

The Tartan

The Clan MacDougall Society of North America

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SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- A Walk in Kerrera
- Military Career of Donald MacDougall
- The MacLullichs From the Hill of Modan

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From Our President

A Chàirdean oirbh

Dear Friends,

*Feart fithich dhuit,
Feart fiolair dhuit,
Feart Féinne*

Power of raven be thine,
Power of eagle be thine,
Power of the Fiann

This is first verse of a poem of good wishes (*dùrachdan*) found in Vol 3 of Alexander Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*, edited by James Carmichael Watson. My good wishes to all of you and hope we will have the opportunity of meeting and chatting at some of our events this year. We celebrate our Annual General Meeting this year in Orange County, California, along with our traditional annual gathering held in conjunction with the Grandfather Mountain Games. I encourage our members to look forward to joining us at both events. Reservation forms for both events are included in this edition of the Tartan. (See below.)

I am very pleased that this issue of the Tartan and the preceding issue have included Nancy Black's description of a walk on Kerrera. I have mentioned before that she is the most significant historian of several families associated with the MacDougalls in our time and I need to add that she is a more significant business woman than her comments below suggest. She is also a sensitive observer and writer. I wrote to her, asking for some biographic details, beginning my note by saying that I hoped all was well with her and there was some sign of Spring in Oban. She replied: "It is a perfect day with no wind for people on their Easter holidays. I spend half my time just looking out of the windows and watching the birds and boats going about their business." Her home is on Pulpit Hill overlooking Oban Bay and Kerrera.

Looking beyond this year, there will be another international gathering of MacDougalls in Oban in 2019. The precise schedule of the gathering has yet to be published, but it will be held to include the day of the Argyllshire Gathering, the fourth Thursday in August.

Le dùrachdan // With best wishes

Ashby McCown



MacDougall

Preface to A Walk on Kerrera

By Nancy Black

I was born within sight of Dunollie Castle and have spent all but two years of my life with it dominating the view on any glance over the bay. I spent most of my school holidays on the farms of Gylen and Ardmore on Kerrera where my mother's family of MacCowans and MacIntyres were tenants for many generations. This is where my MacDougall great grandmother returned from Glen Lyon, to which her ancestors had migrated in the 14th century, to work at Ardmaddy Castle and there met my great grandfather Dugald MacCowan. There was communication with Dunollie and Glen Lyon over the centuries.

Three years after retiring, the marina on Kerrera came on the market and, along with others, I became a director in the business. We decided it would take twelve years to make it viable, and after clearing out the detritus of years of neglect since the war and installing pontoons and various facilities including water tanks, it is now a flourishing concern. There are now calls for a better road on Kerrera and, if this comes about, developers will want to move in and the island we know will be changed. This is the reason that I have here set out my impressions of Kerrera as I have known it.

A Walk on Kerrera: Part II

By Nancy Black

On then to Ardmore where there is a striking example of a Tertiary dyke in front of you as you descend the hill. On the hill above, to the right, there is a lonely grave where are buried some children who died of a fever while waiting for a boat to take them over the water to Mull. There had been a gale lasting for several days, so their people buried them where they could see the spot from Mull. There is also another graveyard on the hill above Fuinden at Ardmore, where a Norwegian princess is supposed to have been buried, having died on the journey to be married in Scotland.

Along this part of the island there were salmon fishings for stake nets - at one time, Kerrera salmon were reputedly the best sent to the London markets and made the highest prices. According to my uncles, the salmon with lice on them were the most prized as they were fresh run. Once they entered the fresh water of the rivers these lice dropped off. These were sent off in boxes during the season on the night train for the restaurants of London and the Transatlantic liners. Single fish were wrapped in seilisdeir (the green leaves of the yellow iris) growing on the island

and posted to the south of England arriving at their destination the following day.

As children, after fishing the salmon nets we would take the small wooden rowing boat, over fifty years old and its bottom sealed with tar from the gas works, to fish for peuchtach (small fish to be found around the shoreline) with a bamboo pole, brown cotton fishing line and a half penny hook decorated with a hen's feather or dyed wool.

When the family retired from Kerrera my uncles would not sell their father's boat, which was by then around eighty years old, but broke it up to be burned and found the wood was as good as new under the tar. He would row to Oban every day in the salmon season to dispose of the catch whatever the weather. My aunt told me that with his knowledge of the sea he always knew when there would be a lull in stormy weather to enable him to set off home again.

We would stagger back over the hills to Gylen Park in the gloaming with our eyes half closed, thinking of the wonderful, colourful patterns on the water produced by the setting sun, lifting our feet by conscious

A Walk on Kerrera: Part II (cont)

effort. On arrival, my aunt would have the pot boiling on the black range waiting for the fish, and a shelf full of new potatoes and glasses of tasteful, real, milk to drink, with the Tilley lamp roaring away in the middle of the table.

Various relations occupied houses at Ardmore at different times and, for his bride, my grandfather erected the small house near the shore beside the island of Orasaig. He was a mason by trade and worked on the building of Lismore Lighthouse before becoming a ship owner, farmer, and fisherman.

From Ardmore follow the track branching to the right where it leaves the shore past the beach of the rolling stones. You will see a narrow path and following this you will come over a ridge to view Gylen Castle. The large field on the right was improved with boatloads of Irish soil brought back as ballast after delivering potatoes and other produce to Northern Ireland by sailing smacks. My uncle was, in the late 19th century, paid for the potatoes in gold.

The present castle was erected on a point of conglomerate rock in approximately 1587 by Duncan MacDougall 16th Chief of Dunollie, which is over the water from the Northern end of Kerrera. The original castle was possibly erected in 12th century but the site may have been in use before then as it was a good lookout post for invading fleets. It was besieged and captured in 1647 by a detachment of General Leslie's army. The Brooch of Lorn - a shoulder brooch kept in Gylen Castle - was removed and not returned to the MacDougalls for almost

two hundred years. The site was a link in the chain of castles or fortified houses which kept a lookout and passed on the news of invading fleets to the chiefs either by runner or by igniting the wood kept in a brazier on the ramparts.

Walk on past the bay, Port a Chroinn, below Gylen Park, where my aunt maintained she heard, while working in the hayfield at dusk during the last war, a German submarine blowing it's tanks and also foreign voices. My uncles were away from home and there was no telephone so it was some time before word could be sent to Oban and she was never sure that her story was believed. There was an unexpected sequel to this incident.

A few years ago the owner of a bed and breakfast establishment near Oban was talking to one of his guests, a German, who had stayed with him previously. When the conversation turned to wartime the guest mentioned that he had been aboard a submarine which had called in at the south end of Kerrera for water, knowing there was a small stream there, coming from a spring, and very few people residing in the vicinity. They came into the bay on the east side of Gylen Castle. While busy filling the casks they heard noises which made them think the Home Guard had discovered them and they dashed back to the submarine and moved quickly out of the bay. It turned out the cause of the disturbance had been a herd of goats which should have been rewarded for chasing the enemy away from their bolt hole. Later, possibly with no convoy in the anchorage at the time, the submarine proceeded to the north entrance of Oban Bay but were not sure of entering without detec-

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MacDowall

A Walk on Kerrera: Part II (cont)

tion and left without opening fire on any other targets. My aunt's report was vindicated.

From here one can keep on up the hill to the North to come out by the wood at Upper Gylen or take the longer route by Gylen Park, the more modern house there being built by my grandfather on moving to that farm. At the back of the house an orchard was established which grew apple and plum trees and in front, vegetables were grown and the bee skeps sited which we gave a wide berth. In the old days kail was grown for soup and, in the fields flax produced to make linen before the days of manufactured goods being available. Aquavit (water of life - whisky!) was made from barley grown at Gylen, Barnamboc and Port Kerrera.

The fields stretching out in front of the house were in cultivation up till the 1950s growing potatoes, turnips, hay and corn. All the work was done with the help of one horse. It was not until after 1950 that my uncle obtained a tractor and I had to teach him to drive it. Until then, from the time Charlie the Clydesdale horse died, before the war, everything had to be carried to Gylen Park. Once one of my uncles carried a 56 lb salmon on his back from Ardmore to Gylen Park, to show to his mother. It was the largest they ever caught. On the shore below the fields there is a large cave and on the point (Rudha Seonach) there are to be found the remains of quarrier's houses erected when slates were being cut from the rock between here and Horseshoe Bay. On the shore I once came across a small specimen of rose quartz embedded in the rock. The minister of the parish travelled the road alongside to bring communion to his people and a small brass communion cup was found when ploughing was taking place in the field below Gylen Park.

The rocks on Gylen are a mixture of trap, schist, slate and conglomerate. Conglomerate, locally known as puddingstone, contains granite, quartz, basalt, greenstone, amygdaloids, cavernous trap, and compact feldspar. Heliotrope also is also found on the shore .. All around the island one can see the raised beaches left when the ice melted and the

land rose. In one shallow cave opposite Sgeirean Dubha I found partially fossilised shells left, probably, by a family after their meals of cockles and mussels. Going back there after a number of years the site had disappeared - buried under a rock fall.

Follow the road again, from Gylen Park, up the hill past the lochan now covered with rushes, on which we skated on winter nights wearing my uncle's boots stuffed with layers of thick wool stockings. Over the brow of the hill there is a hazel nut wood on the left from which many a root and branch was cut to make a shepherd's crook. Then down at the bottom there are the survivors of large oak trees along the march dyke (boundary wall). My uncle, I remember, once smoked out bees from one of these and the flavour of the resulting large chunks of blackened honey has never been surpassed.

The worst of the hills are over now. It is a pleasant walk back to the ferry, looking over to the cliffs at Gallanach where Ian Ciar (MacDougall) spent some time in hiding in a cave after the 1715 Rebellion. Near the shore is a large hole, now filled with water, from which stone was quarried and thousands of slates made for the new houses being built at the time of the Industrial Revolution, in Glasgow during the 19th century. Then on to a view of Oban over Little Horseshoe Bay, lined with grey sand, where the Leslie's once had their cages in the water, full of lobsters waiting for orders from the gourmet restaurants of the South of England and the Transatlantic liners.

On to Horseshoe Bay which has seen the galleys of the Vikings come and go on their marauding expeditions. King Haakon fled here on his way home after the battle of Largs, sailing in his galley which was built at Berget for him, in oak, with twenty seven banks of oars and ornamented with heads of dragons covered in gold. A relation, whose family had farmed this field had a gold and gemstone ring found there. The field above the bay is known as Dalrigh (the King's field) where King Alexander II died in 1249.

A Walk on Kerrera: Part II (cont)

For those wishing to visit the North end of the island, from the second gate above the church keep on down towards the shore then turn Northward around the point. On the hill above Ardentrive there is a spectacular monument built in memory of David Hutcheson who pioneered the use of steamboats on the West coast and was the originator of Caledonian MacBrayne. At the point nearest the mainland evidence has been found of an old fort and there are also traces of the 1939-45 war in dug out shelters. This is known as Cow Point as cattle were swum across the narrows on their way to market.

The Irish, the Vikings, the English and Germans all thought to take over Kerrera in their time but it has resisted them all. Experiencing the tranquility one can only be thankful that such a place still exists after the carnage of the past.

On the last part of the road to the ferry one is usually filled with a sense of satisfaction, and peace, also relief at the thought of having a seat in the ferryboat! I trust you have enjoyed your walk around the island as much as I have enjoyed reliving many memories of the beauty and history of the island.

Rediscovering the Society's Official Archives in Southwest Georgia

It was a dignified but festive occasion in February 1991 as the people filling the auditorium in southwestern Georgia listened to presentations by officers of the Clan MacDougall Society of North America. The appreciative audience had arrived in the heart of the Peach State's agricultural country from more than six states and Scotland, and included city and county officials. The Clan MacDougall speakers were John A. McDougall, Acting President; John McDowell Moore, Secretary/Treasurer; and Jack Kane, Clan Genealogist at the time. In this unexpected setting in Moultrie, Georgia, the assembled crowd was celebrating the opening of the Clan MacDougall Archival and Genealogical Collection at the Ellen Payne Odom Genealogy Library.

Moultrie is known as "the city of southern living." With its population of less than 15,000, Moultrie hosts the Sunbelt Agricultural Exposition, the Calico Arts Festival and other events. But what makes Moultrie significant to Clan MacDougall Society and other Scottish clan organizations worldwide is its renowned Genealogy Library. Known only to a minority of our current members, the Odom Library is still our archival repository. We recently contacted Irene Godwin, Odom Library Genealogist, who explained how a town in Georgia set out to become the epicenter of Scottish archival storage and genealogical research in North America.

Mrs. Odom's wish becomes a reality. According to Ms. Godwin, the genealogy collection was a long-time dream of Ellen Payne Odom. An educator and genealogist, Mrs. Odom bequeathed the proceeds from the sale of her land and house to the Moultrie/Colquitt County Library to be used for the establishment of a genealogy library wing. The Ellen Payne Odom Library opened March 27, 1990 with its own board of directors, staff and circulation system. The board decided to make Scottish heritage in the southeastern United States the focus of the collection because early migration patterns meant that most southerners had roots in Scotland.

Along with the Library's own collection, materials from Scottish clans provide a unique resource for people to research their heritage. Early on, before ubiquitous computer storage, clans embraced it as a repository for their archival materials.

Although some of the archived materials are genealogy documents or private family trees, most are books or official clan documents. Privacy is strictly enforced.

Clan MacDougall initially stored business records such



MacDougall

Rediscovering the Society's Official Archives (cont)

as minutes from Board meetings, copies of correspondence, early Tartan newsletters, printed materials and the like. Over the years, our awareness of this valuable archival resource waned. As a result, Society records were being stored in multiple locations, mostly officers' homes.

Now we also store approximately 1,600 pages of genealogy forms in Moultrie. These were voluntarily filled out by existing and incoming CMSNA members for more than a decade until uncertainty arose over what to do with the forms -- how to organize them and make them available in a central database. When we expanded the Genealogy Committee a few years ago, it was asked to determine how the Society could offer greater assistance with genealogy research, including on our website. In the development of a "growth strategy" for the Society, genealogical guidance had been identified as an important benefit of membership--if we could offer it.

The Committee immediately decided to update our Genealogical Handbook, revisit the old genealogy forms and determine how we can affordably create a genealogy database. The revised Genealogy Handbook is available on our website and we encourage its distribution at Games. It provides basic guidance and a list of useful resources for pursuing Scottish genealogical research. The Committee accepted Charlotte Baker's generous offer to scan all the genealogy forms as a start for our long-sought genealogy database.

Now that the Society is taking a fresh look at genealogy, we are once again determined to take full advantage of our Society's earlier genealogical efforts and the special resources offered by the Ellen Payne Odom Genealogy Library. We will report more about this venture as it unfolds over the coming months.

The World War One Military Career of Donald A. MacDougall

The following is excerpted from a document authored by Fred MacDougall which describes the brief military career of his father, Donald Alexander MacDougall (Donnie) as a member of Great Britain's Royal Flying Corps during World War One. The events described occurred exactly 100 years ago.

Dad was born in Brandon, Manitoba, Canada to Jane and Alexander (Sandy) MacDougall* on September 21, 1897. Both Jane (nee McMillan) and Sandy were born in Sonya, Ontario, Canada (near Toronto) and had migrated to Brandon, probably for employment reasons, but later moved back to Ontario. Sandy passed away in 1915 and Jane in 1939.

World War I was a costly and bloody conflict. If you are appalled by the losses in Iraq you would be staggered by what happened in WWI. This war, which was fought primarily in a small area of Northeastern France, almost wiped out an entire generation of English, French, and German young men. In the late spring of 1916, the Allies began the Somme offensive. Forces, both Allied and German, endured over one million casualties before it was over in the fall of that year. On



Donald A. MacDougall
Flight Officer—2nd Lieutenant
Royal Flying Corps—1917

Military Career of Donald A. MacDougall (cont)

the first day alone the English suffered almost 60,000 killed or wounded. Trench warfare was Hell. When this offensive was over, it resulted in moving the Germans back maybe 12 kilometers at most.

The casualty rate in the early air war was equally as heavy, and the average service life of an aerial combatant was only about two months. Initially, aerial combat was not common because appropriate armament had not been developed. Pilots used side arms and often lashed one or more rifles to the airplane. Machine guns were mounted above the upper wing where it was the job of the pilot or observer to attempt to fire them. The majority of casualties resulted from crashes on take-off, landing, running out of fuel, unstable aircraft (quite common), adverse weather, and pilot burnout. As a result of these massive casualties a very active recruiting program was undertaken in other parts of the British Commonwealth such as Canada, Australia, South Africa and even in the United States.

The motto of the Royal Flying Corps was “Per Ardua Ad Astra” which means “Through Struggles to the Stars.” It was adopted by the RFC in 1912 and continued by the Royal Air Force to the present. Its origin is not known, although it is thought to have possibly come from the Irish family of Mulway, who had used it as their family motto for hundreds of years.

Military Career of Donald A. MacDougall

Dad was commissioned by King George V on December 1, 1916 as a Second Lieutenant, Special Reserve of Officers in the Royal Flying Corps. I assume this commissioning took place in London, England. How and when Dad got to London is not known. Immediately following his swearing in, Dad was transferred to Oxford University, Oxford, England to attend ground school.

Ground school consisted of lectures on the Military Protocol, Radio Communication (Morse code), Photography, Navigation, Map Reading, Rigging, Theory of Flight, How to Repair Damaged Fabric on the Fuselage and Wings, Engine Repair, and Repair and Maintenance of Lewis Machine Guns. The knowledge of the last two subjects was open to question considering that it was virtually impossible for the pilot to act as repairman in case something happened during flight. How they were going to apply

this information I don't know, since they would carry no tools or spare parts and were expected to fly the airplane at the same time. I am sure they also got their fill of “close order drill”, calisthenics and other physical exercise. Pay was 7 shillings sixpence per day. They also received a kit allowance to buy a new khaki uniform at a cost of 50 pounds.

Following ground school Dad was assigned, sequentially, to four different flight training squadrons; Nos. 14, 46, 36, and 37. Incidentally, his pay was increased to 11 shillings sixpence per day, plus 4 shillings tuppence.

Training Squadrons 14RS and 46RS, February 8 – March 22, 1917

Training Squadron 14RS was based in Catterick, Yorkshire, an old established military town still used by the Army today. The airfield is along side the old Roman road now known as the Great North Road. This squadron operated under the 19th Wing. It had a complement of 18 Maurice Farmans and Grahame White aircraft. This was a basic flying school teaching pilots to fly up to solo standards.

The basic training aircraft was a Maurice Farman 11 or as it was commonly called “MF Shorthorn.” This name came into being because of their short landing skids. The Shorthorn, a two-seater of French design, was an antiquated machine and a “pusher” type of aircraft so called because the engine and propeller were situated at the rear, behind the crew, so it “pushed” the machine through the air. It was also known as the “Rumpty” or “Rumptyey” on account of the rumpus created by the aircraft when taxiing. A Rumpty was obviously no airplane for stunting. The maximum speed of a Rumpty was 60 miles an hour at sea level. Flying these “cat's cradles” as one pilot called them, with their primitive controls, was a mixture of “playing a harmonium, working the village pump, and sculling a boat.”

Sometime during this month and a half period Dad was moved to Training Squadron 46RS for more advanced train-



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Military Career of Donald A. MacDougall (cont)

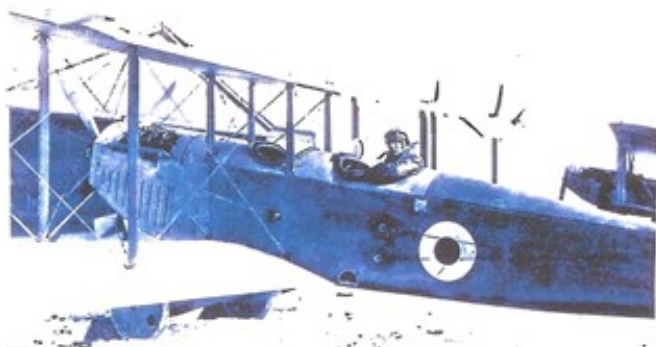
ing. This squadron was located at Tadcaster, just outside the ancient city of York. They were equipped with six DH1, six Fe2b, and six Fe2 aircraft. On March 22, 1917, upon completion of this training, Dad was transferred to Training Squadron 36RS.

Training Squadron 36RS, March 22 – April 21, 1917

Training Squadron 36RS was located at Beverly, Yorkshire. Again, Dad had more advanced training in different aircraft. Here he was introduced to the Curtis JN4, commonly called “Jenny”, the Be2c, and the AWFK3. In addition, there is evidence that he also received training in night flying. After this month of varied flight training he was reclassified as a Flight Officer and received his coveted “Wings”, the traditional symbol of a pilot. He was then transferred to Training Squadron 37RS on April 21, 1917. With his reclassification his pay was raised to 1 pound 6 shillings a day. My understanding is that this was about \$7.50 Canadian.

Training Squadron 37RS April 21 – May 5, 1917

Training Squadron 37RS was located at Scampton, Lincolnshire. Scampton is located a few miles north of the ancient cathedral city of Lincoln, along side the old Roman road known as Ermine Street. The squadron was equipped with Avro 504s, FK3s, and Re8's. This latter plane, a two-seater, would be the one he would fly on his next assignment in France. Here at Scampton he would be trained in Army Co-operation Methods.



Dad in the cockpit of a Curtiss JN-4 “Jenny”

One of the reasons for the formation of the RFC was to support the Army in its role as the primary military force on land. So this assignment consisted of training in photography, artillery spotting, mapping, locating enemy trenches, barbed wire installations, wireless (radio) operations, troop movements, and balloon locations. This ended his “formal” training. On May 5, 1917 Dad was sent to Bruay, France, to join the 16th Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps located on the Western Front in northeast France.

RFC Squadron 16, May 5 – July 29, 1917

Squadron 16 RFC was an Army Co-operation squadron in that they were the “eyes of the Army” specializing in photography, artillery spotting and mapping. When Dad joined them they were equipped with a mix of BE2e's and BE2f's. On May 25th, the squadron moved to Camblain L'Abbé and was assigned Re8's. This aircraft was nicknamed “Harry Tate” after a famous comedian of that time. The Re8 was a slow and easy target and difficult to fly. It also had a tendency to spin into the ground and this reputation resulted in questions being raised in the House of Commons as to its general safety. I could find no records concerning the activities of this squadron over the three month period Dad was assigned, however all squadrons were active daily, unless weather prohibited flying.

On May 27, 1917, while taking off with an observer just before noon, in Re8 #3534, Dad “ground looped” the aircraft. There were no reported physical injuries to the occupants of the aircraft, but it turned over. Damage to the aircraft was deemed repairable. Dad and his observer, 2Lt A.M. O'Brien, were scheduled for Artillery Observation that day. The plane carried two machine guns, no camera, but did have a radio to communicate with ground forces. A Casualty Report, on Army Form W3347, was issued that same day.

Contrary to the Casualty Report, however, Dad did suffer some sort of medical problem, possibly a concussion, as on the next day, May 28th, he was admitted to a hospital. I could not find any specific

Military Career of Donald A. MacDougall (cont)

information regarding what hospital, where located, time of stay, initial diagnosis, etc. In this regard, I remember a conversation with Dad in the early days of WWII, when the Allies were evacuating Europe at Dunkirk. He indicated he had been in a hospital near Dunkirk in WWI. I don't remember any other information. Whether Dad returned to active flying is not known but in any case on July 29, 1917 he was transferred to Home Establishment, which meant he returned to England, pending disposition of his case.

Home Establishment July 29 – September 21 1917

On August 8, 1917 the Medical Review Board met and decided that Dad had a "nervous disability" that rendered him permanently unfit for duty as a pilot or observer. He was fit for General Service, however. On this date he was transferred to Headquarters, Administrative Wing. He relinquished his commission on September 21, 1917, (his 20th birthday) after serving over 9 months in the Royal Flying Corps.

The nervous disability that cut short his military career was not evident to me up to the time Dad died in November 1951. Nor have I heard it ever discussed by mother or siblings. Certainly Dad went on to be married, raise three children, graduate from Lafayette Col-

lege with a degree in Electrical Engineering, be a member of two scholastic honorary societies, Phi Beta Kappa and Tau Beta Pi, and pursue a rewarding career before his life ended at age 54 by heart problems.

Sources

Almost all of the information herein presented was developed through the use of online sources, books, and other publications. A key to much of the information was Royal Flying Corps records and a World War I aviation organization known as the Cross and Cockade International. Another source was the book "Winged Victory" by WWI fighter pilot Victor Maslin Yeates, which was about pilots and aviation in World War I. I believe there might be other information available if one were to visit the National Archives in Kew, England. I was able to access some of the information through the Internet and the use of paid professional onsite file searchers. However a more detailed search might unearth more information about squadron records, daily flight logs, and perhaps hospital records.

*Sandy's father, Murdoch McDougall, emigrated from Argyllshire, Scotland, in the 1830's.

The MacLullichs (MacCullichs) From the Hill of Modan

In ancient times the most important place in Bendersloch, Argyll was the sacred Hill of Balmaodan and the family associated with this sacred hill down the centuries were "Clann Lulich". Their Hill of Balmaodan (pronounced Balmodan) is an ancient Christian site on the north shore of Loch Etive. Family Names associated with the Hill of Balmaodan are Lulich, Lulich, MacLulich, MacCulich, MacCullagh, MacCulloch, MacCullough, etc. with or without the Mac or Mc. The MacLullichs were very likely a sacred Co-arb clan as well as being the ancestors of the MacCullichs of Argyll. At some point in history they lost their Co-arb or Abbot status but their ancient lineage and local prestige were brought in to the newly dominant Clan MacDougall early on.

Origin: This hillside has been a Christian site since about the 6th C.; an era when the Celtic Church pre-

ferred to found monasteries rather than churches. Here on the Hill of Balmaodan, about 460 yards (420 m.) north of the much more recent 13th C. Ardchattan Priory, stood the ancient hamlet of Balimhaodan "St Modan's Town" ("Baile Mhaodain" in Gaelic). There are several names and spellings related to the Hill of Modan including Balmaodan or Balmhaodan or Balimhaodan & Baile Mhaodain (Town of Modan), and Balmaodan Priory.

In its day Balimhaodan or Baile Mhaodain was never a town but this rural hamlet on a hillside gave its name to the surrounding

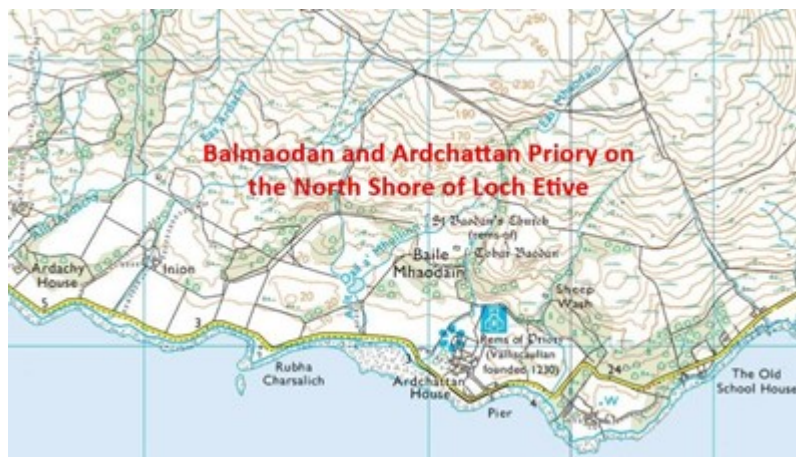


MacDougall

The MacLulichs (MacCullich) From the Hill of Modan (cont)

Balmaodan Parish, the original name of Ardchattan Parish. Its "Well of Modan" holy well, Tobar Mhaodain, beside the stream of Eas Mhaodain, attests to this hill being the former dwelling of a Saint. Here tradition says Saint Modan of Rosneath founded a now vanished Celtic Church Priory monastery with its little huts made of wattles and clay. Now all that stands visible on this ancient Christian hill site are the relatively late ruins of the 15th or early 16th C. Auld Ardchattan Kirk parish church (also called St. Baodan's Church or Cill Bhaodain), old gravestones, a modern Celtic cross, and the Tobar Mhaodain holy well.

Much is uncertain about this hill site with its beautiful view of Loch Etive, but there are traces we can follow. There were two Saints named Modan. One was a Bishop Modan named in the records of a mission to Lorn early in the 8th C. with a Saint's Day of November 14. However there was an earlier Abbot Modan, the missionary Saint Modan of Rosneath, who was the son of an Irish chieftain and thought to be a contemporary of St. Columba. His feast day is February 4. The Breviary of Aberdeen says that "Modanus" was a Latin name bestowed upon him for his purity and modesty, a not infrequent occurrence of renaming. If true and we are not sure, then a possibility is that his original Gaelic name might have been Lulich which is a very old Gaelic name. This Irish Saint Modan came to Scotland as a missionary of the Celtic Church evangelizing in Pictish territory in the 6th C. He is said to have come early on to Loch Etive and to have founded a now vanished monastery on a hill on the shore of Loch Etive, before travelling widely as a missionary later. He spent his final years as an ascetic religious hermit in the hills near Dumbarton. Saint Modan died at Rosneath in Bute on the north shore of the river Clyde circa 600 AD., though some sources give the date as 507 or 522 AD. St. Modan's Church at Rosneath was built where he died but the original church is long gone. The 1898 Annals of Garelochside on p. 156 sum up his travels



Map of Balmaodan and Ardchattan Priory on the North Shore of Loch Etive. Balmaodan has special significance as the ancient home of the MacCulloch families associated with Clan MacDougall.

this way:

"It is believed that Rosneath church was dedicated to St. Modan, who lived in the sixth century, and who set out from Iona on a mission of Christianity, dwelling for a time on Loch Etive, then at the Kyles of Bute, and ending his days at Rosneath."

To complicate the question it appears that at least portions of the Balmaodan site were later renamed for a later Saint Baodan from Iona, especially the still visible ruin of the 15th or early 16th C. Auld Ardchattan Kirk parish church, now a ruin on the site. Though little can be found about Saint Baodan, his name appears mostly connected with this later church rather than the earlier monastery. Some modern maps do represent "St. Baodan's Church" and name the holy well "Tobar Bhaodain" for him instead using of the early map name of Tobar Mhaodain "The Well of Modan". Some sources also call it the "Hill of Baodan". However it is the words of the old Gaelic traditions and the surviving water names like Eas Mhaodain "The Cataract of Modan" which best preserve the original names. There are sound reasons to accept that the hill and its ancient monastery hamlet were originally named for the Abbot Saint Modan from Ireland with the much later church named for the later Saint Baodan from Iona.

The MacLullichs (MacCullichs) From the Hill of Modan

Robert Herbert Story in 1878 published "Saint Modan of Rosneath", a book about Balmaodan and its ancient saint. On p. 21 he described the local Gaelic memories in Benderloch about "the MacLullichs from the hill of Modan":

"The lands surrounding Balmhaodan forming the district of Benderloch, are alleged to have belonged to Modan, who was the head, so runs the tradition, of the Clann MacLullich.

*An old phrase is still remembered in the district,
— **Clann Lulich o thulaich Mhaodain**,
i.e., the MacLullichs from the hill of Modan.*

Thus dimly, by misty hill and loch and glen, and in the fading memories and phrases of a race that is passing away, with its old language and its old beliefs, linger the traces of the Saint."

R.C. MacLagan in 1882 confirmed the tradition on p. 175 of Scottish Myths:

"... The Lands surrounding Balmhaodan forming the district of Benderloch are alleged to have belonged to Modan, who was the head -- so runs the tradition -- of the Clan MacLullich, as recorded in the local phrase, Clann Lulich o thulaich Mhaodain, the Mac Lullichs from the hill of Maodan."



Frank Adams has provided scholarly information on many Scottish surnames, including the MacCulloch, MacLullichs in Clans, Septs, and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands on p. 319:

(3) *MacCulloch, MacLulich.*

...

... This would point to the MacCullochs or MacLullichs being dependents of the MacDonalds. However, they appear to be identified (as far as the Argyllshire MacCullochs are concerned) with the MacDougall clan.

Adams then quotes the above "hill of Maodan" sentence from MacLagan's Scottish Myths.

In the Church in that era it was permissible to marry, raise a family, and own personal property. A church or monastery was the property of its founder and it could be bequeathed to a chosen successor. When a church or monastery in the Celtic Church was inherited from its founder, the heirs were known as Co-arbs. These Co-arbs were not clan Chiefs but were parents and leaders of their own extended families which evolved over time into small sacred clans headed by the hereditary Co-arb rather than a clan chief. The Co-arbs passed on their Church property and carried on performing their sacred roles and duties down the generations often with the aid of relics of their founding saint. An example occurs among the descendants of Saint Moluag on the nearby isle of Lismore. There the Co-arb of Saint Moluag, the Baron of Bachuil of the Clan MacLeay, still carries on in the present day with his Bachuil relic, the Staff of Saint Moluag.

It would have been normal for Saint Modan of Rosneath, or whoever was Abbot or Prior of his monastery, to bequeath his Balimhaodan Priory, his hill property, and personal possessions to his successor Co-arb, perhaps one named Lulich. His heirs would become the hereditary leaders of the local sacred clan traditionally known as, "the MacLullichs from the hill of Maodan". With its connections to a Saint of the Celtic Church, its Saint's well, and its Saint's bronze hand bell holy relic, Balimhaodan the "Town of Modan" would have soon become a locally important religious site. As hereditary keepers of the hand bell relic, the Clag Buidhe Baile Mhaodain "Yellow Bell of Balmaodan", Co-arbs would administer its



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The MacLullichs (MacCullichs) From the Hill of Modan (cont)

holy powers to cure visitors, pilgrims, and people and livestock in the vicinity. The books "Scottish Myths" and "Saint Modan of Rosneath" are quite informative about the "Yellow Bell of Balmaodan". This bronze hand bell relic was held in even higher esteem for curative powers than the waters of the sacred well. This bell is also said to have traveled to Scone, the coronation site of Scottish Kings, where it was likely used in the coronation ceremonies as many Saints' relics were. Down the centuries Balmaodan's local renown continued to attract visitors seeking aid, cure, and comfort from the powers of the Saint, his bell, and his well. Even up to the 1800s the Tobar Mhaodain holy well was still being sought out by the sick. They placed small offerings beside it and believed in its healing powers. In the Carmina Gadelica Carmichael specifically mentions the purity of the holy water of this Tobar Bhaodain, as he called it.

Then came the Viking incursions. The arrival of Norse settlers accelerated the disintegration of the Gaelic Kingdom of Dal Riata. Little is known about what then happened here on the western Argyll Aired Goidel "Coastline of the Gael" but the mainland was lightly settled by the Norse. In the 10th and 11th centuries the Norse converted to Christianity indicating that the Christian faith had lingered on here during this period. Details are scant and we hear no more of the Priory, only churches, but Balmaodan seems to have survived as a holy site and so did the MacLullichs. Soon they would be ruled by Somerled, a Norse Christian supporter of the Gaelic Church.

One may ask: "What does the story of Balmaodan have to do with Clan MacDougall?" By the mid 1100's Somerled ruled the Hebrides islands which he held from Norway as well as the Argyll mainland which he held from Scotland. Upon his death in 1164 his dual empire was passed down to his three sons. Benderloch was inherited from Somerled as part of Dugal's mainland possessions and its people became part of Clan MacDougall.



In 1231 Balmaodan was already a six hundred year old Celtic Church site with a sacred well when Duncan the 2nd Chief of Clan MacDougall needed a site to build his new Priory monastery for Valliscaulian monks of the Roman Catholic Church. For his new Priory, Duncan chose the foot of the long sacred Hill of Balmaodan only about 460 yards (420 m.) below Saint Modan's old monastery site. He named it Ardchattan for Saint Cattan. Then some older churches were bestowed upon Ardchattan Priory as dependencies to provide it with financial and ecclesiastical support. The 1854 Origines Parochiales Scotiae OPR Church records on p. 148 of Vol. 2 show that this gift included the Church of Balivedan dedicated to St. Modan:

"This church, dedicated to Modan the saint of Rosneath, belonged to the prior of Ardchattan, but its history previously to the Reformation seems entirely lost."

Skene's 1854 Celtic Scotland on pp. 408-409 cites the above OPR church records:

"... In 1230 or 1231 the priory of Ardchattan was founded, on the opposite shore, for monks of the order of Vallis Caulium by Dunkan mak Dougall, the head of the great family of lords of Lorn, and like most of these foundations, had many of the older churches bestowed upon it. The dependencies upon this priory were the churches of Balive-

The MacLulichs (MacCullich) From the Hill of Modan (cont)

dan, within which parish it was situated, and which was dedicated to St. Modan; ..."

At Ardchattan Priory there is still a small stone dating from the early Christian era which displays a wheel cross in relief along with intricate braids and symbolic figures. This stone has now been removed to the display area. It was probably brought to Ardchattan from some early Christian holy place. Perhaps its origin was the ancient Balmaodan site just up the hill.

One may ask: "What else has the story of Balmaodan to do with Clan MacDougall"? The answer is that when the "L" in MacLulich is softened or silent or dropped, it sounds as "Maccullich". MacLulich is the predecessor name of MacCullich and other spelling variations such as MacCulloch, MacCullagh, MacCullough etc. Balmaodan is where they originated in Argyll. This is a family and a surname long associated with Clan MacDougall.

They may have carried at Balmaodan on as Dewars, keepers of a Saint's relic as occurred with other sacred clans in the area. As Dewars they may have acted as Standard Bearers for the clan by displaying their Saint's relics before a battle to call upon the assistance of angels to fight on their side in the coming battle. This was often done by both sides, and even occurred at Bannockburn in 1314. In later times the relic Standard evolved to a symbolic flag instead. Dewars may have also used holy water from Tobar Mhaodain to bring heavenly cures to ailing people and their livestock. As to the fate of the Yellow Bell of Balmaodan, we do not know. Many such Saints' relics, if not lost earlier, were destroyed or tossed into the waters during the Scottish Reformation of the 16th C.

From Benderloch the family MacCullich, MacCulloch, MacCullagh spread to other Clan MacDougall territories as described by Frank Adams, in *Clans, Septs, and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands* on p. 319:

(3) MacCulloch, MacLulich.

...

Many of the MacCullochs hail from the neighbourhood of Oban and the island of Kerrera. MacCulloch of Colgin, near Oban was regarded as the head of the Argyllshire MacCullochs.

With their ancient origin in Benderloch, Argyll the MacCullochs and MacLulichs are one of the oldest Family Surnames within Clan MacDougall. In this article I have focused on the ancient origins of the MacCulloch surname. These surnames also arose independently in Galloway and other parts of Scotland but those families have no known connection to each other, or to Argyll, or to our clan. For readers interested in even more information and photos I have included the following Addendum. In a future article I hope to write about more recent MacCulloch history in Argyll.

Description of a Celtic Monastery: Balmaodan has been a Christian site since the founding of its Priory monastery about 1400 years ago. Such monasteries were surrounded of a low wall or rampart called a cashel or rath which demarcated the rest of the world from the sanctified ground inside where small cells, huts, chapels and other little buildings stood. Other domestic buildings could be on the grounds outside of the cashel. From their base on the Hill of Balmaodan the Gaelic monks with their hand bells travelled out to the surrounding areas to care for, teach, preach, baptize, and minister to the community for miles around. Aside from old gravestones and the *Tobar Mhaodain* holy well, all that now stands above ground on this ancient Christian site is the relatively late ruin of the 15th or early 16th C. Auld Ardchattan Kirk parish church (also called St Baodan's Church or Cill Bhaodain). This ruined kirk may still have been in use c. 1630. It was reported ruinous in 1678 but its burial ground was in use until at least the late 1800s.

Notes on the Landmarks: OS maps have consistently spelled the names *Baile Mhaodain*, *Tobar Mhaodain* and *Eas Mhaodain* with an "M" as if the saint involved were Modan. The modern OS Digimap now instead spells these place names with a "B" to represent Saint Baodan in their names, as in *Cill Bhaodain*. To avoid confusion this article uses the older



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The MacLulichs (MacCullichs) From the Hill of Modan (cont)

Saint Modan spellings except for the more modern Cill Bhaodain parish church ruin.



Baile Mhaodain (Balimhaodan) - This is the name of the ancient hamlet of Balimhaodan "St Modan's Town" ("*Baile Mhaodain*" in Gaelic). This "town" would actually have been a small rural hamlet surrounded by fields since the Gaels in that time did not live in towns as we know them. It also gave its name to the original parish surrounding it.

Tobar Mhaodain - This is the name of the holy Saint Modan's Well, a covered cold water spring on the side of the *Eas Mhaodain* stream about 50 yards (45 m.) NE of the ruined *Auld Ardchattan Kirk*. *Tobar* is Gaelic for a well; in this case a holy well where the Saint's blessed water was expected to have curative powers and was accordingly often visited by pilgrims seeking cures. Even up to the 1800s this well was sought by the sick, small offerings were placed beside it, and its healing powers were believed in. The *Carmina Gadelica* mentions the purity of its water.

Eas Mhaodain - In Gaelic Eas means cataract or falls. This is the burn (stream) that flows south west down the hill past the *Tobar Mhaodain* holy well and *Auld Ardchattan Kirk* (St Baodan's Church), and then flows past the *Baile Mhaodain* settlement SW of the Church and on down to enter Loch Etive west of Ardchattan Priory.

Cill Bhaodain or St. Baodan's Church is the name of

the much later, and now ruined, 14th or 15th C. parish church which is also called Auld Ardchattan Kirk. It is difficult to find any information about this Saint Baodan or Saint Bodan.

References:

1 - Technical information has been provided by the Canmore Database site of Historic Environment Scotland and their Auld Ardchattan Kirk site may be visited at: <https://canmore.org.uk/site/23219/ardchattan-old-kirk>

2 - See also the Gazetteer for Scotland site at:

Ardchattan Parish - <http://www.scottish-places.info/features/featurehistory8834.html>

3 - *Journeying in MacDougall Country* by Walter M. Macdougall, Past President of the Clan MacDougall Society of North America on p. 210 mentions MacCulloch, MacCullagh, and MacLulich. Chapter 22 contains descriptions and notes on Benderloch. This excellent book is available from Lulu.com with profits going to the Dunollie Preservation Fund from its book sales at <http://www.lulu.com/shop/walter-macdougall/journeying-in-macdougall-country/paperback/product-2242050.html>

4 - An interesting web page with many good photos of this Balmaodan site is <https://the-hazel-tree.com/2016/03/25/ardchattan-in-the-footsteps-of-st-baodan/>

5 - For Information on saints related to this site see <http://saintsplaces.gla.ac.uk/place.php?id=1324288088>

6 - There is a 19th C. book written by Robert Herbert Story D.D. and Minister of Rosneath and published in 1878 about Balmaodan and its ancient saint. The book is called "*Saint Modan of Rosneath*" and it is available on Google Books for free. It explains many things about this ancient place including the fact that there were a two Saint Modans but only the one from Rosneath was connected to this site. The informative book goes into detail about the old stories

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told for centuries around Loch Etive about the Saint's bronze hand bell, the Clag Buidhe Baile Mhaodain, the "Yellow Bell of Balmaodan" which was kept at Balimhaodan.

7- The 1885 book "Records of Argyll LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF ARGYLLSHIRE HIGH-

LANDERS" at pp. 319-320 has a small chapter about Baile Mhaodain. It gives the old Gaelic saying as: "Cloinn Lullaich o Thulaich Mhaodain" i.e., The MacLullaichs from the hill of Modan."

8 - There is a YouTube video of the Balmhaodan hill site at: www.youtube.com/watch?v=IKTk9tds_W4

Bookish Delight

Some time ago, we devoted a number of articles over several issues to Scottish books. Walter MacDougall, our very own author of *Journeying in MacDougall Country*, and Hugh MacDougall, editor of *Somerled*, our European newsletter, shared their reading experiences generously and thoughtfully. Mostly we all wrote about novels, beginning with Sir Walter Scott. The Scots are wonderful storytellers; their stories arrive in every category you can possibly think of. Now we have another two writers who can keep you glued to the page. They are William McColl Smith and Ian Rankin, and I am tempted to name and describe numerous others who keep Scottish letters front and center on the book review pages.

There is, however, another genre where Scottish literature shines. It is history, which the Scots love to write, for they love to write about themselves. Over the past thirty years that there has been a flowering of Scottish history, for the most part well written with new analyses and modern perspectives. From them we learn about the society, the culture, and the economy that our grandparents or great grandparents left. It is this more modern history, from the reign of Victoria until very recent times that we heard little about until now. And now we hear a lot.

Nineteenth and twentieth century Scotland was, and is, part of the United Kingdom, so that its political history is really British history, but the story of its industrial, social, and cultural development is Scottish, not English or Irish. This modern period is, of course, the Scotland that our grandparents and great grandparents left, but not without bringing much of the culture of their own time with them. (The same is especially relevant for more recent arrivals.) This culture includes most, if not all, of our Scottish songs, current styles of piping and fiddling, religious belief and practice, and photos of many castles on the tourist routes, and, naturally, a fondness for strong tea and single malt whisky.

The nineteenth century saw the growth of whisky from humble spirit to an international favorite, as well as the growth of the tea trade together with many inventions or improvements, such as the clipper ship, the steam engine and the macadamized road. The world wide popularity of Scott's novels made tartan the fashionable fabric of the Victorian age, and its widespread availability continues today. You all know this, of course, but how did it all come about?

The historians are waiting to tell you., T.Devine, Richard Finlay, Michael Fry, and T.C Smout are all distinguished historians who write well enough to achieve popular acclaim while favorably impressing their academic colleagues. There are a good many more, and more to come; Scottish universities now have large graduate departments. Among the Scots, however, one American joins their honorable group. He is Arthur Herman, a cultural historian who found it curious that so many distinguished writers in so many learned domains had Scottish c.v.'s. His book, *How the Scots Invented the Modern World*, has been a bestseller both here and in Scot-



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Bookish Delight (cont)

land. What he describes is all true.

As in other literary fields, Scottish history includes many auxiliary works, such as handbooks, atlases, and interpretive essays. These can be amusing as well as informative; books on the tartan or on Scottish heraldry even have pretty pictures. Two favorites are *Who's Who in Scottish History* by Donaldson and Morpeth, and the magisterial *Oxford Companion to Scottish History*. There are many others.

Because of our ancestry, Scottish history has a certain personal meaning for us. For everyone else, as well as ourselves, history makes more vivid another genre, one definitively perfected by Sir Walter Scott. It is the historical novel of which there are, over the course of two centuries an incredible number. Of the moderns, Dorothy Dunnett is doubtless the best known as a historical novelist, but other, general novelists often take a turn at a historical theme. George MacKay Brown and George MacDonald Fraser come to mind.

History provides the background, the context. It makes our own background clearer and our ancestors take a more personal shape. It gives us a comprehension of the land we come from and an understanding of its modern development. We are fortunate to have historical writers who make the past interesting and vivid, and who keep us turning pages. The past is indeed history and knowing about it gives us the essential context, but what about right now?

For that we need a different approach, something that tells us about the wonderful trains (some of them), the excellent bus service, the new buildings and the restored old ones. In short, we need travel books. There are many and they change every year, but that is another genre, beyond our scope in earlier editions of *The Tartan*.

To repeat, over several issues and several years my friends and I have recommended Scottish books to you – novels, histories, historical novels. We haven't touched poetry, philosophy, economics, theology or fantasy, but they are, together with what we have described, waiting for you at bookstore, Amazon, or public library. We hope you enjoy the Scottish books you find.

Editor's Note

Rather than name individual authors, my preference is to express thanks for those who not only wrote but have also contributed advice and counsel in many ways. They are Ashby McCown, Malcolm MacDougall, Don MacDougall, Scott MacDougald, and John McDowall. But I had to name Nancy Black, distinguished lady that she is



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