

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of North America

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Wylie and Mary McDougall,
Founding Editors

THE PASSING OF MAJOR JAMES WILLIAMSON MACDOUGALL, M.C. OF GALLANACH

Walter M. MacDougall

We feel the loss of Major James Williamson MacDougall, M.C., head of one of our Clan's principal cadets, and we are thankful for his life. Major Williamson MacDougall was the sixteenth in the line of Gallanach which descends from Allan MacDougall of Torsay who in turn was the second son of Duncan MacDougall of Dunollie, the seventeenth Chief of the Clan.

Major MacDougall served in the Royal Scots Fusiliers from 1939 until he retired in 1959. During the second World War, he saw active duty in Madagascar, the Far East, Middle East, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium, and Germany. From 1954 to 1957 he was stationed in Malaya. He was wounded three times and awarded the Military Cross for bravery.

In 1953, he married Marie-Claire van Wambeke of Casteau, Belgium, who has been devoted to her family and the estate as well as known for her charitable services in Oban. Following retirement, the Major and his family came home to Gallanach House and there assumed the demanding work of farming the lands of the estate which is stocked with sheep. The major is survived by his wife, four daughters, and son Charles who now assumes the title of the seventeenth of Gallanach.

James Williamson MacDougall was a man of quiet strength and firm convictions. From within his stalwart character there shone out a delightful wit and genuine kindness.

In that inner world of blessed memories, we remember his stories of the land and of Highland living which Major James had heard as a boy. In tribute to his kindness, I would like to share the following notes made in 1987 when the Major took two of my sons and myself to visit one of the caves which may have sheltered Chief Ian Ciar when he was a fugitive in his own land.

Fortified by a magnificent tea, we start upon our adventure. The Major takes us down through the chicken yard where the clucking, red hens converge upon us. He wants to show the wild rhubarb which grows in profusion fertilized by the hens. "Gallanach" means wild rhubarb. It reminds me of American burdock without the burrs.

Having made the wild rhubarb's acquaintance, we strike out along the rocky shore below towering cliffs and steep talus slopes. This is a wild coast where the Atlantic swells rise darkly among the boulders, turn a pale green upon the ledges and recede in a tumble of white froth. One could well be stepping into the world of a Scott's novel--a wilderness coast frequented by smugglers in a world apart from the law. And such an impression is not all fantasy. There are smugglers about, and Major James met two suspicious characters not long ago



Colin Lindsay MacDougall of Lunga,
Major James Williamson MacDougall of Gallanach and
Charles Williamson MacDougall of Gallanach.

nor far from this spot. This afternoon there is a small boat with a powerful outboard motor bouncing across the swells and heading for a group of lobster buoys. The Major keeps his eye on the boat. There has been lobster "rustling" going on as well as drug trafficking. It is easy to envision that we are on patrol--a single file of MacDougalls led by the Major in his kilt of muted tartan.

Our path is no more than a sheep track; the makers of which are feeding along this rock strewn shelf between the sea and the cliffs. One comes up to us. "Bottle fed as a lamb," explains Major James. "They never go quite wild."

We make our way around, down, across and up over the cleaved slabs of stone and the tumble of broken boulders. The way is barren until one enters a patch of waist high bracken--"useless stuff," the Major says. Perhaps a mile below Gallanach House, as the raven would fly, is a considerable bay partially protected from the sea by a craggy point covered with large, hunch shouldered stones like a silent convention of spell-bound trolls. The bay, Port na Traigh-linne, is backed by a steeply rising beach of well rounded corbels. High on the beach is a driftwood log battered white except for a black charcoal scar. Someone has lit a fire; probably one of the major's guests such as the fellow presently fishing in the deep pool at the foot of the beach. The Major calls down to the figure below us, asking the fisherman if he has had any luck, but the angler's back is to us and a yell is lost in the sound of the grating cobbles and the surging sea.

...continued on page 3



The Editor's Desk

by Pat McDougall

Welcome to the 2000-Century and I hope you celebrated in grand style.

Happy Birthday Robert Burns!

The many good responses to the increased number of pages and the use of color in the Christmas issue have been very encouraging. It would be nice to see our newsletter continue in this direction and you, as the reporting members, can make that happen. Keep your information coming.

If you know of a youth that is interested in Scottish heritage, and is in need of financial help to keep the studies going, please see the Scholarship notice in this issue.

Promotions for the Highland Games have been coming in a lot earlier this year. I guess people are noticing the greater number of games and people have to pick and choose the ones they will be attending. If you haven't attended lately, you will be surprised that the size of the games has increased greatly. You might be happy to know Clan MacDougall would be very pleased for you to help in a clan tent in your area.

Yours aye,
Pat

Editor's Note: Late word was received that Lynn McDougall, wife of North Carolina State Representative Beacham McDougall, has been diagnosed with breast cancer. She will be receiving treatments and your prayers are requested for her and her family at this time.

New Appointments for Clan MacDougall

Donald Roderick MacDougall of Victoria, BC
Regional Commissioner – British Columbia

Barbara Jo MacDougall of Victoria, BC
Provincial Representative – British Columbia

Donald J. Mac Dougall of New Mexico
State Representative – New Mexico

David H. Acton wishes to retire.
Regional Commissioner – Rocky Mt.

Replacing David H. Acton is:
Martha MacDougall of Colorado
Regional Commissioner – Rocky Mt.



A New MacDougall to the World

On November 29, 1999, **Kayly Devin Michelle Howell** was born to Jeremiah and Faith Howell. Weighing 6 pounds 13 ounces, being 21 inches in length, and proud to be a MacDougall clan member.



Letters to the Editor



This Christmas issue was just beautiful - you did a great job.
- Don & Sandra

Great use of color! Merry Christmas!
- Don Northcutt.

We had a lovely gathering of MacDougalls at our house after the Alexandria Christmas Walk on Saturday. One of the principal topics of conversation was the wonderful Christmas issue of *The Tartan*. All agreed that it was the best and prettiest issue yet. Congratulations!

The Alexandria Christmas Walk was the biggest parade ever held in Alexandria, and Clan MacDougall was well represented by about 2 dozen marchers. Don and Sandra MacDougall, the Regional Commissioners did a fabulous job of organizing. Jeanne and I were delighted to entertain the marchers at our house for lunch afterward and the good family conversation went on late into the afternoon.

Those of you who are members will have seen the marvelous Christmas issue of *The Tartan* but let me repeat the greetings from Jeanne and me to all of you. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

- Alan Miles MacDougall



Scholarships Available

Twelve \$200.00 scholarships are being offered by the Clan MacDougall Society to support and encourage the study of Scottish related subjects. If you are less than 20 years old and interested in such areas as Scottish athletics, drumming, fiddling, Gaelic language, Scottish harp, Highland dance, Scottish country dance (but not limited to these) you are invited to submit an application. The Scholarship Committee, chaired by William Leroy, will notify those young people selected. To receive an application please send a stamped self-addressed envelope to **Bill Leroy, P. O. Box 1279, Frankfort, KY 40602-1279.**

THE PASSING OF MAJOR JAMES WILLIAMSON MACDOUGALL, M.C. OF GALLANACH

...continued from page 1

Having rounded the bay, we are now making our way precariously along the top of the cliffs which plunge down to the ocean. To our left, the talus slopes sweep upwards to a wall of perpendicular ledge rendered by deep crevasses. Major James tells us that once one of these deep breaks in the ledge secreted an illicit whisky operation. From the top of the crag, the revenue cutter could be spotted as it left Oban Harbor. There was time to dampen the fire and hide away the spirit making apparatus. Major James knows the way up through the crevasses to the top of the crags. But no matter how well one knows this country, it remains dangerous and tricky especially when the thick Highland mist and fog comes rolling in and wraps one in a directionless world. That has happened to the Major.

There is a large sea stack just to our right whose south side has the profile of a man with a large mustache. We are, at the moment, skirting the edges of a great gash in the rock between whose vertical and narrowing walls, the ocean swells mount and surge inward to break resoundingly at the end of the chasm. Just beyond the sea stack, we climb around a ledge to find a cliff wall facing southward and in its base a natural rock shelter. At the extreme west end of this shelter there is a small cave. It is like a side pocket but large enough to hold two men. Significantly there is a "squarish" rock on the floor of the cave which makes a good seat. We all took our turn occupying the cave and sitting on the rock seat.

Major James feels that Iain Ciar, the exiled twenty-second Chief of Clan MacDougall, used this shelter during the time he braved capture and possible execution to be close to his wife and his home. It seems a likely hideaway, and if so then it was from here that Iain Ciar rowed across the Sound of Kerrera to visit his long suffering wife Mary.

From where we are standing, in front of the rock shelter, the southern tip of Kerrera lies a mile to the westward across the steel-gray sea. It would be a hard row as tidal currents run strong, and it would be dangerous were fog to suddenly materialize. Major James had a relative who went fishing down the sound. The fog came in and when he finally landed, he was on the island of Mull. It could have been worse. He could have missed Mull and found himself bobbing in the open Atlantic.

On our return trek, we traverse the steep talus slopes and thus considerably above the way we had come. To the left the great expanse of ocean stretches away to the blue mountains of Mull and the arch of sky rests on the high steep to our right. It is a world of wild grandeur and of history which this man of quiet humor is showing us. One feels in him the strength of our forebears. One wants to believe that were one to meet his ancestors here in this world of rock, sea and sky, he would resemble this man. ☺



Gallanach House near Oban, Argyll, Scotland

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

by Richard T. MacDougall

Happy New Year/Century to
Clan MacDougall folk,



Well, we had some misgivings and worries and no small amount of excitement

ahead of time, but we saw out the 1900's and saw in the 2000's with great joy and celebration and very few problems. I hope you share my feelings of pride that we have the honor and privilege to escort the Clan MacDougall Society into the new century. I also hope that you share my optimism that we will continue to grow in size, significance and respect in the Scottish community in North America.

I don't believe I have previously had the opportunity to report to you that while I was at the Longs Peak Festival in September, I met a fine young man who has agreed to be our new State Representative in New Mexico. He is Donald J. "Donny" MacDougall. He is a D.V.M. from Los Lunas, NM. So there is another new state where we will now be represented at the highland games and other activities. With your good help, we are filling in the blank places on the map, people!

Because it is quiet, I can also share with you another of the frequent events that make the President's job satisfying. Just yesterday I responded positively to a request from a gentleman in Hoogkerk, Netherlands, who is the Pipe Major of a band there called THE MACDOWELL PIPE BAND, to have himself and his band join the Clan MacDougall Society of NA. He has even composed a special new piece of music called "The Clan MacDougall Society Jig!" Perhaps we can run a full article on the band in a future issue of the Tartan. Wouldn't it be nice if their tour schedule brought them to the US once in a while.

Slainte mhor,

Dick



Book Reviews...

The Midwinter Music

Edited by Marjory Greig and assisted by Marjorie Wilson

The following is an excerpt from this book about Scottish customs, songs and stories of Christmas and Hogmanay.

TATTIES FROM CHUCKIE-STANES

by Duncan Williamson

ONCE upon a time there was a poor lady that lived beside the forest. She had an awful lot of children, and sometimes it was pretty hard fir her because she didna have a husband. She scraped and scratched as much as she could, she used tae take in washin an sewin and things fir tae keep the children alive - she had boot seven or eight o' them, all wee steps an stairs, ye know!

An it cam roon about Christmas time. She had nothing tae give them, not a thing in the house, but she had nae idea whar tae get anything. They start't askin fir something tae eat. So tae keep them quiet she start't tellin them stories, but the stories wisnae fillin their stomachs. They said, 'Mammy, we want somethin tae eat, boil us some potatoes!'

So tae brighten their hearts up a wee bit, she goes out tae the front o' the house. There used tae be a week brook runnin past the house many years ago, an dunn the summer when times wis better wi her she'd gathered all the bonnie wee white stanes, we call 'em 'chuckie-stanes', and pit them round her garden path. So she took her pot and filled it full o' stanes, put water on 'em, shaken some salt on 'em and put them on the fire. It was one o' thon old-fashion't fires Wi the big old-fashion't arm that comes oot the side - she hung the pot on.

All her kid's gather't round. 'What are ye doing, Mammy?' says the little one.

She says, 'Youse asked fir potatoes an I'm going tae boil ye some. A hope youse enjoy them because they'll take a long while tae boil' - thinkin in her own mind, 'be the time thae "potatoes" wis supposed tae be boiled the hunger would leave them and they would all faa asleep.'

But she didnae know.....who had restit on the windaesole but a woodland fairy! It has landit and heard what wis goin on. An the fairy felt very sad - the mother wi all the children should have nothing but everybody else in the village had plenty especially comm nearer Christmas. So the fairy cast a spell on the pot.

The pot begun tae boil and the children wis saying, 'Mammy, lift the pot off now, lift the pot off an see - the potatoes is boiled!' Mammy liftit it off, poured the water off, it was only stones she had put in the pot. All the wee chil-

dren gather't round. But when she lifted the lid off there wis the most beautiful potatoes ye ever saw in yir life, dry as anything, jist burstin up like flowers!

An the lady was surprised - she felt that God.... 'At least,' she says, 'A've got potatoes - but hoo in the world?' She says tae hersel, 'It must ha' been a fairy.' So she liftit all the potatoes oot an pit them on a nice plate on the table. She gave them all round tae all the bairns, and there were nothing left fir hersel. She she looked in the bottom o' the pot. All the wee scrapins o' tatties that wis left - she took a spoon an says tae hersel, 'This'll have tae be enough fir me.' She scraped the bottom an put them on a plate, but when she turned up the spoon it was full o' gold sovereigns! an she scraped the pot clean till she had a full plate o' gold sovereigns! She stood an scratched her head, 'A wonder,' she says, 'whar that could come fae? Because they werenae in the pot when A put them stanes in fir the bairns tae boil. Some lucky fairy must ha' been thinkin o' me the night when she done that fir me.'

So she washed all the potatoes off the gold sovereigns, took the money an told the oldest one, 'You look after the wee ones ti' A come back, an A'll no be long.' She run doon tae the village, intae the shops an she bought everything she could think of: decorations fir the house, yon big Christmas bells, oranges, an apples, all the fruit, nuts an everything, presents fir every one o' them, ti' she wis loaded an couldnae carry no more. An she still had gold sovereigns left cause the fairy had gien her plenty. She gev her children the best Christmas they ever had in their life; they were happy blowin on things an puttin paper hats on their heas. They didnae know it wis a wee woodland fairy that had given them that lovely Christmas, and that's the last o' ma wee story. ☺

This 161 page paper back book is available from the Scottish Radiance Book Shelf for \$30.00 including postage and handling.



"From A Hollow On The Hill"

by Nancy Black

Many will recall Nancy Black's visit with us at the 1993 annual meeting. Those who do will remember how Nancy enriched our understanding Highland life both past and present. Now Nancy has given us a book to add to our prized MacDougall bookshelf. *From a Hollow on the Hill* is the result of years of research. It is a treasure chest of information, anecdotes, letters, and remembrances.

There is much in this book about the MacDougall and McCowan families, (for instance, there is a fine chapter on the renowned MacDougall family of pipers and pipemakers); however, its primary aim is to show the genealogical web which unites these families with those having other proud Highland names- the MacIntyres, Blacks, Campbells (yes, the Cambells), McInneses, Livingstones, and many others. Geographically this collection ranges from Kerrera and Coastal Argyll inland to Glen Lyon and across the oceans to Canada and far Australia. *From a Hollow on the Hill* allows us to see the highlanders as they lived upon the land and on the sea, to feel their sorrows, their hopes, and their determination.

A quick list of the subjects included shows the scope of this book: food, domestic life, medicines, natural dyes, the relationship of tenant and landlord, festivals, emigration religion, and many more.

Nancy Black's introductory chapters on historical background and the evolution of the clans are exceptionally well done, but in general she does not try to condense or streamline the data into another version of the Highland story. She allows the items to speak for themselves and in so doing allows us to open a window upon world of our Highland ancestors without romantic nonsense.

Our thanks to Nancy Black for this labor of love and understanding. ☺

From a Hollow on the Hill is available from Nancy Black, Torwood, Oban, Argyll, Scotland, PA34 4LU. The price post paid is: 22 pounds and 50 pence by airmail. Payment by sterling check or dollar check uncrossed. (US Funds: \$40.00 by airmail).



"McEachern & McDougal - Scotland to America"

by Sally Stone Trotter

This is a new and expanded genealogy of the families from Kintyre in Scotland to Robeson and Cumberland Co. North Carolina. Sally Stone Trotter originally did this work about the family of her Gr-Grandparents Daniel and Mary McDougal McEachern of Carroll Co. Mississippi, but the new edition has much more. Letters and research efforts in Scotland, by both Trotter and her cousin Henry W. Hill of Georgia, bringing the families very old and ancient history to light. Identifying more closely the ancient home of the families.

Of particular interest to the descendants of Daniel McEachern's brother, James McEachern and his wife Margaret Steen, is the Steen information.

Coat of Arms of related families are pictured in McEachern/McDougal, along with family pictures in the Mississippi area. An every name index is helpful, the print is very readable, and the stories and personal anecdotes make the families come alive for the descendants. ☺

May be purchased for \$40.00, includes postage, from: Henry W. Hill, 1555 Huntington Drive, Marietta, Ga. 30066-5932.



THE 2000 SCOTTISH HERITAGE SYMPOSIUM will be 24-25 March 2000 at St. Andrews Presbyterian College in Laurinburg, NC. The Symposium is sponsored by the NC Scottish Heritage Society.

The cost of the Scottish Heritage Symposium is \$50.00 if paid by March 1 and \$60.00 after March 1. Registration may be made through Scottish Heritage Centre, St. Andrews Presbyterian College, Laurinburg, NC 28352. Hotels available are Comfort Inn (special rate for Symposium), Ramada Inn, Fairfield Inn, and Jameson Inn.

The Symposium begins at 1:30 p.m. on Friday and concludes at 5:00. A dinner is scheduled at 7:00 Friday. Saturday, sessions are from 9 - 12 and 1 - 3:30 p.m. The reception is 6:00 (free whisky) and the banquet is at 7:00. Cost of the banquet is \$25.

Alstair Campbell will speak on Kintyre and Knapdale Scots, Murdo MacDonald - archivist for the Argyll and Bute Council - will speak on surname origins, and Dr. Scott Buie of Dallas, TX will speak of Scottish outmigration from NC to other parts of America. Sufficient time is allowed for questions and discussions.

The Wedding at the Cairn

by Mary MacDougal Falt

On July 17, 1999 Ms. Christina Vasil, of North Grafton, Massachusetts, married Mr. Brian MacDonald, of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, at the MacDougal Cairn on the banks of Broadcove in Inverness County. The wedding took place at 2:30 in the afternoon and was officiated by Mr. Frederick MacKinnon, a local Justice of the Peace in Inverness. The day was sunny and hot but the breeze coming off the ocean helped to cool the ceremony, which was attended by some 50 guests from as far as Boston and Edmonton, Alberta.

The civil ceremony was held in front of the MacDougal Cairn, just off the Broadcove Banks road. The bride and groom chose to exchange poems in addition to their vows: a selection from *Hamlet* and a short poem by Canadian author Margaret Atwood. After the ceremony, the bridal party, including Maid of Honor Ms. Sarah Higgiston and Best Man Mr. Kevin MacDonald, returned to Inverness Beach to take pictures while the guests were invited back to the Glenora Inn and Distillery



for cocktails. The reception began at 7:00 and was held in the Old Whiskey Warehouse at the Distillery. The couple spent their honeymoon touring the Cabot Trail and the Lighthouse Route before returning to Massachusetts.

Christina is the granddaughter of the late Mrs. Christie MacDougal, of Inverness, and spent much of her childhood on Cape Breton. After graduating from Boston University, Christina pursued her love of Cape Breton literature while writing her master's thesis at Acadia University. Currently, Christina is an English and Religion teacher at Marian High School in Framingham, Massachusetts. Brian, who also claims relatives in Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, is employed at Middlesex Savings Bank and is pursuing a Master's degree in English Literature at the University of Massachusetts. The couple is settled in Worcester, Massachusetts but has hopes of some day owning property and retiring to Cape Breton Island. ☺

Dry Stone Walls

by Beacham McDougald

About two years ago, David Wright of Jura along with his friend Petreena McNeill of Lochaline, visited our community for the annual Scottish Heritage Symposium. While here they built a dry stone wall in the Flora MacDonald Memorial Gardens at St. Andrews Presbyterian College. Meeting with them at St. Andrews, they agreed to construct two stone walls at our drive entrance. Several months later they returned to North Carolina from Canada, visiting with us for over month and constructing additional stone walls for a neighbor. It was during this time that David shared with me the art of dry stone walls.

From the earliest days, stone has been the building material of choice in Scotland and many of its neighboring countries. Abundant and easily obtained, stone was used for homes, castles, burial mounds, and walls. The dry stone walls were often created using stones cleared from fields and placed along the border as a fence or property boundary.

Today, dry stone walls built hundreds of years ago still line the Scottish countryside. They are called "dry" stone walls simply because they contain no mortar, and consist of stones or rocks stacked together in a man-

ner giving them exceptional stability. Having no mortar is a plus for endurance as mortar is porous, allowing moisture to enter, weaken and eventually crumble the adorning stones.

Construction of a dry stone wall begins when footing is dug and the larger of the available stones are placed as the first row or foundation. This foundation is normally from about 18 inches to two feet across. From then on to the top (usually about 3 feet), the stones are placed, resting on three points for stability, and gradually sloping toward the center of the wall. The inner area of the wall is filled with small stones giving the wall extra stability and mass. The final course of stone is called the coping. The coping layer of stones are typically about a foot across and are placed upright, leaning upon the adjoining stone for additional stability.

Like an art, dry stone walling has diversified from one person to another and from one region to another. Each craftsman has his own style and each region has its particular type of stone and style. It was interesting to later discover that a dry stone wall



built about 200 years ago in Fayetteville, NC was determined to have been built by someone from Jura.

The expense of labor in construction of dry stone walls has meant that more people in Scotland and surrounding countries are now opting to use less expensive fencing. The stone wall constructors today are true artist, learning from one another, and striving to keep their craft alive.

Perhaps with a wee knowledge, you will now appreciate the fine art of the next dry stone wall you see in Scotland. ☺

(Wee Note: David proposed to Petreena at the Jura Hotel (operated by his sister, Fiona) on December 31, 1999 and she accepted. A minute later he proposed again on January 1, 2000 and she again accepted. We're now waiting on a wedding date to be set.)

DUNOLLIE HOUSE PLANS



Part of Dunollie House could be turned into a museum to house the MacDougall Collection.

Edinburgh-based consultants John Finlay Associates

will assess the viability of creating a museum on the outskirts of Oban, allied with improved visitor access to Dunollie Castle.

The MacDougall Collection is an extensive folk-life museum collection, gathered by Hope MacDougall of MacDougall of Ganavan House. The collection was packed and stored following her death last Christmas.

Local trustees have been looking for a home for the collection for around two years, working on the problem with Miss Mac Dougall prior to her death.

Dunollie House was offered by Clan Chief Morag MacDougall of MacDougall, who wanted to see her aunt's collection housed in part of what was her family home. The collection would only occupy part of the house, with the family quarters remaining private.

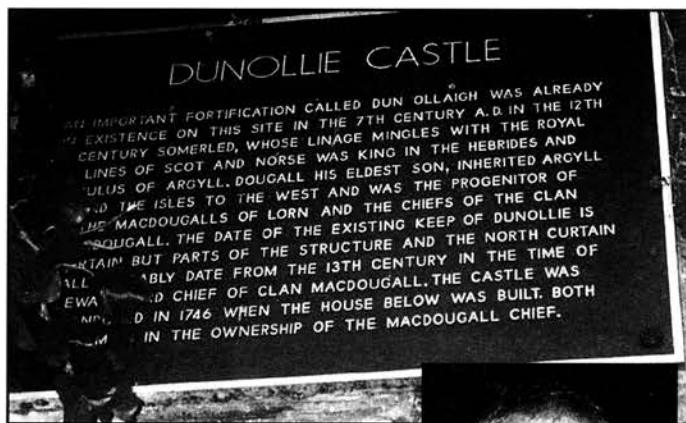
Dunollie Estate had already been planning improvements to the visitor access to Dunollie Castle.

A MacDougall Trust Spokesman stressed it was 'early days' and that the study could show it was not viable to have the collection at Dunollie House.

"Lorn Life"

Held in the aid of the collection of the late Hope MacDougall, a concert organized by the Argyll Branch of the Clarsach Society drew a packed attendance to the Church of Scotland Centre, Glencruitten Road, Oban, on Friday October 29, taking 112 pounds at the door.

Entertainment was provided by Dunbeg Choir; Choir, Easdale Ceilidh Band, singer Moria Dunlop, Connel, Kirsty Mackenzie, Oban, and Rita Gow, Taynuilt, both of whom played the clarsach; fold group, Ceol Gaire, consisting of Joy and Andrew Dunlop, Connell; Marie Crawford Oban; and Anna Currie, Taynuilt - and by fiddle maestro Maurice Duncan, Oban, Branch convener Sona Campbell, Kilmore gave a short talk on Miss MacDougall's unique collection of antiques built up over a long period and for which a home in Oban is now being sought. ☺



The first sight of Dunollie Castle is very impressive, but to walk up the hill and into the courtyard takes your breath away! Each MacDougall who has walked this path before is in reality still in attendance and it can be felt, as shown in Kirk Dougal's photo on the Christmas issue 1999. One other item has great prominence at that castle, the wall plaque added, in 1988, by Clan MacDougall of North America. ☺



Kirk Dougal
photographer

Chief's Father Guest of Maine MacDougalls

A group of MacDougalls in Maine were greatly honored when Dr. Stephen Hadfield, father of the Chief of the MacDougalls of Lorn, was their guest this fall.

Dr. Hadfield had traveled from his home in Oban, Scotland, to visit a nephew in Toronto and was able to fly to Bangor, Maine, for a weekend visit. Sunday, September 19th, was one of those days washed clear and clean by the past wind and rain. In this spectacular weather Dr. Hadfield and a group of MacDougalls toured Mt. Desert Island and drove to the top of Mount Cadillac where each morning the rays of sun first strike the United States. Joined by more MacDougalls at Bass Harbor, the group had dinner overlooking the returning tide and the old wharfs of this quiet and delightful spot.

The following day Dr. Hadfield had a chance to see the interior of the state (no moose unfortunately), have tea with Nellie Macdougall Parks and her husband, Warren, in Bingham and then travel to Bangor once again to catch a plane back to Toronto.

Often our special events happen very quickly, but they last in the memory. We remember blue seas and white surf, cloudless horizons, woods just beginning to color, and the good company of a delightful gentleman. ☺



Maine MacDougalls gather with Stephen Hadfield (l to r) Judith Macdougall, Don MacDougall, Stephen Hadfield, Jean Macdougall Horr, Jay MacDougall, Leah Macdougall Rawding, Colin MacDougall, Verdonna MacDougall & Walter Macdougall.



FROM HIGHLAND GAMES & GATHERINGS



Big Winds at Loch Prado

By Don Northcutt

Loch Prado Highland Games, Chino, CA October 16-17

Friday, October 15, we experienced a 7.0 earthquake and that seemed to set the stage for the weekend. During the dark hours of Sunday morning the infamous Santa Ana winds blew through Chino, CA, and turned the Loch Prado Clan Gathering and Games inside-out! 60mph winds were reported. Many of the 71 clans attending suffered severe damage to their tents, and some were completely destroyed. The castle-like facade of the entrance gates was blown into non-existence. Several light-weight tents were discovered in Prado Lake. In the typical cooperative spirit, everyone pitched in and helped their neighbors clean up. The MacDougall tent escaped relatively unscathed. Our tent turned turtle and rode out the storm until we arrived at 7:00 a.m. to dismantle and pack everything in our vans. Our damage: 3 tent poles need to be replaced. MacDougall Life Member Floyd Ferguson is Chairman of Clans of the Highlands, the producers of the Loch Prado Games. He experienced great grief as he walked around the site surveying the damage. For Floyd, who devotes much time and energy to this event, Loch Prado is a labor of love. Our sympathies and encouragement go to Floyd and everyone associated with the Loch Prado Games. ☺

The Tennessee Valley Scottish Society of Huntsville, AL. Annual St. Andrew's Evening Celebration November 13th.

St. Andrew's Day is a celebration observed by Scots and persons of Scottish ancestry traditionally each November 30th. to honor the Patron Saint of Scotland.

The St. Andrew's Committee is chaired by Sibyl McDougald Wilkinson of Huntsville, AL. Jim and Pat McDougal of Ooltewah, TN were her guests for the evening. The featured artist for the Celebration was Alex Beaton who is known as "The Scotsman."

Sibyl, and her daughter Sarah Hereford, are among the list of Past Presidents of this organization.

It was a beautiful evening, the meal was wonderful and even the weather cooperated. ☺

MID-ATLANTIC REGION

Williamsburg Scottish Festival Bethlehem Scottish Games

September 25, 1999, was a busy day for the Mid-Atlantic Region of the Clan MacDougall Society, which had tents at both the Williamsburg (Virginia) Scottish Festival and the Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) Scottish Games to welcome MacDougalls in both states.

Second Vice President, Alan M. MacDougall and his wife, Jeane manned the tent at the Williamsburg Scottish Festival on a beautiful early fall day (a welcome change from the terrible weather visited on the region by the recent hurricane). Long-time society member Gerry McDowell was returning from Scotland that day and could not be at the festival but sent greetings with her first great-grandchild, 21-



*Mid-Atlantic Co-Commissioners
Sandra and Daniel MacDougall*



2nd Vice President Alan and Jeane MacDougall

month old Christopher, who graced the tent with his presence and brought his proud grandfather, Manny. Alan and Jeane said that they met a number of interested people who stopped by the tent and look forward to adding some new members from the participation of Clan MacDougall in this event. ☺



FROM HIGHLAND GAMES & GATHERINGS

Maine Highland Games at Thomas Point by Jean, Main Rep.

At the Maine Highland Games held at Thomas Point, the recipient of the Clan MacDougall Class IV piping trophy was Ian Dixon of Coventry, CT.

Ian is twelve years old and a student at the Capt. Nathan Hale School where he is in the 8th grade. He has been piping for two years.

The trophy was presented by Past President, Walter Macdougall, and given by Leah MacDougal Rawding. The trophy was in memory of Jean MacDougall Hadfield, the mother of our Clan Chief, and to Margaret Hope MacDougall, her aunt. ☺



Left: Leah Rawding MacDougal, Ian Dixon, Walter Macdougall

Greetings from the Mid-Atlantic Region

1999 was an extraordinary year of participation by Regional members and volunteers. The Mid-Atlantic Region had a clan tent or representation at 14 Games and/or Festivals during 1999. We'd like to express our appreciation to all who have given time and talent to this effort. This was the first year for the Mid-Atlantic Raven Award. This award was presented to Alan & Jeanne MacDougall in recognition for outstanding Support and Participation within the Mid-Atlantic Region of the Clan MacDougall Society. The last event of the season was the Alexandria, VA Christmas Walk held on Saturday, December 4, 1999.



Co-Commissioners Don & Sandra MacDougall,
Mid-Atlantic Region



RAVEN AWARD

Presented to

Alan & Jeanne MacDougall

July 1999

*In Recognition and Appreciation for Outstanding
Support and Participation in the Clan MacDougall Society of North America
Mid-Atlantic Region*

Don & Sandra MacDougall, Mid-Atlantic Region Co-Commissioners



Those Wonderful Regional Flags

by Walter Macdougall

The report of a most successful area meeting held at the Long's Peak Scottish Festival in Colorado in September is wonderful news and sets one to thinking how successfully our Society is bringing the members of two clan families together despite the gigantic distances.

In 1991 our Clan Society lost two great leaders, Society President George McDougall and our High Commissioner and founder John W. McDougall. In this dark time, but with the spirit of these two clansmen strongly in mind, the Society redoubled its efforts to serve its members and the Clan. In that year of sorrow a large and positive step was taken with the appointment of nine Regional Commissioners.

During the next two years, other programs were created to enlarge the life and purpose of our Society: a youth page appeared in *The Tartan* and an essay contest for young members was announced; the first area meeting was held in Toronto under the direction of Regional Commissioner Maxwell McDougall at which the honored guest was Colin Lindsay MacDougall of Lunga; and a Heritage Workshop held in Antigonish and chaired by Shirley MacDougall was so successful that it has been copied by other clan societies.

Symbolic of this effort on the part of so many clanspeople were the new Regional Flags. Working with the Society President, Regional Commissioner David Acton brought the flags from concept into reality. The story of these flags starts in the early years of our Society when Madam Coline MacDougall of MacDougall gave to this new organization a society flag. It was divided into blue and gold (yellow) halves; those hues being the livery colors of the MacDougalls of Lorn. In the flag center was the belted crest of the MacDougalls. When the Society was divided into regions it seemed appropriate that each region should have a copy of this flag to which a regional designation was to be added in the form of a canton.

It should be immediately pointed out, as the Lord Lyon

would certainly do, that in the realm of Scottish Heraldry "flags are 'ensigns armorial' and fall within the Laws of Arms."¹ As our Society is dedicated to the preservation of all those traditions which give form and richness to our Scottish heritage, there was considerable concern that the design of our regional flags would violate the heraldic laws. After much consideration and correspondence it was decided that as the regional flags were not intended as symbols of office or of person and as they would be primarily copies of a flag presented by a Chief to a clan society, no violation of heraldic tradition would be incurred.

With great pride and increasing interest each Region chose its designating emblem: Atlantic Provinces, white Saint Andrew's cross on blue; Mid Canada, bison on plains; Quebec, beaver; Ontario, red maple leaf and white trillium; Canadian West, cross and lion passant; Northeast, outline of New England States; Mid-Atlantic, raven; Heartland, luckenbooth heart; Rocky Mountain, elk; Northwest, salmon, coniferous tree and mountain; Southeast, blazing sun and southeast states; outline, Southern, radiant sun with face; Pacific Crescent, golden crescent on blue.

And so those bright blue and gold flags with the belted crest and regional symbols began flying at games and events across two countries--proclaiming the uniting bond of clanship and pronouncing, at the same time, that each of us is special.

We pray that we may live to see all these Regional Flags being proudly carried up the Avenue to Dunollie House to the sound of the pipes and the drums--a moving sea of blue and gold below the arching trees. Perhaps the year 2000 will be that year!

¹ Frank Adams, *The Clans, Septs and regiment of the Scottish Highlands*, p. 521.



In Honor of Mary Jane

by John A MacDougall, Moon Township, PA

One of my earliest female friends in Inverness was Mary Jane Kennedy, who lived next door to us on Quincy Street. Later on I was smitten by Mary Jane MacDonald, who lived next to us on Central Avenue (the main drag). So you see, my interest in Mary Jane's goes back a few years. There was also Mary Jane Roach in grade 8, but that relationship never flowered.

Anne and I agreed early that a trip to Radford, VA should be included in our plans. We wanted to meet, and see Mary Jane Lamond up close and personal and October 9, 1999 was the opportunity.

We thoroughly enjoyed the parade through the city, the University, the games and above all, the entertainment from Cape Breton. The theme for the weekend was "RU Sweeter than Honey?" The RU of course, refers to Radford University. In order to properly record the occasion and to express the pleasure the event gave me, I have prepared a short poem entitled, "RU Sweeter than Honey, Mary Jane?"

I hope you enjoy it and are not offended. I have written others for my dearly beloved and even wrote one for Monsignor Malcolm MacLellan's 50th Anniversary of becoming a priest in 1987. (He was my mother's brother.)

10 — *The Tartan*, Winter 2000

RU Sweeter than Honey, Mary Jane?



*Your Gaelic is sweeter than sugar cane
Your songs I find are full of candy again.
With your new CD, I can drink my tea
And never look for saccharin!*

*Now Anne and I did travel far
Through three states we came in our
Toyota car
To find the place and see your face
And listen to the songs of the Celtic race.*

*In Radford fair on Moffet's Square
Root beer there was and potato curl fare
Not a moment too soon, not an hour to spare
We sat in front on the edge of our chairs.*

*Mackel was strong and full of Highland blood
But the songs you sang put us in the mood
They made us think, mainly about the good
Women and men who came by Port Hood.*

*And Father John Angus he was there
and Joe Neil singing from somewhere
And those from the Lake and also Glen Dyer
And those from Creignish who ran the
Judique Flyer.*

*We enjoyed it all, every single word
As much again as Grandma Peggy's curd
To compare it to honey is not absurd
And time improves these things as I often
have heard.*

*Now we wish you good fortune, we wish
you good luck
You're a real fine Caper, a lady with pluck
And If I had a hen I'm sure she would cluck
While listening to your new CD in my old
pick-up truck.*

Scottish exchange students to arrive Thursday

BY THOMAS LARK
STAFF REPORTER

Twelve kids and one chaperone from Laurinburg's sister city, Oban, Scotland, are due to arrive Thursday for a fortnights visit. Oban is the windswept district seat of Argyll and Bute, on the northwest Scottish coast, situated on the Firth of Lorn. The town has a population of about 10,000 and lies just south of the Northern Highlands.

According to Scotland Highs newest assistant principal, William Hardy, the students will come to class, on occasion, but, for the most part, they have a special itinerary scheduled for them. This plan includes trips to the North Carolina Motor Speedway in Rockingham, Grandfather Mountain near Boone and Myrtle Beach, S.C.

"They want to see how we go to school and things like that," Hardy continued. "They are most intrigued with our extra-curricular activities, as they have none in their school system: no band and no sport. They go to school from nine to four. Nobody drives at their school. Everyone either walks or rides a bus."

"The community of Oban, a resort town in the relatively isolated north of Scotland, is very tightly laid-out geographically," says Hardy. "Hence, many students do indeed reach school on foot. However, as a point of comparison, their shire is much larger than Scotland County, so other students ride a bus for as long as two hours."

"Their daily routine is very different from ours," says Hardy, adding that, "in the past, several Scottish students, including current Scotland High soccer star, Murray Hamilton, have liked North Carolina so much they have returned for a full school year."

Hardy himself was part of the exchange program three years ago as a chaperone. "I liked it a lot. It was a really good program. The kids interacted very well." Hardy went on to say that the mother and son of the family with whom he stayed have since visited the educators home, to stay with his family. The Hardy family is expected to return the visit, going to Scotland next summer.

Major differences do exist between the American and British education systems, says Hardy. "What (Scottish parents) have said to me is that we put more pressure on our children; that we have much more stringent attendance requirements,

graduation requirements, course work, and then they said, on top of that, we have extra-curricular activities in which they're expected to perform and do other things. They like our system...better than their own. They say their (school) has gotten too liberal, as far as kids coming and going as they please. Since it is right in town, they can walk to do whatever they want and come back. There's not really an attendance policy and things like that."

The Oban Exchange Program is the brainchild of local businessman Beacham McDougald and former editor of The Laurinburg Exchange Mark Durham, who were vacationing together in 1991, in the land of McDougalds ancestors, Oban, Scotland. While in a Scottish hotel room, they came up with the idea of bringing local students over for a two-week taste of America and, in turn, sending kids from Scotland County to Oban High School. This would become an annual event, designed to promote international unity, understanding and friendship.

The funding for some of it was raised in our community some years back, explained McDougald. "There are things along the way we use that money for, such as gasoline for transportation and so forth. But a lot of it is borne by the host families, such as, when going to Myrtle Beach. The host families are responsible for that...there's not a whole lot of expense really involved. It's a lot of volunteer effort, on behalf of the host families. Matter of fact, the program would not exist without support from the host families."

When beginning the program eight years ago, McDougald went back to talk with Oban High Schools then-headmaster, Brian Mitchell. A geography teacher, there, Thomas Laurenson, thought it would be a great idea. Tom said, "I'll run it on my side of the pond, if you'll run it on your side," McDougald recalls. A partnership was formed, where in it could be determined that activities carried out in Scotland would have their American counterparts. The goals for the program were education and recreation. "You can understand and appreciate another culture. I think that's been a very positive point about this whole program."

Furthermore, McDougald said, "Basically, living with an American fam-

ily and seeing the way they do things is educational. I know that going to Scotland and staying with a Scottish family is an experience in itself."

McDougald, a six-time veteran of trips to Scotland, enthused, "I enjoy it. I always have a bed waiting on me...I haven't made any definite plans to return yet. It'll just happen when it happens."

Summer 2000, a group of 10 Scotland High School students will travel to Oban, which, is a smaller town than Laurinburg. Oban is really the center-part of a large rural area, McDougald explains. It is located about 90 miles northwest of Glasgow. Oban is known as the "Gateway to the Hebrides." All the ferries to the Hebrides depart from Oban.

Organizers of the Oban Exchange program, in conjunction with Scotland High School, recently announced its selections for the 2000 Oban Exchange Program. They will be in Scotland a fortnight, from June 25 through July 9, 2000. They are juniors Will Clark, Jenni Blackwell, Katie Hammond, Tiffany Morton, Luke Faulkenberry, Claire Burke, Donald Hunt and Candace Ganus, as well as sophomores Kathryn Fuller and Kristi Sinclair. We hope you all have fun in the land of thistle and heather. ☘



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ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



Look for Clan MacDougall Tents at these Scottish Games:

April 3-4	Hawaiian Scottish Festival	Honolulu, HI
April 3	Pozo Saloon Whiskey Highland Games	Pozo, CA
April 3	Family Gathering of Scottish Clans Ardenwood Regional Park	Fremont, CA
April 10-17	Dunedin Highland Games	Dunedin, FL
April 10	Kern County Scottish Gathering and Games, Stramler Park	Bakersfield, CA
April 17	Springfield	Springfield, MO
April 16-18	Loch Norman Games	Huntersville, NC
April 22	Southern Maryland Festival & Games	St. Leonard, MD
April 24	Celtic Fest 2000	Council Bluffs, IA
April 24	Citrus College Scottish Festival	Glendora, CA
April 24-25	Sacramento Valley Scottish Games Yolo County Fairgrounds	Woodland, CA
May 1	COH All the Clans Picnic Craig Regional Park	Fullerton, CA
May 7-9	Scottish Weekend	Carrollton, KY

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