

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

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Wylie and Mary McDougall, Founding Editors

Spring 1990



Jack McDowell picks an appropriate background as he welcomes us to accompany him and Carole on their Highland stroll.

A Wee Stroll in the Highlands

by Jack McDowell

"Aye, you're really a MacDougall, you know."

The manager of McTavish restaurant in Oban had stopped by my table to make sure the trout was prepared to my liking, and when he learned my last name he pulled up a chair.

"You must visit your ancestral castle at Dunollie. You can walk to there, you know. Follow the shore out of town, and you'll soon see it up on the hill." He pointed the direction.

"And while you're there, be sure to drop in on the chief of the clan. She's a most gracious lady."

My wife and I did clamber on the stones of Dunollie Castle, as well as those of Gylen Castle on the island of Kerrara. But I was reluctant to just drop in on someone, even if I shared a tenuous, ancient relationship with them.

So after a morning tour of Oban Distillery, which included a nine o'clock eye-opener of single malt whiskey, we proceeded on our trip.

* * * * *

Having arrived in Edinburgh in mid-June of 1988, we wanted to experience as much of western Scotland as possible in three weeks. Initially we had thought of renting a car, but decided the temptation would be too great to view the country from behind a steering wheel.

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Psychic Tales from Dunollie.

By Jean MacDougall

[*The Tartan* is privileged to present this fascinating contribution by Jean MacDougall Hadfield, sister of our Chief, and the gifted author of *The Highland Postbag*. The author hopes that others will follow her lead and send their own psychic tales to *The Tartan*. As editors, we urge you to do so. M.A.M. and W.M.M.]

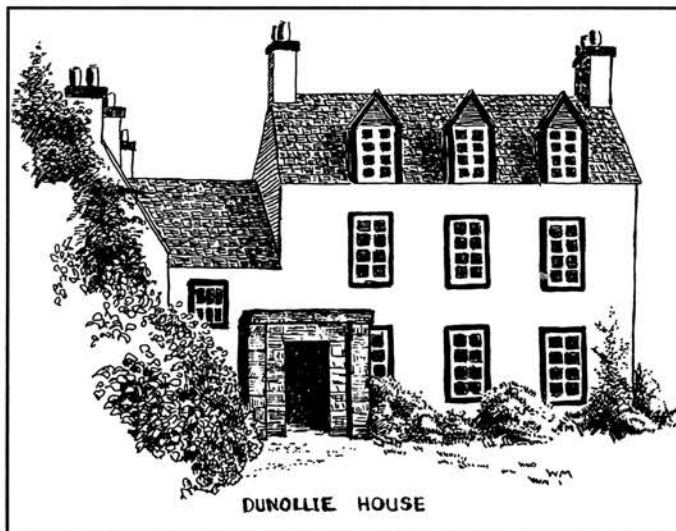
Although the modern world becomes more and more materialistic there seems to be, at the present time, a great interest in psychic phenomena, that which lies beyond our everyday senses — extra-sensory perception. It is often said that people of Highland birth or extraction are more perceptive to the supernatural than others, and it would be fascinating to know if members of the Society can bear this out by relating, from time to time, their psychic experiences.

It may be of interest to start the ball rolling by giving some examples of extrasensory perception in the Dunollie family, including those experienced by the present Chief of the Clan, who is my sister.

The first example, in 1812, concerns the Chief's great great grandmother, who on the evening that her eldest son, Alexander, was killed in the Peninsular War in Spain, saw him standing by her bed. But when she spoke to him he vanished. This was told me by my great Aunt Kitty who had been told it by her father, who was a brother of Alexander.

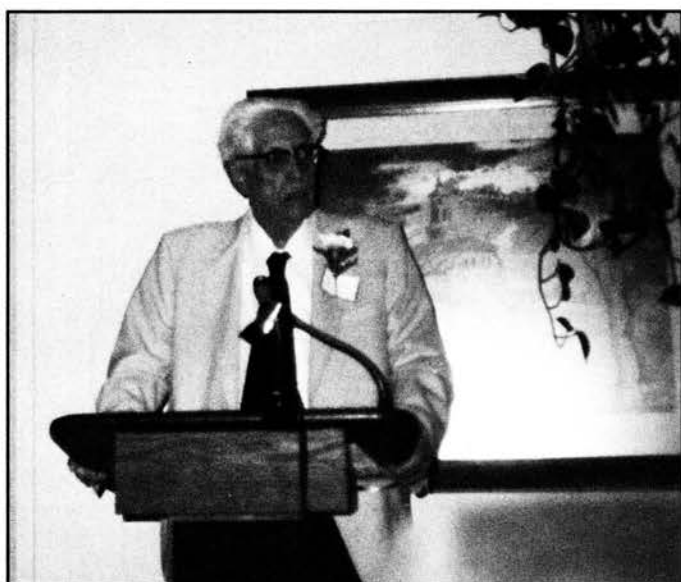
The other story is that Belle, Alexander's sister, was in the drawing room at Dunollie, on that same evening, when her brother appeared to her, 'came in pale and in torn uniform.' As

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DUNOLLIE HOUSE

(from *Journeying In MacDougall Country*)



Curtis D. MacDougall accepting the Women in Communications Award. Photo taken a few months before his death in 1985.

Curtis D. MacDougall Inducted Posthumously into Journalism Hall of Fame

Priscilla Ruth MacDougall

On February 16, 1990, the late Curtis D. MacDougall was inducted into the Chicago Journalism Hall of Fame. Mr. MacDougall was one of the first members of the United States MacDougall Clan Society. The Hall of Fame is sponsored by the Chicago Headline Club, the Chicago Professional Chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists, and the former Chicago Press Club.

Curtis MacDougall, 1903-1985, is known to countless journalists across the nation and world as "Dr. Mac." As professor of journalism at Northwestern University until 1971, he built the school's school of journalism with his stringent journalism education programs and his numerous books including the "bible" of journalism texts, *Interpretative Reporting*, which has been a leading text in the field since the early 1930s. Dr. MacDougall was working on the ninth edition of the text, with a former student Prof. Robert Reid of the University of Illinois, when he died on November 10, 1985. The text is still used in journalism schools across the nation.

Born in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Prof. MacDougall attended Ripon College in Ripon, Wisconsin and then Northwestern University for his Masters. He received his doctorate in sociology at the University of Wisconsin after which he went back to a newspaper, believing that his doctorate was background for his reporting and editing skills, and not a ticket to teaching. After years of practical experience, including as editor of the *Evanston News Index*, he went into full time teaching at Northwestern in the 1940s. In 1948 he ran for Senator on the Progressive Party ticket, later writing a three volume history of the campaign, *Gideon's Army*. His book *Hoaxes*, first published in 1940 grew out of his doctoral thesis on the subject. He wrote more than a dozen books in his lifetime, not including second, third and more editions of some.

MacDougall's daughter, Priscilla Ruth MacDougall accepted the award. "Why are you all here and why is Dad receiving this honor?" she asked.... "Because my husband, [Harrison Pierce MacDougall] Brownlee is President of the Headline Club? No. Because we all miss him, as we all do? No. The

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[The following poem was written by our Society President's fourteen year old granddaughter. The pride and joy of any clan has been and always will be its young people. As Lillian demonstrates, we have reason to be proud. W.M.M. & M.A.M.]

Night Beach

By Lillian Prevost

The roaring surf becomes subdued
Wind still blows, whistling across the empty beach.
Glistening stars stare unblinking.
The pale moon gleams without warmth,
Covered only briefly by the fleeting clouds.
Ghostly crabs scuttle on secret urgent errands,
Slipping from hole to hole for purposes unknown.
Pieces of foam roll along
Disappearing into the black
Peaceful, tranquil solitude —
The world as it was a million years ago
Unpeopled, silent, undisturbed.

But then a couple strolls, hand in hand;
They pause,
Observe,
And laughingly pass along,
Leaving only their footprints, soon to wash away.

Dates to Circle and Star

OUR ANNUAL MEETING — July 13th, Linville, North Carolina (Grand Father Mountain Highland Games)
MacDOUGALL DAY — July 12th, Antigonish, Nova Scotia (Antigonish Highland Games)

(See our Society President's letter mailed out in April for a list of other Scottish Games where Clan MacDougall will be represented.)

Curtis MacDougall, con't

question was the answer and it was the explanation I have been receiving from former students everywhere whom I have been interviewing for his biography. "WHY?" Dan Thornburgh [another biographer, who wrote his doctorate on the contributions of Curtis MacDougall to Journalism Education] has characterized Dad as "the man who put 'why' into journalism. I would add another word, although maybe it means the same thing. Truth. Truth, integrity, however unpleasant the same can be, was what Dad was all about and what he conveyed to his students, his colleagues, his friends and family ... What really happened in any given situation, and why?"

Ralph Otwell, a former student of Dr. Mac's and the former editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, introduced Dr. Mac, characterizing him as "Educator and editor ... author and activist ... politician and philosopher ... critic and curmudgeon."

The MacDougall family came to the event mostly dressed in the MacDougall tartan. Priscilla and her sister, Bonnie Cottrell, and her mother, Genevieve MacDougall, wore their kilts and other accessories. Les wore Curtis MacDougall's MacDougall tartan jacket with a MacDougall tartan cummerbund and bowtie.

In 1966 Prof. MacDougall took Priscilla to Scotland where they visited Oban and the Island of Iona where Curtis' ancestors lived. In 1987 Priscilla took her two nieces, Jennifer and Stephanie Cottrell, now 18 and 15, on the same trip. In an upcoming edition of *The Tartan*, Priscilla will tell about that trip!

High Commissioner's Message

I have decided to write my message for the spring issue of *The Tartan* on a more personal note. One reason is, Betty and I want to thank our friends and fellow clansmen for the many cards and notes we received at Christmas. Such remembrances bring on a very warm feeling. A number of our members knew I would be celebrating my eighty-ninth birthday the day after Christmas and I want to thank them too, for their thoughtfulness and cards. Another expression of my thanks goes to Bounton and Winnie McDougall, founding members of our Society, for their generous donation to the Clan MacDougall Society Foundation, that arrived with their card and note.

Betty and I are basking in the sunshine in beautiful Naples, Florida. This is our 23rd winter in our condo on the gulf. By tilting my chin I can look across the beach and watch the sail boats and cruisers go by. The bikinis are a distraction so I have to be careful of the tilt of my chin.

One of the many dividends of being a member of the Clan MacDougall Society is in making friends and a lasting relationship with MacDougalls from various parts of the country. Visits Betty and I have had recently is an example of what I am talking about. President George McDougall and his beautiful wife Barbara breezed into Naples with an early flight of the snow birds. We wine and dined together and spent several long hours discussing clan affairs and planning for our gathering in Linville, NC, July 13th, 14th and 15th.

I have just had a visit, over the phone, with Howard MacDougall who was our Secretary-Treasurer for fifteen years. He did a great job in establishing the financial stability of our Society and building and maintaining our membership at a very high level. Howard and his wife Caroline winter at Ft. Myers just forty miles north. Betty and I attended a Scottish affair, as their guests, in Ft. Myers last year, and we are planning another visit soon.

Another visit I have had recently was with Laurance McDougall, a Life Member of Cleveland, Ohio who winters in Sarasota just north of us. Larry and his wife Zetta were with us for the first time last year. They had such a wonderful time they are returning this year and are bringing with them their two sons and their families.

We have heard from the Eseeola Lodge at Linville to say they will be prepared again for us to hold our meetings, cocktail party on the lawn, and dinner banquet at the Lodge, Friday, July 13th.

I am looking forward to another successful meeting, party and good dinner with interesting entertainment. It will be great being with old friends again and greeting, I hope, a good many new members.

I will end this message by sending all of you a personal invitation to be with us in July.

Recollections of Hugo

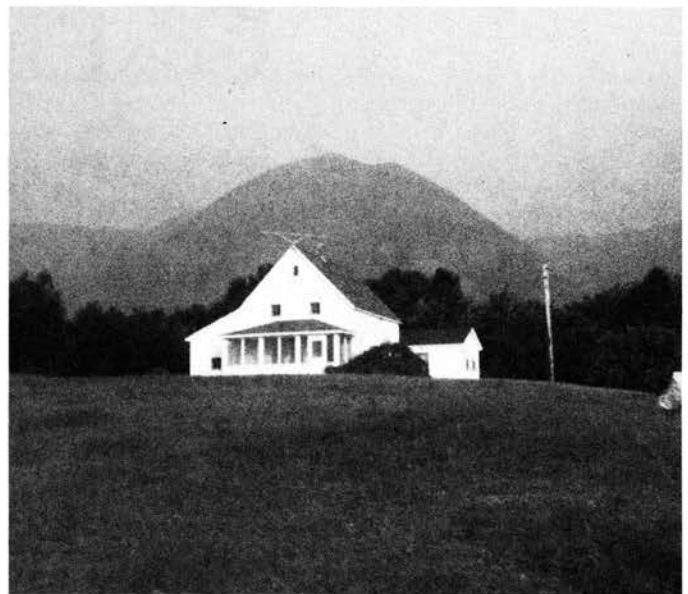
by Howard MacDougall

Well, today is March 21, just six months to the day that Hurricane Hugo visited the historic city of Charleston, SC, and cut a wide swath of destruction through the state.

It was the worst hurricane to strike the city in at least 237 years. In the Charleston area the death toll stood at 18, property damage was an estimated \$6 billion, 270,000 people were left jobless and 65,000 were homeless.

There were one billion tons of debris scattered throughout city streets, 3,400 residences were destroyed in the city alone, and 10,000 trees were toppled. The storm wended its way from the coast as far inland as Charlotte, NC. Then it became a tropical depression and faded away by the time it reached southern stretches of Pennsylvania.

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The MacDougall homestead at Asby Bay, Cape Breton.

Memories of Cape Breton MacDougalls

by Pauleena MacDougall Seeber

Our branch of the MacDougall family emigrated to Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. My Grandfather raised his children in the States, and by the time I came along, we were settled in a little town in Connecticut. My Grandfather continued to live on his family's homestead, visiting us each winter, and found his last resting place at the top of a hill overlooking the sea in Cape North, Cape Breton Island. We visited my Grandfather several times in the summers of my childhood, and it is with great fondness that I remember him and other Cape Breton people that I met there.

The drive took three days at that time, but the journey itself was exciting. My mother woke us up in the dark and loaded us into the car. We would be in Maine by lunchtime and have a roadside picnic with sandwiches from the cooler but the hoards of mosquitos that descended from the pine trees would make it a short stop.

Going through customs in New Brunswick was a great thrill for me — I always expected something more to happen such as a real search of the car, but the Canadians always welcomed us warmly.

My Grandfather did not have a telephone, but my father telephoned a neighbor to let him know we were coming. Since everyone was on the same line and most everyone who had a phone picked it up when it rang, many ears heard the news. Our arrival was anticipated with numerous friends and family members coming to see "young Douglas" and his family. (My father was called Douglas's Douglas.)

My mother tells me that on our first trip my Great Grandmother Mary MacDougall rocked me and sang to me in Gaelic. Unfortunately I do not remember this. She also tells me that I used to march behind Sandy Boyd, the piper, puffing out my cheeks in imitation, which I suppose amused him greatly.

A sugarloaf mountain frames the MacDougall home near Asby Bay. It is now owned by my cousin Mary MacDougall MacNeil who really grew up in the house and kept house for my Grandfather. When he lived there, the driveway was gated and the land fenced to keep in his horse, Bob Scott. He was a large horse, brown with a black mane and tail and a fondness for the

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GALLANACH

Major J. Williamson MacDougall of Gallanach



Photograph of a painting of the dwelling-house of John MacDougall of Gallanach erected between 1641 and 1650 and described as a "laird's box."



Gallanach House as it looks today. Part of the servant's quarter's showing at the right rear. (By permission of The Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland.)

The first recorded house of a size larger than the average crofter's dwelling was erected on the lands of Gallanach over 500 years ago, c. 1475. This was in the days when the property was a part of the land belonging to the Chief of the Clan at Dunollie Castle. There are no details of the precise location of this house nor of its inhabitants but it is presumed that it was built in the same area as the present mansion house and was occupied by someone engaged in the general administration of the property.

The estate of Gallanach was granted to John MacDougall by his uncle, Alexander 17th of Dunollie, in 1641. It was between that date and 1650 that he erected a residence for himself to replace the original building and on ground in the near vicinity of the site of the present house. A water-colour painting preserved at Gallanach dated 1800, shows this dwelling-house as a plain 'laird's box' flanked by thatch-roofed offices.

The present house was erected for Dugald MacDougall of Gallanach in 1814-17 to a design of William Burn. Considerable

alterations were carried out for Sir James Patten MacDougall of Gallanach in 1903 under the direction of Sir John J. Burnet, the offices being remodelled and a substantial residential wing added to the rear of the main block.

The original house is a symmetrically planned block of two main stories above a sunken basement. The masonry is of rubble with dressed sandstone cladding. The omission of the entire rear portion of Burn's design necessitated a considerable curtailing of proposed plans within the building itself and many attractive features had to be left out. These should have included an oval central saloon, two stories in height, flanked by two spacious open-well staircases. At the front of the house the principal floor was to comprise a dining-room and drawing-room, flanking the entrance hall, while at the rear there were to be four smaller rooms including a library. The upper floor allowed for eight sizeable bedrooms, most of which had their own dressing-rooms, while the half-sunk basement was to be beneath the rear portion of the house. With the reduction of the plan in execution, the entire rear portion of the design was omitted and the basement brought forward towards the front of the house. The two open-well staircases were eliminated and the saloon sacrificed to accommodate a single geometric cantilevered stair. The drawing-room and dining-room were built as planned, two large bedrooms with dressing-rooms and four small bedrooms were made upstairs. The estimated cost of the house was £1260 but the actual sum expended by the contractor seems to have exceeded £1600. It is obvious that the construction of the planned house proved much too costly for Dugald MacDougall to proceed with in its entirety.

The house was clearly much too limited in space for the needs of James Patten MacDougall who succeeded to the property in 1891. He, therefore, arranged for the addition to be erected in 1903. This comprises a three-storied tower-block built out from the east corner of the original house. It incorporated a billiard-room on the ground floor with bedrooms above, and although the tower somewhat overwhelms the earlier house in scale, the detail is sympathetic.



View of east side of house showing the tower-block which was added to the original house.



Gallanoch's cantilevered stair which was installed when the entire rear portion of Burn's design was omitted. (By permission of the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland.)

The house is situated beside the Sound of Kerrera, being just under a mile beyond the end of the public road within private policies, and four miles south of Oban. About eight acres of garden surround the house and this includes a productive, walled kitchen garden of just over an acre. Some thousand acres or so of hill ground, outwith the policies, are in-hand and this is utilized for the production of Blackface and Cross-Bred sheep.



The drawing-room at Gallanach. Fireplace has brass surround and a gray marble mantelpiece. (By permission of the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland.)

From Our Clan Family

Our Chief sends good news for those interested in our Clan history. Aberdeen University is going to publish Douglas Simpson's book on Dunollie and the Brooch of Lorn.

Nancy Baumes Kane, wife of our Society's genealogist, has won a well fought political battle. Nancy took all precincts and sixty percent of the vote to secure the position of clerk of Virginia's York Circuit Court. Congratulations, Nancy!

Hope MacDougall of MacDougall, historian and author of *Island of Kerrera, Mirror of History*, reports that people in Oban are growing web feet. Nearly four feet of rain has fallen since the beginning of the year. At the same time other places in Great Britain have been experiencing a drought. **Major James MacDougall of Gallanach** writes "something peculiar has been happening to the weather in these parts during the past few years." For those planning to visit the land of our ancestors, let's hope that it dries-up a bit.

According to the *Guinness Book of Records*, the longest sustained correspondence on record was one of seventy-five years between Ida McDougall of Tasmania and a Miss Kent in England. Let's emulate such a friendly persistence and keep the Clan family news coming into *The Tartan*.

Newest Members of the Clan

Ian Marshall Macdougall born November 30, 1989, to Tartan Editor Malcolm and Cynthia Macdougall. Ian weighed 9 pounds and fourteen ounces (.7 stone). Ian and sister Jessica will be seeing you at the annual gathering at Grandfather Mountain.

Flowers of the Forest

Our condolences to Nelle Hancock of Thomaston, Georgia, whose husband Claude died in June of 1988. Nelle also lost her sister Rosemary Pickman in December 1989. Our sympathy also goes to Mrs. Dean Sjostrom on the loss of her daughter, Karin Levine.

Captain Donald Howard MacDougall, D.C., of Antigonish died on April 21, 1990. Among his many community services, Howard was parade marshal for the Antigonish Highland games for forty years. He will be greatly missed.

Con't, Recollections of Hugo

Packing winds up to 134 miles an hour, the killer storm moved ashore shortly before midnight on Sept. 21, 1989. The eye passed over the coast just a couple of miles north of the peninsular city.

Recalling the storm's full fury, the serenity of the star-lit night as the eye passed over and then the second assault of the wind and rain still raises goose bumps and sends shivers up your spine.

Marse braved the storm at home, alone. I spent 36 hours at work in the newspaper office. Our home lost power shortly before 10:30 that Thursday night, and it was finally restored eight days later. We were among the lucky ones. Some homes were without electricity more than two weeks. Water was out too, for nearly a week.

We were fortunate that our ranch-style home on James Island suffered only minor damage: a few missing shingles, a couple of toppled pine trees, a twisted door on a screened rear porch and a blown-away storm shutter. Some of our neighbors lost sections of roof or had huge trees crash through their bedrooms, living rooms, kitchens or dens. Some people were forced to leave their homes, and some of them have not yet been able to return.

But, as a writer for the local newspaper noted the other day, if anyone asks how things are coming along down here after Hugo, the most frequent response is: "We're doing fine. We're coming back."

straw thatch on top of my brother Michael's head. He kept my Grandfather company, and when he wanted some attention he would come up on the porch, pull up the latch on the door and go into the house.

A wonderful trout-filled brook flowed down from the mountain near the house where my brother Michael and I spent hours fishing with simple rods and worms. We caught enough little "brookies" for my mother to fry up for dinner and they were the best tasting fish ever! One afternoon my brother and I followed that stream way up the mountain and discovered a lake filled with fish, turtles and frogs. We spent many hours there filling our minds with dream-like fantasies.

A spring near the house was my Grandfather's refrigerator, and there we kept our milk cold. For larger amounts of groceries necessary for our family, my mother would get a block of ice for the icebox. Behind the house was a barn full of hay for Bob Scott where my brother and I found much to amuse us. We played a delightful game. One of us would stand on the edge of the hayloft, a condemned murderer. The other would devise a suitable punishment — death by hanging or firing squad, and the convicted felon would fall to his or her death making loud noises as we landed in the big pile of hay below.

Next to the house was an apple orchard and a shed for drying and smoking fish. Behind the house a two-seater was framed with cherry and pear trees. The front of the house had a small porch where one could stand and look out over the beautiful Asby Bay.

As you moved into the kitchen you were greeted by a large wood stove and accompanying wood box. The pantry behind the kitchen was filled with the smell of my cousin Mary's delicious molasses cookies. It held the basic necessities for baking — flour, sugar, Crosby's molasses and spices.

In the front room or parlor was a player organ and a wind-up victrola on which my Grandfather played his records. Along one side of the parlor were the stairs to the upstairs bedrooms. Each bedroom was equipped with a bed covered with thick woolen Hudson's Bay blankets. A night stand or bureau held a pitcher and basin for washing. Under each bed was a chamber pot.

A walk to the ocean was another adventure for Mike and me. We headed down the dirt road to the wide and shallow bay. High in the tall pine trees hung the large pendulous nests of the Great Blue Herons. The mosquitos left large red welts wherever our skin was bared. We were fascinated by the purple jellyfish that we found along the shoreline. Everywhere the sand and rocks were salmon pink. We poked sticks at the eels that wiggled about in the small inlets along the stoney shore.

My father tells me that they used to take horses out on the bay in the winter and cut great blocks of ice which they would then bury in sawdust to use to keep food cold in the summer. I never visited Cape Breton in winter but I can imagine the cold, and the wind and snowy conditions that working people had to contend with.

One visit to Cape Breton coincided with a visit with my Great Uncle George and his two daughters, Jessie and Bessie. My Grandfather's brother George lived in Massachusetts at the time but his brother Jack lived nearby in Asby Bay. The event that stands out in my mind from that particular visit was the large number of people that crowded into the house — all coming with food and drink, and the party that lasted late into the night. A feast was held and dancing to fiddle and bagpipes went on long into the night. My brother and I, in our pajamas, (unable to sleep for all the excitement) sat at the top of the stairs and viewed our usually staid Grampa's dancing with much awe and wonder.

I still feel a great longing to return even though I never lived there, the ties are strong and I hope to return soon. There is a little museum on the Cabot Trail which holds pictures of my Great Grandmother and other material that was donated by my Grandfather's brother Hector MacDougall. Included in the collection is some wood from the Titanic that my Grandfather and

his brother brought back with them after attempting to rescue survivors. I have not seen these things, but my father and mother have in a recent visit to Cape Breton.

Even if you have no ties there, Cape Breton is a beautiful place to visit and the home of many MacDougalls and other Scottish folks. The Cabot Trail is a National Park with several museums and a lovely resort. When you arrive, after crossing the causeway that connects Cape Breton to Nova Scotia, you will be greeted by a piper. What better recommendation can I give?



Dan McDougal admires the new Glasgow memorial. Dan McDougal sends us information on the "standing stone" erected to commemorate the holding of Highland Games and Gathering of Clans at Glasgow, Kentucky. The 6.5 ton shaft of native limestone chert bears the name of our clan along with the names of sixteen other clans. Fred Kieth, the owner of the Kieth Monument Company, donated the labor of engraving and erecting this fine memorial.

Genealogical Querries

QUERY: Desire parents of Benjamin and Hannah (Simmons?) McDougal. He born Schnectady, NY c. 1762, lived in what is now Fulton Co., NY, d. 1859, buried in Roundtop Cemetery, Stratford Town, Fulton Co. She b. VT? c. 1768, d. 1856, also buried in Roundtop Cemetery. Also: desire location of death and/or burial of Thomas I. McDougal, son of Benjamin and Hannah (Simmons?) McDougal, born 1800 in what is now Fulton Co., NY, went to Berrien Co., MI between 1865 and 1870 with wife Mary (Polly) Curtis (1801-1868) and son Marshall Prescott McDougall (1842-1915). She is buried in Sodus Twp., Berrien Co., MI and Marshall went to Sparta, Kent Co., MI. Thomas' brother James had come to Berrien Co., MI 1837, and died in Tecumseh, NE, 1879. Where is Thomas? Robert McDougal, M.D., 430 N. Park Ave. #411, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

[Genealogical querries should be sent to our Society Genealogist, John Kent Kane, II. See page 8 for address.]



MacDougall Lass, A Top Dancer

The Ontario Chapter and our whole Clan family is proud of Anne Marie MacDougall who this past highland dancing season won four gold medals and a sterling silver tray. Ann qualified in 1987 for national highland dancing competition and that same year placed first overall runner-up in her age category for all of Canada. She has been winning ever since. Anne Marie is the daughter of Lauchie and Virginia MacDougall of Sarnia, Ontario. In addition to dancing, Anne Marie does volunteer work at a local nursing home, is a member of her high school student council, and a cheerleader. Congratulations, Anne Marie, from all of us!

Psychic Tales con't

she ran towards him he faded away and she fainted. (It was the only time she did this in her 84 years of life.) A fortnight later news came to Dunollie of her brother's death, on that evening. This story was related to us by a cousin who had been told it by Belle, her grandmother.

Then there is a letter written by my great aunt Kitty in May 1864 to her brother Charles telling him of her second sight.

'The poor Murray Allens are in such distress, their eldest girl, Maggie, had got over the measles but was carried off in a few days with diphtheria. And now Johnnie, the only boy, is dead. They only buried Maggie on Monday and he died on Thursday.

Now I must tell you an odd thing. At the time that Maggie died, at 2 a.m., I heard a melancholy sound like an Aeolian harp, and then I saw her grave and an open one beside it. I said next day I hoped no more of them were going and now the grave I saw will be filled in a few days.'

Coming to more modern times, there are examples of a kind of extrasensory perception where an unexplained feeling of sinister horror has been felt in certain places. It is only afterwards that it is discovered that something horrifying has happened there. It is impossible to describe these feelings adequately. They are quite different from the natural ones felt when a place is dark and eerie. They take possession of one like a dark cloud and last for hours after the place of horror has been left.

My mother (a MacDougall by birth as well as by marriage) used to tell a story of this phenomenon. It concerned a bungalow in India which she and my father (he was in the Royal Army

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Psychic Tales con't

Medical Corps) occupied soon after their marriage. It was a pleasant bungalow but my mother, who usually slept well, found it almost impossible to sleep in the bedroom they had chosen, the main one of the house. She had a terrible feeling of fear and horror in that room which kept her awake. My father felt nothing and didn't take the matter seriously until it became obvious that her health was suffering. He sent her to a doctor who could find nothing wrong with her but lack of sleep — so it was decided that they should move to another bedroom.

From the first night of the move she slept peacefully all night. Shortly afterwards a lady came to call who lived in the place for some time. She remarked in the course of conversation how pleasant the bungalow was, and then said jokingly 'you don't find your bedroom is haunted, do you?' It then came out that a very unpleasant murder had taken place in the main bedroom of the house. Being newcomers my parents had heard nothing about it.

My sister Coline, the present Chief, tells how when she and her husband were touring in the North of Scotland she, who was in the passenger seat, suddenly felt this evil, sinister, haunted feeling and she kept urging Leslie to drive on quickly, 'we must get out of here.' After a little time she felt better and asked 'where are we?' 'Didn't you know?' he answered 'we have just driven past the site of the Battle of Culloden?' She had absolutely no idea of this, as in those days it was not sign posted.

As far as I am concerned the first time that I had this kind of feeling was when, as a teenager, I went to stay at a country house for a dance. It was in a district that I had never visited before. There was nothing spooky about the house until I walked along an upstairs passage. Suddenly there an ominous feeling of horror struck me which was hard to shake off and which was renewed whenever I walked down the passage.

Back at home I was telling a friend where I had been and was surprised to hear that she had lived in the district, at one time, and knew the house. 'It's haunted some people say' she told me, 'there was a murder there.' I asked her what room was haunted. She replied, 'none of the rooms, it was in an upstairs passage that a husband murdered his wife.'

Another example of sinister horror was felt during house-hunting in an area of which we knew little. We had an order to view of a seemingly pleasant house and the housekeeper showed us around (the owners being away). When we reached the main bedroom a terrible feeling descended like a cloud the moment we were inside the door, and I knew that sleeping in that room would be impossible for me.

After we had been over the whole house the housekeeper, who was a garrulous type, insisted that we had a cup of coffee with her. In the course of the conversation we asked her whether she had had to show many people over the house. 'Yes,' she replied, 'but not many local ones, as the house is said to be haunted.' When asked which particular room was haunted she replied, 'the main bedroom.'

To be continued

Stone Mountain Highland Games

John A. McDougall writes that the Stone Mountain Games held last October got off to a cold start but that the weather warmed during the two days to reach the seventies. The crowd may not have been up to the forty thousand (over the two days) of last year, but it was large. There were one hundred and eight clan tents. Our MacDougall Tartan banner was carried along with thirty others in an impressive kirking of the tartan ceremony.

John reports that one can see most anything printed on a T-shirt — some funny and some not so funny. He saw one which read "2nd Place, Culloden." One also can never tell from where members of our Clan family may appear. Catherine Jacobson, whose mother was a MacDougall and who comes from Anoka, Minnesota, dropped by our Clan tent and signed up as a society member.

Instead, at Edinburgh's train station we purchased Highlands & Islands Travel passes, which gave us unlimited ferry, train, and bus access to a widespread network. But we also planned to walk.

After settling into a cozy bed and breakfast not far from the National Museum of Antiquities, we set out to explore Edinburgh on foot. From the Royal Botanic Gardens to Craiglockhart, from Murrayfield to Holyrood Park, we crisscrossed the capital's Old Town, putting at least 30 miles under our shoes.

Then we gave our legs a rest and took a train around the Firth of Forth, through Perth, over the Grampian Mountains, to Inverness.

Our first stop in Inverness was the Scottish Tourist Board. "We'd like lodging not too close to town center," we said. "But within walking distance. We really don't mind walking."

The Highland Scots, being walkers themselves, understood. We were directed to a fine B&B atop a hill that overlooked most of Inverness as well as portions of Moray Firth to the north and Loch Ness to the south.

We roamed the shores of Loch Ness, looking for "Nessie." But all we saw in the way of monsters was a lumpy Scottish terrier who seemed to have a proprietary interest in Urquhart Castle and muttered dark oaths at all visitors.

Easter Ross and the countryside to the west are lands of apple green hills with golden splashes of broom and buttercup. The glens begged to be roamed, and we did just that on our way to the old fishing port of Ullapool.

In Ullapool we found a B&B facing the harbor, close by the pier. The place was so clean we were convinced the owner, Mrs. MacKay, scrubbed the edges of the carpet with a toothbrush.

Our room was crammed with a pair of twin beds, two night tables (one holding an electric kettle, cups, saucers, and a supply of fresh biscuits), a large bookcase, a desk, a bureau, a wardrobe, three overstuffed chairs, and an ancient television set with an attached sign: "Please do not adjust or move television."

On the window sill stood a potted geranium and a pair of ceramic French peasants. The boy held a basket of fruit, the girl a poodle. Boy, girl, and poodle all gazed out of the window across Loch Broom toward the fog-shrouded village of Altnaharrie.

I asked Mrs. MacKay about a place to have supper.

"Well, the restaurants are all right, you know, but they're so expensive. There's a hotel across the wee glen that's less dear. That is, if you don't mind eating in a pub."

I assured her we didn't mind eating in a pub.

"And it is a wee stroll."

I said we were in Scotland specifically to walk.

"Well then, you go 'round back and work your way down a

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wee hill until you come to a wee bridge. On the other side is another wee hill. Go to the top, keeping to the side nearest the water, and you'll come on the wee hotel."

We thanked her and set out.

"But be sure you go to the pub," she called after us. "It's 'round the wee corner."

Mrs. MacKay's advice was good. The food was excellent, and it was priced considerably lower than the same fare appearing on the hotel restaurant menu. From then on we did as the Scots did. We ate pub grub.

To be continued

[In the next installment, Jack takes us to the Outer Hebrides, to Skye and back to Oban. WMM]

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