regional regiment of the MacDougall country in Argyll and many of the members of the visiting Pipe Band were from the Oban area. One of the first "fencible" companies of the regiment was raised on the Mingary estate of Alexander MacDougall, ancestor of Clan Society member Alan Miles MacDougall.

Commander DeWitt McDougal Patterson, Society Genealogist, his father-in-law, Captain Laurence Schetky, and their family took a special interest in the sea chanties performed by the Royal Marine Band and in the hornpipes danced by the marines. These dances provided an interesting contrast to the Highland Flings and the Argyll Broadwords danced by the Scottish soldiers of the Argylls.

The next gathering of National Capital area MacDougalls will be at the Virginia Scottish Games, at Episcopal High School in Alexandria, VA, on July 26 and 27. Information on the Virginia Games is available by writing VSGA, Post Office Box 1338, Alexandria, VA. 22313.

Clan MacDougall Society

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Deadline for Fall issue: October 1

Ben Was A Frugal McDougle

Marshall McDougle of Erie, PA, writes to tell us of uncovering an interesting bit of information pertaining to our Clan.

Doing a little research, Marshall and his wife, Helen, found the will and appraisal list of the personal estate of Benjamin McDougle, dated April 10, 1863.

The will states:

"To my wife, Elizabeth, her choice (her third or a child's part). To my son Benjamin, one bed and furniture; I give to my son Samuel one bed and furniture; to my son John one bed and furniture — Balance equally to my five sons, William, Benjamin, Samuel, Joshua and John, and lastly I do appoint Samuel executor.

"At court at Rappahanock County on Monday 10 April 1863, Washington, Virginia."

Marshall describes Washington, Virginia, as a delightful little village in Rappahanock County, just off Route 522, about 30 miles south of Front Royal, VA.

Among the appraised items listed in the estate were:

1 mowing sythe, one brush hook, \$1
1 stone hammer, one plough stock, .63
6 flour tubs with old irons, .25
5 bee stands, \$7.50
12 empty bee gums, \$9
2 pillows, one blanket one sheet, \$20
1 Piggins 20", 1 wooden bucket 6", .26.

"It goes on and on to the bottom line which shows Benjamin's total estate of \$257.65," Marshall writes. "It is the most simple estate I have ever seen, very complete, and I doubt if there were any disagreements. The remarkable thing about it is that Benjamin and Elizabeth raised such a great family on so little."