

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of North America

Volume 31, No. 2

Wylie and Mary McDougall, Founding Editors

Spring 1996

Saving a Treasure

Gylen Castle

by John A. MacDougall

see it rise toward the sky
an architectural gem shaped so spry
framed in proportions beautifully
from local stone and rock, clean of line, built tastefully

in the fifteenth year of James VI's reign
there was erected a tower to protect, it was plain
Duncan from Argyle and others too
to safeguard the ancestors of me and of you.

trust in God and not in men
we must not He forsake as some did then
my son do well and let them say
we built to last, to survive the fray.

between Mull and Lorne it sits
with loops for guns and arrow slits
south of Lismore and north of seal
Gylen rises above the promontory of Kerrera's soil

did Galloway masons from far away
lay the fine arches, frame the carved mouldings, from stone and clay?
did MacDowell hands erect this great pile
to prevent the feud, keep peace for awhile?

the best laid plans of mice and men
do oft times go astray, now and then
Gylen's water was not secure
and of this fact Leslie knew, you can be sure.

after sixty-five years of peaceful life
Gylen was besieged by cruelty and strife
a pact with the warring covenanters was made
not to be honoured, but soon to be betrayed.

in the twenty-second year of the reign of the first Charles
they came with their swords and their gun barrels
nothing that they did showed any courage
all that they did was an everlasting outrage

of all the castle occupants none but a child were spared
for the oriel windows no one cared
stone figures with arms akimbo, winged coiffure, silently stared
at a scene demanded by ministers, carried out by soldiers who for this
work were well prepared.

for 343 years has Gylen waited
for the full repair that the contract stated
such a long time with windows open
what can a castle do but wait and hopen

in this the forty-fourth year of Elizabeth II's reign
the cry goes out, the signal fire burns again
from MILO the word came yestere en
the time has come to rise once more and be seen

when Walter Marshall makes a plea
the responsibility is for you and for me
the home of the Branch of Lorne must be repaired
to save this Gylen, MacDougall treasure, we are all prepared.

Tuesday, February 27, 1996

Iain Gillesbuig

*Editors Note: John A. MacDougall, of Cordopolis, PA
is the Pennsylvania State Representative for Clan MacDougall.*



The Editor's Desk

by Pat McDougal

"Let the Games Begin"

Flags flying, pipers playing, bands marching, athletes throwing and kilts everywhere! What a sight to behold! Where a family comes together to enjoy the fun, to make new acquaintances and new friends.

I am always thrilled to see the effort displayed in these large events. So many people coming together to make all the planning work.

The Arizona Games were a great success as were the Dunedin Florida Games.

Many "Thanks" to those of our clan members who work in the tent to make a good impression, give clan information and do this task year after year.

A report on the MacDougall cotton material: About 800 yards has been ordered by the membership and the funds are coming in for placing the order with McCallum Scottish. Thank you for your interest in this project. Another call for yardage of this material may be made again at a later date. *(This material not available by the yard through McCallum Scottish).*

The annual Grandfather Mountain Clan meeting will take place at Eseeolla Lodge Pavilion followed by refreshments in the garden area. The banquet afterwards remains at \$25.00 per person. Make advance payments to John McDowell Moore, 901 Woodlawn Drive, Lexington, NC 27292. 🍷



ANNUAL DUES



John McDowell Moore, Treasure and John A. MacDougall, Membership Secretary, have announced the availability of discounted advance annual dues:

Regular memberships if paid in advance: (US Funds)

\$15.00 for one (1) year.
\$27.50 for two (2) years.
\$40.00 for three (3) years.

Sustaining Regular memberships if paid in advance: (US funds)

\$25.00 for one (1) year.
\$47.50 for two (2) years.
\$70.00 for three (3) years.

Of course, additional contributions to the Clan MacDougall Foundation are always welcome.

Mail your US membership dues to:

John McDowell Moore
901 Woodlawn Dr
Lexington NC 27292



Flowers of the Forest

Elizabeth MacDougall of 429 28th St., West Palm Beach, Florida, passed away October, 1995. She always enjoyed *The Tartan* and all news pertaining to Scottish "doings." She was 83 years old, born in Nova Scotia and lived in the USA 45 or 50 years.

Louise Honiker Leroy, 80, of Waynesboro, GA, died Friday, Jan 12, 1996. Mrs. Leroy was a native of DeKalb Co., and was a resident of Baltimore before moving to Waynesboro. She was a member of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Daughters of the American Revolution, and American Society of Mechanical Engineers Auxiliary. Survivors include her husband, Walter W. Leroy, two sons, Walter W. Leroy Jr. of Frankfort, Ky. (Director for Clan MacDougall) and Philip N. Leroy Sr. of Atlanta, GA., daughter, Mary Anna Leroy-Marler of Tampa, FL, (Florida State Representative for Clan MacDougall, five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Dr. Malcolm MacDougall Traxler, 64, director of the Public Health Unit in Holmes County, FL, died September 26 in Panama City. A 1960 graduate of Emory University School of Medicine, Dr. Traxler ranked at the head of his class during all four years of medical school. He was a pediatrician in Panama City for 28 years and had been chief of staff of Bay Medical Center. ~~Dr. Traxler attended many Highland games and gatherings.~~ Dr. Traxler's grandfather, Retis Joseph Williams, M.D., of Williston, FL, studied medicine at Edinburgh University. While there, he met and married Mary Tyrie, granddaughter of Hugh MacDougall, 1786-1852, farmer of Fortingall, Scotland. Mary Tyrie's uncle was Duncan MacDougall, Aberfeldy, Scotland, bagpipe maker to Queen Victorian. Dr. Traxler is survived by his wife, Martha Lee Bridges Traxler, two children, Malcolm MacDougall Traxler, Jr. and Martha Lee Landrieu, and a sister, Frances Traxler Greiff.

Mother of Pacific Crest Commissioner Mel McDougal of Nevada City California, passed on to a life with God on January 18, 1996. **Cora E. McDougal**, wife of Melvin Aden McDougal, was born February 18th 1914 in Vermillion Kansas, to Edwin and Leona Ward. Mrs. McDougal was raised in the farming life, married Melvin at the age of 18 and after a short spell in farming, both she and Melvin moved to California, raising their children JoAnn E. McDougal Drone and Mel E. McDougal. After a few years working at various positions in California, she and the family moved to Auburn, California, where they entered business in 1948 with the Tide Water Oil Company. They operated their own petroleum distributing company for over 23 years and later entered into retirement. She was a Charter member of the women's organization Soroptimis in Auburn. This lovely lady will be dearly missed by her loving family and many friends, as we were all gifted by her presence here on this earth. We will miss you Mom.



In Memory Of D. CHARLES MACDOUGALL OF ANTIGONISH

by Walter M. McDougall



*Long may our hearts
Have memories to gather.
Mountains, misty green isles,
The sweet smell of heather.
Try to break us, feign us,
Or do as you may.
The fragrance of memory
shall n'er fade away.
D. Charles MacDougall*

What wonderful memories Charlie MacDougall has left each of us who had the privilege to know him — wonderful memories and with them an example of kindness, decency and courage. All that we remember, all the examples we recall are bound together by the bright ribbon of Charlie's delightful humor.

In 1980 Charlie received our Society's *A Wylie McDougall Award*. No recipient of this award has ever deserved it more. Charlie joined our Society early on and became our MacDougall "Captain" in the Maritimes. He was among the cadre responsible for arranging and making a grand success of our late Chief's visit to Nova Scotia. He was instrumental in the establishment of the chapter of the Clan MacDougall Society in Antigonish and in the erecting of the MacDougall Cairn in that town.

In addition to his active participation in Clan MacDougall, Charlie was an active member in his community. He had been a town and county councilor, past president of the Antigonish Highland Society, past president of the Arras Branch #59, Royal Canadian Legion, a member of the volunteer Fire Department, and manager of the Antigonish Legion Pipe Band. During World War Two, Charlie served with the Royal Canadian 5th Engineers Brigade in the Normandy Invasion and was severely wounded in action. Born in Mabou, Cape Breton, and into a Gaelic speaking home, Charlie was heir to the tradition of Highland Scots who brought their heritage and their faith to the making of new homes along a wilderness shore. His immigrant ancestor was Lachlan MacDougall who came from Moidart, Scotland, in 1797. Charlie treasured this heritage. It lived with new significance in his heart. He had the gifts of a seanachie and poet. His den, with its storied and pictured walls and ceiling, was a chronical of his devotion to Clan, to Country to his Religion and to his wife, family and friends. Jokingly, we referred to this special room as the MacDougall headquarters of the north. And in our memory we are there again and experiencing the joy of his story telling and his wit.

Charlie passed from our earthly ranks February 5, 1996, at the age of seventy-one. Saint Ninian's Cathedral was filled in loving tribute with neighbors, clans people, and fellows in arms. The mass was celebrated by Charlie's son, the Reverend Martin MacDougall and the homily by a brother-in-law, the Reverend Joe Gillis.

To his wife Bernadette and their eight sons, to his sister Mary Falt and brother Dougald, we tender you our affectionate sympathies; and for the life and example of this outstanding member of Clan MacDougall we thank God.

"The fragrance of memory shall n'er fade away"

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by Jack Kane



It looks like Spring is finally here and it couldn't be more welcomed as this has been one of the harshest winters we have had in Virginia. With the arrival of Spring we are entering the major season for Scottish games and festivals which will continue until late fall. I would ask that Society members please support your local games and festivals and particularly support the efforts of your State Representatives and Regional Commissioners. As a clan society the only way we can prosper and grow is to get new members and in this endeavor we need the help of all our members to attend the Scottish functions and show the "tartan".

Our Annual General Meeting will be held as usual in conjunction with the Grandfather Mountain Games the second weekend in July. Our meeting is held late Friday afternoon at the Eseeola Lodge in Linville, NC followed by refreshments in the garden area and a banquet at the Lodge. I invite all Society members to attend this meeting and the festivities afterwards, to renew old friendships and make new ones. If you have never attended the Grandfather Mountain Games, this will give you an opportunity to attend one of the premier games in North America.

The Regional Meeting this year will be held in Williamsburg, VA in conjunction with the Williamsburg Scottish Festival, Saturday, September 28th. Festival events actually start with a reception on Friday evening and end on Sunday with a "Kirking of the Tartan". It is planned to hold a MacDougall banquet on Saturday evening. More details will be forthcoming. However, you may contact me for information on places to stay in Williamsburg. These regional meetings were initiated in order to give Society members, a better opportunity to attend a MacDougall Society function.

I look forward to seeing many of you at the various Games this season and that the remainder of the year is successful and productive for you. ☺

32ND ANNUAL MEETING OF CLAN MACDOUGALL SOCIETY OF NORTH AMERICA

5:00 PM, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1996
Eseeola Lodge Pavilion Linville, NC

Cocktail Party and Banquet will follow the meeting.
Meeting is held during the Grandfather Highland Games which are July 11-14, 1996.

NEWS FROM THE REGIONAL COMMISSIONERS

○ **Bill Leroy, Kentucky State Representative**, will host a clan MacDougall tent at the two Kentucky games held in 1996: Kentucky Scottish Weekend, held May 10-12 at General Butler State Resort Park, north of I-71 in Carrollton, KY, and the Glasgow Highland Games, held May 31-June 2 at Barren River State Park, east of I-65 in Glasgow, KY. Volunteers are welcome to help in the tent at each of the two games.

○ Dunedin Games - March 30, 1996

The Dunedin, Florida games opened with a bright and cool day. Mary Anna Leroy-Marler, the Florida State Representative, had the tent ready as visitors began coming in. This is a large games with the National Amateur Athlete Championship fought on the field and it was a great showing of strength. The 68 clan tents were well attended by the large crowd. The McElroys, Patty, John and daughter Kattie were in attendance as well as Collin Grant Adams. Just as the last of the hurrahs were being said, a light rain began to fall. The touch of the dew that reminds of the homeland.

○ **At the 1995 Scottish Games held at Thomas Point in Brunswick, Maine**, the members of Maine Clan MacDougall proudly displayed this beautiful hooked wall hanging of the MacDougall Crest. The hanging was designed by Ann McDougal (pictured here on the left) and largely hooked by her husband Don. Over 30,000 pieces of yarn were used in the process. Ann and Don also made the new pavilion tent used for the first time this year. Also in the picture, taken by Colin McDougal, is his wife, VerDonna.



A MCDOUGALL FAMILY REUNION

The 1996 annual reunion of the McDougall family descended from Alexander and Anna (Hyatt) McDougall through Gilbert Hyatt and Betsy (Hogle) McDougall, takes place in Colorado Springs, Co, July 19th through 21st. The Reunion coincides with the Scottish Highland Games at Colorado Springs, Saturday, July 20th.

Beth (McDougall) Moore is hostess. The Reunion begins with a get-together at her home Friday evening, the 19th. Saturday's schedule includes the Highlands' Games followed by supper at the Moore home. On Sunday, a brunch and program at the Air Force Academy Officers' Club.

Alexander McDougall (1760-1813) was a 17-year-old Loyalist volunteer from "Old" Dutchess County, NY, was with General Burgoyne at the Battle of Saratoga in 1777. He served with the British army until 1783, then settled in the "Eastern Townships" of Quebec. His brother-in-law, Gilbert Hyatt, is credited with founding Sherbrooke, Quebec, but Alexander, was certainly a part of that founding.

Gilbert Hyatt and Betsy McDougall emigrated to the U.S. beginning in 1859 or earlier. They had two sons and at least three daughters.

Present-day members of this family include Walt Minnick, a candidate for the U.S. Senate from Idaho; Sioux (sic) Plummer, the first woman mayor of Skagway, AK; and Pamela Ferguson-Brey who directs Hawaii's Commission on the Status of Women. Related families include the Hyatt, Hogle, Gove, Carr, Drew, MacMillan, Thomas, Tyler and other families.

(For information on this Reunion contact:

*R. Douglas MacDougall, 646 Oak St., Mandeville, LA 70448;
telephone (504) 626-8606.*



Everything was starting to come into focus for Farmer MacDougall — his missing sheep, his missing beer, and his collie, Shep, who was getting just a little too sociable for his own good.

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Childhood at Dunollie, 1914-1925...

Lighting & Heating

by Jean MacDougall Hadfield

It is difficult to realise that, in the days of candles and lamps, so much of the house was in darkness at night. Today the dark patches can vanish at the flick of a switch.

Grown-ups had taught us the litany 'frae goulies and ghosties and long legged beasties and things that go bump in the dark Good Lord deliver us'. But they had not thought of explaining that this was a primitive prayer which had no connection with going upstairs in the dark with only a candle for company. Therefore every sortie up the stairs after dark was excitingly frightening. Surely, when going up the high stairway to the top floor, the ghostly unknown lurked in the pools of darkness where the light of a flickering candle did not penetrate, or the black of unlit rooms with their doors left open. Reaching the safety of the bedroom was an unspeakable relief!

Every evening the 'going up to bed' candlesticks, with a box of matches on their broad base, were put on the hall table, one for each member of the family. Some of them were white, some blue and some of that depressing ginger colour used by the Victorians for their hip baths, hot water cans and tin trunks.

The sitting rooms were lit by oil lamps. When a lamp was brought in day suddenly became evening. It was a far more potent moment than the moment today when someone, scarcely noticing, switches on the electric light. The maid of those days, stately in her long dress, sailed in holding the lamp before her, put it on the table and turned up the wick. At that moment evening began. It ended when the wick was turned low, the flame flickered itself out and the household went up to bed by candle light.

Lamps gave out a slight smell of paraffin, a surprising amount of heat and a pleasant soft light. This pleasantness gave no indication of what tyrants they could be. If not carefully tended each day they would retaliate by emitting black smoke or by smelling beyond endurance. The wicks had to be cleaned with soft paper and trimmed with scissors, while a special brush was used for the insides of the glass funnels.

If the lamps were tyrants so were the old-fashioned fireplaces whose appetite were rapacious, for wood and coal. When we sat in front of them our faces were scorched, while our backs remained cool. Generations of the family must have felt their faces scorched for there were examples about the house of beautifully embroidered fire screens, made by great aunts. Some were on stands and some were meant to be held in the hand.

The kitchen range burned coal which was delivered to the coal house by cart. The horses had to strain every muscle to get the heavy load up the hill leading to the back of the house.

More wood than coal was burnt on the open fires and the kind of wood used depended on what trees were blown down in the winter. If the wood was damp and smoldering, the cure was blowing it with bellows until it became a cheerful blaze. The sound of bellows was, to us, as much a sound of winter as the howl of the wind in the chimneys.

In spite of having the sweep regularly clean, the chimneys sometimes caught on fire. This provided the drama of a fire without its more frightening aspects. It would start with an ominous roar whereupon we would rush outside and note with relish the black smoke, laced with red sparks, pouring out of the chimney-pot. Raising the alarm we would rush back to the fireplace where by this time lumps of burning soot were falling into the grate. Then came the moment when a grown-up banged the knob of a fire extinguisher in the hearth and the fire-quenching liquid shot up the chimney with imposing force. What followed was an anti-climax, the roar in the chimney ceased and we were



DUNOLLIE HOUSE

left with a wet, black and cooling grate.

Our chimney caught on fire once when some children from Edinburgh were visiting. They had never seen a chimney fire before and we could hardly believe that they could be so unsophisticated. When they explained that they were not allowed to let the chimney catch fire in the city, and were fined if they did, we all agreed that this was a scandalous curtailment of liberty.

For occasional heating in the bedrooms, oil stoves were used, but only if the occupant was suffering from a bad cold or some other illness. These stoves were misnamed Valor Perfection. For months they would behave impeccably and then one day, when unattended, they would cause consternation by blackening the walls and ceiling with smoke so badly that the room had to be redecorated.

A far more pleasing form of heating, when ill, was the open fire. It was a blissful feeling lying in bed after the candle had been blown out to watch the reflection of the fire flickering on the ceiling. With luck, one might be hugging a 'pig', the stone hotwater bottle of those days, a luxury which would never have been allowed except during illness. At all other times to be spartan was a virtue, windows were flung open and the water on the washstand was covered with ice in the morning.

Being brought up at Dunollie among so many naked flames, fire protection was taught early to us children. Fire guards stood in every grate, Minimax extinguishers on every floor along with buckets of sand in case of an accident to an oil lamp. We were taught what to do if anyone caught themselves on fire and were told terrible stories of people who had done this.

To my shame I was the only one in the family who went up in flames. It was a terrifying moment when, leaning carelessly over a lit candle, my long hair caught fire. My aunt seized the nursery tablecloth, bobbles and all, and enveloped my head in it. Her quick action put out the flames and all that remained was a sickening smell of burnt hair.

The end of each year saw a fire hazard that would seldom be seen today. This was an enormous Christmas tree covered from top to bottom with little candles whose naked flames could have set alight the dry pine needles. They never did for each year a grown-up stood by with a bucket of water and a long bamboo with a sponge on the end, to be used if any trouble arose. A friend of ours in Edinburgh told us that during his childhood their Christmas tree did catch fire and the fire brigade had to be sent for. The modern Christmas tree, lit by little electric bulbs, is much safer but does not seem to have the same lovely sparkle that our candles had.

Today a house can be lit and heated without anyone doing much more than paying the electricity bill, and in this way much time and energy is saved. Electricity came to Dunollie after we grew up, lamps and candles were put away only to reappear whenever there is an electric failure. Their pleasing soft light saves us from the chaos of darkness. ☺

30TH ANNUAL ARIZONA HIGHLAND GAMES

by Robert A. McDougal, M.D., Indiana Representative

A concert was held on Friday evening 23 February at Mesa Community College, Mesa, Arizona. It was held in the football stadium, where part of the Games and Gathering was held. The entertainers who performed throughout the evening were: Alex Beaton, the Browne sisters & George Cavanaugh, Celtic Pride, and Scottish harp players Riley and MacBean, as well as many dancers, held forth for over two hours.

The local organizers were Don and Denise MacDougall of Baldwin, Michigan and Sun City, Arizona, and Dr. Robert and Lee McDougal of Indianapolis, Indiana and Scottsdale, Arizona who have had a Clan MacDougall Society tent at the Arizona Games for about five years. They were joined by Pacific Crescent Commissioner Mel McDougal and his wife Nyla from Nevada City, California, who added a second tent to that of the local organizers, and Celtic material from their shop, the Celtic Heir!

As in several of the past years, family members of the organizers helped: Peggy MacDougall from Lansing, Michigan, daughter of Don and Denise, and James McDougal from Los Angeles, California, son of Bob and Lee. Both are attorneys!

There were three honored guests, including our own Dr. Fergus MacDowall from British Columbia. He is Chief of the Name and Arms of the MacDowalls of Galloway, Baron of Garthland and Castle Semple, and an Honorary President of the Clan MacDougall Society. His presence at the opening ceremony, and later in taking the honors in Clan Row and visiting with the many visiting MacDougalls and MacDowalls of all spellings was a pleasure and honor for the organizers. It was at my suggestion that the Games Committee invited him to be an honored guest, and since he and his lovely wife Connie spend some of the winter months in

Arizona, perhaps they can be guests again.

Other honored guests include General Bailey Bruce McCune, Baron of Elphinstone, Head of the Baronial and Feudal households of the McCunes of Coll-Earn and Elphinstone, and senior of the line of kin and others of that name.

Also, Chief James McBain of McBain, 22nd Hereditary Chief of the ancient Celtic Clan McBain (MacBean). He has been an honored guest many times in the past and was greeted by Bob and Lee when they were Clan Row Chairpersons in the past.

The pipe bands, Highland sports, dancing, re-enactment groups, nearly 50 Clans and Societies, dog show, and a bright, sunny day helped boost the attendance to a record high. Last year only the football field was used, yet the Games Attracted around 10,000. This year two additional practice fields were added and attendance was several thousand more.

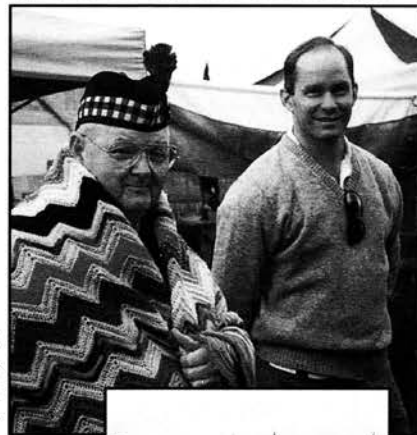
The son of Dr. & Mrs. Donald McDougal, Indianapolis, Ind. announced their son James is getting married on 9 March in Los Angeles, to Mary Lowe Miller. She has been our guest at a Robert Burns dinner, but because of the responsibilities of her job was unable to attend the Games. We hope to have them as guests for the 31st Games in 1997! ☺



Monte Patterson, Clans Chairman of the Caledonian Society of Arizona leads a small parade of tartan followed by Mel McDougal and Dr. Fergus MacDowall.



Proudly bearing the clan banner are Peggy MacDougall, Mel McDougal and Don MacDougall



Right: Braving the cold morning temperature are Don MacDougall and James McDougal.

Right: Honored guests of the Games Gen. Bailey Bruce McCune, Baron of Elphinstone and Dr. Fergus MacDowall, Chief of the Name and Arms of the MacDowalls of Galloway.



Left: Pacific Crescent Commissioner Mel McDougal and his wife, Nyla in front of their Celtic Heir tent.

Left: Dr. Fergus MacDowall greeting the youngest MacDowall in attendance along with the proud mother.



The ladies of Clan MacDougall Society from left to right are Nyla McDougal, Denise MacDougall, Lee McDougal and Connie MacDowall.

Pleasanton Games give honor to Clan MacDougall and Chief Fergus MacDowall

The grandest Scottish event to be held on the West Coast, within the Pacific Crest Region of Clan MacDougall, took place on Labor Day weekend (September 1st through the 3rd) in Pleasanton, California, presented by the Caledonian Club of San Francisco, a premier Highland Games and Clan gathering.

Clan MacDougall and Chief Fergus MacDowall were given the great honor of being the Grand Marshal of the games, and were extended the privilege of being in a location of respect and honor among the Clan tents.

Our Clan was showered with generous amounts of free refreshment and honors by the San Francisco Caledonian Club, and received numerous salutes by several of the pipe bands in attendance.

Being honored by the presence of Chief MacDowall of Garthland and his son, Fergus MacDowall Younger of Garthland, gave all those MacDougall's in attendance a great sense of pride.

Great pleasure and honor was felt by the attendance of Clan MacDougall President John Kent Kane and his wife Nancy from Yorktown, Virginia, Second Vice President and Northeast Regional Commissioner Richard MacDougal and his wife Betsy from Mendon, Massachusetts, and Northwest Regional Commissioner Martin McDougal and his wife Ruth.

Needless to say, the Clan flags from the three regions were flying high and proudly during the entire event, giving praise to the Clan and all of those MacDougall's that came to visit and assist in making our Clan tent the best of tents at the games.

The Clan tent was hosted by Pacific Crest Regional Commissioner Mel McDougal and his wife Nyla, and Northern California Representative Victor MacDowall Kottinger. The tent, which was 10 feet wide and 30 feet in length, provided space for the MacDougall informational display, seating for the guest and a host of refreshments which were enjoyed by all. The tent was garnished with flags of the regional commissioners, the Celtic nations, and the Coats of Arms of both the Clan MacDougall and Clan MacDowall, which were displayed in replica, along with shields of sept names, all of which added to a most colorful and informational setting.

On Saturday evening the Clan was graciously hosted with a barbecue by David and Diane McDowell at their residence in Danville, CA. A great time was had by all with food, drink, and entertainment by Joe Anderson of Clan Anderson, with the gathering joining in with song to round out the night of festivities.

Upon departing from Pleasanton, all of those Clan members that were able to participate, felt a much stronger pride in the Clan and a development of family togetherness. Thanks to all who were able to attend this weekend in beautiful California. The fond memories and new kinship will always be remembered. 🍷



Chief Fergus MacDowall

Athletic Events

by Pat McDougal

Did you ever wonder what those big men were doing in the center of the field and the center of a lot of attention at the games? This may give you some insight into the challenges these competitors are facing. The following is given in hope that you might understand these events and enjoy them as you watch.



Troy McDougal of Ooltewah, TN, throws the 28 pound weight.

The Stone of Strength: This event is a "Stone" of iron or an actual stone weighing 28 pounds. A competitor is allowed three throws and the longest throw wins this event.



Terry McDougal of Cleveland, TN, tosses the Caber as the judge stands behind.

The Cabor Toss: Tossing the cabor is not done for distance. The competitor tosses the cabor, which is about 19 feet long and weighs around 120 pounds, end over end so the small end falls directly ahead of him. Grading after three tosses, the man who has the most perfect (or 12 o'clock) toss wins this event.

The Sheaf Toss: A 16 pound bag of hay is tossed over a raised bar with a 3 tined pitch fork. The bar is raised 6 inches until all but the last competitor is eliminated. This height has been known to go as high as 32 feet.

The Hammer Throw: The hammer is a round ball of iron on a long handle and weighs 22 pounds. The competitor throws for distance and the longest throw wins.

Weight Toss and Weight Throw: These events are two separate weights, one a 28 pound and the other is 56 pounds. They both are thrown for distance and the 56 is tossed for height. Each are scored for the best of three throws. ■

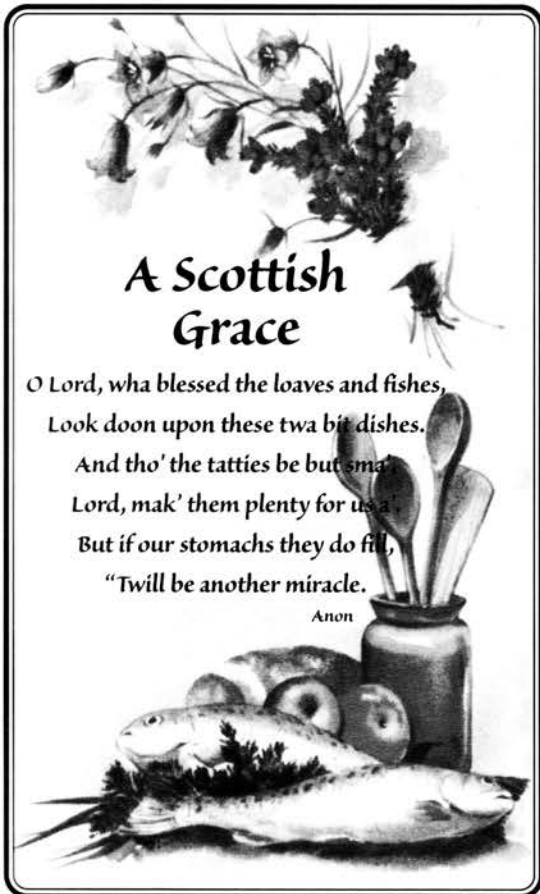
A Scottish Grace

O Lord, wha blessed the loaves and fishes,
Look doon upon these twa bit dishes.

And tho' the tatties be but sma',
Lord, mak' them plenty for us a'.

But if our stomachs they do fill,
"Twill be another miracle.

Anon





1996 Highland Games & Gatherings

MAY	10-12	Carrollton, KY	<i>Gen. Butler State Park</i>
	17-19	Gatlinburg, TN	<i>Mills Park</i>
	25	Costa Mesa, CA	<i>Orange Co. Fairgrounds</i>
	31-2	Glasgow, KY	<i>Barron River State Park</i>
JUNE	1	McHenry, MD	<i>Garrett Co. Fairgrounds</i>
	1-2	Kings Mt., SC	<i>Kings Mountain Battleground</i>
	20-22	Oberlin, OH	<i>Oberlin College</i>
	22	Northampton, MA	<i>Tri-County Fairgrounds</i>
	29	San Marcos, CA	<i>Rancho Santa Fe</i>
JULY	11-14	Boone, NC	<i>Grandfather Mountain</i>
	27	Fort Wayne, IN	<i>Zollner Stadium</i>
	27-28	Enumclaw, WA	<i>King County Fairgrounds</i>

CLAN MacDOUGALL SOCIETY

President	JOHN KENT KANE 101 Sleepy Hollow Lane Yorktown, Virginia 23692
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