

# The Tartan



## Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

Volume II, No. 27

Wylie and Mary McDougall, Founding Editors

Spring 1994

### In Loving Memory of Betty McDougall



*John W. McDougall, Sr. Family at the Eseeola Lodge after the Clan MacDougall Society Annual Meeting, Grandfather Mountain, North Carolina, July 8, 1988. Pictured left to right: Wylie, John, Betty, Allister, John, Jr.*

#### Elizabeth McDougall

Elizabeth Wellen McDougall, 88, of Nashville, Tennessee, a homemaker, passed away Sunday, December 26 at home after a long fight with cancer.

The funeral services were held at Cathedral of Incarnation with the burial following at Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Born in Cincinnati, Mrs. McDougall graduated from the University of Cincinnati. She and her husband, John W. McDougall Sr., who died in 1991, moved to Nashville in 1934. Mr. McDougall, a native of New York City, was the son of the Scottish Canadians.

A communicant of the Cathedral Parrish, Mrs. McDougall was a member of several groups, including the Ladies of Charity, the Centennial Club, the Ladies Hermitage Association, the James K. Polk Association, the Wayside Garden Club and Belle Meade Country Club.

Survivors include a daughter Allister Estes; two sons, John W. Jr., and A. Wylie McDougall, all of Nashville; five grandchildren and a great-grandchild.

Contributions may be made to Overbrook School, 4210 Harding Road, Nashville, TN 37205 or Alive Hospice Endowment Fund, 1718 Patterson St., Nashville, TN 37203.

## Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?

It is impossible to think of late High Commissioner, John Walton McDougall, Sr. without thinking of his beloved wife, Betty. She is the type wife that one always imagines when one reads the Biblical inscription "a helper suitable for him." (Gen. 2:18) She died on his birthday.

The two of them engendered feelings of clanship so beautifully described in our President's message "Touched by the Mist" (page 4 in this issue). For

many of us, the High Commissioner and Mrs. McDougall made us understand what it means to be members of the clan (clan means children in Gaelic) of MacDougalls. Each member of the Society who was privileged to meet them was enveloped by their warmth and welcome.

This family's contribution to our society are writ large (see *Tartan*, Fall, 1965; June, 1970; Spring, 1981; Fall, 1991, among others). As our President, Walter Macdougall wrote in his note to *The Tartan*: "We are experiencing the end of an era in the clan society and can

only be thankful of so many treasured memories."

It goes without saying that John and Betty were an inspiration to and loved by everyone who met them. We extend the heartfelt and sincere sympathy and love of the Clan MacDougall Society to John, Jr., Wylie, Allister, and their families. We thank you for sharing such special parents with all of us.

And for those auld lang syne (times long gone)

*"We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne."*



(editor)

# J.M.W. Turner's Sketches of MacDougall Castles

Walter M. Macdougall

Nine years after Sir Walter Scott's staging of George IV's state visit to Edinburgh, which did so much to inaugurate the romanticization of the Highlands, J.M.W. Turner made the second of his two trips to Scotland. He came collecting scenes and impressions to be used in illustrating Scott's *Poetical Works*, and his destination was the western coast and isles which he had not seen.

It was late on an August afternoon in 1831, when Turner approached Dunstaffnage from the east having traveled from Glasgow by way of Inverary and Taynult. A contemporary of Turner once observed that one could recognize this great landscape artist by the pencil he always had in his hand. While this must be an exaggeration, Turner seems to have made sketches with the frequency that the avid tourist now snaps photos. His first sketch of Dunstaffnage shows this old MacDougall fortress all but lost in what Scott once called "gigantic scenery" — in this case an immensity of sky, loch and a backdrop of mountains. In the next sketch we are closer to the castle (Turner, despite his penchant for working unobserved, would probably forgive "we"). The next sketch is closer still drawn with the descending sun appearing from below the edge of the cloud. Turner, the genius of light and color, is thinking watercolors with his pencil noting the hues as he sketches. Inside the castle he draws a wide-angle view of the structures around the courtyard, and then outside once more, he searches out a view from the southwest which includes both the castle and the near by chapel. This sketch will be engraved as the frontispiece of Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. His next objective was Dunollie.

Scott had noted in the *Lord of the Isles* that "nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunollie (Castle). 1 The following day 2 Turner sketched Dunollie from a number of perspectives — across the bay where the castle appears in the background as a throng of people with their baggage disembark from a steamboat, from the proximity of Pulpit Hill and with a more distant perspective from along the shore of the sound of Kerrera. His close-up of the castle is the "classic view" drawn from where the war memorial and the small light house now stand at the head of Oban's Esplanade. The sketch includes the dog stone, suggests the walled garden at the foot of the cliffs, and Dunollie deftly drawn upon the top of that height of rock with a master's economy of line.

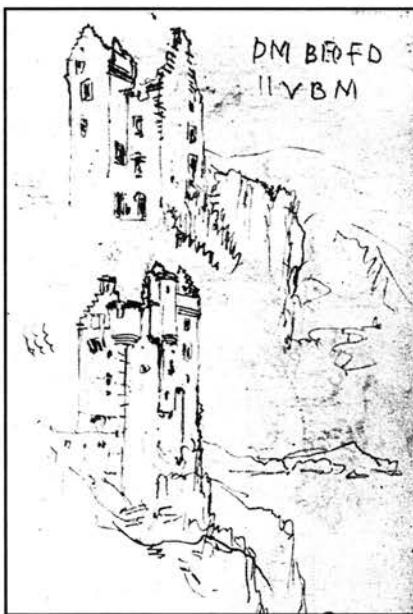
Turner sketched the little mill which



Turner's sketch of Dunollie. Reprinted by permission of the Tate Gallery.



Turner's sketch of Gylen Castle from the east looking upwards from the shore. Reprinted by permission of the Tate Gallery.



Detailed sketch of Gylen Castle. Turner's sketch reprinted by permission of the Tate Gallery. The capital letters at the top were copied as closely as the artist could from the initials which appeared on the pediment of the oriel window

which protrudes over the castle door. This stone with this inscription now resides at Dunollie. The top row of letters actually reads D M F ? O F D signifying Duncan MacDougall Fiar (brother) of Dunollie. The significance of the V B M is not known.

was situated on the shore of Carding Mill Bay just south of Oban Harbor and then crossed the sound to Kerrera. He crossed the island to the old port of Bar na Buck and sketched the expanse of the Firth of Lorn with the mountains of Mull and Movern rising walling the west. It was, however, Gylen Castle which seems to have fascinated him. The guidebook he was using, *The Steam-Boat Companion and Stranger's Guide to the Western Isles and Highlands of Scotland*, may have stimulated his curiosity. Of Gylen the guide had this to say: "a small beautiful and picturesque ruin, perched on the extreme verge of an almost perpendicular precipice." Turner must have been impressed for he did a series of twenty-five sketches of the castles starting with his first glimpse of the tower as he approached from the west. As Gylen spell has fallen on so many of us, so it must have been on Turner. This seems all the more certain when one realizes that otherwise he appears to have been in a rush throughout his trip and that he was not physically well in this period of his life. Yet he took his time at Gylen. He circled the castle and sketched from the high ground to the east and then by an arduous descent from the rocky shoreline. His sketch of the four sides of Gylen is extraordinary. The more one studies it the more one is astonished at the detail, the rendering of the proportion, and the surety of execution.

One might wish that these sketches had been utilized to produce a watercolor such as Turner did of the rainbow over Loch Awe or for as powerful a work as his depiction of Staffa, but his sketches of MacDougall Castles are too special to allow any regrets. They bring the viewer a sense of thrill as if seeing these places for the first time, and they take us back to a time when the Highlands were being discovered anew and when romance did not feel that it must walk between the dwarfs of human disillusionment and materialism.

1 *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*, Vol III, "Lord of the Isles," p. 371, Edinburgh, 1857.

2 The author has not seen an account of Turner daily itinerary and is making an assumption here.

# Spring-cleaning

Jean MacDougall Hadfield

No one who has not experienced it could imagine the upheaval caused by spring-cleaning at Dunollie during my childhood. We did not actually take the bricks apart, nor the roof off, but metaphorically speaking that is what happened.

One of the most certain sounds of Spring was the thud of carpet beating, a sound that has disappeared with the coming of the vacuum cleaner. At Dunollie the two gardeners laid the carpets on the gravel outside the house. Then armed with a length of rope tied to a wooden handle they raised clouds of dust at every rhythmical stroke of the beater. In the background the jackdaws chattered busy with their matrimonial affairs in the ruins of the old castle above.

In those days spring-cleaning was, for most households, an annual event. At Dunollie everyone joined in the work, including the children. We enjoyed it especially those parts which involved handling things which we could not touch during the rest of the year. A special treat was the turning out and dusting of the curio cupboard. All sorts of unusual objects were there, an amazing mixture, such as a piece of concrete off Bonaparte's tomb, ('it should never have been taken' said our mother), Victorian spectacles, three ostrich eggs, some German ammunition and a model of the Taj Mahal.

Another excitement was the cleaning of the front hall and the high walls of the wide winding stairway. In those days it was here that the trophies of hunt and war were displayed. They had been brought home by generations of the MacDougall family who had served in the Army or Navy. The trophies hung crowded on the walls or from the balustrade of the stone stair. Stuffed animals and birds, cases of exotic butterflies and weapons of war mingled with Chinese hats and other mementoes of the East. From the top of the staircase hung the flag of the Admiral the 25th Chief and our great grandfather.

At spring-cleaning time everything was taken down by the men and put outside on the gravel to be cleaned. It was a fascinating sight with horns of animals sticking out at all angles and weapons strewn lightheartedly among the cleaning paraphernalia, buckets of water, brushes, and grease for anything that might rust.

A sudden shower of rain caused pandemonium. Everyone inside rushed out and one was in danger of being prodded by an elk's horn, or tripped up by a sword, if in the route of the rescue stampede.

While the dismantling of the hall and stairs was going on there was an atmosphere of fiesta. Laughter echoed up



(from *Journeying In MacDougall Country* by Walter M. Macdougall)

the high well of the stairs as the men and maids vied with each other in banter and humor. Not a year passed without the under gardener putting on one of the enormous chinese hats. The incongruity of his rugged face and long white beard, under this millinery masterpiece, convulsed everybody as he pranced around. One year someone suggested that his bearded head would look impressive on the wall among the animals. So he was chased round with a claymore. This put the more gullible children into a fearful state and we rushed to his rescue.

With everything out in the sunshine the hall and stairs seemed twice the size and suddenly cold and echoing. The festive atmosphere gave way to grim hard work, scrubbing on hands and knees and the clank of galvanised iron buckets on stone. There was an acrid smell of bar soap.

Over all this activity the huge head of a buffalo watched, fixed permanently to the wall. It was a reminder of drama in India when it charged my father. He only just managed to shoot it when it was a few feet away. ('He could feel its hot breath on his face' we told our friends).

There was also a bird left in the hall, a white peacock its tail fanned out and safe in a big glass case. Safe is perhaps not the word for my mother's fear was that some one put a broom handle through the glass. We were told if this happened the peacock would dissolve into dust.

When the time came to put everything back the atmosphere changed again to one of argument. Tremendous arguments took place as to the correct replacing of nearly every object. We all seemed to have been very unobservant.

Looking back it seems that spring-cleaning was an embodiment of two maxims which teased us in our youth: 'if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well' and 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' ☉

# Touched By The Mist

Walter M. Macdougall

The reports from our Clan Society officers were evidences of labors of devotion. As I read these reports, I began to wonder what was responsible for such initiative and dedication. What had touched these clansmen with such an uncommon ardor? I have wondered much about this since reading those reports — thinking as I wondered that if one understood the secret behind such fervor then one might cause the power to multiply and spread. After considerable contemplation this much seems clear: this being “taken-up” in clanship is not a simple phenomena. Such deep, inner incentives are bound to be highly idiosyncratic. Their sources arise in an individual sensing of a significance which lies beyond the trappings of what one might call the “Scottish thing” — that is beyond the swirl of the tartan, the thud of the caber or even the stir of the pipes. I suspect that the springs of the true devotion can only be described figuratively. For instance, it is as if the spirits of these clanspeople had been touched by the mist — that mist which so often curtains our ancestral home closing it in and at the same instant creating it anew in a mysterious immensity. I only suggest this explanation because I was once so touched, and ever since the fire on that inner hearth which we call “clanship” has burned more brightly.

Recently I came across a sketch which I made on that afternoon in Mull’s Great Glen. At the Sketch’s margin was this Biblical sounding notation: “Who can draw the tendrils of the mist?” It was evident that I could not; however, I can remember



vividly what the pencil had tried to catch and the experience which came upon me.

Far down the glen and through a window in the gray cloud ceiling, a sun shaft gives birth to a swath of living green and spreads that wonder upwards upon a sweep of blue hillside. This creation comes and goes, while above upon the heights the mist seems to flow eternally as if materializing from some inexhaustible and primordial store in the west. It travels as if forever eastward. It explores the faces of the cliffs as a wedding veil brushes the cheekbone of a bride. It condenses and fills a dark chasm with its whiteness. It holds an intimate relationship with the light — keeping the illumination within itself and alternately transmitting. It enchants a high valley with a fairy light, and then white as patriarch’s beard, it shadows the heights with an intense purple. But in all this pageantry of beauty, it is the grand silence of its passing which most moves me. The mist flows eastward across the mountain tops with a solemnity of silence, and in the power of that silence there is a message which brings to the inner self a knowing which can not be put into words.

Below the silent passing of the mist with its timeless persistence and intimacy, I sensed within myself another continuity. In that moment I knew that I was part of a flowing from those who came bravely before keeping the faith as best they could to those who will follow with their own bright hopes.

In some similar but individual and special manner those both past and present to whom this Clan Society owes so much must have been touched by a sense of this flowing. To them must have come an understanding of the privilege of belonging to a special heritage, of being part of a challenge and sense of pride. On their shoulders, as it were, has been laid the shoulder plaid of a tradition which is both their duty and the happiness to wear. Silent and embracing as the flowing of the mist upon the hills there has come that inner knowing of that which is their native own. ❧

## Two Very Special Events .....

### Area Meeting — Toronto, October First

Hosted by the Ontario Chapter of the Clan MacDougall Society of North America, this event marks the first time that a general gathering of our Clan Society has been held away from the site of our annual meeting at Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina.

Our honored guest will be Colin Lindsay-MacDougall, head of the senior Cadet of Clan MacDougall. Also present will be the present president of the Society, Walter M. Macdougall, several Regional Commissioners, and other executive officers.

Excellent accommodations have been arranged at the Ramada Hotel - Airport West where the gathering will take place. Transportation to and from the hotel to the airport are provided. The hotel is also conveniently located for those who wish to tour Toronto.

**Events:** Meeting of the Clan Society: 3:00 o’clock Saturday Afternoon. Reception, Program, Dinner, and Dance: Saturday Evening.

**Arrangements:** The charge for the evening program, dinner and dance will be \$35.00 per person (Canadian). The dinner will be roast beef with all the Scottish fixings like the haggis. It is important that you send as soon as possible the \$35.00 to Maxwell McDougall, 29 Armitage Drive, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1R 4X9 to reserve your place.

Reservations for hotel accommodations should be made directly with the Ramada Hotel - Airport West, Mississauga (Toronto), no later than September 16th. The price of a room, single or double occupancy, is \$65.00 plus taxes. Please advise the hotel of your arrival and departure times and how you will be traveling so that directions can be given and arrangements made for transportation. Be sure to tell them you are coming to the Clan MacDougall meeting. Hotel telephone number is 1-800-854-7854.

*Join us for the very special Scottish and MacDougall Event!*

### MacDougall Heritage Workshop “Mapping our Past”

This event is hosted by the Antigonish Chapter of the Clan MacDougall Society of North America. It provides a very special opportunity to learn how to preserve your priceless heritage and to share with others the joy of discovering those ties which bind us in to a clan family.

This workshop has been planned to coincide with the annual MacDougall Day celebrated by those wonderful clanspeople in Antigonish and with the following and famous Antigonish Highland Games.

Our honored guest will be Fergus Macdowall of Garthland, Chief of the MacDowells of Galloway.

The workshop will be held on July 13th at the Best Western Claymore Inn. The program includes: Our Clan history, the MacDougall presence in North America, recording family history, preserving folklore, story telling, and the use of video and audio tapes.

**Reservations:** Send name, number in party, your telephone number and address to Shirley MacDougall, Chairperson, Clan MacDougall Heritage Workshop: 55 Brookland Street, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Canada B2G 1V8. Telephone: (902)-863-4470.

**Places to stay:** Saint Francis Xavier University Dorm Rooms- \$24.00 per night with full breakfast. Phone (903)-867-2473. Fax 867-5153. Best Western Claymore Inn (\$70-75 per night). Phone 1-800-527-1234. Day’s Inn (\$79-89 per night). Phone (902)-863-4212. Chateau Motel (\$49-60 per night). Phone (902)-863-4842.

**A HERITAGE WORKSHOP WHERE  
THE GAELIC IS STILL SPOKEN AND THE PIPES WILL ECHO!  
BE WITH US!**

# 30th Annual Meeting On July 8



*After the annual meeting in the Eseeola Lodge Pavilion, many MacDougalls visit with each other and take in the relaxing beauty of the surrounding grounds.*

The 30th Annual Meeting of the Clan MacDougall Society will be held at 4 p.m., Friday, July 8 at the Eseeola Lodge Pavilion in Linville, North Carolina. After the meeting there will be a cocktail party on the lawn at the Lodge followed by a dinner in the dining hall. John McDowell Moore reports an important change from previous years. At the cocktail party, drinks may be purchased from a cash bar but guests may not bring a bottle as in years past. The law has been changed and it is now illegal to take a bottle. Reservations for the dinner cost \$25.00 per person for adults and \$12.50 for children 12 and under. Send your reservations to our Secretary -Treasurer, John McDowell Moore, 901 Woodlawn Drive, Lexington, North Carolina 27292.

## ~ Annual Dues ~

It is time to renew Annual Dues. Please make your check payable to the Clan MacDougall Society, in the amount of \$25 (sponsor) or \$15 (regular).

The sponsor dues include a donation to assist with support of the activities of the Society.

Please send your dues to  
Treasurer,  
John McDowell Moore,  
901 Woodlawn Drive,  
Lexington, North Carolina  
27292.

## Thanks to Terry and Jennifer

A special word of thanks goes out to Terry and Jennifer McDougal, of McDougal Design, who shared their expertise in setting up the format of this issue of *The Tartan*. Terry is the son of our Southeast Regional Commissioner, Jim McDougal and his wife, Pat. The family are all enthusiastic supporters of the Society. It is a joy to discover so many talented and enthusiastic supporters who are willing to help in so many ways. We thank all of you who have submitted articles, assisted with the information, offered words of encouragement, and who have been patient with us in our effort to change the publishing system to hold down the costs. We are looking forward to the Gathering at Grandfather Mountain in July and hope to see you there.

Nancy W. McD. Van Valkenburgh  
Editor

*Enjoying the athletic events at the 1994 Gatlinburg Scottish Festival in Gatlinburg, Tennessee are Pat and Jim McDougal, seated and Jennifer and Terry McDougal, standing.*



## MacDougall Places Brokaw - McDougall House

by Sibyl McDougald Wilkinson

The Brokaw-McDougall House is what one architect called a "superb survival of its period" and style - mid nineteenth century Classical Revival. This home was constructed over a four year period (1856-60) by Peres Brokaw who arrived in Tallahassee, Florida in 1840 at the age of twenty-six. He had come south from New Jersey, first settling in Alabama before moving on to Florida. He went into the livery stable business and prospered. He married Cornelia Tatum in 1850 and six years later he began construction of his house.

The house measures 52 by 63 feet and there have been only minor changes since it was built. Its pleasing proportions on the exterior and the spaciousness achieved in the interior arrangement give the house an elegant and distinguished aura. There is a one story porch running the width of the front with six Corinthian columns supporting its roof. The center bay created by the columns contains the main entrance surrounded by side-lights and a transom; the four outside bays each contain French doors. The second floor front duplicates this arrangement except that the French doors are replaced by the windows. The house is crowned by a cupola.

The interior is dominated by high ceilings and large halls running the length of both floors. On each side of the hall are two identical rooms. On the first floor they are separated by sliding wooden doors; on the second floor the identical rooms are separated by bathrooms (originally trunk rooms).

Mr. Brokaw served in city government, the state legislature, and the Confederate cavalry. Cornelia died during the Civil War, and Brokaw married her sister, Elizabeth.

Three years after his death in 1875, his daughter Phebe married Alexander McDougall, a recent Scottish immigrant. Phebe died in 1883 and Alexander married her sister Eliza in 1884, the property thus passing to the McDougall name. The surviving son of the second marriage was Peres Brokaw McDougall who became owner of the property. This McDougall married Emma Trammel in 1914 and some years after his death the property was sold to the State of Florida in 1973.

The Brokaw-McDougall House serves as headquarters of the Historic Tallahassee Preservation Board and is open Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. at 329 North Meridian Street, Tallahassee, Florida 32301 (phone: 904-488-3901).



## Genealogical Query

Sara Lambert Buckmaster, P.O. Box 123, Breaux Bridge, LA 70517, requests information about her McDowell ancestors, particularly Hannah Lambert/ Lamberth/ Lambeth. The information she has is as follows:

William McDowell's (born ?; place ?) died ca September, 1818 in Rutherford Co., NC. I cannot find where he is buried. He married

Craig (born ?; place ?; place of marriage ?) and operated a set of mills on the north fork of the Pacolet River in South Carolina.

They had 6 daughters, no sons. Five of the six daughters were named in his will in 1818: Jain Forbush; Margaret Huggins and grandsons James and Robert Huggins; Catherine Robertson and son George Robertson; Elizabeth; and Hannah Lamberth and granddaughter Catherin Lamberth. It is not known who the sixth daughter was. I have found next to nothing on these girls, other than Elizabeth and a little on Margaret. Elizabeth never married but had one child, Silas McDowell who was born in 1795 in York Dist., SC. It is told that when Elizabeth's mother found out she was with child, she threw her out of the family home. Elizabeth made her way to a cousin's home in York, SC. This cousin was Martha Craig Boyd Glen (Mrs. John Glenn). Elizabeth was not allowed to live with the Glenns because "there were girls of marriage age." Lodging was found with an elderly lady by the name of Mrs. Stuart near Ridley's Mill. Silas was born in 1795 and they remained with Mrs. Stuart until she died ca 1799 when Silas was four. His grandfather, William McDowell came for him and Silas went to live in the family home. Elizabeth then went to live with the Glenns. (She was a member of the Bethel Presbyterian Church.) When Elizabeth's mother died ca 1806 her father allowed her to return home. Silas received some education at Newton Academy in Ashville and about 1812-1814 he was apprenticed to a tailor in Charleston. By this time Elizabeth and her father had moved into Rutherford Co., NC.

William McDowell died in 1818 and Elizabeth sold the farm ca 1820-1821 and moved into Macon Co., NC. She died 1849 in Macon Co.

Unfortunately, it is one of the other daughters that I am tracking. I keep thinking that by tracing the daughters, I may find my line, Hannah Lambert/ Lamberth/ Lambeth (written different ways in different documents and sometimes different ways in the same document!!) I have nothing on Jain McDowell Forbush; Margaret McDowell married a James Huggins and had several children (two being named in the will). James died before 1800 and his brother went to York Dist., SC to move Margaret and children back to Lincoln Co. NC. In 1797, son John age 13 and son Robert 4 and Elizabeth believed to be 7 were bound to their Uncle Robert Huggins. Two older boys are believed to have gone on to Kentucky with other relatives. I have nothing on Catherine McDowell Robertson or her son George Robertson. I believe Hannah McDowell married Levi/Levy Lambert/Lamberth or Lambeth, I do not know where or when. They lived next door to Elizabeth in Rutherford Co., and Levi bought 100 acres of land from William McDowell in 1817. Elizabeth was a witness. When Elizabeth moved to Macon Co., NC; Levi and family lived next to her.

A little more on Silas McDowell. He practiced his trade as a tailor in Morganton, NC for ten years; then four more in Ashville where he married Elizabeth Erwin, a niece of the Governor of NC. He moved to Macon Co. ca 1829, raised a rather large family, and died in 1879. He became somewhat well known as a naturalist and discovered the "thermal belt" in the mountains of NC.

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*Questions about genealogy? Contact our Clan MacDougall Society genealogist, Carolyn B. Vassos, 364 Jonathon Court, Newport News, Virginia 23602.*



# Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

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## 50TH ANNIVERSARY



Next year, 1995, marks the 50th Anniversary of the end of World War II. We have received a suggestion that we feature stories about our Society members around the world who participated in this great fight to preserve freedom. If you have information to share, please send information to:

*The Tartan,*  
c/o Nancy W. McD.  
Van Valkenburgh,  
104 Williams Avenue,  
Huntsville, Alabama  
35801.



## Flowers of the Forest

The Tartan was sorry to receive the sad news that **Allen M. McDougall** of Canyon, British Columbia died December 16, 1993 of a massive stroke. The Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada offers its sincere sympathy to his family and loved ones.



# 30TH ANNUAL MEETING

4 P.M., Friday, July 8  
Eseeola Lodge Pavilion  
Linville, NC



MacDougalls start to assemble on the lawn of the Eseeola Lodge for a social gathering after the annual meeting at Linville, NC. *See article on page 5 of this issue.*

## CLAN MacDOUGALL SOCIETY

|                      |                                                                                  |
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| Secretary-Treasurer  | JOHN MCDOWELL MOORE<br>901 Woodlawn Drive<br>Lexington, NC 27292                 |
| Society Genealogist  | CAROLYN B. VASSOS<br>364 Jonathon Ct.<br>Newport News, VA 23602                  |
| Society Librarian    | SIBYL MCDUGALD WILKINSON<br>3306 Mulberry Lane<br>Huntsville, AL 35801           |
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| ONTARIO                        | MARJORIE MCLEOD                                 |
| NATIONAL<br>(WASHINGTON, D.C.) | ALAN AND JEANNE MACDOUGALL                      |
| SOCIETY<br>CORRESPONDENT       | JOHN MACDOUGALL,<br>Clan MacDougall, Australia. |

**Deadline for Spring Issue: April 1st • Deadline for Fall Issue: October 1st**  
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