

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of North America

Volume 41, No. 1

Visit our webpage at: www.macdougall.org

Winter 2006

SHARING LIVES

*Oban-Laurinburg students
build unbreakable bonds*

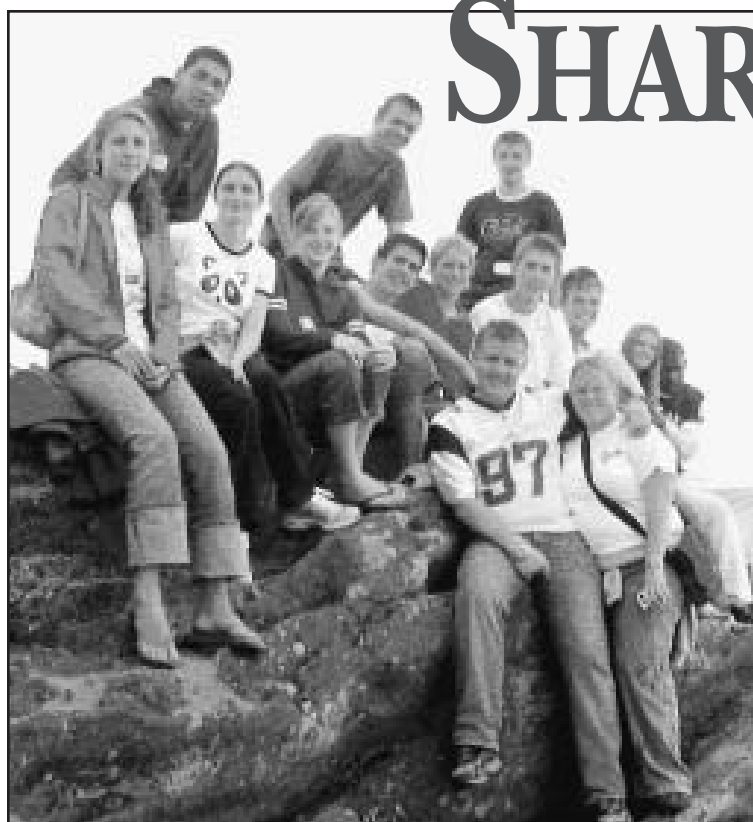
BY DOT COBLE, LIFE TIMES EDITOR,
The Laurens Exchange

With heavy hearts and tear-stained faces, they refused to say "goodbye." It was more like "farewell" or "so long." Even though they live an ocean apart, they hope to see each other again someday.

"They" are the 10 Oban High School students from Scotland and their host students and families who took them in, taught them about the American way of life and treasured their time together.

The Oban students' two-week visit to America was made possible by the ongoing Sister Cities Exchange Program between Oban and Laurinburg. Each year, 10 students from Scotland High School and two educators make the trip to Scotland for a fortnight. In turn, 10 Oban students and their chaperones come to Laurinburg to share cultures and lifestyles. What results are bonds that will never be broken and friendships that will never be forgotten.

The Oban students and their host students and parents are as follows: Michael Porter, with Clay Brooks and his parents, Clayton and Suma; Susannah Ross, with Morgan Dyches, Dan and Dianne; Steven Brady, with Deon Harrell, Otis and



A highlight of a two-day trip to Grandfather Mountain for the Oban exchange group was sitting atop the mountain with Scotland High students Emily Ryba, Sara Ingram and Deon Harrell.

Prudence; Robbie Kupris, with Rachel Hughes, Bear and Becca; Rochelle McMahon, with Sara Ingram, Andy and Leigh; Iain Boyd, with Natalie McCook, Guy and Flora; Susan Jones, with Emily Ryba, Bob and Paula; Jennie MacLennan, with April Smith, Harry and Sun; Kyle Lockhart, with Meagan Steen, Darrell and Kaye; Steven Kersley, with Emily Wood, Greg and Cheryl. Donald McLeod, a teacher, and Jillian Gibson, a volunteer chaperone who came to Laurinburg with the exchange group as a student nine years ago, stayed in the home of Carol Fowler, South Scotland Principal.

After an exhilarating day of canoeing on the Lumber River, Robbie and Rachel, Jennie and April, Kyle and Meagan, along with Becca Hughes gathered at The Exchange Monday afternoon to reflect on the two-week experience.

A whirlwind of activities greeted the Oban exchange group when they arrived here on Friday, Oct. 7, 2005, following an exciting overnight stay in New York City. The first weekend was spent at Ocean Isle Beach at the vacation home of Charlie Buie. On Tuesday, Oct. 11, they headed for the mountains of North Carolina, with Beacham McDougald as host at his cabin on Grandfather Mountain. They visited South Scotland Elementary School, attended classes at Scotland High School and experienced the all-important Scotland-Richmond football game.

Other events included a dinner at the log-cabin home of Teedie Tuttle, the Rotary Club of Laurinburg luncheon meeting, and a tour of Campbell Soup plant near Maxton. A pig-pickin' and farewell party was held Wednesday night at the home of Greg and Cheryl Woods.

This was the first time in America for all the Oban students, except for Robbie, who was age 2 when his dad and mom, who is a Scot, moved to Oban, and Susannah, who visited the States previously.

Continued on page 6...



The Editor's Desk

by Pat McDougal

Happy New Year! We hope everyone enjoyed the Burn's Night Dinner this year. Ours went well with 97 in attendance. This was held in a new location that some of you might have heard about in our town, The Chattanooga Choo Choo. The Chef did well on the Scottish meal complete with Sticky Toffee Pudding for desert. Troy McDougal did a sketch on "*Garrison Keillor* Interviews Robert Burns.*" He said it went well. The Chattanooga Pipes and Drums performed several numbers including "Happy Birthday" to a member in the crowd. We have been seeing some improvement in the quality of the paper *The Tartan* is printed on and I hope you have noticed. Any one wishing to see our newsletter in color may make an additional donation to the *Tartan* funds to help with this project. At the present time funds are not available. I wish you a great spring and may the sun warm your coming in and your going out.

Yours aye,
Pat

P.S.* Garrison Keillor of Prairie Home Companion, Radio



Lynn Hannah McDougald recently received her funeral director's license from the North Carolina Board of Funeral Service. She completed her studies at the Funeral Service Education Department of Fayetteville Technical Community College and passed the recent State Board Exam in Raleigh. She is also a graduate of the University of North Carolina at Pembroke with a degree in education and taught for 20 years in the Scotland County School System. Lynn is the Secretary-Treasurer of McDougald Funeral Home and Crematorium, a position she has held for the past five years. She is a member of the First United Methodist Church where she is a member of the Chancel Choir. Lynn is married to Beacham McDougald who is the 1st Vice President of Clan MacDougall Society. Congratulations, Lynn, on your accomplishments. 🍀

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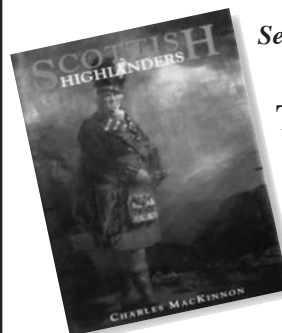
Membership in Clan MacDougall Society is \$20.00 a year
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Or go to: macdougall.org

Sent in by Kirk Dougal...



This book might
be of interest for
genealogy...
"*The Scottish
Highlanders*"

by Charles MacKinnon of
Dunahim
Barns & Noble 1984



Flowers of the Forest

*Please accept our expression of sympathy
at the loss of your loved one...*



A Tribute to May MacDougall

Viola May MacDougall was born on April 19, 1917 in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia (Canada). She was a life-long resident of Nova Scotia, as were her parents, Burton Sangster of New Harbour and Zella Poirier of D'Escousse. She grew up in New Glasgow, and completed High School. Also lived for a time in Seal Harbour, Guysborough County. She moved to Halifax and met Austin MacDougall, and they were married in 1937. They spent the Second World War years in Yarmouth and moved to Windsor Junction with their three sons, Bill, Peter and Jim. In 1953 they settled in Bedford, near Halifax, where they quickly felt at home for the following 52 years. May became involved in many community activities and during these years she contributed to the life of the Bedford Baptist Church in various ways.

May worked, first as dental assistant for Dr. Kenneth Kerr and then Dr. James Carson in Bedford, and later as office manager for the medical practice of Drs. LeBrun, Fuller and McMurdo. Along with working and raising a family she also found time to develop a love of gardening. Her skills led to a long association with the Bedford Horticultural Society and she received a Life Membership Award in 2004. After her family had grown up May began painting lessons, something she had always wanted to try. She discovered a special talent for oil painting and many of her paintings reflect her love of flowers. She was especially good at scenes of the Nova Scotia landscape.

May and Austin spent many happy hours with their grandchildren Maeve, Graham, Jenny and Iain. Fortunately, May lived long enough for the birth of her first great-grandchild. The extended family was always the central focus of her life, and this included close relatives of the Hants County MacDougalls in Nova Scotia. One highlight in particular occurred during a trip she and Austin took to Oban, Scotland some years ago when they both met with the clan Chief Madam Coline MacDougall of MacDougall at the clan seat in Dunollie House.

May MacDougall passed away peacefully on November 8, 2005 at the QEII Health Sciences Center in Halifax at age 88 after a long struggle with cancer. She is survived by her husband of 68 years, Austin Everitt MacDougall, three sons: William Austin (Ottawa), Peter Burton and his wife Margaret Gail (Risidill), Halifax, and James Arthur and his Margaret Anne Ashford (Newcastle, NSW, Australia); four grandchildren and one great-grandson, brother, Wilfred Lloyd Sangster of Halifax. She was predeceased by her younger sister, Florence Hilda Fleming of Calgary, Alberta. Nieces and a nephew.

May's ancestry can be traced back on her mother's side to an early Acadian settler, Jean Poirier, who arrived in Port Royal in what is now Nova Scotia in 1641, while on her father's side an ancestor of six generations previously, Joseph Sangster, settled in present-day Guysborough, Nova Scotia, in 1784. 🍀

Book Review...

Sons of the Mountains

by

Ian Macpherson McCulloch,
Lieutenant-Colonel,
Commanding Officer (1993-96)
The Black Watch (RHR) of Canada



Sons of the Mountains: A History of the Highland regiments in North America during the French & Indian War, 1756-1767, is a two-volume set due to be co-published Spring 2006 by Purple Mountain Press and the Fort Ticonderoga Museum.

Volume One of *Sons of the Mountains* follows all three regiments on their various campaigns in the different theatres of war.

Cluny, the 27th Hereditary Chief of Clan Macpherson, writes from Blairgowrie, Scotland:

As a direct descendant of a Clansman who was present on the Heights of Carillon and at Fort Ticonderoga in July 1758 I feel that I understand now far better how my forebear and his fellow Highlanders must have felt and lived and fought, and relate much more closely to those "Sons of the Mountains" of long ago. I warmly commend Lt Colonel McCulloch's book to readers across the Atlantic and here in Scotland. He has done a great service to the memory of those who fought and died with these distinguished Regiments.

Volume Two of *Sons of the Mountains* will appeal to all families of Scottish descent and serious genealogists.

Also included in the glossaries are regimental muster rolls and land petitions of discharged Highlanders.

Besides being compelling Highland history, SOTM is a valuable genealogical resource for all of Scottish heritage. With over 350 officers' biographies, career details and genealogical notes in the annexes, McCulloch has identified the complex ties of kinship, marriage and friendship that bound the most prominent Scottish families of the day together during the Seven Years War between Britain and France fought in North America, known to some as the French & Indian War.

Lavishly illustrated with artwork, as well as with contemporary prints, maps and portraits from the collections of the Black Watch Museums of Scotland and Canada, the Fort Ticonderoga Museum, the Fort Ligonier Museum, the William L. Clements Library, the National Army Museum, Chelsea, the David M. Stewart Museum, Montreal, the National Archives of Canada and the Library of Congress, *Sons of the Mountains* is a visual delight.

Without a doubt, *Sons of the Mountains* is the most complete and informative work on the history of early Highland regiments of the British army in North America to date and will be published in Spring 2006. For further details on pre-ordering and prices, see Purple Mountain Press website at

<http://www.catskill.net/purple/order.htm>

or write for details at: Purple Mountain Press, Ltd., PO Box 309, Fleischmann's, NY, 12430-0309. Phone: 1-845-254-4062. ☺

MacDougall Book Available



To all our good clan folk friends, effective February 1, 2006, my wife Betsy and I will be moving permanently to our new home in the Sun City, Hilton Head community. The address will be: 63 Murray Hill

Drive, Bluffington, South Carolina 29909. I'll be taking along my supply of the popular new clan history by a Bill MacDougall, "Kings in the West, and beyond the Sea". You can mail your checks to me at that address, for \$16.50 written to "MacDougall of Dunollie Preservation Trust". Be sure to include your own address where I am to send the book. It is satisfying to know that the revenues from the sales of this book have contributed to the near completion of repairs to Dunollie Castle, which will be celebrated in a ceremony on Kerrera Island in May of this year. Thank you for all you have done to help.

Dick MacDougall,

Past President

Chair, International Relations Committee

NOTICE OF A HIGHLAND GATHERING

The Loch Norman Highland games will be April 15-17, 2006 just north of Charlotte, North Carolina. The games were started in 1994, and have grown tremendously since.

Arnold and Phyllis Beachum are willing to help host a Clan MacDougall tent at the games. Information on the games it is at :

www.ruralhillfarm.org





We are the McDougals, and you are an important part of a very special cause.

You see, three of my four children have been diagnosed with Cystic Fibrosis and because of my oldest son's current struggle with a mold called Aspergillus, it is now imperative to get my children into a house that is not as prone to mold, dust and other such allergens.

Financially I could get this done in three or four years, but that could prove to be a detriment to my children's health. And so it is simple--I need to raise the funds to make this house possible.

If I had the talent to sew, I would sell garments. If I had the talent to paint beautiful pictures, I would sell them.

But the Lord gave me the talent of music and so He has helped me put together this collection of twelve songs, ten of which I co-wrote. I am praying that I will find favor

with all of you to purchase this CD and make it possible for me to provide what's needed for my family. I pray that you will be blessed.

\$15.00 post paid. Make checks payable to: A House For My Kids - P.O. Box 1756 Mt. Juliet, TN 37121

And then PLEASE tell everyone you know about us and about ahouseformykids.com 🍷

4th Annual Kilted Christmas Walk Down Peacock Lane

Every year Christmas in Portland, Oregon brings two things: a display of holiday lights and a call for donations of food for the local food banks. Four years ago Dale Imbleau brought the Portland Celtic community together to enjoy the lights while donating to the Portland Police Sunshine Division, a local food bank. With nothing more than a flyer and word of mouth campaign, thirty people showed up that first year for a stroll and to support those less fortunate.

This tradition continues and continues to grow. This year in the 26 degree weather and a cold biting wind, over thirty people and members of the Rivercity Pipe band delivered over 600 lbs of food to Sgt. Wayne Kuechler, Commander of the Portland Police Sunshine Division. Then with a skirl of the pipes we proceeded to march down the three blocks of lights, smiles and cheers that is Portland, Oregon's Peacock Lane.

On Peacock Lane and you'll find nothing but good, old-fashioned holiday spirit. Since the 1920s, each house in this quaint southeast neighborhood has been decorated for Christmas. Mostly tudors, the houses are adorned with not only beautiful sparkling lights, but also nativity scenes, rotating Christmas trees and stunningly life-like replicas of Santa and Frosty. Be forewarned: this is a very popular Portland tradition and the crowds can get quite thick. For further information visit <http://peacocklane.net>.

The Kilted Christmas Walk begins at 7:30 PM on the first night after Peacock Lane opens. 🍷



Pictured from Left to Right: John Lewis, Clan MacDonald, Victor Sheidler, Michael Johnston, & Laurie Leong, River City Pipe Band. Dale Imbleau, State Representative Clan MacDougall Society and founder of the walk.

...Sharing Lives ...continued from cover

While here, said Robbie, they have adjusted to riding in cars rather than walking everywhere they go, like they do in Scotland. And Kyle noticed that Americans frequent fast-food restaurants on a regular basis, whereas the Scots have a sit-down dinner or tea, together, every night. All three were amazed at how the whole town gets involved in sports, especially when the Fighting Scots are playing their rival team – Richmond Raiders. Jennie said, “Everybody makes a big deal out of the game and they get lots of support. And the pep rally was good.” In Scotland, the big game is soccer, which is called football. “But you don’t hear much about it ... it’s no big deal for the school or the town, though Oban High has captured the Scottish championship twice, in 2003 and 2004,” Jennie is of the opinion that the Scottish education system is “better,” and the local students can understand why. Classes are held from 9 a.m. to 3:40 p.m., with six class period a day. They can leave school during their lunch periods. However, the rule in Scotland that seems to cut down on “skipping,” is that parents are fined when their child cuts classes a given number of times. Parents can go to jail if the fine is not paid.

There are no “middle schools” in the Scottish education system. The students go seven years to primary grades and six years to high school. Oban is a coastal town of approximately 10,000 people. The main industry is tourism. At one time, the city’s main source of income was fishing.

A special memory of America for Robbie was their stay in New York City, where the “buildings are really “huge ... enormous ... monstrous,” he said. “We had the whole day and we spent it look-

ing at sights – the ferry, the Statue of Liberty, riding the subway while it was under terrorist alert and we didn’t know it at the time, and seeing (the site) of the Twin Towers.” “That was very emotional,” remembered Jennie. Becca Hughes reflected, “I’ve never been to Scotland,” she said, “but I will go now. It’s been fun developing new relationships. These are great kids and it’s been delightful being able to share two weeks with them.” April expressed appreciation for the opportunity to “open up her lifestyle to someone from another country. We had more than just one culture in the family, because my mom is Korean and it was like (the past two weeks) did not only expose Jennie to an American lifestyle, but a Korean one, also.” “We are all really the same,” Robbie summarized. “Even though the cultures are different, we all share the same emotions, likes and dislikes.” Hughes is grateful to those who make the Oban-Laurinburg exchange program happen. “I didn’t know a lot about this program before Rachel participated in it,” she said. “But it’s an awesome opportunity and I hope there continues to be a lot of growing interest from students at Scotland High School. She added, “Just like with everything else in this community, the generosity of the people of Scotland County has been very obvious.” Becham McDougald and Phil Barrineau, exchange coordinators, encourage Scotland High students to apply for the 14th annual exchange trip to Oban scheduled for next June. McDougald said, “The Laurinburg Rotary Club contributes \$3,500 and the Jane McKeithan Purcell Memorial Scholarship provides another \$1,000 annually. So the Oban exchange is available to any Scotland High School student regardless of resources.”

Photos by DARRELL STEEN/STAFF

Left: Oban and Laurinburg students gather for the last party. They join in the singing of a Scottish song, “Loch Lomond,” written by an imprisoned Scottish soldier to his beloved in hopes of seeing her again.

Below left: Students Clay Brooks, Sara Beth Ingram, Michael Porter, Natalie McCook and Kyle Lockhart enjoy a beach weekend at Ocean Isle.

Below: Oban and Laurinburg students interviewed for this feature were: (front, from left) Robbie Kupris, Jennie MacLennan, Kyle Lockhart, all from Oban, Scotland, and (standing, from left) Rachel Hughes, April Smith and Meagan Steen.





Photo by CLYDE MARSH/STAFF

Left: Oban, Scotland, exchange student Kyle Lockhart enjoys his first canoe ride ... down the Lumber River with Clerk of Court Whit Gibson, tour guide. Lockhart accidentally almost flips Gibson out of the canoe.

Below: Jennie MacLennan, Kyle Lockhart, Rochelle McMahon, and Donald McLeod reminisce while looking at photographs taken in Oban by a local student.



Did You Know?

- THE Quaich

This feature courtesy of ©Huntingtower®.

Background

The Quaich (pronounced "quake", from the Gaelic word "cuach") has a rich heritage in Scotland - indeed, they are a uniquely Scottish invention, having no apparent connection to any other European drinking vessel. A traditional Scottish drinking vessel to offer a guest a cup of welcome and also as a farewell drink, usually a dram of whisky. Travellers were known to carry a quaich with them.

Origins

They were used for whisky and brandy but there was also larger quaichs which were used for ale. (The largest surviving examples having capacity of about 1.5 pints).

It is believed that one of their ancestors was the scallop shell, in which drams of whisky were taken in the Highlands and Islands.

Like the shells, quaichs were always wide and shallow. The distinctive shape has been fixed now for possibly more than four hundred years.

How Were They Made?

Traditionally made of wood, it is a shallow circular-drinking vessel for whisky, with a pair of small lug handles projecting horizontally from opposite sides of the rim. The lugs, though functional, are of a unique carved style giving the quaich much of its special character.

The making of these cups was an intricate art by which the quaich was either turned from the solid or built up with tiny staves. The best quaichs, considered to be masterpieces, were built up with light and dark wood staves and bound round with withies or metal bands. The dozen or so staves of alternating woods such as plane-tree and laburnum were coopered together and also 'feathered' into each other; this was a technique in which small slivers of wood were split away from the sides of the staves and slotted into equivalent parings cut in the opposite direction.

The centre of the bowl was usually decorated with a silver coin or an engraved disc or 'print', with coat-of-arms, initials, motto or familiar phrase such as squab as e, 'drink up'. The disc served the function of masking and sealing the centre of the bowl where the points of the staves met. 🍷



President MacDougall is pleased to announce the appointment of **Cuff Burrell** as the Regional Commissioner for the Pacific Crescent Region.

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Lemoore California,
93245

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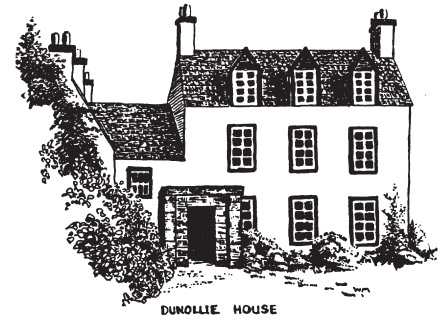
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Memories of Life at Dunollie

Artistic gifts run us through the family of our chief who is, her self, a musician. Her grandmother was an artist and her mother a writer with a team this perception for delightful and significant detail. Over the years that cartoon has been privileged to publish a number of her childhood memories. This subject of this piece is likely to strike a cord in the Highland heart.

Sent by Walter MacDougall



Psychic tales from Dunollie

by Jean MacDougall

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

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

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

The other story is that Belle, Alexander's sister, was in the drawing room at Dunollie, on that same evening, when her brother appeared to her, "came in pale and in torn uniform". As she ran towards him he faded away and she fainted. (It was the only time she did this in her 84 years of life). A fortnight later news came to Dunollie on her brother's death, on that evening. This story was related to us by a cousin who had had been told that by Belle, her grandmother.

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

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

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

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

My mother (a MacDougall by birth as well as by marriage) used to tell a story of this phenomenon. It concerned a bungalow in India which she and my father (he was in the Royal Army Medical Corps) occupied soon after their marriage. It was a pleasant bungalow but my mother, who usually slept well, found it almost impossible to sleep in the bedroom they had chosen, the main one of the house. She had a terrible feeling of fear and hor-

ror in that room which kept her awake. My father felt nothing and didn't take the matter seriously until it became obvious that her health was suffering. He sent her to a doctor who could find nothing wrong with her but lack of sleep - so it was decided that they should move to another bedroom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A quite different unexplained feeling that could be classed as supernatural, is when one is about to do something perfectly rational when an overwhelming feeling, a tremendous won't, prevents one from doing it. The present Chief experienced this when, during the second World War, she was an officer in charge of Wrens

on a bombing range. This is how she describes the incident.

'One range was on moorland bordered by the sea. The squadrons were firing rocket shells on to a target marked on the moor. They broke into metal fragments on hitting the ground. There was a hut to the left of the target area, with a flag staff in front of it. The Wrens sheltered in the hut during the firing and then went out and measured the fall of each shot in relation to the target. While they were measuring a red flag was put up to stop aircraft from firing. This was in charge of a Petty Officer and was checked by me.

One day an aircraft was circling quite normally waiting his turn to fire. The red flag was flying and I was sending the Wrens out to mark the last shots. Suddenly, for no obvious reason, I stopped them going out to the target. The circling aircraft came in and fired, in spite of the red flag flying. I had no indication he was going to fire, something just made me stop the Wrens going out into what would have been a very dangerous situation.'

This incident could have been a matter of life and death but the next story, of me and the damson jam, hardly comes into that category!

We had asked a couple to tea whom we knew very slightly and before they arrived I was spooning damson jam out of the pot into a dish. Suddenly some curious strong feeling ordered me to stop. I returned the jam into the pot and opened one of another kind. (We had plenty of damson jam so this was not a selfish idea of preserving it for our own use!)

During tea one of the guests remarked that the jam was delicious, had I made it myself, which led me to ask if she was a jam-maker herself. 'No not really' she replied, 'but last summer a visitor from the South brought us a huge amount of damsons which we made into jam, with the result that neither of us can look damson jam in the face, we are so sick of it.'

It is just occasionally that dreams seem to have some supernatural significance. This was the case on the night that by father, the 29th Chief, died.

I woke about 2 o'clock that night to hear the telephone ringing. I got up hurriedly, obsessed with the idea that someone at Dunollie was trying to get me. Half way down the stairs I realised that the telephone wasn't ringing and that it was the middle of the night. I must have been dreaming but, dream or not, I felt somehow intensely worried.

Early next morning my sister rang up to say that my father had died suddenly at 2 o'clock. She hadn't tried to ring me at that time.

Turning to more trivial matters my elder sister had an amusing dream which came true. It was when her beautiful pure white cat had been missing for several days and hope of finding it had been more or less given up. Then one morning my sister came down to breakfast saying that she had dreamt that the cat had walked in, but instead of it being all white the rear half of it was black! Later in the day the cat reappeared looking much the same as ever, excepting that its rear half was black. We were astounded - but on investigation the black was found to be mud!

Another member of the family has twice had an unexplained phenomenon. This consisted of bursting into tears for no reason that she could see, something quite out of character. For example she was staying away from home and before leaving went to say goodbye to a great friend who lived nearby. Suddenly, to her surprise and embarrassment, she burst into tears. There seemed no reason at all for this as the friend was in good health, and it was likely that they would see each other again quite soon. The whole episode was inexplicable.

Next day, back home, the news came that her friend had died.

Sounds that have no rational explanation can be said to come under the heading of psychic phenomena. There have been two such noises heard at Dunollie by all the family.

One noise, which is known to have been heard by at least five generations, is of a carriage driving up to the front door, swishing the gravel at it comes. But on looking out there is nothing there. Curiously enough since cars have replaced horse carriages it is the sound of a car that is heard, but still accompanied, as before, by the swish of the gravel.

The other noise is heard only in the old part of the house. It is very loud, sounds rather like something heavy being dragged over corrugated iron, and is accompanied by a hollow bellowing.

I have only seen a ghost twice. Before doing so I always imagined it would be a traumatic and frightening experience - but in neither case was fear present. It all felt almost natural.

One time was during the War. My husband was stationed at an R.A.F. headquarters and we were billeted in a house owned by two ladies. We lived on the top floor which consisted of a large room and a much smaller one which had been converted into a kitchen for our use. A door, which had a curious peep-hole cut into it, connected it with the bed-sitting room.

One evening, soon after our arrival, I was sitting by the fire reading when some-

thing made me look up. Standing on the hearth rug, a few feet away, was a very tall and pathetically emaciated elderly man. I got up, slightly surprised but certainly not frightened, and said 'hullo', at which point he vanished.

From time to time my friend the ghost appeared, always in the same part of the room. My husband never saw him.

I said nothing to the owners of the house but just before we left they asked me down one evening for a chat, and I took the opportunity to ask them if they knew anything of the history of the house before they came to live there. They told how, before they bought it, it had been owned by an elderly man who had developed a long and serious illness from which he eventually died. He had lived on the top floor, as he liked the view from there, and the trained nurse who looked after him slept in the room that was now our kitchen. 'You may have noticed', they said, 'the peep-hole in the door that was made so that she could keep an eye on her patient.' I asked if they had ever seen the man? The answer was 'yes, he was pleasant, very tall and terribly emaciated.'

The trouble about stories of the supernatural is that it would be so easy to make them up! I know that what I have set down here as personal experiences are true, and I firmly believe that what other members of the family have told me is also true. But it isn't realistic to expect that everyone else will believe, specially those who have never experienced any psychic phenomena themselves. ☺





McDougle Elementary School Dedication

McDougle Elementary School was dedicated 21 March 2004, to George McDougle, one of the first settlers in 1838 to the Klein, Texas area. The families of his ancestors are highly honored to have the McDougle Elementary, Klein Independent School District, dedicated to this

early settler. McDougle Elementary is located on a 21-acre site at 10410 Kansack Lane in Houston, Texas. The school was built with a capacity on 900 students at an approximate cost of \$8 million exclusive of furniture and equipment. The school opened August 17 with an enrollment of 528.

GEORGE MCDOUGLE

Born in Virginia in 1786 and became an American seaman. Later coming through Louisiana to Texas in 1838, George McDougle joined others seeking opportunities for land and raising cattle. Stephen F. Austin initially knew this area as New Kentucky. George initially bought 100 acres and settled in the north part of Harris (burg) County on what is now Stuebner Airline Road. He built a house and accumulated more land and cattle. At that time the cattle were unfenced and roamed at will, rounded up and branded.

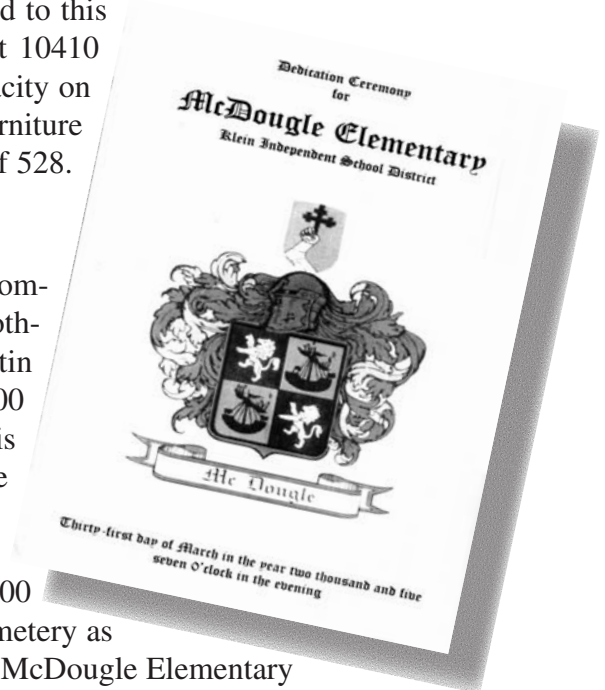
The McDougles lived on the original homestead lands for over 100 years. A Texas Historical Marker has been erected at the family cemetery as a memorial. The McDougle family today is highly honored to have McDougle Elementary named for our founding family and wish to thank Klein I.S.D.

THE MCDOUGLE SETTLEMENT

George McDougle came to the Klein area in 1838. He was an American seaman born in Virginia in 1786. History tells us that the gaelic *MacDubhgaill* Clan originated in Scotland. The Clan built Dunstaffnage and Dunollie Castles, among others, and founded and built Ardchattan Priory, the burial place of the *MacDubhgaill* chiefs until 1737.

Coming through Louisiana, George McDougle joined others, coming to Texas seeking opportunities for land and raising cattle. At that time, land was being surveyed along a trail leading from Dunman's Settlement to Robert's. A few settlers, who had received Spanish land grants were already there. This area was initially known as New Kentucky by Stephen F. Austin. After the Revolution, in 1840 it was known as Spring Creek County for a short period of time. George McDougle initially bought 100 acres by title bond on November 1838 from John House. In 1839, he volunteered into the Texas Army for a period of three months. Their mission was to push back the Comanche Indians who were raiding settlements along the Brazos River. Their group marched from Spring Creek to the Navasota River where they were mustered in. After three months duty, they were mustered out at the same place.

Early years in north Harris(burg) County saw related families from Louisiana buying land, building dwellings and settling their families. Some moved on as they were able to get Republic of Texas certificates, fulfill requirements, locate their land. George settled in north Harris County, north of Cypress Creek on what is now Stuebner Airline Road. He built a house, started accumulating cattle, and bought land as it was needed to accommodate a



growing herd. Cattle, at that time, were unfenced and roamed at will, rounded up periodically and branded. By 1860, George McDougale had accumulated 100 horses, 100 milch cows, 12 working oxen, 30 sheep, 200 swine and 800 other cattle. As the family grew with his son James Ellison McDougale's family, a second house was built across the field near an ever-running spring where the family's preoccupation with the cattle industry was carried on. The McDougale 2-story house, although still there, is now in ruins as are the barns and other small buildings near the old spring.

James Ellison McDougale served in the Civil War, became a Justice of the Peace in 1866 and was elected a County Commissioner in 1878. He raised a family of 10 children at his home on Stuebner Airline Road. James' son, Robert Boyce McDougale, served on the school board for Oak Grove, which later became a part of Klein ISD. Son John Kaleb McDougale followed in his father's footsteps and became a County Commissioner in 1902. Son William McDougale served on the Louetta school board. Daughter Polly McDougale was a teacher at Neidorf School in the Kohrville area, as was Stella McDougale, a granddaughter. Son Ausley Ellison McDougale was appointed a road commissioner when Stuebner Airline Road was made a public road. The McDougales lived on the original homestead for over 100 years. A Texas State Historical Marker has been erected at the family cemetery as a memorial. The original homestead has been bought by Faithbridge United Methodist Church.

The McDougale family is highly honored to have McDougale Elementary named for our founding family and wish to thank Klein I.S.D. 🍷

- Anita McDougale Richmond



Left: Ellie Park Sawyer; Molleyo Dolen Murphy; Anita McDougale Richmond. Our grandfathers were brothers. On 31 March 2005, the McDougale family were highly honored to have an elementary school named for our family. Our ancestor, George McDougale, was one of the first settlers in the area. McDougale Elementary is located at 10410 Kansack Lane in Houston, Texas. The school opened August 17, 2004. The following tribute was read by Gail McDougale.



Left: To celebrate the occasion, a beautiful cake was baked, complete with MacDougall Crest for decoration.

Right: This certificate authenticates a Texas flag flew over the Alamo in honor of McDougale Elementary School



Clan MacDougall Society
of North America, Inc.

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